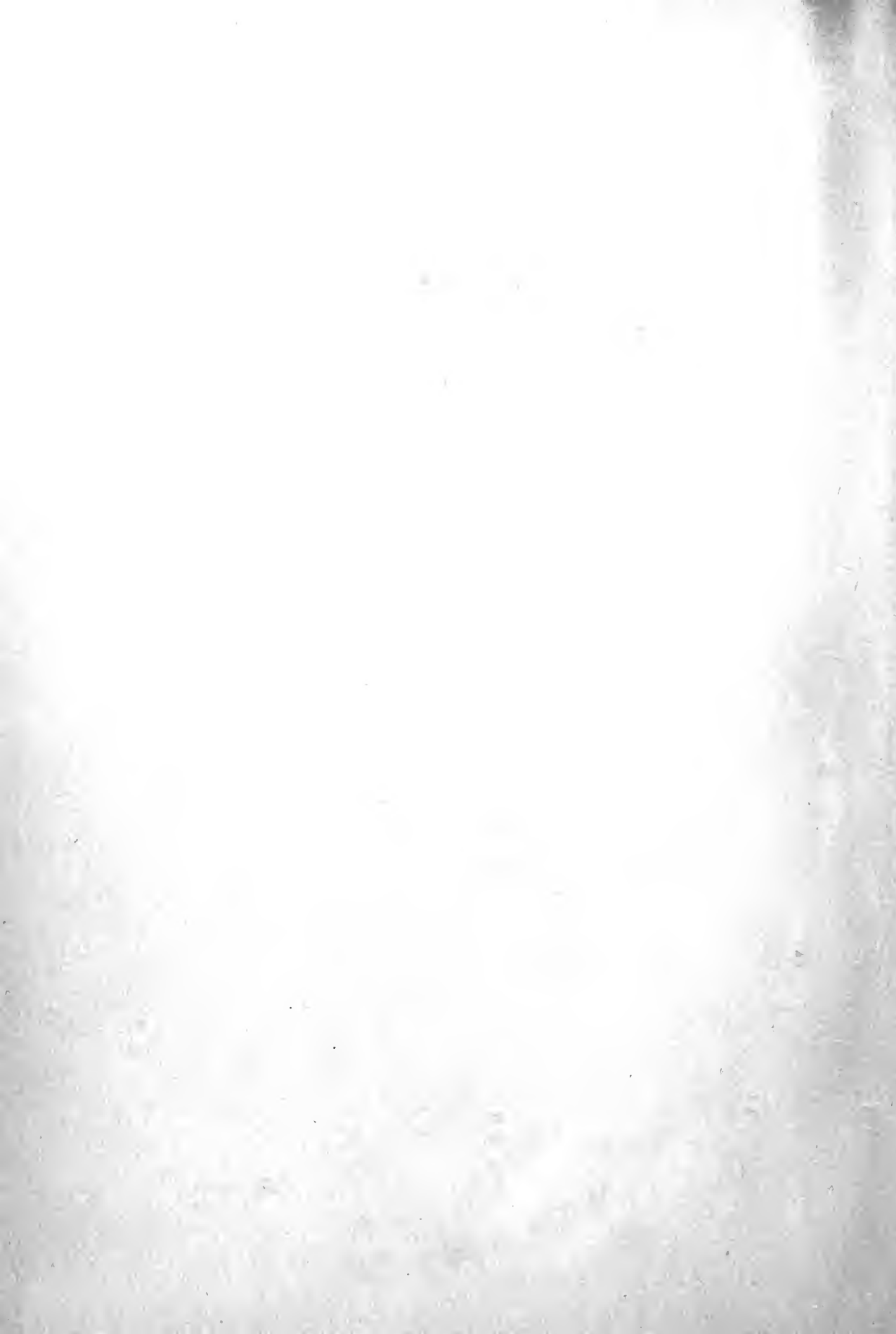


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THE
PEOPLES OF THE WORLD:

BEING

*A Popular Description of the Characteristics, Condition, and Customs
of the Human Family.*

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD," ETC. ETC.

Illustrated.

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PREFACE.

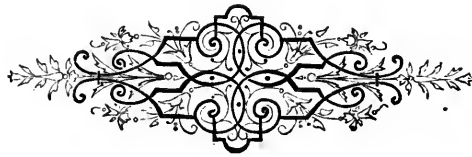
BEING of the opinion of Sir Roger L'Estrange, that "'Tis neither usual nor handsome to leap immediately from the title-page to the matter," I may explain that this Work is a new, much enlarged, and, it is hoped, greatly improved, edition of THE RACES OF MANKIND. Indeed, so thoroughly has the book been re-cast—both as regards letterpress and illustrations—that it would have been misleading to have issued it under its old name. Several of the volumes will be virtually the result of the writer's own travels and observations, and in every case, so far as space has admitted, the most recent authorities, and published works in many languages, have been consulted. These obligations are invariably acknowledged; and it is trusted that in its present dress, the only treatise which has attempted to describe mankind at once comprehensively, popularly, and yet scientifically, may prove as worthy of the reader's regard as it did in its cruder form.

R. B.

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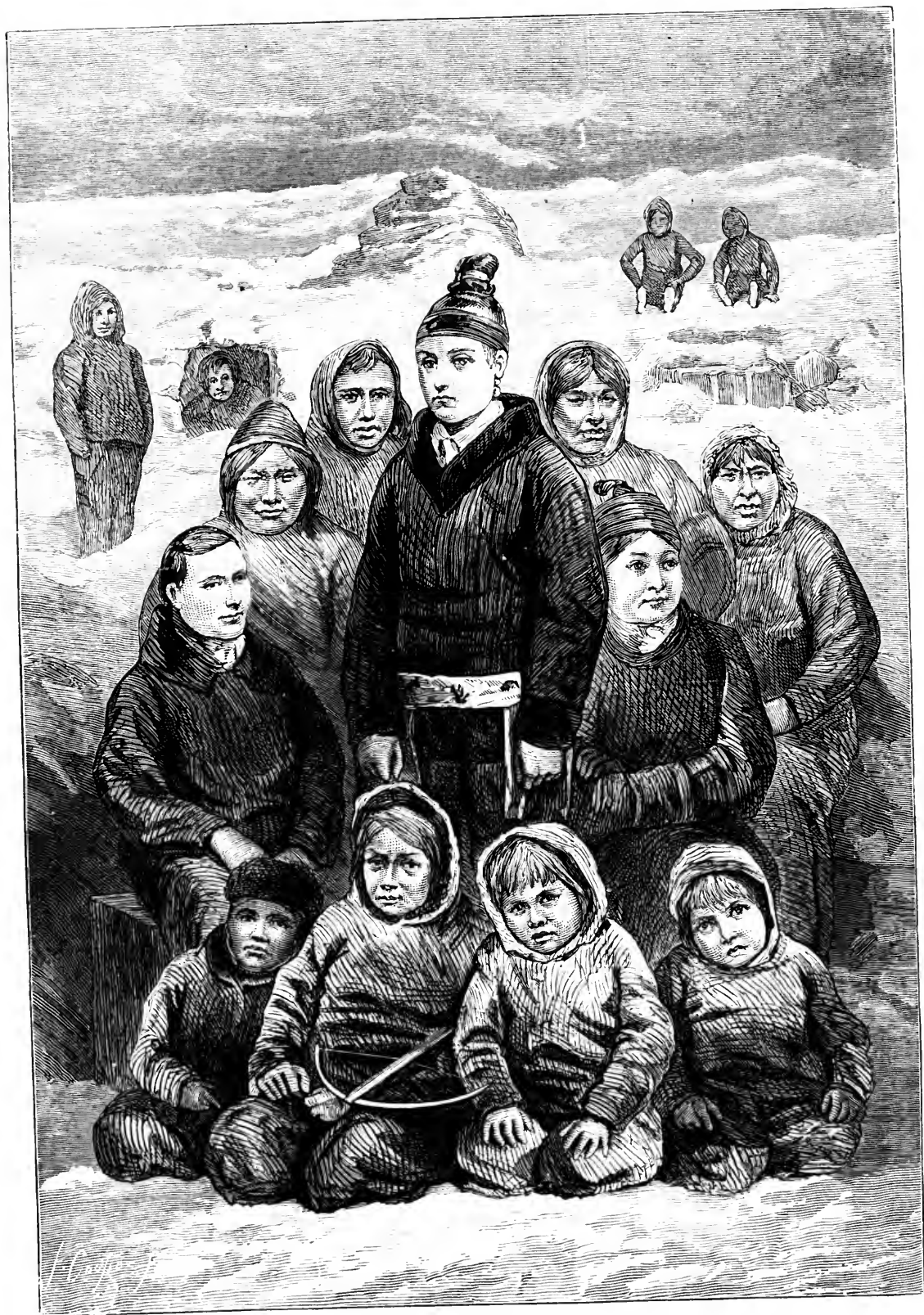


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IX



GROUP OF GREENLANDERS.

[From Original Photographs by Dr. Rink, formerly Governor of South Greenland, and the late Herr Olrik, Governor of North Greenland.]

THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD.

INTRODUCTION.



DANISH BRONZE KNIFE
OF BRONZE AGE.

IN beginning the study of man from a purely natural history point of view, the first fact which strikes us is the immense diversity which he displays. Every individual is different in appearance. No two faces are exactly alike; scarcely two minds are comparable from every point of view: even the members of the same family will display the widest differences in features, and in mental and moral characteristics. But when we take a still more extended view we discover that the diversity among the races of mankind is still greater than among the individuals. The Englishman and the Negro, the Fijian and the Frenchman, the Bushman of South Africa and the Arab of the northern part of the same Continent seem so different in appearance that at first sight the easiest solution of the problem presented is to affirm that they are different species of the same *genus*, just as the cat, the tiger, and the leopard are all species of the genus *Felis*. But this doctrine, though for a time adopted by some of the wilder order of ethnologists, is now held by few whose names carry any weight. The best naturalists, even those whose faith is laid deep in Darwinian soil, are satisfied that whatever might have been the origin of man, the diversified races, which it is the purpose of these volumes to describe, are all sprung from one stock, and that the differences of complexion, features, and general character and distribution are due to physical surroundings and other causes operating through long ages of the earth's history. In the rest of the animal world we see something very similar. The numerous varieties of oxen, horses, sheep, and dogs are all considered varieties of a single species which, under the influence of domestication, has branched off into the bewildering complexity of forms we now see. This we know to be a fact. Hence, though it may be sometimes a little puzzling to explain how one pair of the human species should, even in the course of uncounted eons, have given birth to so diverse forms of their species, it is a still easier hypothesis, and one infinitely more in accordance with facts, than to assume the dogma of the "polygenists," who to avoid one difficulty run into another by insisting on the "plurality of man." Not to enumerate many other points,

which will be touched on by-and-by as we proceed from land to land and from tribe to tribe, it may be mentioned that folk-lore, or traditionary mythology—which, so long despised, has at length become one of the chief corner-stones of the ethnological fabric—has shown that races at one time believed to have no possible connection with each other, and who speak tongues in which the philologist can trace no similarities, have identically the same superstitions and tales, which could not, unless we are to allow the same belief, and that of a very complicated description, arise among widely-scattered nations without books, culture, or any external aid to their imagination, and who have never had any relations with each other, or even been aware of each other's existence.

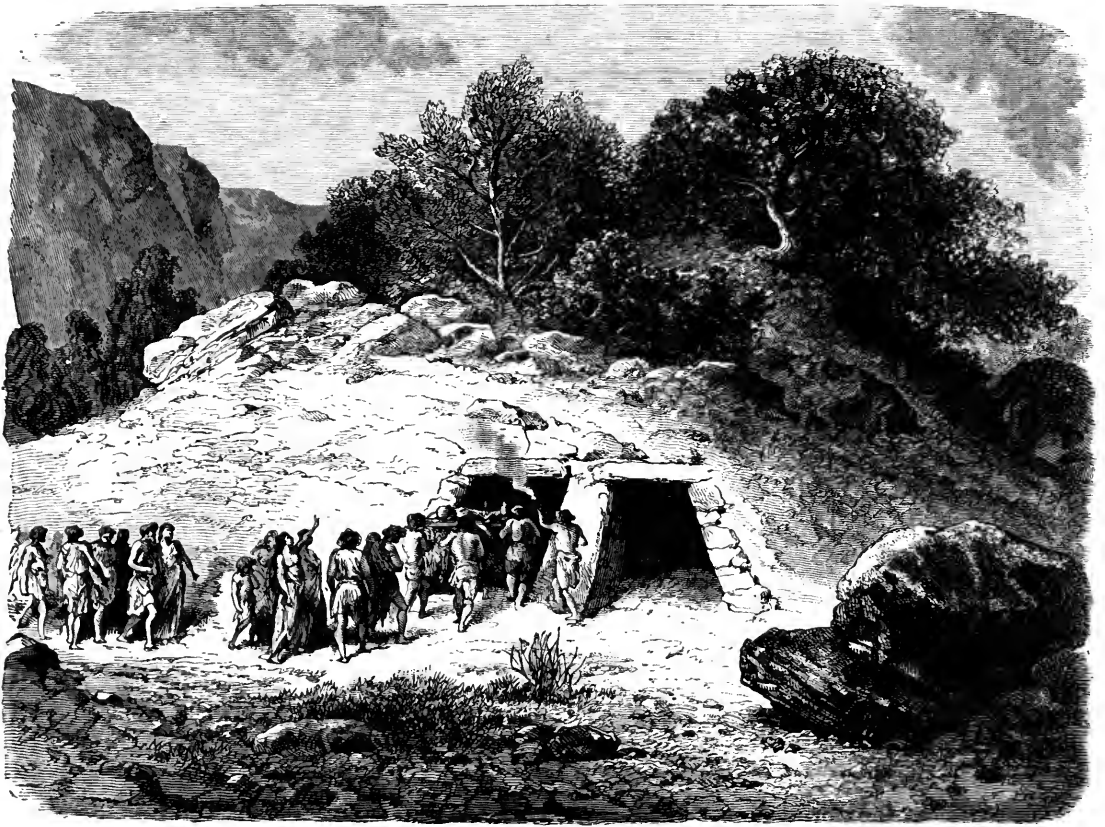
Entering into a consideration of the matter a little more fully, we find that even colour, which at first strikes us as the most remarkable difference, is—as Linnæus long ago declared—of comparatively little moment as a specific character. As has been so repeatedly pointed out, a black face is common to races very widely apart. The Moors of Senegal are among the highest of the superior peoples of the world, the Bushmen of the Cape Colony about the lowest; yet the first is as swarthy as the neighbouring negroes, whilst the last is of “the colour of coffee with milk,” to use a French naturalist's familiar simile. The skin of a negro is, moreover, of exactly the same structure anatomically as that of a flaxen-haired Norseman, and in the mucous layer of very dark-complexioned whites the pigment cells which give the colour to the skin of “black” people are developed in exactly the same way—in other words, there is a gradation in what has been technically called “melanism.” Freckles are simply spots of the same nature as that blackness which, owing to the same cause, has in the course of time suffused the entire face of the swarthy barbarians of so many parts of the world; though at the same time sunshine and warmth are not the sole determining causes of colour. Otherwise, the Indians of Central America would be as black as the West African negroes, though even there the heat has some effect, since the Queen Charlotte Islanders who live off the northern coast of British Columbia are among the fairest skinned of their race, while the Indians from Mexico southward are among the darkest of all the American families of men. There are also endless gradations in the hair of man. The “wool” of the negro, the lanky horse-tail locks of the North American Indian, and the fine silky hair of the Caucasian races have each some peculiarities. Links connecting them are not difficult to find; but, as ethnologists from the time of Prichard to that of Quatrefages have pointed out, there is an infinitely greater variety displayed in a short time after certain of the lower animals are transferred from their original home to a locality where they come under different physical surroundings and influences. For example, the wool of the sheep will in some hot countries be replaced by short, smooth hair, while in the high plains of the Andes the wild boars are said to acquire a kind of wool, and numerous similar changes attributed to climate and “the influence of surroundings” may be found described in works treating of this department of “anthropology.”

Our difficulties in studying the races of mankind, and in classifying them according to some order is, that families once very different in appearance have in course of time

become crossed by intermarriage until they are now a hybrid people, combining the physical and linguistic characters of the two, three, or more races of which they are the embodiment. Nor is there any ground for believing, as has been argued from imperfect premisses, that such "hybrid" nationalities become in time incapable of increase, a fact which goes far to prove that the different families of men are "races" of the same species.

The origin of man, over which so much barren controversy has been expended, it is no part of our business to discuss, nor need the kindred question of how long he has existed on the earth occupy any part of these introductory paragraphs. The geologists have, for the time being, exhausted the subject, and though for a period it seemed as if the antiquity of the species was to be extended back to some indefinitely remote date, the tendency of more recent and accurate researches has been, if not to falsify the earlier observations, at least to warn hasty theorists to proceed less incautiously and assert more tentatively. The spot on the earth's surface which was the earliest home of man, and from whence he spread over the world, has also been the subject of keen dispute among those who are at variance with Louis Agassiz and the illogical advocates of the doctrines held by him in considering man of one species. This is a point that can never be accurately determined, though for our purposes we may accept Quatrefages' view, that the primitive family from which all the nations of mankind are sprung originally lived in Central Asia, and wandered forth slowly in the course of long ages, impelled by various causes, into the regions where we now find their descendants. That the people of the world have been wanderers we have ample proof. There is scarcely any great nation without traditions of having, at some period in its history, migrated from another country, and even when they do not possess any such legend, language supplies a proof of their roamings, more substantial even than vague mythical history. The European nations by this test are shown to be near relatives of those of India, while both are sprung from the shadowy Aryans, whose home was most probably in the region of the Hindoo Koosh in Central Asia, but about whom we hear so much and know so little. The Maoris of New Zealand are no immediate relation of the Australians, but of the Sandwich Islanders, from whose country they migrated within comparatively recent periods. The aborigines of Western America have still traditions of their arrival in that country from Asia, just as have the nations of South America and other countries. The dominant race in Madagascar are the Hovas, a people of undoubted Malay origin; and in the peopling of the Pacific Islands, far apart, by tribes of the same kindred, we have a proof that this kind of voyaging is possible, and has been actually accomplished. In modern times we have seen the Kalmouk Horde, which in 1616 left the confines of China to settle in the Khanate of Kazan, upon the shores of the Volga, retreating to the number of 600,000, with their cattle, children, and effects, in eight months back to their original homes, nearly 800 leagues distant from the Volga. This well-known historical event happened in the year 1771. But long before that date, and even since, we have seen man peopling the earth in a manner more extraordinary than any hypothesis of one original centre for the race demands. The Europeans came from Asia, but they have extended far beyond the limits of the Continent which they colonised, and have displaced aborigines more numerous and powerful than any which, at

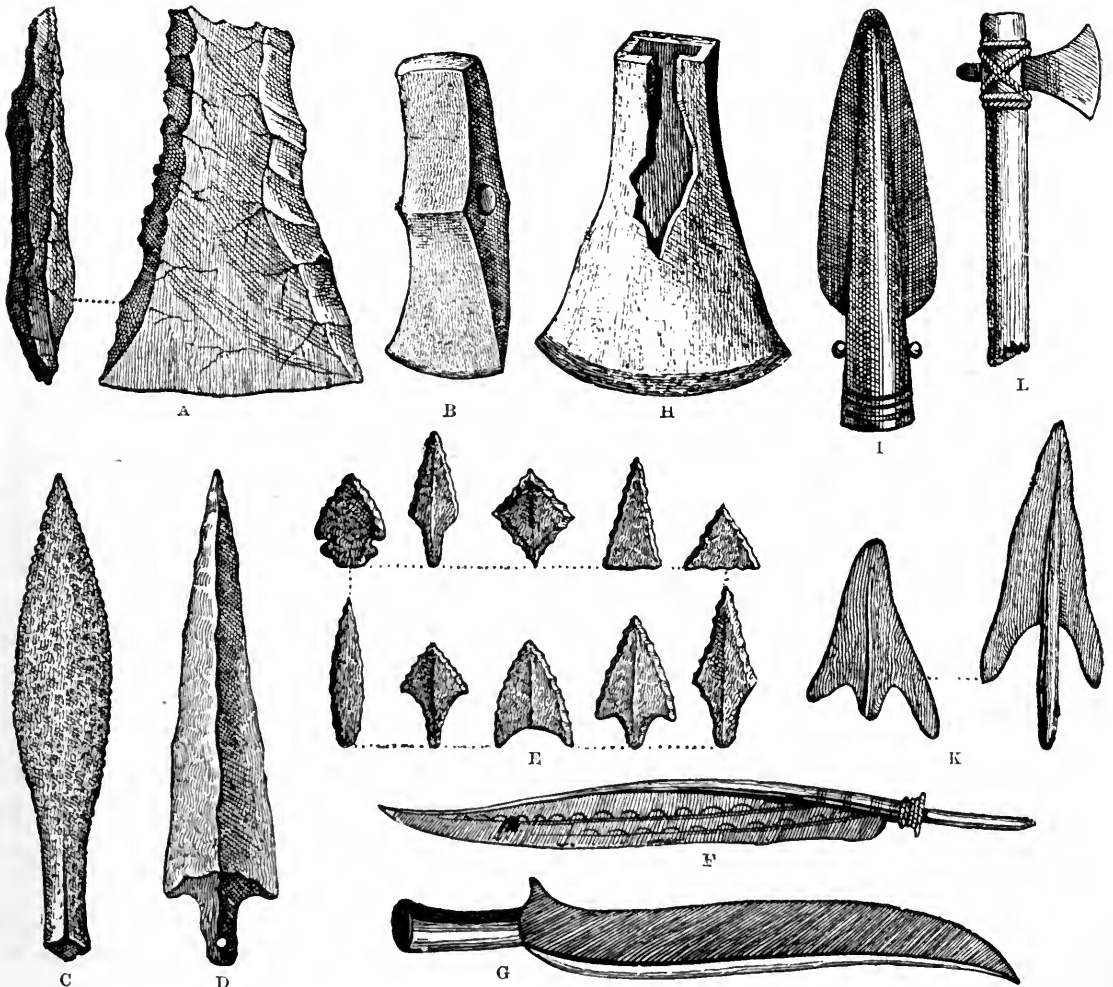
the remote era of the arrival of the Aryans, in all likelihood wandered through the European forests. In less than four centuries they have covered North and South America, much of Northern, Western, Southern, and Eastern Africa, and within the last few years have begun to spread into the interior of that torrid Continent. Before them the warlike aborigines of New Zealand have been compelled to retire: to make room for their surplus population the Tasmanians have disappeared. Australia, which, prior to its attracting their attention, was the home of a few miserable savages, is now being rapidly colonised in



TUMULUS OF THE NEOLITHIC, OR POLISHED STONE EPOCH.

its habitable parts by busy graziers, farmers, miners, and traders of European birth or descent. Long before Columbus touched the outliers of the American shore, wanderers from Norway and Greenland had reached the New England coast and established settlements. There is indeed some ground for believing that, forestalling even the Scandinavian rovers, Europeans had visited the New World, and got gradually absorbed among the aborigines, prior to the dawn of history (p. 15). Who reared the great earthen mounds in the Ohio Valley we do not know any more than who mined by Lake Superior for copper and left their tools behind. It could not have been the present race of Indians, otherwise they must have rapidly degenerated, since such erections are feats at present beyond their powers. We are

equally at a loss to know who were the highly civilised race who built the *Casas grandes*, the "great houses" which the traveller comes upon in the depths of the forests in Yucatan and Central America, and which in size and grandeur can only be compared with the like ruins in the jungles of Cambodia, regarding the origin of which we are also in the dark.



RUDE WEAPONS OF PRIMITIVE MAN.

A, Palæolithic Flint Hatchet from Denmark; B, Neolithic Danish Axe-Hammer, drilled for handle; C, Spear-head from Denmark; D, Flint Arrow-head from *Civita Nuova*, Italy; E, Various Flint Arrow-heads from the Swiss Lake Dwellings; F, Knife with tang to fit into handle, from ditto; G, Socketed Knife, from ditto; H, Square Socketed Iron Hatchet, from ditto; I, Bronze Spear-head, from ditto; J, Bronze Arrow-head, from ditto; K, Bronze Arrow-heads, from ditto; L, Mode of fixing handle to a Scandinavian hatchet.

Numerous other instances of alien races, living in what is apparently their primeval home, might be cited, and will be duly noticed as we proceed.

That physical surroundings will alter the appearance of those brought under them is clear to any one who examines a few familiar facts. The rosy-checked, plump Englishman is of the same race as the lithe, sparsely-fleshed "Yankee" of New England,

or the straight, sinewy backwoodsmen of Canada or of Maine. In even a shorter time some of our colonists have assumed the rank of a "race" in many respects different from the stock of which they are offshoots. Take, for example, the Australian-born youth. Familiarly he is known as a "corn-stalk," owing to his long, lank proportions. In like manner the influence of the dry, desiccating climate is telling on the South African Briton, and upon the people of almost any colony who live there long enough to enable the physical atmosphere in which they are enveloped to work its influence upon their bodies, and consequently on their minds. Even the Boer of dry South Africa is in appearance very different from his cousins in moist Holland. The people who live in a fine open country, abounding with game and food, and whose food of life induces active exercise of mind and body, are invariably a finer race than those existing in low, malarious districts, where the scanty subsistence which the country yields can be obtained without any great ingenuity and with the minimum of muscular exertion. The population of large towns—it has been proved of France, and is affirmed of other countries—is only kept up by continual streams of fresh blood from the rural districts, the unnatural condition of life in a city being evidently unfitted for the natural increase of the population. Admitting, then—as nearly every zoologist in our day does—that man is of one species, causes such as we have faintly indicated must have been long in operation before the different breeds of man could have become so widely separated as they are at present. When the Caucasian recognises the Papuan, the Negro, or the aboriginal Australian as men and brothers, he also by inference acknowledges that antiquity of the race, the evidence of which each of these varieties of his common stock bears on his countenance. Looked at in that way, Dr. Tylor has remarked, in one of his useful digests, that the black, brown, yellow, and white men, whom we may examine on our quays, may be regarded as "living records of the remote past."

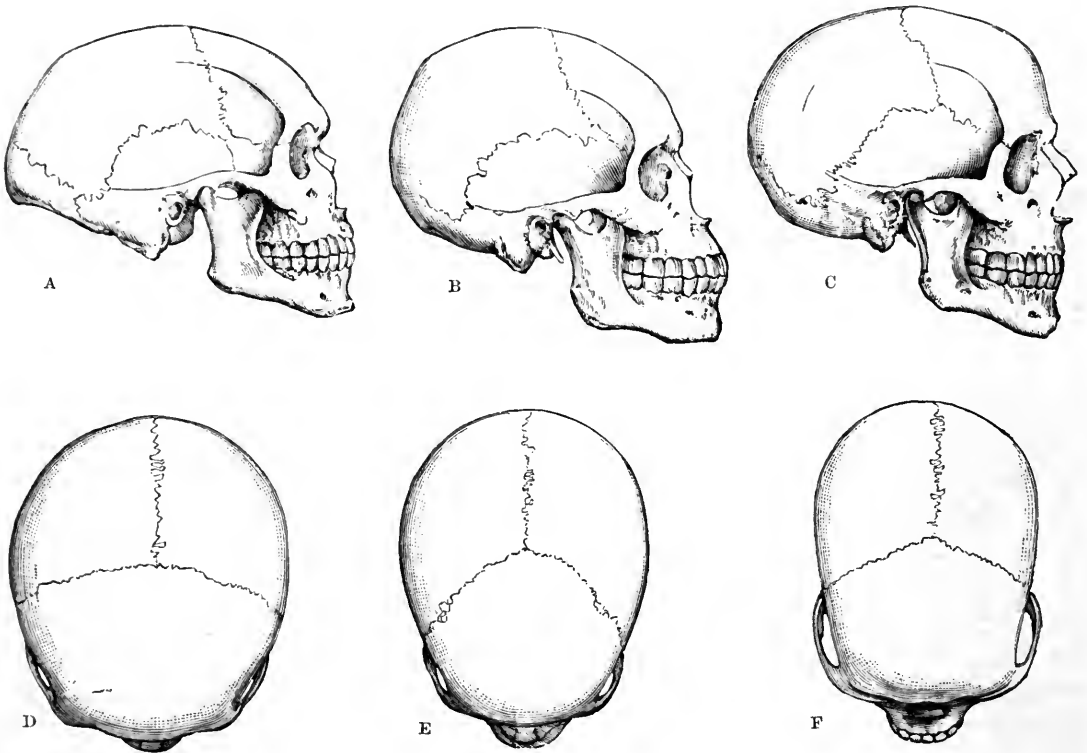
An hypothesis fondly cherished by unscientific writers, and even by some ethnologists of a certain class, is that many savage races are only degraded specimens of a people who have fallen from a higher grade of civilisation. There is nothing to support this view. People here and there retrograde in culture, but the instances in which this has happened are so few that they can in general be easily traced, and are in most cases purely local and due to exceptional causes. Every fact which we possess regarding the early history of man goes to prove that originally he was a rude, uncultured barbarian, as a rule little raised above the condition of a savage, and that he advanced little by little, sometimes owing to one cause, or often owing to another, to a higher condition of culture. Most frequently, likewise, the germs of civilisation have been introduced from without and not from within, though, of course, this compels the presupposition of civilisation somewhere else. Man hunted the wild beast with flint-pointed spears before he tilled the soil with iron-shod ploughs. He lived in caves in the earth long before he dreamed of making bricks and building houses, and the fragments of early faith and polity which still linger among the most highly civilised of European natives show how hideously primitive, how revoltingly vicious, were the relations of early man to his gods and to his family. How rude some of these conditions of the "provisional races" were

we shall see by and by when we describe their modern representatives, and trace how physical conditions influenced not only the persons of tribes, but the faith which he formulated to replace the weirder devil-worship which in so many cases is the foundation of savage religion.

It will thus be seen that any attempt to classify man must, owing to the circumstances mentioned, be exceedingly difficult. One race runs into another, and one class of habits is partially or wholly common to the entire human family, or to several families. The closet naturalist, with a few types before him, experiences little difficulty in dividing off his collection into orders, and tribes, and genera. It is the same with the untravelled anthropologist to whom we have been hitherto indebted (after a very subdued fashion) for most of these racial "classifications." They find in their museums a shelf of skulls labelled more or less accurately; they compile a few vocabularies from the travels of voyagers not much better informed, and even less scientific, than themselves; they separate off these word-lists into families, and attach some type of skull to each, and call the result an "ethnological scheme," any objections to which are overwhelmed with a cloud of fragments of speech, mixed with the names of bits of bone.

In walking along the streets of any large city, or surveying the arrays of heads presented at a crowded public meeting, the "craniologist" has no difficulty in detecting every form of skull, and every possible connecting-link between all the forms he has seen so patly described in the books. There are, however, certain forms of skulls characteristic of certain races, their brain-pans of course inferring certain shapes of brain inside them, and *pro tanto* certain mental peculiarities. There are, for example, the "dolichocephalic," the "mesocephalic," and the "brachycephalic," or, in plain English, the "long-headed," the "middle-headed," and the "short-headed" peoples (p. 8). The negroes are, among other races, all long-headed, and so are the North Germans, while the South Germans are, in common with the Tartars, short or broad-headed people, while the majority of mankind are middle-skulled. "Prognathism," or the projection of the jaws, as contradistinguished from "Orthognathism," or "straightness" of that portion of the face, is usually considered the distinguishing mark of a race of low mental characteristics, such as the negroes who are particularly distinguished by faces of this description (p. 9). But prognathism is common enough in individual cases among many European and even Asiatic peoples, and is seen in an especial degree among the Esthonians of the southern shores of the Baltic, a Finnish family of Mongol descent. This prognathism or the contrary, coupled with the protrusion or retreat of the forehead, gives rise to the "facial angle," or the angle which results from the union of two lines, one drawn downwards from the forehead to the front teeth, the other from the front teeth backward to the ear. It has been assumed that the more acute this angle is, the lower is the intelligence of the individual whose face displays it. To a certain extent this is true. The highest ape has an acute facial angle, and the meanest intellects are not usually exhibited by people with an obtuse one. Still the exceptions are so numerous that it would be rash to generalise too confidently on this basis alone. It is therefore clear that no very sound

classification can be founded on the skull, though as an index to mental capacity and some other points it is useful. The skin and hair, we have seen, are equally futile tests, since there are all kinds of gradation in these features from one race to another, and even among the people of the same family. Moreover, bits of skin and tufts of hair in every respect identical, could be produced from people who in other respects were the antipodes of each other. Red hair is said to be found in every part of the world except in America, but I have seen more than one North American Indian on the



DIFFERENT SHAPES OF SKULLS.

A, of Australian (prognathous); B, of African (prognathous); C, of European (orthognathous); D, of Samoyede (brachycephalic); E, of European (mesocephalic); F, of Negro (dolichocephalic).

British Columbian coast with scarlet locks. The ancestry of these human "sports" may, however, have been as doubtful as the Australian with red hair, whom D'Urville describes. It is, however, unnecessary to pursue the subject further except to show what grievous blunders mere closet system naturalists fall into, when, as in the case of Haeckel, they form systems based on some unstable character, such as the hair, which has resulted in massing together peoples having no second feature in common, and separating others who are close allies, or even actual kinsmen.

Language, which is the basis of Latham's classification, and of those adopted by most modern ethnologists, affords a better, though far from faultless, scheme. It must, indeed, be

received with extreme caution; some nations having exchanged their language for that of a different race, with whom, speaking in the conventional language of ethnologists, they have no connection. The people of a great portion of France are Celts, but they speak a Latin tongue which they adopted from their Roman conquerors; the Germans east of the Elbe were originally Slavs, but they have not spoken a Slavie dialect for nearly two thousand years; and, not to multiply examples, numerous other instances might be quoted of savage tribes, for some reason or another, exchanging their own



TYPES OF HEADS.

A, Gorilla; B, Australian; C, Negro; D, American Indian; E, Mongol; F, European (highest type).

language for that of a people in no way akin to them. Yet, if we were not privy to this fact, a grievous source of error would be introduced into our "classification." The Spanish-speaking aborigines of America would, as Dr. Peschel aptly remarks, require, if language were to be taken as the sole basis for classification, to be bracketed with the Iberian people who subdued their territory, and the West African negroes, with the English race who enslaved them, and in whose country they now live as freed men. Language is, nevertheless, valuable in its place; out of that limited niche it is a mischievous element in the work of the ethnographer, who is, however, year by year less and less regarding it, as he less and less values classification except as a very secondary means to an end, viz., the localisation of facts. By and by, as we travel around the world,

studying men and their manners, we shall see that there are three great fundamental types of language, namely, the "monosyllabic" tongues, in which the words consist of one syllable or sound; the "agglutinative" ones, in which several separate roots are "joined or glued on to the significant roots as terminations" in order to express an idea; and "inflected" languages, in which by various accents and inflections particular meanings are given to particular words, as in the case of those spoken by the European and Semitic nations. In these classes of languages speech has reached its highest development. Here the significant root and the termination have become blended into one, and to a great extent the traces of composition have been lost or obliterated by the phonetic changes which the words have undergone. The families of language, so far as it is necessary for us to enter upon their consideration, can be best examined under the head of the races speaking them, since the classification which we shall adopt is to some extent based upon linguistic characteristics. The origin of language has, from the earliest period at which men felt any interest in such problems, excited the liveliest controversy. To cover afresh the often-traversed ground is needless, except to say, in the briefest possible manner, that the chances are that language originated in "emotional and constitution sounds," each of which had—according to this "bow-wow" theory, as it has been named—at one time some likeness to the object whose appearance it expressed, or whose sound it imitated, although an endless series of other causes have in addition been at work in adding to or moulding those provisional tongues of primitive man. More than this we cannot affirm, though in the works of Whitney, Sayce, Max Müller, Pictet, Renan, Grimm, Steinthal, Heyse, Peile, Hovelacque, Farrar, Tylor, and others, the question has been fully discussed. Many semi-savage or wholly barbarous peoples can make themselves very intelligible by means of a sign language, such as that "spoken" by some of the American prairie tribes, whose gestures are singularly well adapted to express their meaning. Indeed, every one almost, unconsciously, even in the most cultured society, uses in a greater or less degree this kind of "language" by grimaces, shakes of the head, nods, or waves of the hand, when he expresses disapproval, affirmation, negation, or the resultant of other mental processes. Writing, and the various arts of life, their mode of invention and their gradual development are also interesting questions, but can best be discussed not in a systematic form, but at the place where, in speaking of the different races, these arts or sciences call for notice.

Before, however, commencing the study of man as he now lives over the world, it is well that the reader should remember that there were men before the present races of mankind inhabited the countries they now do, the ancestors, it may be, of some of those nations now high in civilisation, but who, at all events, lived and died, and gave way to a nobler and better manhood, long before the dawn of written or traditional history. They date from an age so remote, that their existence would not even have been suspected, unless for the discoveries of late years. In the midst of the most highly civilised countries of Europe—France, Belgium, and England—the pick and shovel of the navvy, making cuttings for railways and canals, have laid bare to the astonished gaze of the men of to-day the rude dwellings of a long, long anterior race; the cheerless caves in which they buried their dead, or dragged in the remains of the now extinct animals with which they

warred; the toys of their children; the rude trinkets which ministered to the vanity of their women, and the implements of stone with which they provided themselves with food or defended themselves from their enemies. Man is essentially a "tool-making animal," and about the earliest remains we discover of him are his rude spear-heads, flint knives, stone axes, chisels, bone needles, &c., all furnishing materials for history to the careful student, almost as perfect as if we had found the maker himself. These stone implements are unequal in finish (p. 5). The earliest are very rudely fashioned, while the more recent are much more finished, but all are unmistakably the work of an intelligent, thinking being, namely, man. Then, by-and-by, in other deposits—peat or gravel—we come upon bronze weapons, later, upon iron; all showing certain advances in civilisation, and, accordingly, antiquarians have classified the pre-historic ages of the world into the *Stone*, *Bronze*, and *Iron* Ages, a classification, indeed, sketched out nineteen hundred years ago by the great expositor of the Epicurean Philosophy.

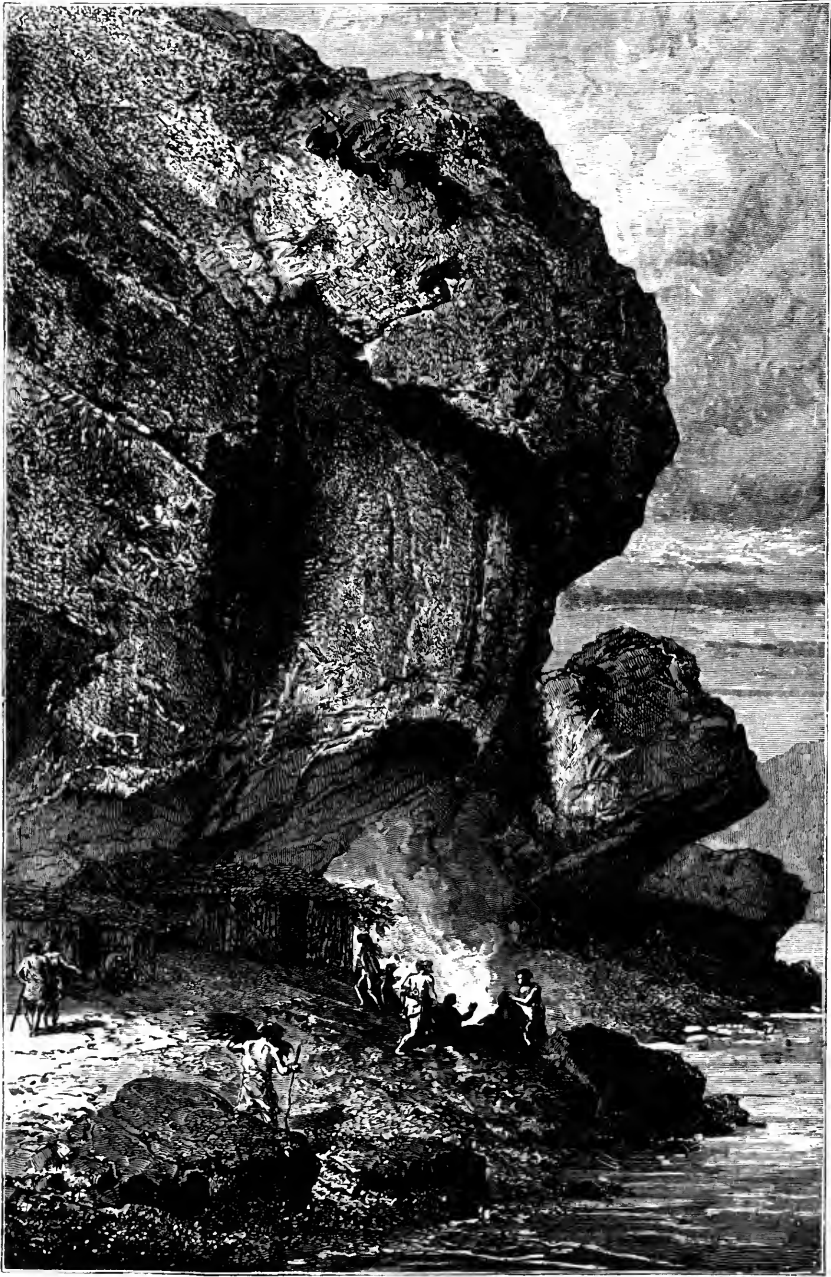
"Man's earliest arms were fingers, teeth, and nails,
And stones, and fragments from the branching woods;
Then copper next; and last, as later traced,
The tyrant iron."—*Lucretius, De Rerum Naturâ*, v. 1282.

The *Stone* Age, however, is capable of further subdivision, according to the state of civilisation shown to exist by means of the comparative finish of the weapon. Hence, it has been divided into the *Palæolithic* (ancient stone) and *Neolithic* (new stone) periods; and between these French archæologists have distinguished a period which has been called the *Reindeer* Age, from the presence in the South of the reindeer, an animal now confined almost entirely to the far North. No doubt this classification is somewhat artificial, for some nations, probably, used stone weapons long after others had got bronze or iron; indeed, many savage tribes do so at the present day. Still, for all practical purposes, it is accurate enough, and supplies useful heads under which to classify our knowledge.

Some of these abodes of pre-historic man we have figured (pp. 4, 12, 13). Like certain modern savages, he seems to have built villages on piles in shallow lakes, for safety from wild beasts and wilder men; and in the mud of these lakes have been preserved many of his tools and other surroundings, which enable us to learn much in regard to the life of these remote inhabitants of Europe. But caves were his favourite homes. In these caverns he either lived, or buried his dead, and, like his modern representative, laid beside the corpse of the departed hunter the weapons he used, by that of the women their rude ornaments, or by the bodies of the children the toys they played with. Before the cave was a heavy sandstone slab, apparently placed there to protect it from the ravages of wild beasts. In front of it was a terrace, where could be seen fragments of charcoal and bones, with marks of the action of fire upon them. "Here the mourners seem to have held their sad funeral feasts; here the women wailed after nightfall; and then nightly, after the flat stone had been rolled to the cave's mouth and the weary mourners took their departure," the hyænas came prowling about to devour the remains of the feast, as shown by the gnawing on the bones, and other traces of their visit scattered around.

The reader will have already gathered that we attach comparatively little importance to one ethnological classification over another. Those which enable us to comprise a

description of the different races in something like scientific order are almost equally good ; and it is clear, since the most distinguished philologists, craniologists, and ethnologists



ROCK-SHELTER AT BRUNIQUEL, AN ABODE OF MAN DURING THE REINDEER AGE.

are not at one regarding the best mode into which to group the nations and tribes of the world, no very exact or deep-rooted principles must be at stake in the formation

of the numerous classifications which have been published. Buffon, Blumenbach, Lacépède, Cuvier, Virey, Prichard, Quatrefages, D'Halloy, Friedrich Müller, and Latham, among others, have all formed tabular lists of more or less merit. Perhaps, after all, Dr. Latham's is the best, and it accordingly, with some trifling modifications, we shall adopt. The familiar groups such as Caucasian (most of the European and some of the Asiatic peoples), the Mongolian (Chinese, Tartars, &c.), Malays (Oceanic and Indian Islands), Americans, and the Ethiopians or African races, will, however, be occasionally spoken of, more as



SWISS LAKE VILLAGE OF THE BRONZE AGE (RESTORED).

forming the small change of ethnological dealings, than as expressing any very strictly defined groups. Latham divided mankind into (1) Americans; (2) the Oceanic group; (3) Turanians—of whom some sticklers for philological accuracy, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, deny the scientific existence; (4) the Persian group; (5) the Indian stock; (6) the Africans; (7) the Mongolians; (8) the Caucasians, in the limited meaning of the term; and, (9) the Europeans. Under these nine groups and their various subdivisions, we shall be able, without confining ourselves very strictly to their exact limits, or vouching for the philological or anatomical accuracy of the data on which they have been formed, to sketch the chief types of the Peoples of the World.

CHAPTER I.

THE AMERICANS : THEIR ORIGIN AND GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS : THE ESKIMO.

WHEN Columbus discovered the New World, he considered that he had come upon a part of India; and accordingly he called the natives of the American continent "Indians," a name by which they are familiarly known to this day. The name is of course geographically incorrect, America having nothing to do with India; still, as long use has rendered it difficult to lay the name altogether aside, and as everybody knows what is meant by the "American Indians," I shall continue to use it in the following pages. The American race, take it as a whole, is a very homogeneous one, occupying the whole continent from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn, and though differing much in language, yet presenting many general characteristics. They are as a rule robust, well made, strong, active specimens of humanity, and, with the exception of the Eskimo branch, rather tall. The skull, when unaltered, is of an oval shape, but the forehead is in general low and sloping. Many tribes, we shall by-and-by see, flatten the forehead by artificial means; but other tribes, like the ancient Mexicans, are naturally so formed. Indeed, the Aztecs used to represent their gods as possessing flattened foreheads, which they thought a mark of great beauty; probably it was this idea that led them to produce the same effect by artificial means. The nose in the greater number at least of the North American tribes is long, aquiline, and well defined; the mouth is not of great size, the eyes are rather sloping in many of them, the teeth set vertically in the gums, while the lips do not differ much from those of Europeans. Their eyes are brown, and the hair long, straight, and black. When any beard is present, it is but scanty, though it is generally plucked out. The colour of the skin varies from a light brown to a coppery brown, in some tribes being almost black. The race is rather high in intelligence and in physical appearance, but is entirely a nation of hunters and fishers, living, with few exceptions, in a state of savagedom, and only in rare instances cultivating any portion of the soil.

That the American Indians originally came from the Asiatic coast, there can, I think, be but little doubt. The Mongol appearance is very marked among the tribes nearest that coast—that is, on the shores of the Pacific, but gets less noticeable as we go eastward, until it is very little observed among the Indians north of the Atlantic sea-board. Indeed, the traditions of the Western American Indians all point to the still further westward as the land they came from, while the Eastern Indians say they came from the west: "A great medicine-man went before them, and every night planted a red pole where they were to encamp."

A vast amount of speculation has been spent on the interesting question, as to the origin of the Indian, from the Topsy-like hypothesis of the extreme German and French school, that they "grewed," or sprung into existence just where they are, and did not come by migration from any other place, to the theory that they are the lost ten tribes of Israel. On this charming Semitic hypothesis the Book of Mormon was founded; but there seems no ground for it

whatever, except in some semi-Jewish customs—customs, however, that are common to various other nations as well, and may be only part of the common property of the human race. Then the Phœnicians are supposed to have aided in the colonisation of America, and there is a legend that a Welsh prince (Madoc), about a thousand years ago, landed and colonised the country. All these are mere vague traditions, and though it is just barely possible that there may have been an admixture of Europeans in America long before Columbus or even his predecessors, the old Norsemen, discovered the continent (for instance, the Mandans of the Missouri, a tribe nearly extinct, had the Welsh coracle, and many words said to be of Welsh origin among them), yet there is nothing certain, or even reasonable, in support of these ideas.* On the contrary, not only are the Western Indians in appearance very like their nearest neighbours, the North-eastern Asiatics, but in language and tradition it is confidently affirmed there is also a blending of the people. The Eskimo on the American, and the Tchuktchis on the Asiatic side of Behring Strait, understand each other perfectly. Finally, if more proof was required, we have only to point out that several canoes and junks from the opposite coast have been landed on the American coast, and that in the winter the natives will cross from either side of Behring Strait with their skin canoes on their heads. Mr. Dall, who lived for some time in that district of country, and paid particular attention to the question, unhesitatingly declares his belief that the North-western Indians—at least those of Alaska—are recent immigrants from Asia, and that indeed they are still coming over. They carry on extensive commerce across Behring Strait in skins, frames for boats, hunting and fishing equipments, &c. The Asiatic immigrants are, however, confined to a few leagues of country along the coast and large rivers, while another people, or at least an earlier arrived one, inhabits the interior. The boundary line between the two races is very marked, and encroachments on each other's territory are never tolerated. If a hunter passes the line in the chase and kills any game, he can take the carcase away, but must leave the skin at the nearest village. The coast people and the interior ones never intermarry.

Probably Japan, the Kuriles, and the region thereabouts must be looked upon as the original home of the American race, or at least the greater portion of it. In 1831 a Japanese junk was wrecked at Queen-haith, to the south of Cape Flattery, and the three survivors were sent back to Japan. They had been driven off the Island of Yeso, and losing their reckoning, had drifted about for several months, during which time the crew, which had been originally forty in number, had dwindled down, by hardship and hunger, to three. Again, on the 21st of April, 1847, in lat. 35° north, long. 156° east, a Japanese junk was fallen in with which had lost her rudder, and been driven to sea in a gale in November, 1846. She had on board a crew of nine men, and about 2,000 lbs. of beeswax, and other cargo. On another occasion an American whaler, in May, 1847, fell in with a large junk of 200 tons burden, dismantled, with her rudder gone, and otherwise injured in a typhoon, which had occurred seven months previously. The crew, originally consisting of seventeen persons, was reduced to fourteen, who were in a most pitiable condition from famine, and all scarred with dirk and knife wounds, for fearful scenes seemed to have been enacted on board during the struggle for existence and amid the paroxysms of hunger and despair.† The Indians

* In a humorous form Washington Irving, in the introduction to "Knickerbocker's History of New York," gives a summary of these various hypotheses.

† Anderson, in the *New York Historical Magazine* for 1863, p. 81, quoting *Honolulu Polynesian* of 1847.

have a tradition that, many years ago, long before the whites settled among them, a vessel laden with wax, and apparently a Japanese junk, was wrecked on their coast. To this day pieces of the wax are tossed up, and at one time the Hudson Bay Company used to trade it



AN ESKIMO WOMAN OF THE ADELAIDE PENINSULA.

from the natives. Very recently a similar case was recorded in the newspapers; but the above will suffice to show that there are no obstacles to prevent America having been originally peopled from the Asiatic coast. The number of tribes on the American continent is very remarkable, and the languages are equally multifarious, though all of the general "agglutinative" construction. The famous Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, was in the habit of pointing to this diversity of languages as a proof of the antiquity of the American aboriginal

race. It points, however, to nothing more than that the native races of America have been always at war with each other, and confined therefore to isolated communities, holding little mutual intercourse with each other, and thus the languages have got further and further separated from each other. In giving a general sketch of the American races, we may throw them into great groups, of a more or less geographical character, the habits and, in most cases, the origin of the tribes being similar in these regions.



GREENLAND ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK. (From an Original Drawing.)

THE ESKIMO.*

Here is a very distinct family of the Americans, that extends across the whole northern coast of the American continent, from Behring Strait on the one side to Greenland on the other, coming as far south as Labrador on the Atlantic and the Yukon River on the Pacific sea-board, but throughout all this large area remaining a very isolated and characteristic people, not differing very widely either in habits or language. The Laps and Samoyedes of the European coast,

* Commonly spelled *Esquimaux*, and pronounced *Esquimaw* or *Esquimow*; but I prefer to adopt the Danish orthography, which is now followed by the best writers. The English whaling sailors in Baffin's Bay call them "Yaks," and the Hudson Bay men "Huskies." What is the origin of the first word I cannot say, but the latter seems only a corruption of *Esquimaux*; which, again, is said to be a corruption either of the Abenaki Indian *Eskimatsie*, or the Ojibway *Askimeg*, both words meaning "raw flesh-eaters." They call themselves "Inniut," or "the people."

though in some respects approximating to them, are yet of a different race; while the Tchukchis, on the Asiatic shores, Dr. Rink has clearly proved to be only the Asiatic representatives in the most western limits of the Eskimo race. They are confined to the unwooded shores of the Arctic Sea, rarely going far into the country, and having their proper home on the—to us—most desolate, cold, and forbidding part of the continent. An exploring or other Arctic-going ship will “hook on to the ice-floe” in some quiet bay, as silent and as dreary as ever the eye of man rested on. Snow is all around, snow is falling fast, the very eye gets chilled with the sight, even the water-birds, gorged with blubber, sit in meditative rows on the edge of a piece of floating ice—it seems a world “unfinished from the hands of the Creator.” As we pace the snow-covered deck, alternately gazing on the snow-covered, glacier-intersected land, and the snow-laden, frozen sails and shrouds, we are startled by a clear sound through the still Arctic air. We listen; surely it cannot be the sound of man; surely no man lives in this hope-forsaken place. Again! It is the sound of no sea-bird—the cry of no polar bear; it must be the echo of men’s voices. The snow has ceased for a moment and the sun has peered out from behind the leaden clouds, and afar off, on the white ice-floe connecting the land and our vessel, we see some black specks. As the specks approach nearer we can make them out to be dog-sledges, filled with little fur-clad people; and in another place are numbers of skin-canoes, looking like large black dogs in the water, paddling through an open “lane” in the ice. Soon, with shouts of gladness, and the howling of their motley dog-teams, they are alongside—men, women, and children—and standing, wild-looking denizens of the ice and snow, hailing every one with cries of “Timoo! Timoo!” (good cheer, good cheer). These are the Eskimo, the most northerly family of the human race, as well as of the American subdivision of it. That they are Americans there can, I conceive, be but little doubt. Certainly on the eastern shores they differ widely from the Indians, but as you approach the Pacific coast they imperceptibly inosculate the one into the other in language, and even habits and customs. When, in 1863, I first saw the Indians of the north-west coast of America they seemed old friends of mine; and having only two years before passed a summer among the Eskimo of the western shores of Davis Strait, I was struck with their remarkable resemblance to the heavy-faced-looking people who lined the road from Esquimaux to Victoria. In personal appearance they are far from repulsive, though not handsome. In height they may be, on an average, about five feet six inches; but tall men are now and then seen amongst them, and the notion that they are very small arises more from the style of their dress than from any real deficiency in stature. Their faces are fat, egg-shaped, and good humoured, with small twinkling, rather sloping eyes, and a flat nose meandering away on either side in an expanse of nostril into fat brown cheeks. Their colour is fairer than that of many of the Indians, but their skin being usually very dirty and smoked, the natural colour can rarely be seen. Their lips do not differ much from those of Europeans, but the cleft of their mouth is usually very wide. Their hair is generally long, black, straight, and coarse, while few of them have any whisker, beard, or moustache, a slight amount of hair on the upper lip and a little on the chin being for the most part the only approach to these which the most hirsute of them possess. Their hands and feet are usually rather small, but their bodies are muscular and broad about the shoulders, yet—as a rule—they are not nearly so strong as Europeans, the feats of ordinary sailors striking them as miracles of strength. Their teeth are usually regular and well set, but in middle-aged and old

people worn down—as among the Indians and many other savages—to the gum, on account of the hard or sand-mixed food which their not over-cleanly habits allow them to consume without proper cooking or washing. Grey-haired people are not uncommon, though the Eskimo are not a short-lived people, take them as a whole. I have spoken of their dirty habits, which darken their otherwise not particularly swarthy complexions. To water they have a great dislike. When they wash themselves (which is rarely), a dirty and offensive liquid often supplies the place of the usual toilet requisite. If, however, they wet their feet, they never rest until they change their boots, the cold climate rendering them stiff and the feet icy after their immersion. It is probably the cold climate which gives them such an antipathy to washing. None of them can swim, as the chilly water soon freezes them, and even if they had learned the art, it would render the exercise of it impossible. If the mother wishes the child to look a little more cleanly than the dirt and smoke of an Eskimo hut would naturally allow, she applies her *tongue* to the infant, and the result is satisfactory—to the infant! In like manner after she has cooked a piece of meat, she licks any sand or dirt off it before handing it to her husband or guest. The men's hair hangs in long dishevelled locks down their backs; while the women's is more artistically dressed, being drawn up to the top of the head, and then tied in a knot, with a bit of reindeer skin or similar material. Some of them allow a plaited lock to hang down at either side of the neck. The dress of the children is only a miniature edition of that of the adults, and is the same for males and females until they are three or four years old, when some slight changes are introduced. The dress of the men and women is very much the same, and though it differs slightly among different tribes, is yet on the whole very similar throughout. The men wear a short jacket made of seal-skin or reindeer fur, with a hood behind—which hood can be drawn over the head and ears, exposing nothing but the face. In the winter season, underneath this jacket—which is put on by drawing it over the head like a shirt—the Eskimo usually wears another with the fur *inside*, or a shirt made of bird-skins. Their trousers, among the wilder tribes, are also made of seal, bear, or reindeer skin, and usually reach just below the knee, and are made so loose that a pair of boots can go under them, which, with a pair of large, fingerless, skin gloves, complete the dress. The boots are very excellently made of native tanned sealskin, chewed soft by the women, until it is in a condition to be manufactured. The way the “uppers” are crimped, so as to be sewed with sinew thread to the soles, is most ingenious. The soles are also made of seal-skin of a stronger quality. The boots are stuffed with grass, and have a stocking of reindeer or seal-skin, with the hair inside. The whole forms an article of wear infinitely superior to anything of European make. Indeed, Europeans, if they have occasion to travel among the Eskimo, soon cast off their clumsy, inflexible boots, and adopt the light, elegant, and warm Eskimo foot-gear. The dress of the women is much the same—only if the woman is a mother her jacket has a large hood behind, in which the baby is carried, its little head, either bare or covered with a cap woven out of the hair of the white Arctic hare, just peeping over its mother's shoulder, or reaching over to partake of nourishment, as the family plod through ice and snow on the weary march from one hunting-ground to another. The trousers of the women are generally shorter and tighter than those of the men, and the boots are made of sealskin tanned white, and with wide tops stretching high over the knees. These wide tops afford excellent pockets, or hiding-places, for any unconsidered article they may come across. Finally, the woman's jacket has a tail behind, like the tail

of an evening coat, which is, however, in general tucked up to keep it from trailing on the ground. The dress differs in some slight particulars in various districts, and is generally more ornamental than that of the men, with more of rude feather embroidery. Their dress, like their tools, canoes, &c., shows great skill and neatness of hand—excelling in this respect even those of their neighbours and mortal enemies, the Indians. Most of the savage tribes tattoo themselves on the face, but this custom—contrary to the statements in most books—is not now practised among the semi-civilised Greenland Eskimo, though in former times it was. The



IN COUNCIL WITH THE NETCHILLIK ESKIMO.

pattern simply consisted of blue lines, produced by drawing a needle and sinew thread smeared with lampblack under the skin; but every tribe has its own mode of tattooing. To the west of the Mackenzie, the men cut a hole in their lower lip, near the corner of the mouth, which they fill with a labret of bone, stone, or metal. Sir John Richardson informs us that at the mouth of the Mackenzie small green pebbles are obtained, which, when neatly set in wood or brass, are used for this purpose. That late illustrious naturalist and traveller is, however, in error when he considers that the natives of Vancouver Island afford an example of a similar custom; hence he imagined that these people may have adopted the Eskimo habit when, as he supposes, they came to Vancouver Island, and drove out the Eskimo, who once inhabited that coast. The natives of Vancouver Island, as we shall by-and-by see, adopt no such

custom; the nearest approach to it being among the Hydahs of Queen Charlotte Islands, several hundreds of miles to the northward.

Such, in personal appearance, is the Eskimo, "this strange infidele, whose like was never seene, read, nor heard of before," of stout Sir Martin Frobisher. Some of the women are handsome; but the old ones are such hags that we need not be surprised at Frobisher's sailors pulling the boots off one to see if her feet were cloven, after the traditional formation of the feet of the Evil One! The different species of seal supply nearly everything the Eskimo require in dress, food, implements, &c., and its hunt is one of the chief occupations of their life and thoughts. Their bow is generally made of three pieces of the reindeer's rib, and with its twisted string of sinew and strengthening behind, is a very powerful weapon; knives they manufacture from the copper obtained from the Coppermine River, from flint, from ivory, from any stray pieces of iron which they may come across, or, as I am informed by Professor



AN ARCTIC FERRY-BOAT (SCHWATKA'S EXPEDITION).

Steenstrup, in former times, from the meteoric iron found in their country. Wood is scarce with them, being traded from long distances, or coming as drift-wood, which the currents carry from wooded coasts into the heart of the Arctic Sea. Among some tribes so scarce is it that a harpoon-handle will be made of the valuable ivory "horns" or teeth of the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, or of several bits of wood carefully spliced together. Sir Robert MacIure found one tribe so short of wood that the "runners" of their sledges were made of several *salmon* tied up and hard frozen. No more acceptable present can be given to an Eskimo than a broken oar, or any other bit of wood. A common name amongst them is "Kresuk" (*drift-wood*), a fact pointing to the estimation in which this material is held amongst them. Their spears, harpoons, arrows, &c., are all admirably made, and constructed on most ingenious plans. One of them—the bird-spear—has a main point, but it has also several supplementary points projecting from either side, so that if they should miss the bird with the main point, the chances are that it will be struck by one of the supplementary ones; an inflated bladder attached to the spear keeps it from sinking. The harpoon with which they strike the seal, white whale, whale, narwhal, walrus, and other marine animals, is

fitted into a shaft made usually of wood. This shaft, which is seven or eight feet in length, is only used for throwing the harpoon into the animal by means of a wooden rest, or "harpoon-thrower," which is held in the hand. As soon as the animal is struck, the shaft falls out and is picked up by the hunter as it floats on the surface, while the little harpoon-point remains in the seal's body, attached to a long line of carefully-prepared seal-skin, which has attached to it a large inflated seal-skin. This seal-skin marks where the animal is, but as it must come to the surface to breathe, and soon gets tired, the hunter follows it up in his *kayak*, spearing whenever he has an opportunity, until at length it is killed. He then coils his line anew on a stand in front of him, on his *kayak*, and proceeds as before. The *kayak* is one of the most ingenious contrivances of the Eskimo. It is shaped like a weaver's shuttle—pointed at either end—and built on a framework of whalebone or wood, covered completely over, with the exception of the hole in which the Eskimo seats himself, with seal-skin, with the hair off, and carefully prepared for that purpose. The hunter takes his seat in this fragile canoe, clad in a waterproof jacket made of seal-skin, or of the whale's intestines, buttons this jacket down so that no water can enter, puts on his waterproof mittens, and takes hold of his double paddle by the middle, and looks almost a part of the *kayak*. This craft is often ornamented with knobs of narwhal or walrus ivory at the ends, and sheathed with runners of bone beneath, while the paddle has on either end a point of ivory or bone. The whole is one of the lightest and most elegant of contrivances. In straps in front are fastened the spears, knives, &c.; in front also is the stand for the line, nicely coiled up, and behind is the inflated seal-skin, or "drogue," which is used in the manner I have described.*

No water can enter the *kayak*, and as the canoe-man paddles along, his face to the point to which he is going, propelling and steadying the *kayak* with alternate strokes of the long double paddle, the sea may dash over him with impunity. He rides buoyantly on the surface of the waves, often with a seal fastened at either side. If the spray, freezing on the sides of the *kayak* incommodes him, he scrapes it off with a blunt bone knife he carries in the straps in front of him. He can even overturn the *kayak* and right it again; but not unfrequently the ice cuts holes in it, when the fate of the buttoned-in kayaker is death by drowning. If he comes to a "neck" of ice between two spaces of open water, he forces the canoe on the ice, gets out of it, and carries it on his head, until he can again launch it in open water. On the shores of Behring Strait some of the *kayaks* are made with two holes, and are paddled by two people. There is another boat, called the *omiak*, which is also made of seal-skin on a framework of whalebone or wood, but it is open on the top, and of a more or less oblong form. It is essentially the women's boat, being used to carry them, the children, dogs, and baggage from one place to another. It is propelled by the women, with single paddles or oars, and is steered by an old man, who keeps up a stern discipline over his charge, not being at all particular what he throws at his chattering crew. The dog-sledge is made of two runners of wood, pointed at the end, with cross-bars, forming a sort of platform. In front, attached to long traces, the dogs, large wolfish brutes, are fastened by seal-skin harness; while behind is a sort of screen, on which spare harness, whips, lines, &c., are hung. The driver sits on the

* The natives of the western shores of Vancouver Island use an identical inflated seal-skin, and for a similar purpose.

sledge and drives his canine team with a long-lashed whip, with a short handle. To wield this whip is no easy task, but one requiring long practice; when acquired thoroughly, the driver could with his twenty or thirty feet lash flick a fly off his leader's head, at a distance of as many feet. The dogs, to protect their feet, have on little seal-skin shoes or mufflers; and over tolerably even snow-covered ice will travel at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. Six dogs are generally attached to a sledge.

Unlike the Laps or Kamschatdales, the Eskimo have never thought of taming the reindeer, but only use it for food. Their summer dwellings are rude tents made of seal-skin, but their stationary dwellings are square or conical huts, half under ground, built of earth, bones, turf, or any rubbish, lighted by a window of whale intestines, and entered by a long, low tunnel, which has to be traversed on all fours. On two sides are low raised platforms, covered with skins, and which can be used as seats or beds. A stone lamp, consisting of an oblong, hollow vessel, cut out of the soft steatite, or soap-stone, with moss for wick and blubber for fuel, is suspended from the roof. This serves at once for fire and light. The house is insufferably warm, there being scarcely any ventilation, and half the inmates have the upper portion of their body divested of clothing. In the roof are paddles, harpoons, &c.; a dead seal may be seen lying amid a pool of blood on the floor, and the dogs are growling just outside the door in the tunnel, as the visitor cautiously picks his way on all fours to the door. The object of this tunnel is to prevent unwelcome, unannounced visits of the fierce white polar bear. In winter, moreover, especially if moving about from one place to another, they erect snow huts, the blocks of snow being most ingeniously fitted into one another, no bridge-builder being able to surpass them in the manner in which they arch over the roof. These houses are warm, though in the spring they begin to get rather wet and damp, and the heat of the summer soon compels them to be abandoned—though at that season it is almost unnecessary to say that these dwellings perforce become only temporary.

The Eskimo are enormous eaters, and take most of their food raw, or in a frozen condition. To eat eight or nine pounds of meat is not accounted an extraordinary feat, and a man will lie on his back while his wife feeds him with the tit-bits of flesh and blubber, when he is utterly unable to move himself. Their powers of fasting are equally extraordinary. Fat of every kind comes natural to them, and is necessary to keep up the animal heat of the body. In eating, they cut off a large piece of flesh, take it between their teeth, then with a knife cut off a bit, and so on, severing the attachment between the bit and the lump, until the whole is gone. The ordinary routine of Eskimo life has been so admirably sketched by Sir John Richardson that I may be allowed to quote it:—"In the month of September, the band, consisting of perhaps five or six families, moves to some well-known pass, generally some narrow neck of land between two lakes, and there awaits the southerly migration of the reindeer. When these animals approach the vicinity, some of the young men go out, and gradually drive them towards the pass, where they are met by other hunters, who kill as many as they can with the bow and arrow. The bulk of the herd is forced into the lake, and there the liers-in-wait in their *kayaks* spear them at their leisure. Hunting in this way, day after day, as long as the deer are passing, a large stock of venison is generally procured. As the country abounds in natural ice cellars, or at least everywhere affords great facilities for constructing them in the frozen subsoil, the venison might be kept sweet until the hard frost sets in, and so preserved

throughout the winter ; but the Eskimo take little trouble in the matter. If more deer are killed in the summer than can be then consumed, part of the flesh is dried, but later in the season it is merely laid up in some cool cleft in the rock, where wild animals cannot reach it, and should it become considerably tainted before the cold weather comes on, it is only the more agreeable to the Eskimo palate. When made very tender by keeping, it is consumed raw, or after very little cooking. In the autumn also, the migratory flocks of geese and other birds are laid under contribution, and salmon trout and fish of various kinds are taken. In this



GREENLAND ESKIMO MEN. (*From an Original Photograph by Dr. Rink.*)

way a winter stock of provision is procured, and not a little is required, as the Eskimo, being consumers of animal food only, get through a surprising quantity. In the autumn the berries of the cranberry, the blueberry, creeping Arctic brambles, &c., and the half-digested lichen in the paunch of the reindeer are considered to be a treat ; but in other seasons this people never taste vegetables, and even in summer animal food is alone deemed essential. Carbon is supplied to the system by the use of much oil and fat in the diet, and draughts of warm blood from a newly-killed animal are considered as contributing greatly to preserve the hunter in health. No part of the entrails is rejected as unfit for food. Little cleanliness is shown in the preparation of the intestines, and when they are rendered crisp by frost they are eaten as delicacies without further cooking. On parts of the coast where whales are common, August

and September are devoted to the pursuit of these animals, deer-hunting being also attended to at intervals. The killing of a right whale (*Balæna mysticetus*) or of the *kelleluak*, or



GREENLAND ESKIMO DOG-SLEDGE.

white whale (*Beluga albicans*), secures winter feasts and abundance of oil for the lamps of a whole village, and there is great rejoicing. On the return of light, the winter houses are abandoned for the seal-hunt on the ice, sooner or later, according to the state of the larder

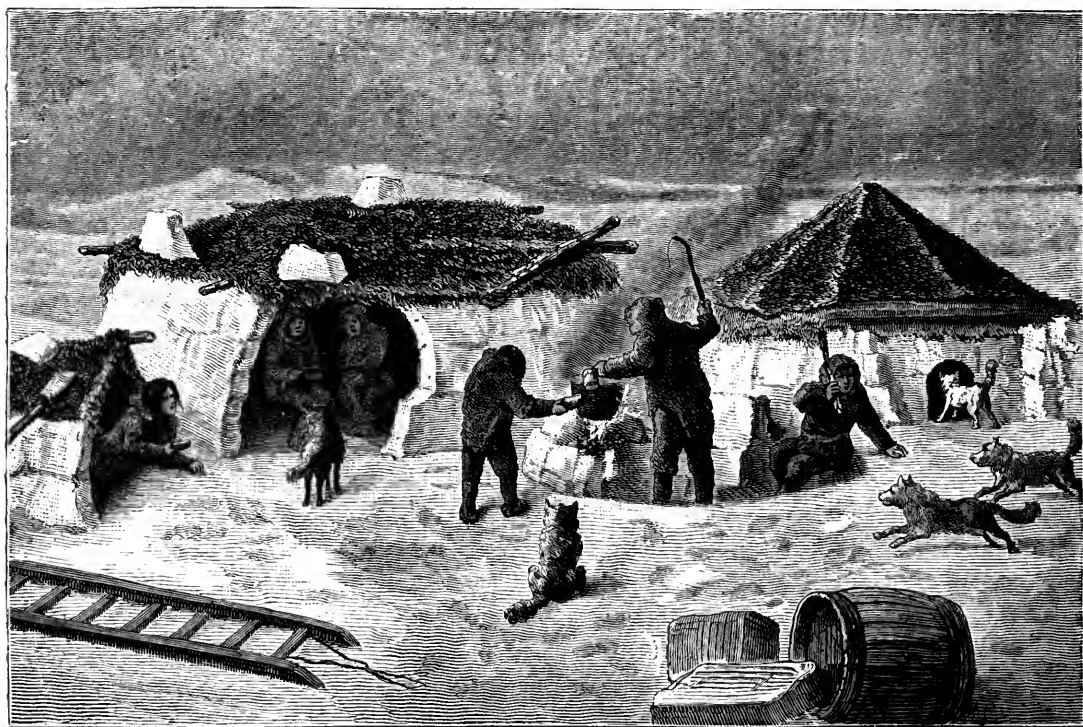
The party then moves seaward, being guided in discovering the holes of the seal or walrus by their dogs. At this time of the year huts are built of snow for the residence of the band, and at no season is the hunter's skill more tested, the seal being a very wary animal, with acute sight, smell, and hearing. It is no match, however, for the Eskimo hunter, who, sheltered from the keen blast by a semicircular wall of snow, will sit motionless for hours, watching for the bubble of air that warns him of the seal coming up to breathe; and scarcely has the animal raised its nostrils to the surface, before the hunter's harpoon is deeply buried in its body. The sport is not without the danger that adds to the excitement of success. The line attached to the point of the harpoon is passed in a loop round the hunter's loins, and, should the animal he has struck be a large seal or walrus, woe betide him if he does not instantly plant his feet in the notch cut for the purpose in the ice, and throw himself in such a position that the strain on the line is as nearly as possible brought in the direction of the length of the spine of his back and axis of his lower limbs. A transverse pull from one of these powerful beasts would double him across the air-hole, and perhaps break his back; or, if the opening be large, as it often is when the spring is advanced, he would be dragged under water and drowned. Accidents of this kind are but too common. When the seals come out on the ice to bask in the powerful rays of a spring sun, the Eskimo hunter knows how to approach them by imitating their forms and motions so perfectly that the poor animals take him for one of their own species, and are not undeceived until he comes near enough to thrust his lance into one. The principal seal fishery ends by the disruption of the ice, and then the reindeer are again numerous on the shores of the Arctic Sea, the birds are breeding in great flocks, and the annual routine of occupation, which has been briefly sketched, commences anew."

In the hunting of the seal and other animals the utmost ingenuity is displayed, and page after page could be filled with accounts of the different methods the Eskimo employ in so doing. An ingenious method of killing bears was noticed among some tribes. A strong piece of whalebone was coiled up, and secured by stringy pieces of blubber. These baits are tossed here and there in the track of the bear, and swallowed one after another. Under the influence of the heat of the animal's stomach the blubber melts and lets loose the spring, which lacerates the interior of the animal, eventually killing it. The Eskimo always kill the old bear before the cub. If this rule is accidentally disobeyed by some inexperienced or foolish individual, they are very cautious to preserve themselves against the rage of the mother. In going homewards they will travel in a straight line and then suddenly turn off at right angles to it, so that when the bear is precipitately following their tracks by scent it may be thrown off. This trick they repeat frequently. When they arrive at home every precaution is taken against being alarmed. The sledges are placed upright against the house, for if the enraged bear should arrive she will knock down the sledges, considering it a suspicious circumstance that they are in that position. By this ruse the hunters get warning, and pour out, dogs and all, to the attack of their enemy. Various traps are used to capture animals, such as the ice-trap to capture the fox, &c., which is simply constructed on the principle of the trap in which English boys capture birds, and many savage tribes other animals—viz., that when the animal seizes the bait it brings down from above a slab of ice, which either kills or holds it prisoner until it is frozen to death or knocked on the head by the trap-builder.

The Eskimo travel great distances to traffic with other tribes, and in this manner articles obtained from the Russians in Siberia have been seen among the Eskimo in Pond's Bay, in Davis Strait. This desire to traffic is a perfect passion with them, and they will come long distances in order to do so. Needles, knives, iron tools of all kinds, food, and of late looking-glasses, beads, and muskets are among the chief articles desired. Their skill in providing food, under the most adverse circumstances, and in fashioning their implements, we have already noticed. Their intelligence is high and their wits are acute, sharpened as they are by the eternal struggle against the forces of Nature. They have few wars with each other—indeed, I never heard of such, but wherever they touch on the Indian border there is war to the knife between the two races. The courage and ferocity of the Eskimo have been abundantly displayed on these occasions, and the Dogrib Indians, and those of the Mackenzie, shudder at the vengeance of the Eskimo, whose attacks they have suffered from at various times. In the hunt they will with a single dog and their spear tackle the polar bear, or singly the scarcely less fierce walrus. They are, however, treacherous and revengeful on occasions. That they killed some of Sir John Franklin's men there can, I believe, be little doubt, from the stories circulating among the Pond's Bay natives in 1861, several of the trading tribes in that vicinity having had personal cognizance of these acts. I was once witness of their revengeful disposition. An Eskimo having been ordered out of a whaler for some act of misbehaviour, said not one word, but disappeared over the side; but no sooner had he regained the ice than he sent an arrow whizzing past the ear of some one standing on the deck looking at him. They have, however, some good qualities, such as hospitality to strangers and a kind of gratitude for favours received. No Eskimo whom I have seen would receive anything from any one without thanking him, and after looking it all over, putting it into his hood, or wherever else he was stowing his acquisitions. Whenever they meet any one they cry, "Timoo!" and will even show their goodwill by rubbing noses with him—a mark of politeness which could in most cases be dispensed with. Take them all in all, they are a very good-natured people, neither so lazy nor self-conceited as the Indians (though they have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves), free from many of their graver vices, quite as intelligent, and, while they have insuperably greater obstacles to contend against, showing higher moral and mental characteristics than most of the Indian tribes. Strange to say, their love of home and pride in their ice-bound country are immense. Several of them have visited England, Denmark, and America, but they always wearied to get back again, and though impressed with what they saw, yet after they got back they ridiculed the whites in every possible way. The warmer climates of the South disagree with them, and several have died before they could reach their country again. "Do you see the ice? do you see the ice?" was the constant cry of one of them who had been taken to civilisation, and as he reached his country lay on his death-bed.

To finish this brief estimate of the Eskimo character, I may add that he is skilful in imitating anything put before him, though deficient in inventive power; he is also an excellent draughtsman and map-drawer. I have in my possession maps of various portions of the Arctic coast-line, rudely but accurately drawn, and have examined similar ones. They are fond of drawing portraits of well-known personages: I have seen myself portrayed on more than one white-tanned seal-skin in an Eskimo hut, the materials being soot and oil; and to imitate the gait, gesture, or any other peculiarities of white men is a favourite amusement of

the winter months. Everybody living amongst them has a nickname. During the long confinement to their hovels, in the dark winter months, the Eskimo men execute a variety of figures in bone and in walrus or fossil ivory, besides making fish-hooks, knife-handles, and other instruments neatly of these materials, or of metal or wood. Some of the bone articles purchased from the Eskimo are used in games, resembling the European one of cup and ball, or in other contrivances for passing the time. Imitations of the human figure are common, and also of canoes, sledges, and other instruments of their *ménage* or of animals known to them; but there is no reason to believe that any of the figures they make are worshipped as gods; indeed they part with them freely by barter. Their social character is shown by several families being under



ESKIMO SNOW HUTS, NEAR CAPE HERSCHEL, KING WILLIAM LAND.

the same roof, or by building their houses alongside each other, in two rows, with a lane into which each house opens. This lane or passage can be converted into a porch in winter, by roofing it over. In some villages, but not in those of Greenland or Labrador, there is a regular *kashim*, or council-house, which is used as a place for feasts or other assemblages. Von Baer, in describing a tribe living on a river flowing into Behring Strait, mentions a curious use of this council-house. At night, he says, all the able-bodied men retire to sleep in it, while the women, children, and old men, along with the *shaman*, or "wizard," sleep in the ordinary houses. In the morning the *shaman* goes to the *kashim* with a kind of tambourine, and performs some ceremony, the nature of which he himself determines. Various feasts are held in this house, particularly a great one at the end of the hunting season, when the success of each hunter and his liberality and mighty deeds are duly extolled. The only women

admitted on these occasions are those who have been initiated, after some mystic ceremonies allied to the medicine-work of the Indian tribes, living farther south on the same coast, and which probably may be somewhat of the same nature.

What this *Shamanism* is those travellers who have lived among the Eskimo for lengthened periods are not very decided; only we know that women can practise its rites, and I am strongly convinced it is nothing more than the medicine-rites of the more southern coast Indian tribes. The *Angekoks* are much the same as the *shamans*, employing ventriloquism,



THE DANISH SETTLEMENT OF GODTHAAB IN GREENLAND.

and various sleight-of-hand tricks to impress the people with their powers. In Greenland until very recent times, and perhaps to some extent even now, there were certain women and old men who by fasting and other rites were supposed to acquire the power of stilling the wind, causing the rain to cease, and such like. Another kind of furious witch was called *Illiseersut*, and was feared, hated, and destroyed without mercy. Their religion is a belief in spirits of various degrees of power. The chief one is "Torngarsuk"—the *great spirit*, or devil, as the name signifies, who, though only known to the common people by name, is constantly consulted by the *Angekoks*. Whether he is in the shape of a bear or a man, or of no form at all, is disputed among the hyperborean wise men, but that he lives in the interior of the earth or under the

waters, in a land of abundance and everlasting sunshine, is generally conceded. Yet he is not worshipped by the people, all intercourse with him being left to the Angekoks, who affect great familiarity with him, and claim that he gives them power to heal sickness, obtain wealth, success in the hunt, and indeed anything which they can be *paid* for procuring for their votaries and dupes. In addition, the Eskimo lives in a perfect atmosphere of gods. In every wind that blows he hears spirits; in the darkness of the night their whispers reach him; every animal has its guardian angel; the aurora, as it lights up the snow and rustles in the Arctic air, is the spirits of the dead fighting in the air;—the very moon, which gladdens the long Arctic night, provides for their necessities, giving the Labrador Eskimo reindeer, seals, and other good things. But among the Greenlanders the moon is, or was, quite the contrary of good, being a wicked young man, of whom silly girls could not be too careful. Once in chasing a young lady she smeared his face with soot so that she could recognise him again—hence the eclipse of the moon, when he turns that side of his face to the earth! Among the Labrador people a very old woman rules the reindeer, and selects those the Eskimo need, and to Torngarsuk they assign a task like that of the Greek Proteus—viz., that of herding the whales and seals, and on him they call in their need. Supperguksoak, the old woman, has many herdsmen—namely, the souls of the dead, whom she has assembled to watch her reindeer flocks. Old Hans Egede, the bravest and best of missionaries, tells us that in his day in Greenland there were many minor spirits whom they held in dread. The chief of these were called *Innuæ*, and one of these was selected by Torngarsuk as the familiar or Torngak of the Angekok. Some Angekoks have their deceased parent for a Torngak. The *Kongeuserokit* are marine *Innuæ*, that feed on fox-tails. The *Ingnersoit* inhabit rocks on the shore, and are very desirous of the company of Greenlanders, whom they carry away for that purpose. The *Tunnersoit* are Alpine phantoms. The *Innuarolit* are pigmies that live on the eastern shores of Greenland; and the *Erkiglilit*, who reside on the same coast, are of a monstrous size, with snouts like dogs. *Sillagiksertok* is a spirit who makes fair weather, and lives upon the ice mountains. To the air the Greenlanders ascribed some sort of divinity, and lest they should offend it, they were unwilling to go out after dark. *Nerrim-Innuæ* is the ruler of diet—and a nice job he must have of it! It is pleasant to think that, thanks to Egede and his successors, all this is nearly something of the past. The Eskimo think everything was much the same as it is just now. Their heaven is, like the heaven of all barbarous or semi-barbarous people, a something better than this world—a region where men revel in plenty of land-ice, with seals and reindeer in abundance, where blubber never fails and hunger is unknown. They are ruled in a patriarchal fashion, having no established laws or magistrates. Each man is a law for his own household, and punishes all offences committed within his jurisdiction. When he is too weak to enforce his authority he is quietly shelved, and takes his place with the women and children, over whom he endeavours—with limited success, especially in the case of the latter—to keep up a semblance of authority. In a word, the Eskimo agree well with old Fabricius's concise description of them: “Sine Deo, domino—reguntur consuetudine” (without God or master, they are governed by custom). As a people they are lively and talkative, and by no means—as barbarians go—unpleasant companions on a journey.

When they meet strangers they will assume, afar off, the most ridiculous attitudes, apparently either to disarm their ill will or to attract attention. In 1861 we passed

close to Cape York, but without landing. The natives assembled on the ice-floe, men and women, standing on their heads, tumbling, jumping, and shouting, apparently with a view to induce us to land and trade; for the Greenlanders north of the glaciers of Melville Bay, unlike all the other Eskimo have no *kayaks* or *omiaks*. Some authors have described them as wonderfully honest. Under the Danish rule they certainly are, but that is no criterion. In their savage state those who know them best describe them as innately thieves, long before they became familiar with white men, and I was assured by the captain of the first whaler which ever crossed Baffin's Bay after Sir John Ross, when the Pond's Bay and Lancaster Sound natives were in a state of pristine savagedom, that the first thing they did was to attempt to steal the blacksmith's anvil, failing in which they managed to get off scot-free with his hammer. Perhaps it would have been a miracle if they had not attempted to secure what was, in their eyes, of priceless value. White men, without half the temptation, have been known to do acts rather more heinous than that. They are highly talented liars, but so little reticent are they that if they are only allowed to chatter on, a fair average amount of truth will ooze out in spite of themselves. They quarrel but little amongst themselves, but are said to be revengeful, and to wait long to get a safe opportunity to gratify their spite upon an enemy, cutting his *awatuk* or blown-up seal-skin, making a hole in his *kayak*, drowning his dogs, or, if the offence is heinous, harpooning his victim as he sits with his back towards him in the *kayak*. Women are treated with indifference, but not with cruelty, and have a say—much too great a say all travellers will allow—in every bargain. The children are petted in every way, and impudent mannikins they are. Having occasion to visit an Eskimo hut on the western shores of Davis Strait, when the younger members of the family were being "put to bed," I was amused to see how it was done. The youngster, after eating a piece of blubbery seal big enough for an ordinary-sized man's dinner, and being suckled—as they are until about four years old—was popped, naked, into a seal-skin bag filled with feathers, a cap made of the white hare's fur put on to its head, the mouth of the bag drawn, and the whole deposited in a corner out of the way. Polygamy is permitted, but is not common. They are betrothed at an early age, and married when the youthful husband is capable of supporting a family, an event which generally happens when they are young, as they soon begin to learn the business of their life—viz., hunting seals. At one time, in Greenland, it was the fashion for the husband to make a show of stealing his wife, her relatives coming in hot pursuit, and the lady a willing victim. At no time, I believe, was marriage a case of purchase, as among other barbarous people. They bury their dead by wrapping them in seal-skin, and heaping stones on them in some out-of-the-way place. Along with the body they bury the lamp, knife, &c., and even the children's toys (the men, their peculiar tools, and the women theirs). Old graves are accordingly favourite places for seeking antique implements. Among the Eskimo on the western shores of Davis Strait the relatives will flee the house when a person is dying; the reason of this being that if they remain inside the house until death occurs, the clothes they have on will have to be forfeited. They are, however, very indifferent to the body after death, for though they build stones above the grave, they never repair it after being injured, and are seemingly careless whether dogs or wolves devour the body. An instance is related in which a man bewailed the death of his child, and immediately after made a hearty meal, using the dead body of the child as a table: yet when they pass a grave they will throw a piece of meat upon it.

Such are the iron race of the Eskimo—a people interesting in many respects from the peculiar character of their home, and for the bold struggle they have to maintain against ice, snow, and terrible cold. Civilisation has only reached them at certain places on the Atlantic side of America. In Labrador the Moravians have succeeded in introducing religion and civilisation among them with marked success, while farther north the American and English whalers have engrafted culture of another sort. Vice of every description is now prevalent among the natives of the western shores of Davis Strait, and as on that coast the population has always been scanty, they are now fast decreasing. In Greenland civilisation has been introduced among them for the last 150 years or more, and with marked success. There, thanks to the efforts of the Danish Government, the 9,000 or 10,000 natives under its rule are a civilised, industrious people. North of the Danish possessions a handful of savages live; Sir George Nares found them not to have decreased much in twenty years, though, when Dr. Hayes visited them in 1860, they enjoined him to “Come back soon, or there will be nobody to welcome you.” When Kane first described them, he relates that they were astonished to find that they were not the only people on the earth, but this Hans Heindrik, Kane’s Eskimo hunter, assures us is purely mythical. On the east coast of Greenland there must be now very few of them left. The last German expedition only saw traces of their dwellings, but none of themselves.*

CHAPTER II.

THE NORTH-WESTERN AMERICAN INDIANS: CHARACTER; GAMES, ETC.

BETWEEN California and the Eskimo line in Alaska there stretches a wide region, more than 1,600 miles in length, and comprehending all the country to the west of the Rocky Mountains. No region on the American continent is more varied in its physical features—wood, mountain, river, lake, prairie, desert, and sea, all alternating or intermingling in a varied vista before the traveller’s eye, as he floats down one of the great rivers—Fraser, Columbia, or Sacramento—which intersect it, and bear the melting snows of the Rocky, Cascade, or Sierra Nevada Mountains to the Pacific. Nor are the aboriginal inhabitants less varied in character, habits, and language, though all bearing a general family likeness, which enables us to give a *tout-ensemble* of their chief customs and ideas. The wooded country which, with the exception of a few prairies here and there in the Californian valleys, or in the valley of the Willamette River, is of unbroken extent, and very dense, and comprehends the greater portion of the region to the west of the Cascade Mountains, is in general without any inhabitants. To the Indians these dark primeval forests are the home of all things fearful and to be avoided. There they lie, wave after wave of forest and forest-clothed hill, oak and alder and fir, and the bright

* The semi-civilised Greenlanders are an especially interesting people. A full account of them will be found in my editions of Rink’s “Danish Greenland” (1877), and “Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo” (1875); in my articles “Eskimo” and “Greenland” in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and in “Countries of the World,” Vol. I., pp. 123—139.

autumnal yellow-leaved maple, full of bear and of beaver and of elk, and, if the scared Indian hunter is to be credited, worse things still—Cyclopean Smolenkos, one-eyed jointless fiends,



CROW CHIEF, FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, IN GALA DRESS.

who run along the mountain-sides swifter than the black-tailed deer—Pans, and dryads, and hamadryads, gods of the woods and the groves and of the waterfalls and the running streams;—all these haunt the country out of sight of the salt water, for (evidence uncontrovertible!) had not Kēkēān's father's brother's friend seen them when he was seeking his medicine, or

Maquilla's grandfather's cousin, Wiccaninish, heard a hunter of elk tell it to the wondering lodge at Kalooish's great salmon feast at Shesha? "Laugh as you like, chief of King George," an Indian once said to me, when pressing him to join me in exploring a portion of the great forest, "but as long as there are salmon in Stalow and deer in Swuchas, you will not get me to go with you *there!*"

In the open country, where there exist grass and water in any abundance (and this is almost entirely to the east of the Cascade Range), there are many tribes, with numerous horses, though these people are now greatly decreasing. These "horse tribes" are the finest and most manly of the aboriginal races of the North-west, and are variously divided into Shoshones or Snakes, Cyuse, Nez Perce (or pierced nose), Okinagans, Flatbows, &c., all members of one great family. They chiefly subsist by hunting deer and antelope, occasionally crossing the Rocky Mountains to pursue the buffalo on the plains lying east of that range, since that animal has now entirely deserted the Pacific slope. They are very warlike, and have all, at various times, been at war with the United States. Until a late period most of them made depredations on the whites, whenever they had a favourable opportunity, and at best were only at "armed neutrality" with their more powerful pale-faced neighbours. In the more desert country, like that of South-eastern Oregon, and to the east of the Sierra Nevada, in California, and the State of Nevada, or in the remoter valleys among the mountains, live the various petty tribes of "Digger Indians," a miserable race, who derive their familiar name from the fact of their subsisting on roots, grubs, or any other garbage which they can pick up. They are probably the most degraded of all the American races, and have been driven from the more fertile plains in these desert places and mountain fastnesses by the warlike horse tribes. Most of the Californian Indians belong to this type. They are much darker than the rest of the North-west tribes. Along the banks of all the great rivers are numerous small tribes, who subsist almost entirely by fishing, and drying the enormous quantities of salmon which are found in all the streams of any size in this region. Along the coasts, at nearly every available place, numerous small septs of fishing tribes are met with, who never go far out of sight of their village, devoting themselves exclusively to fishing and collecting berries and other wild fruits, and almost continually at war with each other (pp. 33, 36, 40, 48).

Such are the tribes which inhabit the coasts of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, in almost every inlet or quiet bay of which a board or mat village of these people smokes. The Indians in California, Oregon, Washington, and other American territories have now lost nearly all their former freedom, and much of their original habits and character, being now for the greater part gathered by the United States Government on "reservations" of land away from the white settlements, under the care of agents. How this system has operated we shall inquire in a future chapter. In the meantime we may say, without fear of contradiction, that these tribes are greatly on the decrease, and will eventually, perhaps in a few years, disappear. War, disease, general mismanagement, and persecution are the leading causes for this state of things. In the British possessions the natives still live, to a great extent, in their primitive state, and, except in the vicinity of settlements, have to a greater degree retained their primitive condition and habits. In California and the States north of it I question if there are now over 45,000 or 46,000 Indians; while in the British possessions the number may be about 35,000. In Vancouver Island alone the

aboriginal population is about 10,000; altogether, on the whole Pacific slope, the number of natives may be estimated at not much over 97,000. All these tribes are nominally independent of each other, and though bearing distinct names, are often little more than separate villages or communities of the same tribe, and speaking a dialect of the same language, though all mutually hating and often at war with each other. The number of separate languages and dialects spoken in these wide regions is almost incredible; indeed it has been variously estimated at from forty upwards. In Vancouver Island alone there are four distinct tongues spoken, and in British Columbia probably six or seven more. In habits, customs, and character there is a considerable difference in all these numerous tribes, the names of the chief of which we have already enumerated. Yet generally there is a great family likeness between them all, and in many of their customs a great similarity. This enables us, therefore, to direct our attention more especially to some of their more marked features and traits of life, taking the coast tribes of the North as the basis round which we will weave our sketches.

Ulloa,* however, made a great error when he said, "See one Indian, and you have seen all." The word *Indian* comprehends many tribes—almost nations—different in personal appearance, character, capabilities, language, customs, and religion, so that though they may all have a prevailing *tout-ensemble*, yet it is impossible to present in brief a general description of the race. In the "Far West" and on the shores of the North Pacific, the different tribes also differ widely—indeed, almost as broadly as do the whites from the Indians themselves. The natives of California and the east of the Sierra desert are, as we have already seen, the most miserable race on the American continent—a dark, wretched, degraded set of beings—living upon garbage of every sort, and crouching in almost inaccessible places in the mountain fastnesses, for protection against the powerful tribes of their own race surrounding them, and whose oppression may possibly, in remote times, have led to their present condition. Most of the coast tribes up to 54° north latitude, including those of Vancouver Island, and on the lower reaches of the Columbia and the Fraser, are of a low type, dirty in person, though vastly superior to the "Diggers" already described; and though handsome men and women are far from uncommon among them, yet from their taking little active exercise, and crouching continually in canoes in fishing and travelling from place to place, their lower limbs are attenuated, and contrast but strangely with their muscular arms and chests, and well-fed, swarthy appearance generally. In addition, these coast tribes, and a few of the interior ones, having adopted the very peculiar custom of flattening their foreheads, they cannot compare, generally speaking, with the more northern tribes who have not adopted this *outré* improvement upon nature. Again, on the other hand, no sooner do you leave Bentinek Arm than races differing very greatly from those south of them appear—a manly, tall, handsome people, and comparatively fair in their complexion. Such are the Tsimpseans, Hydahs (or Queen Charlotte Islanders), the Tongass, Stekins, &c.—in fact, most of the tribes of the territory of Alaska, and the northern shores of British Columbia. I will venture to say that finer-looking men than some of the Queen Charlotte Islanders and other tribes mentioned it would be impossible to find, and the

* "Mémoires Philosophiques, Historiques, Physiques, concernant la Découverte de l'Amérique," &c. (Traduit par M.; Paris, 1787).

women especially of the Stekin and Tongass tribes are celebrated for their more than fair share of good looks. They look with supreme contempt on the Flatheads of the southern coasts, styling them *Sapale le tetes*, or dough-heads; and the compliment is returned by the southern tribes, who accuse their detractors of every crime forbidden in the decalogue—albeit none of them are paragons of perfection in the matter of morality. There is, however, a vast difference between the morality of different tribes, even among those which have been corrupted by the whites, the Flatbows and others in the vicinity of the Kootanie River, in British Columbia, ranking highest, while the northern tribes are justly classed as the lowest in this respect.

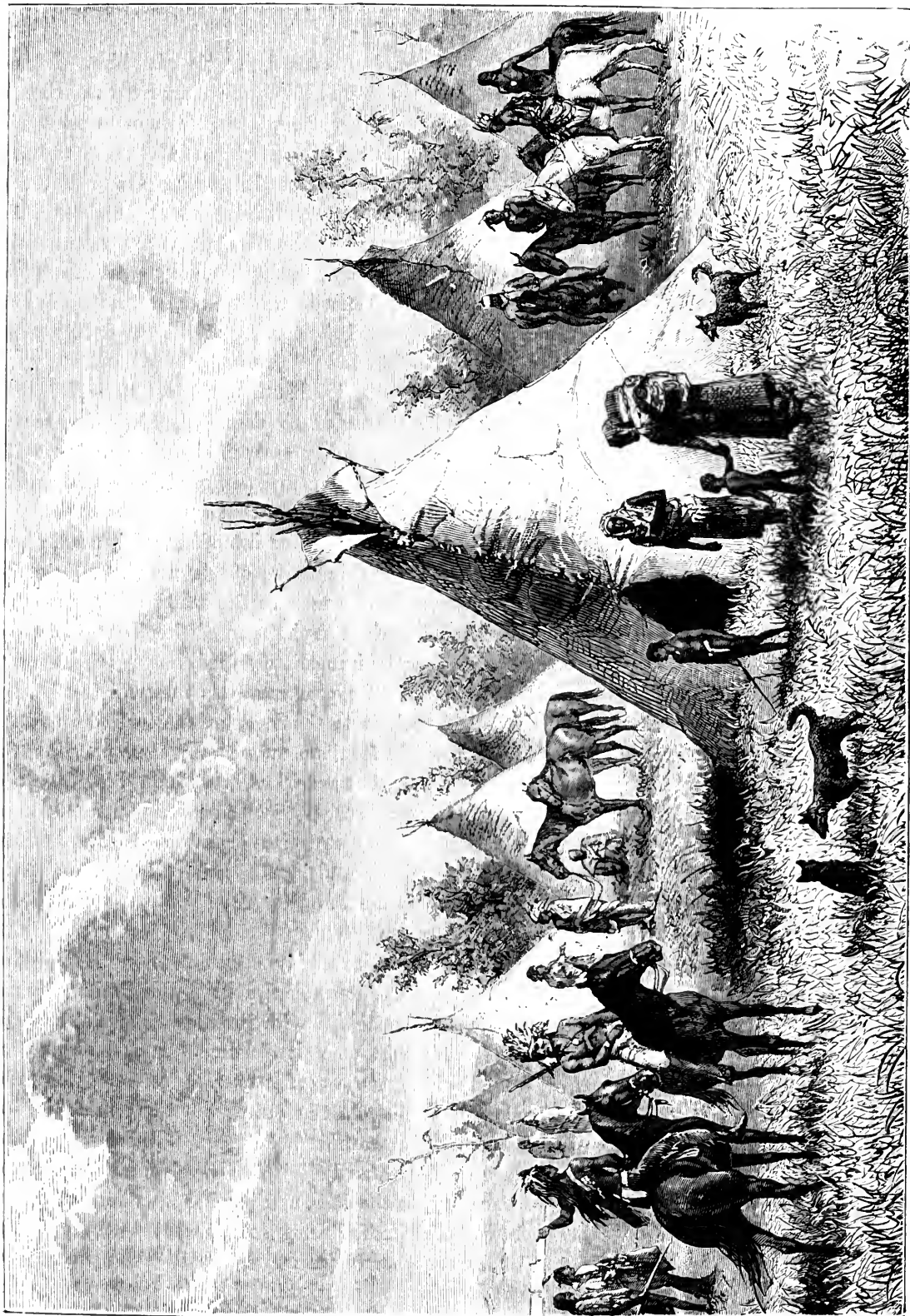


FLATBOW AND KOOTANIE INDIANS, NEAR THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

It is, perhaps, unfair for a writer to give a general character of any people, for there are good and bad among all, and in an Indian village, however low the average of the moral standard may be, you are sure to find good men and bad, who are just as well known and appreciated among their neighbours as in an English hamlet of the same size and population. Still they have some characteristics which seem to belong to them in peculiar, though, of course, they are found in different individuals in various degrees of development: a notice of some of the most prominent of these will not be uninteresting.

GENERAL CHARACTER.

The vice which prominently presents itself before those who have much intercourse with them is that of ingratitude, for whatever may have been said of the "virtues" of their brethren in the United States on the first advent of the whites, yet I know assuredly that he who calculates upon the gratitude of an Indian in the West—speaking as a rule—reckons without his host. You may confer numberless favours upon him, let him hang round your camp day after day, feeding at your expense, but if you ask him to go for a bucket of water, it is just as



VILLAGE OF PRAIRIE INDIANS.

likely as not that he will refuse, or ask you how much you are going to give him. I knew this from personal experience, and always reckoned on it, and this quite apart from any corruption by witnessing the selfish manner they are treated by the whites. I know a man who used to behave to all the vagrant Indians of his acquaintance in the most kindly and hospitable manner; but it happened in an unlucky hour that, as he was descending Fraser River in his canoe, he managed to get capsized, and while struggling in the water he shouted for help to several of his old friends whom he noticed gaping on the banks. They came quietly down, and as they viewed the poor fellow drowning, coolly asked, "Well, how much are you going to give us?" He managed to get ashore, and I can assure the reader that no Indian need ever reckon on a supper at his camp from now until the coming of the Greek Kalends—and not then!

Another feature in their character, very much akin to that I have just noticed, is the fact that they never forgive an injury or can be persuaded to make any allowance for an accident. During one of my earliest expeditions I narrowly escaped shooting an Indian in mistake for a bear which was prowling around my camp-fire, and though I fully made up to him for his injured honour, and met him frequently afterwards, yet that man cherished the most implacable feelings of resentment towards me, believing that I had intended taking his life, and knowing this, I took very good care never to come within range of his musket in a shady, out-of-the-way place. I have heard of a Frenchman who was out "fire-hunting" in the woods one night, and as he was waving round the lighted torch or frying-pan of fire, he saw two eyes glaring at him in the dark. Thinking it was a deer, he immediately fired, but was horrified to find that he had shot an Indian of his acquaintance. The poor man was much distressed, and in the morning put the body into his canoe and took it to the lodge of the Indian's brother, narrating the circumstance, thinking that he would be forgiven on making some provision for the dead man's family. The brother said nothing, however, but went into his lodge and quietly loading his musket, shot the Frenchman dead. Blood for blood is their universal law, and though among some tribes you can buy a body, or a wound, or any other injury can be equally palliated by a *douceur* to the injured one or his friends, yet this is their law, and many of the unaccountable murders in the Indian country are owing to this. If they cannot reach the murderer, they will often kill an innocent man.

When an Indian meets you, his first thought invariably seems to be, "How can I 'do' this man? How can I protect myself against some design he is meditating against me?" He is so accustomed to see the white man treat him with the most callous selfishness, that he is apt to value the morality of the whole race at a low estimate, and to think that "the big meeting at the church is only for the purpose of arranging to lower the price of beaver-skins," when he sees the trader go there, and then come out and cheat him (if he can) in the sale of his furs. One day an Indian entered a house in California when the husband was absent. The wife—a new arrival—instantly seized a revolver and drove the Indian, who only came out of the merest curiosity, to the door, much to her after-congratulation and boastfulness on the head of her courage. The Indian, surprised at what he thought only an exhibition of ill-temper on the part of a virago, merely remarked to his friends that "*now* he understood why so few white men in California were married!" He is habitually suspicious, and it is only after long acquaintance that his nature thaws. The Indian is no stoic—grand in

his silence; a more talkative fellow, when you know him, and he has cast off a portion of his suspicious reserve, is not found in the desert. Among themselves they are great gossips and full of a grim humour. You will often see an old man and woman bandying jokes with each other, and as repartee after repartee passes, peals of laughter come from the bystanders. Even with strangers they are the same; but, as I have said, they are long before they recover from their first suspicions of a design against them. Treachery is ever in their thoughts, and being merely creatures of impulse—mere children of a very grim growth—though you may travel for months and years among them quite alone, as I did most of the time, yet you are never safe, and at any time your head may pay forfeit for your temerity. On the whole, though I do not by any means approve of it, yet there is some truth in what an old friend of mine, Jim Baker, a very celebrated Rocky Mountain trapper, told General Marey:—

“They are the most onsartainest varmints in all creation, and I reckon thar not mor’n half human; for you never seed a human, arter you’d fed and treated him to the best fixins in your lodge, just turn round and steal all your horses, or anything he could lay his hands on. No, not adzackly; he would feel kinder grateful, and ask you to spread a blanket in his lodge ef ever you passed that a-way. But the Injun he don’t care shucks for you, and is ready to do you a heap of mischief as soon as he quits your feed. No, cap.,” he continued, “it’s not the right way to give um presents to buy peace; but ef I war Governor of these yeer U-nited States, I’ll tell you what I’d do: I’d invite um all to a big feast, and make b’lieve I wanted to have a big talk; and as soon as I got um all together, I’d pitch in and sculp half of um, and then t’ other half would be mighty glad to make a peace that would stick. That’s the way I’d make a treaty with the dog’ond, red-bellied varmints; and as sure as you’re born, cap., that’s the only way. . . . It aint no use to talk about honour with them, cap.; they haint got no such thing in um; and they won’t show fair fight, any way you can fix it. Don’t they kill and sculp a white man, when-ar they get the better on him? The mean varmints, they’ll never behave themselves until you give um a clean out-and-out licking. They can’t onderstand white folks’ ways, and they won’t learn um; and ef you treat um decently, they think you’re afeared. You may depend on’t, cap., the *only* way to treat Injuns is to thrash them well at first, then the balance will sorter take to you and behave themselves.” I quote this opinion, not only for the amount of truth inherent in it, but also because it expresses the very general *rationale* of the treatment the Indians get from the rough class who pursue their callings on the great prairies and the frontier, and with such ideas we need not be surprised to hear continually of “Indian outrages.” It is well for the Indians that Jim Baker is not “Governor of these yeer U-nited States!” Give an Indian presents continually, and he will always expect more, so that when you stop (as stop you must some time) he thinks your heart has changed to him, and he is very likely your enemy. If you will give presents to them, it is best to give all you are going to give at first and be done; but still better to give none until you are leaving. They are, as nearly all savages are, very honest among themselves, but with the whites they are not at all backward in stealing. Taking your property by force is, of course, dignified with another name. Again, among themselves a liar is looked upon in a most contemptuous light; but they will lie to you about the merest trifle, seemingly almost unconsciously. It is always very bad policy to make a *cache* and conceal your property when obliged to leave any behind in the vicinity of an Indian tribe because they are sure to find it out, and will have no

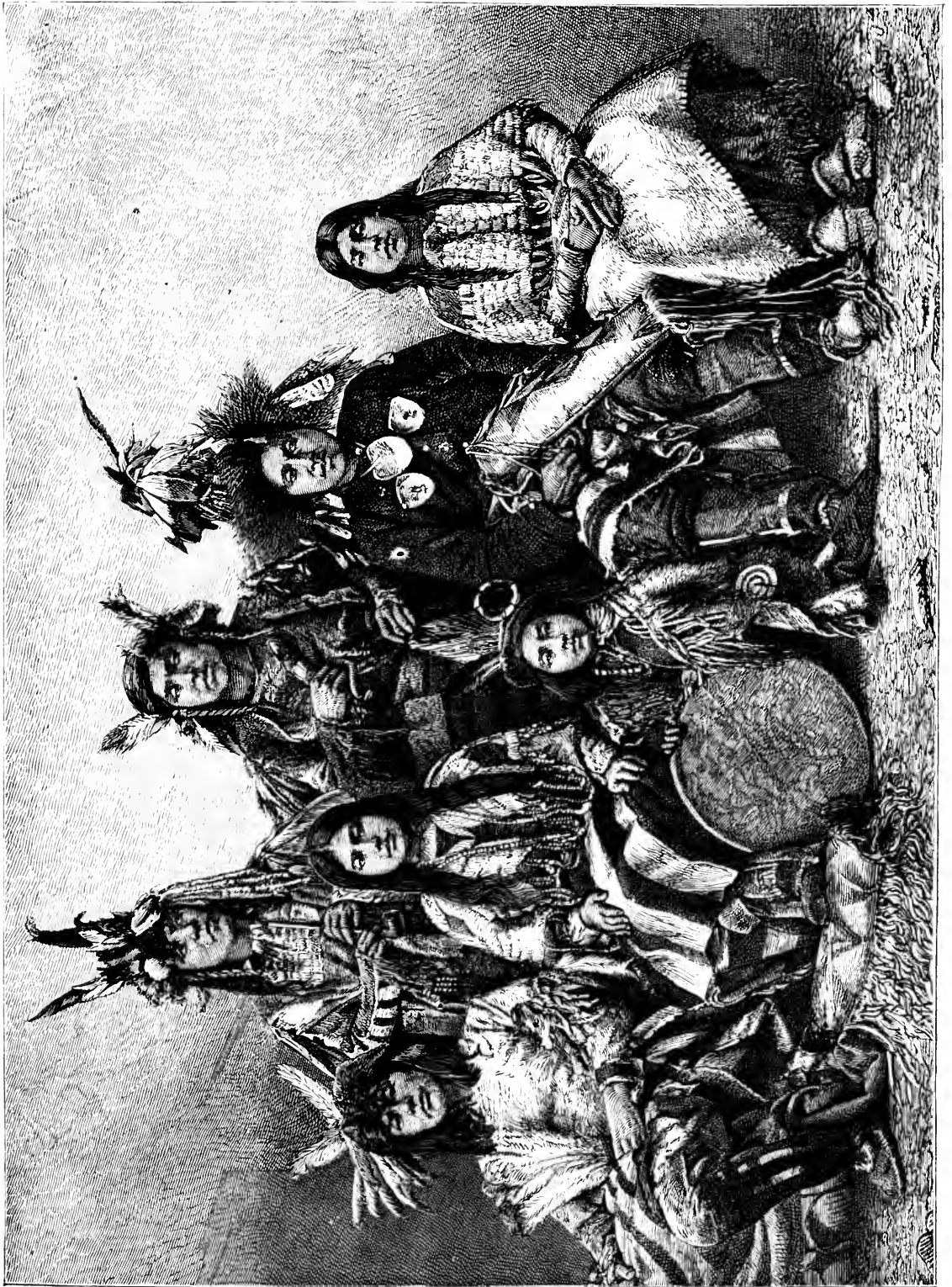
mercy on you and your goods ; but if you put them into the chief's hands, with a few flattering compliments as to his high character for honour, honesty, and all the other cardinal virtues,



MISSION INDIANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

though he be the veriest rogue in Pagandom, yet you may be sure, unless something extraordinary interferes, that they will be returned uninjured.

When I first commenced to travel in the Columbia region, a worthy gentleman, whom to name would be to recall to the recollection of all North-western travellers of any experience one



INDIAN WARRIORS AND THEIR WIVES.

of the most genial, shrewd, and daring of fur-traders, gave me many axioms regarding my conduct in dealing with the Indians, and I afterwards found how valuable they were ever to keep in my mind. They read, as Kohl* said of a similar code, "like a Machiavelli discoursing on diplomatic intercourse with mankind." 1st. Never trust an Indian. Always appear to trust him; it flatters his vanity. 2nd. Trust in the *honour* of most Indians regarding your property, and you are safe. Trust in an Indian's *honesty*, and he will steal your ears. 3rd. Never draw a weapon unless you intend to use it, and if there is going to be any shooting, have the first of it. Never shoot unless you cannot avoid it, for by so doing you create a long line of blood-avengers. 4th. Never give presents to the common people; please the head-men, and the rest don't matter much. 5th. If you apprehend trouble in an Indian village, sleep in the lodge of the head-man, if possible; or if not, in a lodge in which there are many women and children. An Indian knows that if a white man is attacked there will be shooting going on, and a bullet might strike a woman or child. 6th. Never pass a portage or a suspicious village in the dark, because the Indians will be sure to know it, and then, like all bullies, will take advantage of your fear of them so manifested. Pass in broad daylight, and then you will see what you are about. 7th. Never attempt to give them medicine, for you will get no credit by the cure, and if the patient die you will be accused of killing him. Besides, it offends the medicine-man, and incurs his professional hatred. Always keep friends with these rogues, they are the sharpest men in the tribe. 8th. Never make any promise that you are not quite certain of being able to fulfil; Indians are like children, and will hear of no excuse. Though they will lie themselves, yet they are quick to detect it in others.

The Indians are very cruel to aged people, and when they get too old to work, will either kill them or leave them to starve on some desert island. The poor creatures will go on, getting clams and berries as long as they can stand, or making themselves useful in any way, knowing that their lives are not worth much if once they cease to work. Admiral Mayne, from whom I quote this, thinks that probably it is this fear of their days being abruptly shortened which induces old women to start as dreamers, "second-sight" people, &c. These old wretches will claim the gift of prophecy, and say that they can prevent people they dislike from obtaining success. On a morning old witches can be seen communicating their dreams to their tribe, "men and women standing by with open mouths and wonder-stricken faces."

Though the Indian is markedly deficient in foresight, and considers treachery a most venial offence, if an offence at all, yet this vice, as well as ingratitude, may be the effect of circumstances, suspicion and reserve being ever so constantly before him as to prevent him feeling gratitude to those who may benefit him. But the same excuse cannot be pleaded for his cold-bloodedness and cruelty, which are engrained in him from his youth upwards. In December, 1864, my friend, Mr. G. M. Sproat, witnessed one of their cold-blooded rites. A woman of the Seshaaht tribe was put to death by an old man, whose slave she was, at the commencement of a celebration of a peculiar character, which lasted several days, and is called the Klooh-quahn-nah. Doubtless, this murder was only a part of the celebration. The body was exposed on the beach for two days, but even after the removal further

* "Kitchi-Gami" (English Translation by Wraxell, London, 1860), pp. 131—133, where may be found a very interesting and valuable account of the Lake Superior tribes.

rites took place over the very spot where the body had been exposed. Apart from the murder, the chief feature of the celebration was a pretended attack on the Indian village by Indians representing wolves, while the rest of the population, painted, armed, and with furious yells, defended their houses from attack. On this occasion they had their hair tied out from their head so as to represent a wolf-head and snout, and the blanket was put on so as to show a tail, the motion of the wolf in running being imitated. Many acted like crows, having on a large wooden bill, and with the blankets so arranged as to look like wings, they really appeared like large ravens hopping about in the dusk. It is said that this celebration arose from the son of a chief having been seized by wolves, but as it is to some extent a secret institution—children not being acquainted with it until they are regularly initiated—Mr. Sproat's idea, that it is intended to destroy the natural human feeling against murder, and to form, in the people generally, and especially in the rising generation, hardened and fierce hearts, is not unreasonable. Perhaps it may be allied to certain superstitions once existing among other nations—the *Lycañthropos* of the Greeks, the *Loup-garou* of the French, the Persian *Ghoule*, the Teutonic *Werewolf*, &c. The wolf figures much in Indian tradition and superstition. The possession of the *miney-okey-ak*, an instrument which could be flung from an unseen hand, bringing sickness and death to the person struck, is, or was until recently, a strange article of their belief. No one now knows how to make the *miney-okey-ak*; the last family (among the Ohyat tribe) who knew how to make this dire weapon having, in self-defence, been exterminated by their tribesmen, four of the brothers being murdered by four friends, who separately invited them to go out hunting, the other four being stabbed to death by those who sat next to them at a feast. The women were sold into slavery, and their houses and property destroyed: the whole story is one of Indian superstition, murder, and treachery. The Indian's evil qualities, excesses, and defects come up more readily before our mind than any good qualities he may possess; "his virtues do not reach our standard, and his vices exceed our standard . . . A murder, if not perpetrated on one of his own tribe, or on a particular friend, is no more to an Indian than the killing of a dog, and he seems altogether steeled against human misery, when found among ordinary acquaintances or strangers. The most terrible sufferings, the most pitiable conditions, elicit not the slightest show of sympathy, and do not interrupt the current of his occupation or his jests for the moment." When we add that the Indian is vindictive in the extreme, cherishing revenge for years until he can gratify it; that, indeed, the satiation of revenge is one of his moral canons—paradoxical as it may seem—we have summed up the more salient vices of the aboriginal American. A writer on the Indians once observed that their faces expressed "a character in ambush." The phrase exactly expresses aptly the glance of that furtive eye, different, and yet of much the same nature as the snaky eye of some of the Asiatic races, and ever-suspicious face, yet shielding the *present* thought from the observer, though in time the standard vices of anger, cunning, and pride are all stereotyped there and shown to all who know how to read them, much more plainly than in the countenance of a European of not much better character.

They believe greatly in their own consequence, and of their skill in war, and so on. When Rear-Admiral Denman attacked a tribe on the coast, who had murdered the crew of a trading vessel, an Indian remarked to me, that if *he* had been the admiral, *he* would have done so and so, and even the great Washington was not above censure. Thanachrishon,



UTE INDIANS OF WESTERN COLORADO.

a chief of the Seneca tribe, judging him by their own rules, used to say that "he was a good-natured man, but had no experience." The Tsimpseans have a tradition of their first meeting with whites on the coast, which shows these characteristics forcibly.* Indians

* Mayne's "British Columbia," p. 279.

are not fond of Americans, on account of the generally unjustifiable way they are treated both by the citizens and the Government of that nation. Englishmen, if known as such, are generally safe among them. An Indian, once describing to me the characteristics of the different people whom he knew, did so most naïvely: "King George men (English), very good; Boston man (American), good; John Chinaman, not good; but the black man, *he is no better than a dog!*" They are particularly insulted if a black man is placed over them in any way. They are not very certain whether the black goes all the way through; and some years ago a party of negroes escaping into Texas were captured by some of the Comanches, who scraped their skin and committed other cruelties upon them, with a view to settle this anatomical question. Many of their ideas about the whites are amusing, and not a little suggestive. Soldiers and sailors they look upon as a distinct people, for among a race where all are fighting men, they cannot understand why this duty should be delegated to a few individuals. The colonial bishop they regard as a great medicine-man or sorcerer. An Indian once asked me who was the chief of the English. I told him. "Ah! Queen Victoly" (for they cannot pronounce *r*). "Is she a woman?" "Yes." "Who is the chief of the Boston men (Americans)?" "Mr. Lincoln." "Ah! I thought so; but another Indian once told me it was Mr. Washington. Are Mr. Lincoln and the English woman-chief good friends?" "Yes, excellent friends." He thought for a moment, and finally said, eagerly, "Then if they are so good friends, *why does not Mr. Lincoln take Queen Victoly for his squaw!*" The colonists they do not look upon as having been very great men in their own country, and are shrewd enough to say, "They must have had no good land of their own, that they come here to deprive us of ours." That a man may work for wages, without being a slave of his employer, they are only beginning to understand. I have heard them tell the foremen at saw-mills, that they know well enough that, big men as they were here, they were only slaves of some big chief elsewhere. Such is their dislike to continuous exertion that when working at saw-mills, they will, a few days before the end of their month's engagement, frequently forfeit their wages, rather than undergo the irksomeness of finishing it. To see a number of Indians, with no other garment on than a blanket, carrying lumber from the mill to the ship's side, paid for their labour in cotton shirts, blankets, or vermilion, and dining on biscuits and molasses, is calculated to strike one as being about the most primitive organisation of labour imaginable.

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS.

The Indian has no impetus to continued exertion—the work of a few days or a few hours will supply all his present wants, and the labour of the summer season will go far to render him independent of the toil of procuring food for the winter. The rest of his time he passes in sleep or idleness, and time hangs as heavy on his hands as it does on those of people similarly situated in more civilised communities. Games and amusements of a rude sort fill up his time, these games being, however, almost entirely limited to the men.

Gambling is one of the chief weaknesses of an Indian. Once into the heat of the game, there is nothing he will not stake on its chance—canoes, horses, slaves, arms, even his wife and children will go, one after another; he has even been known to sell himself into slavery

before he would relinquish his chances of winning. More than once my Indians, when canoeing along the coast or up a river, have asked permission to go ashore for a few minutes, to where a number of Indians were sitting gambling, and in a short time have come back minus all their loose property, or some article of clothing—not unfrequently almost stark naked. There are even professional gamblers amongst them, who are great rogues and cheats. So intent are they on their games that they will pass whole days and nights engaged in them, often without ever touching food, or even being conscious of the lapse of time. A few of these games I will briefly describe. One called by the Tsongeisth, near Victoria, *smee-tell-aw*—from *skel-e-ow*, “the beaver,”—is a game of dice played with beavers’ teeth. A blanket is spread on the ground—the number of players is two or three—generally two. A set of beavers’ incisor teeth are marked as follows:—Two of them with one “spot,” four with five, two with three sets of transverse bars, and one of the spotted ones with a ring of leather. This is the highest number. The counters are the bones of a wild duck’s legs. The “dice” are tossed up with a circular motion from the hand, and counted in pairs, each of which counts one; but if more than two of each kind turn up, it is counted as nothing. If two bars and two spots, one of them with the “ace,” it counts double (four); and so on, until the counters are exhausted. This is a favourite game among the Cowichans, Tsongeisth, and even as far east as Lilloett, on Fraser River. It is essentially what the Americans call “poker dice.” Card-playing has now spread pretty generally among the Indians, and the traveller will often come upon a group playing at “seven up,” “poker,” “euchre,” and “froze out,” with a skill and avidity which would do (dis)credit to any Californian miner or Mississippi “sport.” I have seen cards made by themselves out of bark. In Chinook, or general trade jargon, they are known as *mamook le cult*. They have also learned most of the gamblers’ tricks, with some others more transparent, but peculiarly their own. Indian card-playing has some redeeming qualities of its own. Instead of being played in close rooms, amid be-laced dowagers, it must be pleasant, on bright summer days or cool evenings, in some pleasant valley, surrounded with lofty hills, by the banks of some silvery, dreamy river, with the sound of the water ever flowing musically along, to “turn up the ace!” An Indian at Lilloett (an essentially gambling wayside village to the mines), a professional swindler at cards, was good enough to explain to me, while acting as my escort down the banks of the Fraser, how he could manage to cheat while dealing. Playing in the open air in that pleasant valley—like the Happy Valley in “Rasselas”—with a young Indian, while dealing he would shout out if he saw some lovely “forest maid” ascending one of the “benches” of the Fraser, “Nah! nanich okok tenass klotchman!” (Hallo! look at that young woman!) When the Indian looked round, old “Buffaloo” immediately took the opportunity of dealing double to himself, or of selecting an ace or two before his opponent had turned round. I believe that this worthy gentleman was afterwards shot for horse-stealing.

Horse-racing is a very favourite amusement among the horse Indians, as much for the sake of showing off the mettle of their *cyuses*—a term applied to the Indian horses from a tribe in Oregon, who are celebrated for their herds of horses—as for the sake of winning. The chief of the Shouswaps used invariably to beat the whites. One of the most picturesque sights in British Columbia or Northern Oregon is to see an Indian galloping along in his gay attire, singing some love-song. They are invariably admirable horsemen, and have rarely

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DOG DANCE OF THE MINATAREE INDIANS (UPPER MISSOURI).

any saddle, except one of their own manufacture, made of wood, and for bridle, a cord of horse-hair twisted round the lower jaw of the animal.

The game I am now about to describe is *par excellence* the Indian game. It is played all through British Columbia, Vancouver Island, and Washington Territory, perhaps also in Oregon. Large quantities of property—even women and slaves, ay, even the gambler's own liberty—are staked on it, and the din of the game resounds in every Indian village in which I had ever an opportunity of residing for any length of time. The players are generally four, two on each side; but it may be played by any number, so long as the number of players is equal on either side. The gambling implements, which differ somewhat in appearance, are two round, carved pieces of polished wood, something like draught-men. These are tossed about in the hand, and from hand to hand, concealed in the blanket, and in any other manner by which the Indian can delude his opponent, the point of the game being that his opponent has to guess in which hand the particular disc of wood is held, and a stick (used as a counter) is lost or gained as the case may be. The game is, however, conducted without a word being spoken, the players sitting in a circle, the only sounds being the sing-song kept up while the players are manipulating the pieces of wood. So violent, however, are their exertions while so doing that the players are generally streaming with perspiration, which might lead a stranger on first seeing them at it to suppose them akin to the "dancing dervishes," and their employment of a religious character, instead of being the purest gambling. The betting is done by pointing to the arm of the hand in which the sought-for piece of wood is supposed to be held. Sometimes they decline guessing and watch a little longer, to see if by any means they can be quick enough to detect the piece of wood in its passage from one hand to another. This they express by pointing their forefinger downwards in the middle of the circle, and then the manipulation commences anew. A similar game is played by the Tsimpseans, on the northern coast of British Columbia, with beautifully polished pieces of rounded stick, about the size of the middle finger, each piece of stick having a different name. There is another modification of this game. A number of the pieces are taken and enveloped in a quantity of teased-out cedar bark. They are then skillfully tossed out, and bets are made on the guesses—whether a particularly marked one remains in the bark or not: this is played by most tribes. Another game is to set up a number of pieces of the tangle, and throw arrows at them with the hand, betting on the result. I have seen boys in Ucluluaht, on the western shores of Vancouver Island, playing at this. Some of the youngsters about Victoria have learned cricket and other European games, and are excessively fond of theatrical performances, though they may not be able to understand a word of the play. The theatre—not "a tavern," as Tylor, among some more serious blunders regarding these tribes, has it—they call the *hee-hee*, or "laughing-house."

Among their own amusements are imitations of, or encounters with, wild animals, and other semi-theatrical entertainments. Hooking fingers, to try their strength by pulling against each other, is another amusement among some Indians. The "war-dance" of the western coast Indians consists merely of a number of men with blackened faces running out, yelling, hopping on one leg, firing guns, and then rushing in again. Dancing is a favourite amusement, and in some lodge or other almost every night in winter there will be a "little dance." If not, the chief will muster a number of the young men to dance in his house. The children amuse themselves by climbing poles, shooting with miniature bow and arrows, or

throwing tiny spears, paddling in a small canoe, and then overturning it and righting it again, &c. An eye-witness—Mr. Sproat—thus describes one of their dances:—"The seal-dance is a common one. The men strip naked, though it may be a cold frosty night, and go into the water, from which they soon appear, dragging their bodies along the sand like seals.



HYDAH WOMEN FROM THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

They enter the houses, and crawl about round the fires, of which there may be fifteen or twenty kept bright with oil. After a time the dancers jump up, and dance about the house. At another dance in which all the performers are naked, a man appears with his arms tied behind his back with long cords, the ends of which are held like reins by other natives, who draw him

* The under lip of the central figure shows the lip "ornament." In the background is a curiously carved enclosure of boards containing the dead body of a chief. The engraving is made from original photographs.



THE BUFFALO-DANCE OF THE PRAIRIE INDIANS.

about. The spectators sing and beat time with their wooden dishes and bear-skin drums. Suddenly the chief appears, armed with a knife, which he plunges into the runner's back, who springs forward, moving wildly as if in search of shelter. Another blow is given; blood flows down his back, and great excitement prevails, amidst which the civilised spectator shudders and remonstrates. The stroke is repeated, and the victim staggers weakly, and falls prostrate and lifeless. Friends gather round, and remove the body, which outside the house, washes itself and puts on its blanket." It has only been a piece of consummate acting, which would make the fortune of a minor theatre in London. The "blood" is a mixture of red gum, resin, oil, and water—the same colouring matter, indeed, which is used to paint the inside of the canoes. There is another dance, in which both men and women join, all bare to the waist, with their hair hanging loose, and what with the jingling of the women's bracelets and anklets of brass rod, and the movements of half-naked blanket-kilted dancers, seen through the smoke of a dimly-lighted Indian house, it does not require a very vivid imagination to conjure up visions of another dance, of which Tam o' Shanter was a spectator in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk!" In this dance no special notice is taken of the women, there being no partners, and each one leaves the dance as he or she chooses without ceremony—unless, indeed, when some especially gallant youth throws a string of beads or other ornament round the neck of a dusky maiden more than usually active in the dance. The figure is so complicated that it would be difficult to describe it, but one portion of the peculiarities of the dance is for strips of blanket to be passed under the arm so quickly from one to another, that unless it was noticed now and then that some tired performer walked off with a strip in his hand, it would be difficult to say what it was which was being passed so rapidly through the maze of dancers. Few of their dances are, however, so wild and weird as the buffalo-dance of some of the Prairie Indians, of which our artist's illustration conveys so vivid an idea that we may spare ourselves a description of it (p. 49).

Their blankets are white, scarlet, green, or blue, and are usually obtained from the whites. Formerly they were woven of dogs' hair, and very gaudily ornamented with differently-coloured dyed wool. On Fraser River, until recent times, whole flocks of dogs were kept at the villages to be shorn annually for the purpose of this manufacture. These curious fabrics are now rarely seen, but on the west coast of Vancouver Island, blankets neatly woven of white pine (*Pinus monticola*) bark, with a lace of nettle hemp, and trimmed with sea-otter fur, are quite common. The women are very ingenious in weaving these blankets, and mats in variegated patterns of cedar bark, which are used for a variety of purposes.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

In intellectual capacity Indians are far from contemptible, and soon learn the elements of education, though their wandering, excitable disposition will scarcely allow of their settling down long enough for them to acquire much instruction, even when an opportunity occurs; as around the missions. They learn, however, very rapidly up to a certain age—say twelve, after which white children start ahead of them. Their intellect seems at that state to get sluggish. I was amused when sailing along the British Columbian coast, a few years ago, to find a little boy in one of the most savage tribes in that region reading a newspaper over my shoulder, and retailing it to his companions. I discovered, on inquiring, that he had been for a little while servant to a priest at one of the Catholic missions. I

fancy few English boys of the same age would have been so sharp as to learn to read with such facility, and that too in a foreign language. Some of them are very skilful orators, and this branch of rhetoric is sedulously cultivated among them. Boys will be taught portions of celebrated speeches, and future envoys and orators will be pointed out by the old men as they lounge in front of the lodge doors in the evening, with young aboriginal America playing on the beach. Next to skill in the art of war, this accomplishment leads to the greatest honour and preferment. Most of the great chiefs, if they are not skilful in that direction themselves, keep some one to repeat their speeches to the assembled council. I have heard some speeches among the interior tribes which would favourably compare with some of the finest pieces of civilised eloquence, though, I confess, a great deal consists in the translation, and in the simplicity of the diction and ideas. Some tribes have a fashion for the orator when addressing a multitude to hold a wand in his hand, which he flourishes about or sticks into the ground, and which, after the talk is finished and the bargain made, he presents to the orator or head of the opposite party. In speaking, they have a peculiar jerking kind of utterance. Among a people who are so fond of show and praise, it is not surprising to find professional troubadours. Such a one existed a few years ago on the north-west coast. He was white-haired and blind, and was escorted round the tribes, whom he used to visit every summer, by his two sons. In rude verse he celebrated the deeds and glory of the chiefs—and, indeed, of anybody who would pay, but if they did not speedily show signs of largess, this aboriginal bard would inform them, in plain words, that it was with him no pay, no praise. He might not be so elegant in bearing as Bernard Ventadour or Bertrand Born, but in his own way this minstrel of the West was as successful in his profession as the mediæval troubadour, for he was one of the richest men in his tribe.

In arts they are also not unskilful. Their beautiful canoes, carved out of a single cedar-tree, nets, and various descriptions of arms, fully illustrate this, though the southern tribes (the Diggers) have only the rudest description of these. The northern tribes excel in this capacity for art, and many of their pipes and other carvings, made of a soft shale or slate found in their country, are now common objects in European museums. These are all made by the Queen Charlotte Islanders, the Tsimpseans, and the tribes of the territory of Alaska. I knew a Hydah who could take a very fair portrait on ivory, scratching it out with a broken knife; and the railings of the balcony of the Bank of British Columbia, in Victoria, were designed by the same man. I have seen a pair of gold bracelets made out of twenty-dollar pieces by him; and rings, earrings, and other pieces of jewellery made by the same people in a style which would not disgrace a civilised artist, are very common along the north-west coast. Mr. Dallas, formerly Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, has an excellent bust of himself, carved by an Indian out of a walrus' tusk, the only tools used being a file, an old knife, and a piece of shark's skin in lieu of sand-paper. On this being shown to an eminent sculptor in London, he assured him that it could not have been executed better by himself. The same gentleman has a pair of the ear-bones of a whale carved by an Indian in a similarly excellent manner. The man-bull of Nineveh is often copied by them in slate from the pictures in the illustrated newspapers obtained from traders and others, and, unless this was known, the presence of such designs among them would rather puzzle an ethnologist.

The American Indians have usually been described as stolid and impassive, and to a

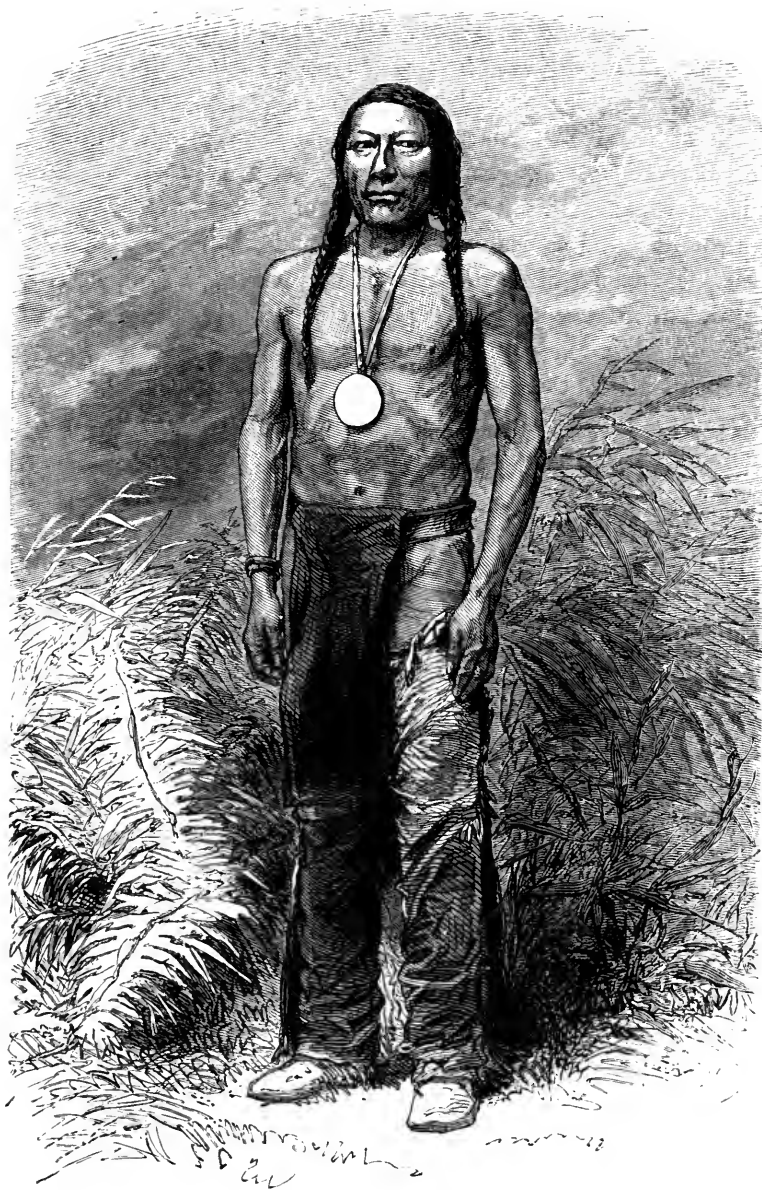
passing stranger they really appear so ; but once let the suspicion and reserve wear off, and they are far from reserved in their behaviour. When excited, they have no control over themselves, and are mere creatures of impulse, scarcely answerable for their acts. A trifle, which would never affect a white man, would with an Indian act like a spark to a gunpowder-magazine. One moment he is stolid, the next excited and wild. The use of intoxicants, which might only make a white lively, converts an Indian into a perfect demon, who can only be approached at risk of life. When tipsy, all his evil passions get full sway, and every slumbering suspicion is fanned into a flame. Murder is of the most common occurrence, and in former times when rum was the *unum necessarium* of Indian trade, there was scarcely a debauch in which some one was not killed, or some helpless child got disabled by neglect of its drunken parents. Old traders describe these debauches as perfect pandemonia ; and from what is seen when a cask of whisky is introduced into a camp of Indians at this day we can well believe it. I once had occasion to pass near a party of northern Indians encamped, on their way home from Victoria, on a little flat by the seashore, south of Fort Rupert, in Vancouver Island. Without the slightest provocation, a man whom I had never seen before, but who was quite mad, rushed at me with a knife, and so sudden was the attack, that had he not been held back by some women just at the moment he was reaching me, this narrative might never have been written. He broke loose again from the women—most of the men being incapably drunk—but tripped up on a tuft of grass and lay there. Of course I could easily have shot him ; but then it would have been necessary to buy his body or limb from his relatives, if even I had not paid for my rashness with my life. Accordingly I was prepared to club him with my rifle at arm's length before he could lay hands on me.

An Indian expresses no surprise at any novelty which is shown to him, simply because he cannot understand the meaning of it ; but if any strange object of which he can comprehend the general nature is shown him, he will instantly display astonishment at what transcends his ideas on the subject, and anything similar with which he can compare it.

In their domestic relations there is no great demonstration of affection, if even any exists. Admiral Mayne tells a story of a woman of one of the northern tribes being rescued from slavery by the vessel on board which he was an officer. Her husband had escaped from the massacre in which she had been captured, but she supposed that he had either been killed or lost, while he looked upon her in a similar light. When afterwards, to their mutual surprise, they were both rescued and brought face to face on the deck of the same vessel, beyond the slightest recognition they expressed no surprise, and never spoke to each other until he called her to his canoe on leaving the vessel.

On one occasion I took a hunter, old Quassoon, one of the best of his people, away with me for a day or two, but unexpectedly he was absent nearly two weeks. When he returned to his lodge, I watched the meeting between him and his wife : no sentiment, no surprise, no demonstration whatever ; the hungry husband simply asked in a gruff tone—"No food?"—and ordered her down to carry up his baggage from the canoe. Yet this same old man once expressed great anxiety about what she might think when, on another occasion, he was in danger of being compelled to absent himself from home on one of my expeditions.*

* In the first Edition of this work ("Races of Mankind," Vol. I., pp. 40—47) an account of the expedition was given.



SHAWANÔH, THE UTE CHIEF WHO WAS SENT TO WASHINGTON IN 1833 TO TREAT
WITH THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

CHAPTER III.

THE NORTH-WESTERN AMERICAN INDIANS : OCCUPATIONS ; GOVERNMENT ; SLAVERY ; WAR.

I HAVE preferred to dwell on the polity and pursuits of these Indian tribes on the west of the Rocky Mountains, and especially on the sea-side of the Cascade range, first, because the writer spent more than four years in their midst, and is intimately acquainted with the habits of many of the tribes, and secondly, because the general characteristics

are in many respects the same as those to the east of the mountains, and therefore a more complete systematic account of some of their habits in this place will save the necessity of going over similar ground at a later stage of our labours. The Selish, or flat-headed branch of the North American Indians, have been classed by Morgan as the Ganowaneari, or Bow and Arrow people, but the term is a piece of rather meaningless pedantry, and is on a par with the vast amount of pretentious blunders which have been published and are still being issued by compilers and unscientific tourists regarding these peoples. For instance, among other mistakes of this nature in a recent encyclopædia article, they are divided into five groups—the Hydahs, the Nootkas, the Selish, the Sahaptins, and the Chinooks. The first is tolerably accurate, though it is ludicrous to read that the name was “originally applied” to them by a tourist who is named, when in reality the term has been the familiar appellation for at least fifty years, and was used by the present writer in an account of the Queen Charlotte Islands as early as 1869. The Nootkas are, however, no group at all. There is no such geographical name as Nootka known in Vancouver Island—the nearest being Nootche, a mountain, or Nootka, a dancing game. In Vancouver Island the little tribes on the coast speak four entirely distinct languages, while the Selish, or flat heads, is an equally heterogeneous farrago of names, flat heads being found as commonly among the “Nootkas” as among them. However, in time we may hope for better work by more competent labourers should the tribes not become extinct.*

The habits of all the Indian tribes have so changed since the whites came amongst them that in many cases their aboriginal customs and mode of life have entirely altered, and of few tribes can it be affirmed that a description written twenty or thirty years ago is still applicable in every respect. Even the coast tribes before the settlement of British Columbia, Washington Territory, and Oregon had comparatively little intercourse with the traders. The Russian Imperial Fur Company supplied the tribes in what was then Russian America, and is now the “unorganised” and almost unpeopled United States’ territory of Alaska, though the interior races had either few opportunities of reaching the posts or the coast, or had to penetrate inland to those of the Hudson’s Bay Company. Farther south, they were dependent for articles of civilised life on the corporation last named, or on the occasional American vessels which touched on the coast here and there. Still, up to the period of the “gold excitement,” in 1858, the tribes of this wide region could only obtain firearms, clothing, and other luxuries with difficulty and at a high price. In the interior there were even more obstacles in their way, since the expense of transport increased in a direct ratio to the distance the tribe lived from the seaboard. Over a great part of this country there are to this day no roads; but on some of the rivers and lakes there are steamers, and at intervals there are settlements and even towns, where at a comparatively moderate cost everything required by the Indian—*plus* a great many articles which he does not need, and would be infinitely better without—can be bought. Hence the tribesmen have invariably become idler and more vicious than they were in the old days; fur animals are fewer; and though hunting is of necessity diminished, civilised labour

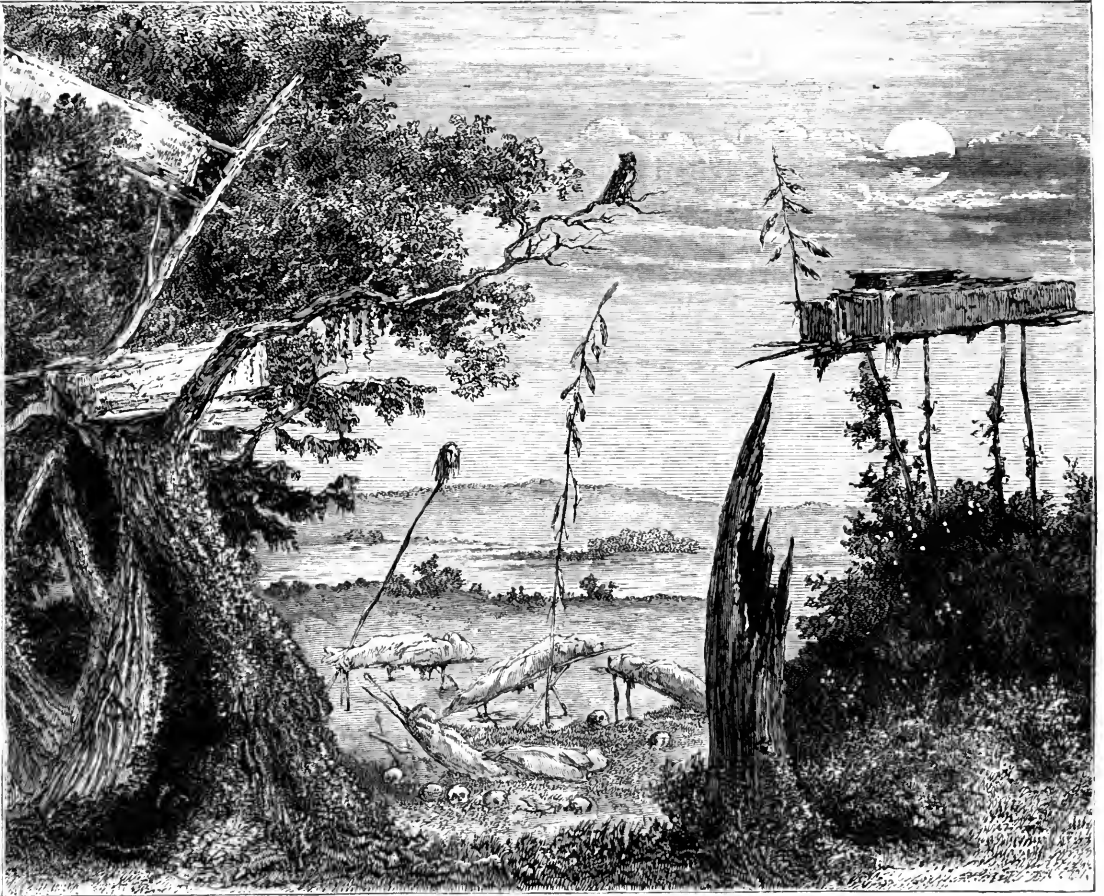
* See “Countries of the World,” Vol. I., pp. 264–302, for an account of the physical geography and general features of the region, the people of which are described in this work.

has not been adopted in a corresponding degree. Moreover, now that blankets can be bought so much more cheaply than they could in ancient times be woven out of dogs' hair or pine bark, the squaws have less work to do, and the axiom that Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do applies with great force in their case. Firearms, in like manner, save the hunter many a weary journey, and many a toilsome day spent in making his bow and arrows. The flint knife was a weapon which cost serious labour compared with the weapon which he can buy for a few shillings or their equivalent in trade, and if he wears shoes, which he does not invariably do even when from home, he can buy a pair for the price of a day's toil which will last much longer than several pairs of the more comfortable and picturesque mocassins. The only articles which the whites cannot supply the Indian with are his fishing utensils and his canoe. But if the trader has yet failed to provide a substitute for these necessities, he has tools for sale which enable the native artificer to manufacture them at a tithe of the cost of time and manual labour which in former days had to be devoted to their slow fabrication. A steel saw, an axe, a chisel, and an adze, are expeditious in their work compared with the same tools composed of stone or shell, and in making a fishing spear, the iron, which until the Indians came in contact with the whites was an impossible acquisition, wonderfully lightens his task. Yet, though there are few Indians from the Mississippi to the Pacific who have not seen a blacksmith at work either in the forges attached to the military and trading posts, or in the villages and towns, I never met with one in the region under description who had any other idea of converting a piece of iron to the purpose for which he wished to adapt it, except by wearing a bigger piece down by rubbing it on a stone or filing it until it got smaller.

Time to an Indian—as, indeed, to all savages and most barbarians—is of no account. It was made for slaves and for white people. So long as he does not find the absolute want of any particular object, he takes into no account the labour he may have bestowed on it or the time he may have wasted over its production. If anything takes his fancy he will readily part with his most cherished treasures in order to become the owner of the article which for the moment may have attracted his passing whim. Colonel Dodge tells a story of a Sioux Indian who came to Fort Sedgwick, having in his possession a very fine and elaborately-painted buffalo robe. Various tempting offers, to the amount of nearly twenty dollars, were made for it, but all refused, until a sergeant passing with a paper of loaf sugar cut into cubic lumps attracted the owner of the coveted robe. In a few moments the Indian had exchanged it for the three or four pounds of sugar, and then sitting down on the ground slowly and deliberately ate up every lump, meanwhile perfectly satisfied with his bargain.

The occupation of all the members of these tribes is simply hunting and fishing and the arts connected with them. Every season has its special duties to perform—at one there is the halibut-fishing, in another, the dog-fish, from the livers of which large quantities of oil are made, are captured; a third, is the clam months; while elk, deer, seal, whale, &c., are hunted at all or at particular periods, as the Indians may have opportunity or inclination. The women collect roots, such as the underground rhizome of the common bracken, which contains some starch, and various bulbs, such as that of the gamass (*Gamassia esculenta*), which is stored up for winter use, and is very pleasant and nourishing. The gamass-gathering is in June, when

the prairie, blue with the flowers of the lily in question, is dotted with brush camps of the gamass-gatherers. The women, girls, and children are the workers, each being provided with a pointed stick, by which they adroitly turn up the bulb. A young man will look on about this time, and if he is inclined for a hard-working wife, will select her in accordance with her capabilities for work as exhibited at the gamass-gathering. The salmon season is the great one. Most of the salmon are got by spearing, after which, they are split and dried for winter use. In



AN INDIAN BURYING-GROUND IN THE WEST.

passing down the Fraser and other rivers, I have seen stages erected to enable the fisher to spear the salmon below, and most picturesque it was to observe the stark savage intent on his business, silent and engrossed, until a shout would proclaim that he had procured one. The spear has a harpoon attached to it, which gets detached after the salmon is struck; the fish is then hauled up by the attached cord.* On the banks of that river there are boxes in the trees, where the salmon are stored—it is said to keep them from the wolves. Wild animals are shot

* These spears are figured in the *Proceedings of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries*, 1870, p. 295.

and trapped in various ways for their flesh or skins. Berries of all sorts are collected and either dried for winter use or eaten raw. A mess of fresh berries and whale oil is accounted a great luxury. Shell-fish of all kinds are eaten and also dried. Tea the Indians are very fond



CHIEF IN FULL DRESS.

of, and tobacco they have been so long accustomed to as to scarcely recollect how they used to do without it. I have seen an Indian, when tobacco was scarce, swallow the smoke until it came out at his ears, nostrils, and even eyes, repeating this several times, until he would lie down insensible. The pipe would then be taken by the next, until they had all had their

desire for tobacco gratified, so far as the supply would go. "You white men," they told me, "do not know how to use it. You puff out the food: we swallow it." The pipe is not amongst these people so much a symbol of peace as among the Indians of the eastern side of the continent. In times of scarcity they will smoke the leaves of the bear-berry (*Arctostaphylos uva ursi*), or even cedar leaves. They generally mix their tobacco with the leaves of the former plant, or with the bark of the "red willow," a practice the fur-traders have learned from them. They can eat an enormous quantity at a time, and can fast equally long; I have never seen them refuse food, even though they had shortly before taken a full meal. When travelling, they will string a number of square pieces of cooked meat on a stick and fasten it on the top of their load, reaching every now and again for a piece, which they will devour while walking. Of agriculture they are quite ignorant. Unlike the Eastern Indians, who from the earliest times have grown maize, they have no aboriginal plant which they cultivate. Of late years, in the vicinity of most villages, they have begun to grow a few potatoes, but, though a plentiful supply of these would add materially to their comfort, their utter laziness prevents them from scratching over anything but a mere scrap of ground. The Queen Charlotte Islanders are accounted the best potato-cultivators, and here a regular kind of potato-fair is held in the autumn, when the members of other tribes come to purchase potatoes from them. They have, however, some rather primitive ideas of how best to grow them. I once lived in an Indian village in which every morning, as the squaws were lighting the lodge fires, the old chief would march through the village, shouting in solemn stentorian tones, "Eat the little potatoes, keep the big ones for seed! Eat the little potatoes, keep the big ones for seed!" Their canoes are most elegantly fashioned out of the large trunks of the "cedar" (*Thuja gigantea*), and are sometimes of very large size. They have no birch-bark canoes, the canoe birch (*Betula papyracea*) not being found except in the extreme north-eastern point of North-west America. Their canoes are tastefully painted, and of different shapes among different tribes, or to suit particular purposes, as for war, the ascent of shallow rivers, rough weather, &c. Like all Indian canoes, they are steered entirely by the paddle, in the use of which the women are almost as adroit as the men. Of late they have begun to use sails, either of cotton or of mats of cedar bark, but in the use of these they are much less skilful, being only able to sail before a fair wind—"fore and aft."

In making a bargain they have no superiors. Time is nothing to them, and in general the trader's patience will give way before the Indian's. They will often keep a valuable skin—like a sea-otter's—for years, until they can dispose of it to advantage; though, at the same time, if anything struck their fancy, or if they required money, they would dispose of it at a "ruinous sacrifice." There is a good deal of intertribal trade, "middle-men," or rather middle-tribes, claiming the right of interposing in this, and tithing the profit derived from it. For instance, suppose a southern tribe had some particular commodity for sale which a northern tribe held in esteem, some intervening tribe or tribes, if powerful enough, would not allow the southern tribe to pass northward with its commodity, but force them to sell to these middle-men, who would again dispose of it at an enhanced value. News among these people travels apace. Let a trader in a village give a higher price than usual for some fur or other commodity, and before he gets a few hundred miles north he will find that the news has reached there before him. Among the colonists many ridiculous theories are afloat as to how this coast telegraph works.

In reality, however, it is very simply accomplished. Indians go out fishing towards the extreme northern and southern terminations of their fishing-ground. Here they meet fishers from more northern tribes, to whom, true to their love of gossip, and especially of *profitable* gossip, they communicate the news; the others go home to their village and tell it. Next day, perhaps, some of the men from this village go out fishing farther to the north, and again gossip with still more northern tribesmen, and so the news travels fast.

Though among savages there is no real division of labour, yet it is a curious feature among some of the Vancouver tribes that certain families have a monopoly of certain trades or arts, such as canoe-making, and that other villages are famous for some other branch of industry. Generally speaking, every Indian is his own blacksmith (if such a trade can be said to exist, for forging they know nothing about), carpenter, and tailor. The latter profession would, however, not be a very lucrative occupation among the coast tribes. Their ordinary dress is a blanket pinned under the chin and hung like a cloak behind, with a shirt made of a flour-sack or any odd substance. The hair of both men and women is black and long. Most of the men wear it hanging loose, bound round by a ribbon, or tied behind their ears with cedar bark. This may not be so artistic, but it is decidedly more elegant than the method of dressing the hair adopted by some of the "plain tribes." The women divide theirs in the middle, plaiting it into two divisions, weighted at the end and hanging down the back. Some of them wear hats made of the roots of a fir, shaped like a truncated cone, and very gaudily painted; others have capes of the bark of the cedar, and quite waterproof. The women used to wear a sort of petticoat composed of a number of strings of bark twisted, and pendant from a girdle all around, but this is now discontinued, and all the coast tribes have now more or less of European dress, some of them being quite gaily attired on high occasions. The interior, or horse tribes (for the wooded character of the country to the west of the Cascades, will not admit of horses being used), generally dress in buckskin trousers and shirt, gaily beaded or ornamented with porcupine quills, and mocassins of the same material. Their cap is usually of some fur, with a fox's tail, and among some tribes foxes' tails are worn at the heels of those who have slain their enemies in war. The women's dress among these tribes is generally a long buckskin shirt, beaded and fringed, with a superabundance of ribbons in their hair. The dress of the men, especially when new and well made, is very picturesque and handsome, and is much affected by travellers and hunters in their country. The Diggers go nearly always *in puris naturalibus*. The houses of the coast tribes are long parallelograms of cedar boards, fastened by withes to upright poles, and divided for different families by breast-high partitions; each house is usually occupied by the head of a family, and there are partitions for the different families of his kinsfolk. The fires are in the middle of the house, and the smoke escapes as best it can through the open boards of the roof. Often I have had to run out of their lodges on account of the pungent smoke, when they would good-naturedly, even though it was snowing, draw the roof-boards aside, to allow the surplus to escape for my convenience. These boards are laboriously chiseled out of cedar logs, and are accordingly of great value. When the Indians remove to any other fishing village, where they intend staying for some time, they take the boards along with them, leaving only the bare skeleton of the village, which soon gets overgrown with nettles and other vegetation, and might appear to a stranger unacquainted with Indian habits as long deserted. To accomplish their removal they lash two

large canoes together, lay the boards across them, and on this platform place all sorts of household goods, boxes, dogs, &c., and so slowly paddle on to their new locality. Here they disembark, and in a day or two the deserted framework is clothed with walls and roof, and what looked as if long deserted is soon stirring with life. This habit of a tribe to migrate from place to place has given origin to some *nominal* tribes, the so-called tribes being only villages of the same people, occupied at different times of the year. In the summer, or while moving from place to place they will use mat wigwams, and the plain tribes use lodges of a conical form made of skins, the form and variety of which vary with every tribe. Some of the tribes on the east coast of Vancouver and the northern coast of British Columbia have houses in imitation of the whites with separate apartments within the main building. Few of them have tried to imitate the European style of furniture, though one or two of the more civilised ones about the Metlakatlah Mission on the northern coast of British Columbia have made a faint attempt at this. A Clalam* Indian of my acquaintance, in a fit of enthusiastic civilisation, built and furnished a cottage like the settlers about him, and for a while was very proud of his establishment. By-and-by he and his squaw got into a quarrel, when to spite the lady, who was very fond of her home, he set to work with an axe, chopped up the furniture, and then burnt the whole to ashes.

Barter is the general mode of purchase amongst Indians, though the tribes nearest the white settlements are now learning the use of money, and prefer it to goods. Among some of the tribes near Fort Rupert certain pieces of wood studded with sea-otter teeth are used as a medium of exchange, and in Southern Oregon and Northern California the Indians employ the scarlet scalps of the carpenter woodpecker for money. There are numerous articles held in high esteem by them, though they are not regular articles of barter—such as the skin of an albino deer, but the universal substitute for money which once prevailed among all the North-western Indian tribes, and does so to a considerable extent even at the present day, was the *hioqua* shell, and which held the same place as the cowry among some African tribes in its purchasing power. This Indian money, or *hioqua*, is the *Dentalium pretiosum*. It is a shell from half an inch to two and a half inches in length, pearly white, and, as its name infers, in shape like a slender specimen of the canine tooth or tusk of a bear, dog, or such-like animal. The Indians value a shell according to its length. Those representing the greatest value are called, when strung together, *hioqua*; but the standard by which the *dentalium* is calculated to be fit for a *hioqua* is that twenty-five shells placed end to end must make a fathom (or six feet) in length. At one time a *hioqua* would purchase a small slave, equal in value to fifty blankets, or about £50 sterling. The shorter and defective shells are strung together in various lengths, and are called *kop-kops*. About forty *kop-kops* equal a *hioqua* in value. These strings of *dentalia* are usually the stakes gambled for. These shells are procured off Cape Flattery and from the north-west end of Vancouver Island, chiefly Koskeemo Sound, a locality abounding in marine life. The Indian fairy tales tell of youths who went away to such far-off lands that they came to a people who were so rich that they lived in houses with copper doors, and fed on the flesh of the *hioqua* shell! The *dentalia* live in the soft mud, in water from three to five fathoms in depth. The habit of the creature is to bury itself in the

* On the Washington Territory shores of De Fuca's Strait; the tribe is so designated by the whites, but the real pronunciation of the name is *S'calam*.

sand, the small end of the shell being invariably downwards, and the larger end close to the surface, thus allowing the mollusc to protrude its feeding and breathing organs. The Indian turns this to account in the instrument he uses to capture them with. He arms himself with a long spear, the shaft made of light fir, to the end of which is fastened a strip of wood,



BLACKFOOT INDIAN CHIEF.

closely resembling a long comb with the teeth very wide apart. A squaw sits in the stern of the canoe, and paddles it slowly along, whilst the Indian with the spear stands in the bow. He now sticks this comb-like tool into the sand at the bottom of the water, and after giving it two or three stabs draws it up to look at it. If he has been successful, perhaps four or five *dentalia* have been impaled on the teeth of the spear. Mr. Lord—from whom I quote this—

seems to think that it was only in remote times that the interior tribes traded these from the coast tribes. This is not so; to this day the interior tribes, even as far south as California, use and value them highly. The Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Rupert purchase large quantities from the Koskeemo Indians, for the purpose of sending to San Francisco, from whence they are scattered by the American traders all through the interior.

With all their suspiciousness, it was often a surprise to me how nearly all the Indians I have ever fallen in with had such implicit belief in "papers." Indians have often taken my notes of hand for sums due to them, and at other times—and this was most extraordinary—they would demand before starting a "paper" to the effect that they were to get so-and-so for the work to be done, quite unconscious, as they could not read, and had no one to read it for them, that the document might, to say the least of it, be very informal! Traders are in the habit of granting these promissory notes, and I fancy they cannot be often dishonoured—the trader's credit, not to say the safety of his head, being dependent on his meeting them faithfully—as their belief is still strong in a "papaw." They are always anxious to get from you another kind of "paper"—namely, a certificate of character. Now these certificates are very useful to those who come after him, if the traveller knows his man well and states his character fairly. The contrary is, however, more often the case. Every trader or vagabond who "knocks about" the country immediately airs his penmanship in such documents, which are of no value except as specimens of peculiar orthography, or often of profanity. Sometimes the writers attempt doggerel—the result of which is sufficiently amusing. Generally the first thing an Indian does, if he wishes to establish diplomatic relations with you, is to march off to his lodge and produce a packet of greasy documents, which he hands out from beneath his blanket, with a look upon his countenance, as of "Read this, my friend, and then tell me what you think of me!" You open them—"This is to certtifie that the Bayrer is one of the allfiredest scoundrels in all the cuntry, and would steal the ears off your head—not to say the hed itself—if they was not fastened. Kick him behind with the kind regards of The Lord High Dook of Newcastle the riter of this;" or, "This is a good honest Injun, very obliging and truthfull, and greatfull for kindness. J. Smith, schooner *Indian Maid*." The extreme value of this certificate is proved by the fact that the bearer so highly recommended, after gorging himself at your expense, is caught making off, not only without once thanking you (which is not expected), but with your coat under his blanket!

Writing, indeed, the more primitive tribes entertain a superstitious fear regarding, and instances of a similar idea might be culled from the folk-lore of numerous other savage races. Most Indians dread to have their portraits taken, though the feeling is now dying away, since the photographers' cases in Victoria and all the frontier towns are filled with the *cartes de visite* of more or less ferocious-looking aborigines. The fear, where it exists, is due to an idea that the person possessing the portrait can by means of it hold the life and safety of the original of it in his power. In like manner, the Queen Charlotte Islanders conceive that if any one gets possession of some article belonging to a dead man he might work him evil in the land of spirits. Other Indians believe that pictures are highly efficient charms. The natives of Bornou dread being "written about," and the Laplanders, as well as the natives of Madagascar, hold graphic representation of them in like evil odour. There are nowadays few North American tribes so primitive as those savages who

imagined Carver's book to be his familiar spirit, or the Minatarees (Plate II.) who purchased Catlin's newspaper as a medicine for sore eyes. In various parts of semi-civilised Africa a prayer is written on a board and then washed off, and the water sold at a high price as a sovereign remedy for many evils. Among the Kirghiz similar amulets are sold "at the rate of a sheep for each scrap of paper."* So highly do the Coast Indians of British Columbia value a paper that the owner of one will frequently sell it to another as a marketable commodity. When, in 1866, I visited the then very primitive and interesting Koskeemo Indians on the north-west coast of Vancouver Island, the wife of old Negatsay the chief produced for my inspection the family papers, and though these documents consisted for the most part of the usual testimonials from traders, scrawls from one hunter to another, old printed proclamations of a long departed Governor, &c., no autograph collector could have displayed more pride in his treasures than did Madame Negatsay and her handsome daughter in their family archives.

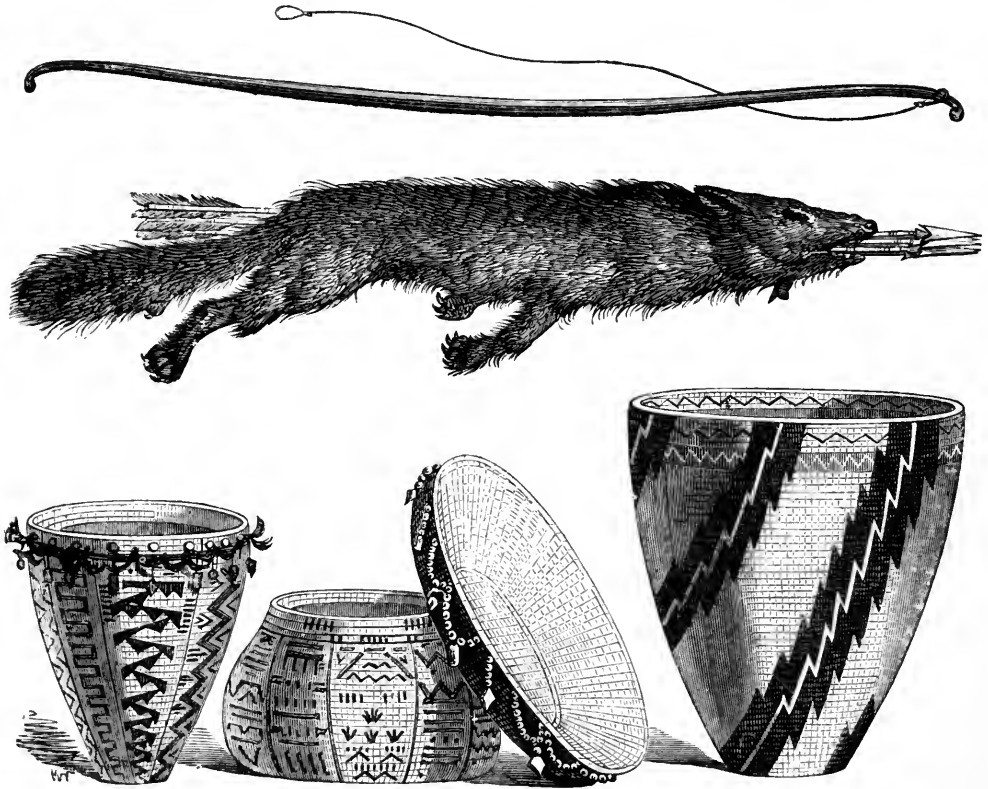
Yet an Indian who places such a superstitious value on "a paper" experiences no such awe for a treaty. Again and again have the chief men of a tribe placed their signatures—or their attested "mark," which to them amounts to the same—to a solemn compact, and only kept it so long as its conditions did not interfere with their propensities to plunder, or their desire to wreak vengeance on the whites, a fact which the endless Indian wars of the United States sufficiently prove. It is indeed very questionable whether the Indian tribes as a whole understand the nature of those elaborate compacts which the United States' Government have formed with the wild tribes of the West. They quite appreciate the fact that in return for certain supplies of blankets, coats, red paint, and bad cutlery they are to abstain from trespassing on certain lands, from murdering the whites, and stealing their property. But the idea of any moral obligation attaching to this treaty is beyond their comprehension. In this respect it is fair to say that the example set them by the whites is not calculated to inculcate an opposite code of morals.

GOVERNMENT.

The government of the Indian tribes is essentially patriarchal, every man ruling his own family; but the tribes are governed by hereditary chiefs, who are treated with great respect. Rank of a certain kind may also be acquired through wealth and prowess in war, as with us, and even women can receive a certain rank. Their ideas of right in land are rather vague, though there is generally some tract held by each tribe and claimed as its own. The boundaries of the fishing-grounds are much more accurately defined, and excessive jealousy exists in regard to any encroachment upon them. They claim from the whites the right of selling their land, but this is really an after-idea started with a view to obtain something from them, for until the whites came land had no worth except for hunting, and the trees which they affect to value so highly now were of little or no use to them, except for the very minor purposes to which they applied the wood. Every man claims a right in what he can make. There is no communism of property among them, though it was an old custom for a young unmarried man to give whatever he earned

* Lubbock: "The Origin of Civilisation," pp. 14—13.

to his elder brother. Crimes are punished by the individual who is the chief sufferer by them, though nearly all crimes have well-understood and established expiations marked out for them. Most minor injuries can be wiped out by payments to the person injured—as indeed they can in more civilised regions—but “a life for a life” is the universal law, admitting of no deviation, except to the dishonour of the individual whose the vengeance is. Many crimes exist among these people, which are left altogether unpunished, being looked upon as no crimes at all—such as infanticide, for example. On the whole, they are much more free from crime than civilised communities; for “killing” they look upon as “no murder.” Hereditary rank, “gentle blood,



INDIAN BOW, QUIVER, AND BASKETS MADE FROM GRASS, CYPERUS ROOT, ETC.

and long descent” are highly valued among them, and great efforts are made to attain to position among these frowsy savages.

The chiefs, however, have not now the same power and influence over their tribes which they used to have. Wars are less common, and since the settlements of the whites have been established here and there through the country, this influence is lessening still more. The whites will patronise the most useful man, regardless of rank, and accordingly a smart young fellow who can speak English will soon get property and influence in his tribe, while the hoary old “King,” whose name once carried terror, is looked upon by the Indians, with a few exceptions, and by the rough frontier men universally, as a “reg’lar no ’count Injun.” The fur-traders and others in out-of-the-way places, no doubt, still curry favour with the chiefs and treat them

with marked respect, though I question if even this is so great nowadays as it used to be in the palmy times of the fur trade—at least I never heard of such men as Tsosieten or Tsohailum in these latter degenerate days, or such a powerful chief as Casino, a chief of the Klikitats, who claimed fealty from all the Indians inhabiting the Columbia River, from Astoria to the Cascades. This chief, in the plenitude of his power, travelled in great—almost regal state, and was often accompanied by a hundred slaves obedient to his slightest caprice. The bands over whom he presided paid him tribute on all the furs and fish taken, as also upon the increase of their horses, to support him in his affluence. He was the favourite chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, and



THREE STAGES OF CIVILISATION: A SKETCH FROM NEAR FORT LARAMIE.

through him they were undoubtedly much indebted for the quiet ascendancy they always maintained, in troublesome times, over these tribes. It is said that on visiting Fort Vancouver, his slaves often carpeted the road, from the landing at the river-side to the fort, with beaver and other furs, for the distance of a quarter of a mile; and on his return, the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company would take the furs and carpet the same distance with blankets and other Indian goods as his recompense. When last I heard of him he was an old man, having outlived his prosperity and posterity, to see a once numerous people reduced to a few scattered lodges, which must soon disappear before the rapidly growing settlements of the adventurous pioneers.*

* In 1848 Mr. J. M. Stanley painted his portrait, which was among those destroyed in 1866, when a portion of the Smithsonian Institution was burnt. See *Catalogue of Portraits of North American Indians in Smithsonian Institution* (1852).

The portrait of another very remarkable old chief used to hang in Mr. Stanley's collection in Washington. It was that of Peo-peo-mux-mux, principal chief of the Wallas, an Upper Columbia River tribe, but who was generally called by the Hudson's Bay Company "Serpent Jaune" (the Yellow Serpent). This old worthy came, perhaps, nearer the *beau-ideal* of a savage grandee than any Indian whom I have ever known. In the days of his prosperity he is said to have owned more than 2,000 horses, droves of which feeding in the grassy valleys constitute the wealth of the nation to which he belonged, as blankets form the *summum bonum* of a coast Indian's ambition. In an evil hour, however, he rose against the whites, during the Indian war of 1855, and after maintaining an unequal fight for upwards of two years, was forced to make terms with the United States Government. He had then only a remnant of his former wealth. During the war, Colonel Wright, with a view to weaken the power of the old chief, gave orders to collect his horses, and having surrounded them with a stockade, platoons of soldiers would fire all day at them, until they were vastly reduced in numbers. A considerable number were also appropriated by the frontier men, who looked upon the Indian war as an excellent opportunity to recruit their stock of horses at the enemy's expense. Indeed, it is more than hinted that this and many other such "wars" owed their origin in no small degree to a desire on the part of these whites to make profit out of the Government by contracts for provisions for the soldiers, or to have an excuse to rob the Indians of their property. Fifteen years ago could be seen all over North-West America horses marked with Peo-peo-mux-mux's brand—an arrow within a circle. There are many incidents of thrilling interest in this man's life, one of which may be quoted to show his cool, determined courage; for it we are indebted to Mr. M'Kinley. In the year 1841 his eldest son, a youth of twenty-one years, had some difficulty with one of the clerks of the Hudson's Bay Company, which terminated in a hand-to-hand fight. The young chief coming off second best, carried, with the tale of his inglorious defeat, a pair of black eyes to his father's lodge. The chief's dignity was insulted and the son's honour lost, unless the officer in charge of Fort Walla-Walla, Mr. Archibald M'Kinley, should have the offender punished.

The old chief, at the head of a hundred armed warriors, went into the fort and demanded of the factor the person of the clerk for punishment. Mr. M'Kinley, not having heard of the difficulty, was quite taken by surprise, and after instituting inquiries he found nothing to censure in the conduct of the young man. This decision having been made known to the Yellow Serpent, resulted in an animated discussion of the case. The Indians were not to be appeased, and some of the warriors attempted to seize the clerk; but being a powerful and athletic man, he defended himself until Mr. M'Kinley handed him a pistol, reserving two for himself, and charging him not to fire until he gave the signal. The crisis was now at hand, the war-cry was sounded and the savages had raised their weapons to spill the white man's blood. Mr. M'Kinley rushed into an adjoining room, and seizing a keg of gunpowder, placed it in the centre of the floor, stood over it with flint and steel raised, and exclaimed that they were brave men, and would all die together. The result was the immediate flight of all the Indians save the old chief and his son. As soon as the warriors had gained the outer walls of the fort, the gates were closed against them; while they, halting at a respectful distance, were in momentary expectation of seeing the fort blown to atoms. Mr. M'Kinley then quietly seated himself with the old chief and amicably arranged the difficulty.

One almost shares in the old fur-trader's love of dwelling upon the deeds of these old chiefs, Tsosieten, Tsohailum, Peo-peo-mux-mux, Casino, and even old Concomely, the one-eyed chief of the Chinooks, so abundantly celebrated by Washington Irving and other historians of the "Astoria" enterprise. His grandson, a half-breed, yet lives on the north-west coast, and was my companion for a whole summer. "Nowadays," well might old Tsosieten remark, "there are no chiefs." You may sail up the Columbia River and see no Indians, for populous towns now mark the sites of their old villages, and gorgeous steamers have taken the place of the light canoes. A few lazy, drunken rascals hanging round the white settlements, redolent of surreptitious whisky, and speaking English with a very objectionable vocabulary, are the only representatives of the grand old chiefs and sturdy warriors of twenty or thirty years ago. To see an Indian in his native state you must travel far into the outer world, into such few fresh fields and pastures new as the reader is to some extent introduced to in these chapters.

SLAVERY.

The "peculiar institution" is found in full force among the North-West American tribes, prisoners in war (if not killed) being invariably devoted to slavery. There are few slaves among the horse tribes, probably on account of their wandering life, or from the love of scalps, which overrules all other considerations; but among the lazy stationary coast races a slave is highly valued. Wars are generally looked upon as providers of such, and there are few chiefs who have not one or two. Owing to there being less war now than formerly, and to the restraining influence of the whites on certain portions of the coast, slaves are greatly decreasing in number, and it is rarely that the number owned by one man exceeds two or three. They are far from being cruelly treated, though kicked about and subject to every indignity. Often the master and his man may be seen working together, or engaged in familiar intercourse. If they have been long in slavery, however, they soon beget the cowed, crouching look peculiar to people of all races in that condition. Long hair is a mark of freeborn condition, and accordingly we generally find that the slaves have theirs cut close. In the lodge of the great chief of the Mowichahs, in Nootka Sound, I have seen his group of slaves sitting apart by themselves, with their hair closely cut. The Hudson's Bay Company used to take advantage of this pride in long locks by punishing minor offenders among their Indian and half-breed servants by cutting their hair.* Slaves not unfrequently escape from their masters, but their condition is not much improved if they return to their native village after a long absence. One summer day I was standing in the Quamichan Indian village on the Cowichan River, in Vancouver Island, when there was a hum and stir in the little community. Two Indian boys, who had been taken as slaves when very young by the Stekin Indians in Russian America, had returned home again. They remembered nothing of their home, but an old woman told them that their friends were here, and with that yearning desire of all men for home and liberty, they finally managed to steal a canoe, and after many risks and hardships, contrived to thread the thousand miles of sea-coast between the Stekin village and their home. Their condition was pitiable. No one knew them or their friends. All who ever remembered them were dead or gone, or did not care to remember two slave boys, and they were likely enough to have been ready

* Among some tribes short hair is a sign of mourning. The now obsolete cropping of English apprentices' hair, John Aubrey thinks, was derived from Roman slavery.

again to return to their master's house, where at least they were known, when an old hunter named Louis, who had himself in early life been a slave, took them into his lodge and adopted them as his children. I remember a similar instance of a S'calam boy who had been stolen by the Seshahits from the village of the former tribe near Cape Flattery when a mere child. He had grown up among the tribe until he was almost looked upon as a freeman. Being clever, he was employed on board a trading schooner as a seaman, and in this capacity made many voyages to Victoria and other towns, and even to the Sandwich Islands. On one occasion, being at



SHOSHONE INDIAN AND HIS SQUAW.

Victoria, some of the S'calams who knew his parents, persuaded him to escape and return home with them. On arriving at the village, however, he was disappointed in the bright things he had pictured to himself. Nobody knew or cared much about him. His father was dead, and his mother barely remembered him, nor could he speak her language, having long ago forgot his native tongue. Other children had been born to her, whose constant presence had rendered them dearer to her, and finally seeing that home was not what he had been led to suppose, he took the earliest opportunity of returning again to his easy life of slavery. Runaway slaves are rarely punished among the coast tribes, though the humane master has frequently on that account to suffer most from the loss of his fugitive serfs. I have heard of an old chief, well known to the gold-diggers on the Stekin River as "Shakes," who used to

punish a fugitive slave with most cruel tortures, and frequently with death in the most revolting form. Binding the trembling wretch with his throat over the sharp point of a rock, he would place a pole on the back of the slave's neck. On either end of this pole a youthful demon would see-saw up and down until the poor victim's neck was slowly sawn through. Among the Klamaths, in Southern Oregon, slaves who have been recaptured in an attempt to escape are generally put to death by a stake being driven through their bodies. These



INDIAN GRANDEE AT HIS TOILET, WAITED ON BY A SLAVE.

punishments are believed to deter others from making the attempt, and as it is supposed that if the life of the runaway was spared he would only try to repeat the experiment, it is deemed as well to destroy him at once.

Of late years, owing to the establishment of white settlements, female slaves are highly valued, in order to be used for the vilest purposes. An old chief of Tsamena told me that travelling up the wooded banks of the Cowichan River, in Vancouver Island, he arrived at night at a rude hunting-lodge he had built for his convenience on the banks. Entering, he was surprised to find a woman crouching in the corner. She was a Nuchultaw from the

Rapids Village in Discovery Passage, and had been a slave with the S'calams on the other side of De Fuca's Strait for a number of years. Yearning for home, she and another woman of the same tribe determined to attempt their escape. They only knew that the direction of their home was somewhere on the other side of the range of mountains they saw on the Vancouver shore, and that beyond lay a river by which they might seek the coast, and so go northward. Accordingly, one dark night they stole a canoe and crossed the strait alone, and took to the woods, travelling by the sun. Probably no human being had ever penetrated these mountains before, and how laborious the journey must have been may be gathered from the fact that a well-equipped party of experienced travellers sent by me to explore the same route took more than a week to traverse it. While descending a precipice one of the women fell and fractured her leg. Her companion could do nothing for her; so leaving her to the certain fate which awaited her, she pursued her perilous and laborious journey, arriving finally at the river, and travelling down it, she at length sought shelter in the hut where my friend Kakalatza found her. The old fellow stopped in his narrative. "What did you do with her?" we inquired. A curious sinister smile played round the leathern features of this chivalrous Indian gentleman as he replied, "Went home again and sold her to the Lummi Indians for eighty blankets."

A slave is valued according to sex, age, beauty, or strength at from 120 down to twenty or thirty blankets, or from about £60 to £10, or £15. Among some tribes slaves are after death carelessly buried, without any ceremonies, or even thrown into the sea, and no one but slaves allowed to touch them. On the Columbia River it used to be the custom among the Chinooks, if the slave died in winter, to tie a big stone about the neck and throw the body into the river. To this day slaves can be killed by their masters without any one having the power, even if he had the will, to prevent it; and at one time slaves were slain on the death of a great man, for the same reason that any other property was destroyed on a similar occasion. Again, if a person had been disgraced in any way, he would attempt to wipe out the dishonour by destroying property or killing slaves, which was much the same thing. To this day a master will order a slave to go and kill an enemy, knowing that it will be the slave who will suffer, if anybody, and not himself. Hence much injustice is done in the provincial courts of law in British Columbia. An Indian kills another in or near a white settlement. The "active and intelligent" stipendiary magistrate demands the murderer. After a little parley he is handed over, and generally, if an impatient jury has anything to do with it, suffers the last penalties of the law, even though he may be a slave executing his master's behest, in accordance with custom that knows of no deviation, and the neglect of which would have cost him his life.

Slavery must have existed among these people from an early date, for if one term of contempt worse than "a dog" (strange that it should be a term of contempt among savages) is intended to be hurled at a person, it is "a slave." Probably slavery is coeval with laziness and selfishness in Indian domestic economy. Slaves are traded backwards and forwards all along the north-west coast. Cape Flattery and the northern coast of British Columbia are the great feeders of the slave-market, while some of the smaller British Columbian and Vancouver coast tribes are looked upon, in the words of an able writer on this shameful traffic, as "slave-breeding tribes attacked periodically by stronger tribes, who make prisoners and sell them as slaves."

WAR CUSTOMS.

The war customs of a people whose normal condition is that of being almost continually at war—one tribe with another—must be so varied and numerous that in a work of this nature I had better limit myself to a description of a few of the more prominent features in the warfare of the coast tribes, that of the interior races of America having been often described, and the horse tribes' customs being less familiar to me. At the proper place, moreover, will be given an account of the prairie tribes and their habits. Not only are these coast tribes and their allies living near the mouths of the great rivers almost constantly at war with each other, but nearly every family has some little *vendetta* of its own to prosecute. These tribes all congregate in villages for mutual protection, and the appearance of palisades in front of their hamlets suggests to the traveller the state of constant trepidation and uncertainty in which the people live. How these wars originate it is sometimes difficult to say. They are of old origin, being handed down from father to son as legacies, and sometimes their exciting cause is lost in the forgotten past. Revenge for fancied tribal or personal insults, trespass on each other's fishing-grounds, love of plunder and slaves, or merely a desire for *glory*, may be said to be the chief causes which impel these savage clansmen to fight. Before war the chief makes a long speech explaining how matters stand. The warriors bathe, and even scratch themselves with sharp instruments with a view to making themselves hardy, and spies are sent scouting in the vicinity of the village to be attacked. The attack is almost invariably made after sundown, and I have heard a most graphic description of the band of warriors standing on the sandy shores of a little bay, just opposite to the village to be attacked, while a man who was married to a woman of that tribe drew, by the light of the glimmering moon, a plan of the lodges, and explained to the listening black-painted warriors, who lived in each, the strength of his family, and the character of the man for bravery or strength. The old chief then arranged his men accordingly. All these men are painted black, the paint no way differing from the mourning paint, except that the eyes are painted blacker than the rest of the face. Prisoners of war not reserved for slaves are universally decapitated, and their heads stuck on poles in front of the lodges, or tossed about the village. This taking the head as a trophy is the *natural* impulse of savages, and has been adopted by all barbarous and even semi-civilised nations from the earliest times. The untutored mind is the same in all ages, and resolves itself into the same material manifestations, whether these be exhibited in sticking heads on poles in Vancouver Island, or upon Temple Bar, or on London Bridge, as was done in England scarcely more than a hundred years ago. The interior tribes, who will often travel on horseback hundreds of miles on these warlike forays, could not conveniently carry a few human heads dangling at their saddle-bows, and accordingly they take the more portable scalp-lock as a trophy and remembrance of their slain enemy. This is, I conceive, the true interpretation of the familiar custom of scalping adopted by all those tribes who do not use canoes. Some of them become very expert at this hideous art. There is a story told of some Indians who fell a-boasting of their proficiency in this art; one of them, to show his skill, neatly skinned the whole head and neck of his fallen enemy, while a second, not to be beaten, absolutely flayed the whole body! On the frontier "har-liftin'," as it is called, is spoken about quite familiarly, and some of the more "wild cat-like" of the American frontier damsels look upon a

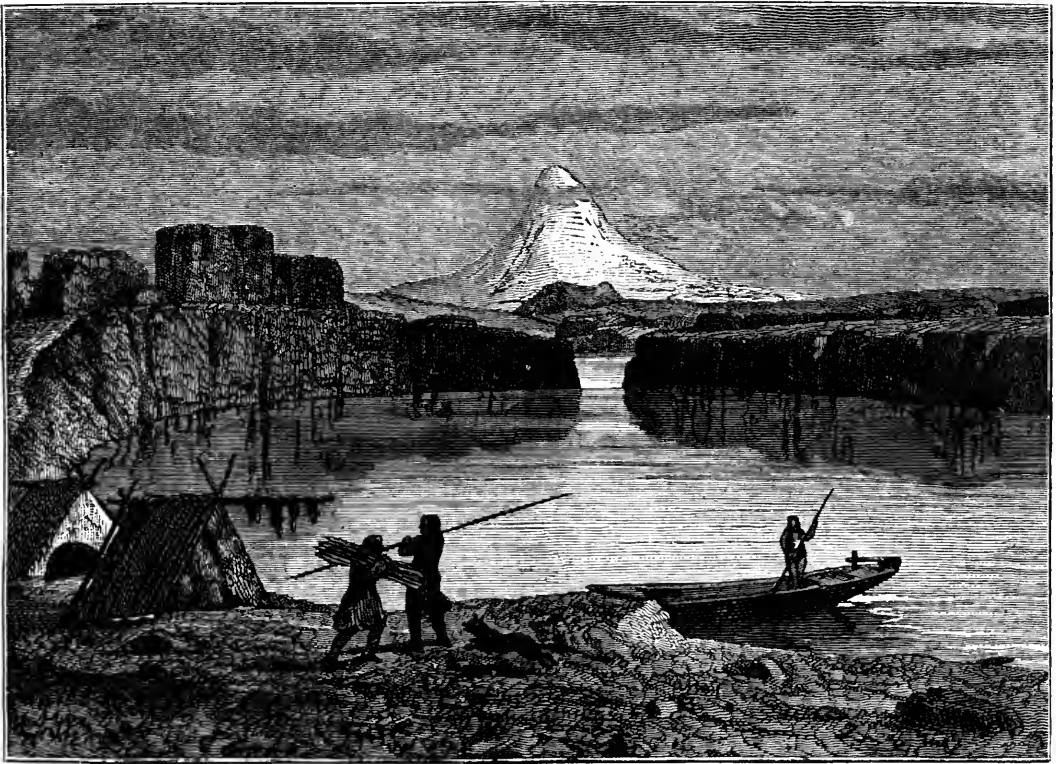


INDIAN SCALPING HIS DEAD ENEMY.

neat scalp set in gold as making quite a chaste brooch. Head-taking does not require such proficiency, but still I have seen little Indian boys practising the art on clay images, while playing on the beach, their sires looking on with paternal pride and hope of the talent thus early developed. Civilisation treads fast on the heels of barbarism in the far West. One winter

day, coming down from Nanaimo, at a distance of ninety miles from Victoria, the capital of the colony, I met several large Nuchultaw war-canoes sailing north full of painted warriors. They told me that they had been on a war-expedition against the Lummis, just south of Fraser River mouth, and pointing to the cowering prisoners, and ghastly human heads hung through the holes in the bows of the canoes, remarked that they had had pretty fair success. They seemed to look upon the whole matter very much in the light of a hunting excursion.

Here is a striking tale of Indian treachery and vindictiveness in war. The Assiniboines and the Saskatchewan are two great horse tribes living on the prairies near the Rocky Mountains,



THE "SLABS" ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, MOUNT HOOD IN THE DISTANCE.

who had a long-cherished feud between each other. A party of the former had been hunting for the winter supply of food, and had accumulated a large quantity of meat, which the women were drying in their camp in a shady hollow in the mountains. The young men, growing tired of the monotony of their life, proposed to go on a war-party against the Saskatchewan, which raid was so successful that they defeated a hunting party of that tribe, and took many scalps and much plunder, and returned leisurely home with their heavily-laden horses. As they came in sight of their wigwams again, they began to raise the song of rejoicing—the song of warriors returning from victory. But no women came out to meet them. Still they sang as they approached nearer, but still no sign of life, no children playing about the doors, or old men smoking their calumets. Louder and louder still they sang, until the horrible truth flashing

on them, they rushed down to their lodges. There lay the old men, the women, and the children, butchered in cold blood. The Saskatchewan had revenged themselves by working round in another direction, and coming to the defenceless wigwams of their enemies, had turned their victory into mourning.

Treachery is one of the cardinal vices of the Indian, and figures in his war-practices as one of his most prominent characteristics. The Stekins and other northern tribes have long been a great thorn in the side of the more southern tribes, and to this day it is nothing uncommon for a party of northern Indians to fall upon a Cowichan or Nanaimo camp, and slaughter the inhabitants or take them prisoners. Old Locha, of Cowichan, some years ago took a bitter revenge on them, which, as a specimen of Indian wiles, may be related as I heard it from the old man's mouth. Learning that a party of Stekins were on their way to attack his village, he took a strong party of his men and posted them in the woods about a mile from his village, leaving his little son wrapped up in a blanket in a canoe drawn up on the beach, in convenient proximity to the ambush. Suspecting nothing, the Stekins sailed up Cowichan Bay until they spied what they took for an Indian girl, left in the canoe while her mother was gathering roots and berries in the wood. They immediately paddled to shore, anxious to secure this easily-acquired slave. The little boy had, however, received his directions. Waiting until they were close at hand, in apparent fright he ran into the woods. Every one of the Stekins was anxious to catch him, and accordingly, hastily leaving their canoes on the beach, they pursued him into the woods; but the boy was too swift-footed for them. Returning to the beach, they were horrified to find themselves, unarmed and defenceless, surrounded by Locha and his warriors; and it is said that all of them were either killed or taken prisoners. A score of such tales of treachery and bloodshed could be given. Even when two tribes make peace, the peace is often only a design to treacherously take advantage of each other. These same Stekin Indians were long at war with the Kolush tribe, at Sitka, the one tribe continually molesting the other, and in the intervals of regular warfare cutting off all stragglers in their power. The Stekins, anxious to make peace, invited their enemies to a feast, which they accepted, and all went off well. But the Kolushes, not to be behindhand, invited them in return. So the Stekins, putting on their cloaks made of marten skins, went off, and were received with great rejoicing. But in the midst of the merriment the Kolushes rose like one man and slaughtered their unsuspecting guests, literally cutting them to pieces, and burning the bodies. These same Kolushes have ever been noted as a very fierce tribe, and gave the Russians much trouble, and have continued to show their character to the Americans, since Sitka was ceded to the United States. Plate 3 represents the discovery of the remains of a party of American soldiers who had been entrapped and murdered by the Indians in 1867.

Though the Indians generally attack at night, yet Tsosieten's great battle with the Nuchultaws was fairly fought, on the Nuchultaw plain, about two miles from Victoria; and only a few years ago skulls and other human remains were continually turning up among the bushes and long grass. The fight was also continued on the sea, and the waves were said by the Indians to be of the colour of blood, on account of the number of dead bodies thrown into the water. It was, perhaps, the greatest battle ever fought on the north-west coast. Into it Tsosieten (the great Taitka chief) managed to enlist nearly every southern tribe, and the object was to exterminate their common enemy, the Nuchultaws.*

* In the first edition of this work, Vol. I., pp. 70—75, I have given this and other North-Western "Eddas."



DISCOVERY OF SKELETONS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS SLAIN BY INDIANS IN 1867.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NORTH-WESTERN AMERICAN INDIANS: MERRYMAKINGS, MARRIAGE, BIRTH,
AND BURIAL CUSTOMS.

INDIAN life, though sufficiently squalid, is by no means entirely devoid of amusement, or wholly devoted to providing daily food, gratifying public or private vengeance, and guarding against the onslaughts of the tribal enemies. It is true that savage pastimes are of the least intellectual character. They consist in gambling, drinking in order to get drunk, story-telling, horse-racing, dancing, singing, doll playing, and baby housekeeping among the children—in a word, just the same class of amusements that are indulged in by the more uncultured classes of society in every part of the world, the only difference being in the *rationale* of the games and the rules which regulate them.

MERRYMAKINGS.

At these merrymakings Indian life, at least in the North-West, appears in its gayest and most pleasing aspects. For once, selfishness, so far as it can be severed from everything Indian, disappears, or is at least kept in the background, and every one strives to be as friendly and as kind as possible. The dull tenor of the Indian way is absolutely broken by something which is decidedly picturesque. Indeed, if I were asked what constitutes the most peculiar feature in the economy of these North-Western Indian tribes, I should certainly reply, their great gift-feasts, or as they are known to the white traders, their *pottatches* (or “givings away”), a term derived from the Chinook jargon word *pottatch*, “to give.” Gambling is an every-day amusement, while horse-racing can only be indulged in by some of the interior tribes; but a *pottatch*, combining glory, amusement, and the gratification of vanity, can be given whenever the donor has means enough. These coast Indians are very avaricious in the acquisition of property, blankets being the standard of riches amongst them, as horses are among the interior tribes. Though muskets, canoes, &c., are all carefully collected, yet most of these articles owe their acquisition to blankets, and an Indian, in describing the wealth of another, will indicate this by telling how many *pessisse* (or blankets) he has. This hoarding up of blankets is the engrossing passion of these people in time of peace, and the exciting cause of their wars is often the desire of obtaining prisoners as slaves, by the sale of whom, or by whose labour, they may add to their hoard. I have often commiserated a poor-looking man lounging about, his only covering a threadbare, tattered blanket, and on inquiry would be surprised to learn that he was one of the wealthiest men in the tribe, and had several hundred new blankets stored up in air-tight boxes, of native manufacture, in his lodge. I was once sneered at as “no great chief” because, forsooth, I had only one pair of “Mackinaw” blankets in my canoe, when halting at a village of Indians who had little intercourse with the whites, and were accordingly in a primitive condition. To obtain these blankets, there is no act of self-denial at which the coast fisherman will hesitate; I might almost say no crime which will deter him, if he sees blankets likely to be the result of it. The end of all this scraping and hoarding is to give away the property again at some *pottatch*, at which in a few hours the labour

of years will be dissipated. These feasts are often given by the chief men of small tribes as a sort of peace-offering to more powerful ones; but most frequently they are simply for the purpose of gratifying the vanity of the giver and of adding to his personal consequence. His praise sounds far and near. He henceforth assumes a sort of parvenu rank in the tribe, very different, however, from the hereditary aristocracy already referred to. The chiefs are under the necessity of frequently giving these *pottlatches*, in order to preserve their popularity, just as the old



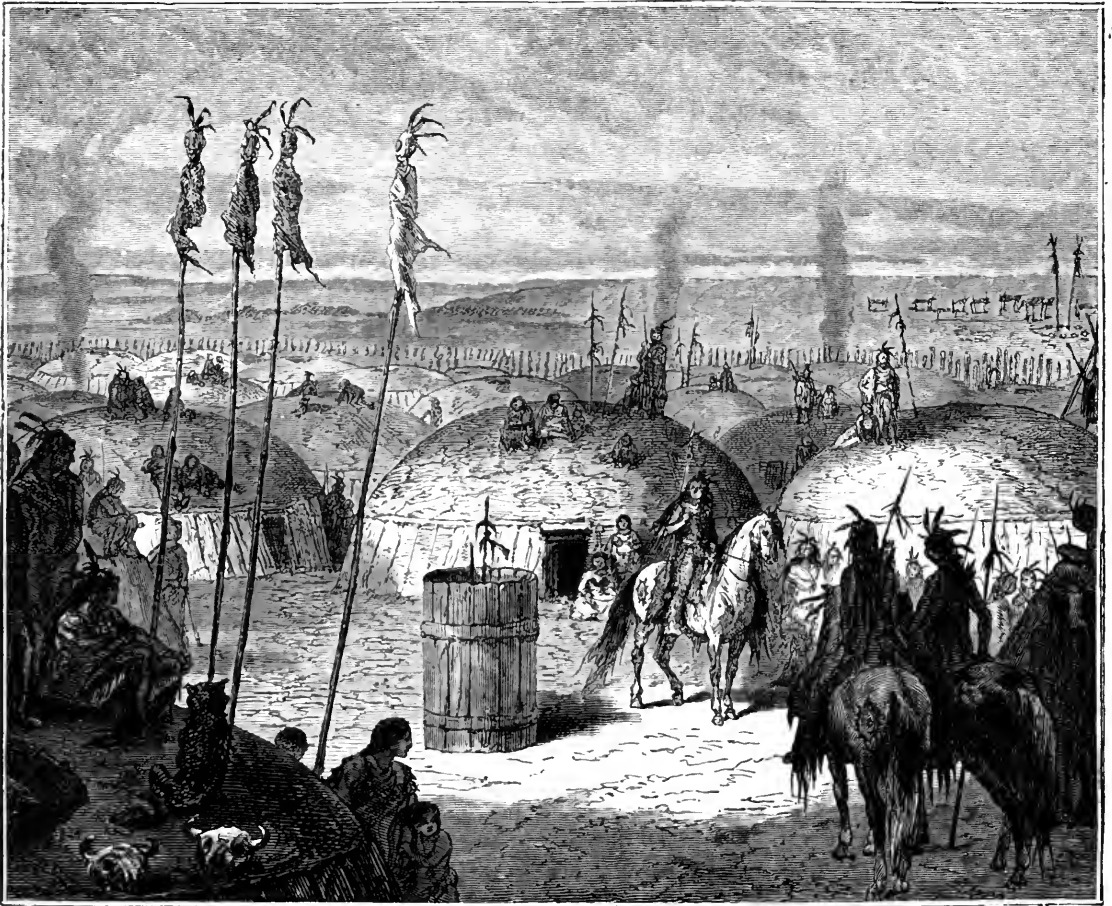
INDIAN DANCERS PERSONATING "NIGHT" AND "DAY."

knights used to scatter largess to their followers; and accordingly we generally find these dignitaries about the poorest men in the tribe.

It is, as I have said, at these gatherings that Indian character is seen in its most attractive if not most characteristic aspect.* An Indian may have accumulated by hard work, by knavery, or by violence, a large store of blankets or other property. He then announces to his friends—it may be three, four, or twenty—his intention of having a feast and *pottlatch*. The invitees make the most of these occasions, and each of them brings his canoe full of neighbours, so that often half the tribe will be present, including the women,

*For an extended description of the great Opichesah *pottlatch* see the first edition of this work, Vol. I., pp. 76—89.

who are generally escorted by one or two men in a large canoe by themselves. There was a chief near Clayoquot Sound, well known to the coasters as "Trader George of Clayoquot," but who was called by the Indians by a name signifying "the man who takes everything and gives nothing." When I last heard of him he was said to have between 700 and 800 blankets, besides a vast accumulation of other property. Yet this abominably cruel wretch has been known to cut off young slave children's heads just to show how careless *he* was of valuable property. On these



SCENE IN A MANDAN VILLAGE—THE RAIN-MAKER.

festive occasions I have known them to smash canoes, break muskets to pieces, and burn large numbers of blankets, their object being to show how little they cared for wealth. At a great feast of this nature given by the Thongeisth tribe at Victoria, in 1863, a slave was presented. On this occasion the blankets were pitched by a pole from an elevated platform. But the customs of the east coast tribes differ considerably from those of the western shores of Vancouver Island, and, moreover, in this instance a desire to make as great a show as possible before the crowd of whites was evident. At these feasts, as all the world over, the greatest man gets the most, while the poor people come off with a very small share: sometimes this is only a strip

of blanket. Hence Indians may be seen with a blanket composed of these shreds sewn together like the capelets of a cabman's coat. At these feasts savage life is exhibited in its least repulsive features. The intense selfishness, the greed and the mendicancy, so almost invariably witnessed in an Indian village, especially if white men are present, are almost entirely absent. Liberality is the rule, hospitality is as delicate and open-handed as in civilised life, and the unobtrusiveness of the minor vices of barbarism remarkable.* Among some of the comparatively rich northern tribes these *potlatches* are on a much greater scale; as many as 800 blankets, hundreds of yards of cotton, and at one, which I know of, several furs, including two sea-otter skins, worth from £15 to £20 each, were given away. Individuals will often travel great distances to be present at one of these feasts; but people of the same *totem* (or crest) are not invited to each other's feasts. They are, however, much more particular than the southern tribes as to whom they invite to their banquets; and at some great ceremonials men and women are served separately, the women (curiously enough) taking precedence. All, however, are just the same—only an interchange of presents; for an Indian, if he is overlooked at one of these, or is presented with something inferior to what he gave, will not be backward in informing his host of the fact, and demanding something better. Among the northern tribes *ram* feasts are now beginning to be given, and most demoniacal orgies they are.

There are other festivities, at the end of the salmon season, &c., or when a new house is built—in fact, a sort of “house-warming.” Any Indian who values his reputation always invites his friends to partake of a seal or a deer which he has killed, or to share any other food at all above the common which he may have come into possession of. The guests go early, and sit chatting while the food is being prepared—of course, before their eyes, since there is only one compartment in the house, or the young people amuse themselves in various ways. They eat in silence; going away one by one, each taking what has not been eaten of his allowance in a corner of his blanket—a habit which we shall see, by-and-by, is common to the Japanese, and some other more or less civilised nations. After a whale is killed, about a hundredweight of the best parts is cut off and presented to the chief, and the harpooner, fish-priest, and other dignitaries each receives his share, the rest being distributed among the people according to their rank. Those who have received the larger portions are, however, expected to give feasts all around. Messengers, with red and blue blankets tastefully put on, go to each house, and in a loud and official tone of voice invite the different guests; but the women are not invited to feasts of this nature, only to the *wawkoahs*, or *potlatches*, already described.

The common people go early, and modestly take their seats near the door as they enter; but, as in some other parts of the world, it is the fashion for men of rank to go late to these aboriginal dinner-parties, and to require several messengers sent requesting the honour of their company. Each person's place is duly reserved for him. His name is announced as he enters the door and is ushered to his seat, where he cleans his bare feet on strips of cedar bark placed there for that purpose. If he is a popular man, he is generally loudly cheered by striking the board walls with the back of the hand or a piece of stick. After all the invited guests have arrived the meal is served, though all the time cooking is going on. Silence is observed while eating, this being a mark of etiquette. The food is cooked by the chief's wives

* These *potlatches* are, as far as I know, peculiar to the North-West American coast tribes.

(if the chief happen to be the giver of the feast), and each person is served with a piece of meat, large or small, according to the degree of his consequence in the tribe. During dinner the host and one of his servants walk round the guests and see that each person receives due attention. After dinner is finished, each guest wipes his fingers on a quantity of teased-out cedar bark, and the remains are carefully gathered up by the host's servants and carried to the guests' dwellings. "By-and-bye," remarks Mr. Sproat, "conversation begins; a few compliments are paid to the chief for his good fare, and then perhaps some tribal topics are introduced, and animated speeches are delivered by various orators. Praises of their own and their forefathers' achievements in war, or skill in hunting and fishing, and boasts of the number of their powerful friends and the admirable qualities of each, form the burden of these after-dinner speeches. When the guests retire, it is usual, in fine weather, for small groups to meet and discuss the whole proceedings and criticise the speeches. . . . Oratory is the readiest way of gaining power and station; a blanket is a much more becoming garment to an orator than a frock coat." There are other feasts, to which some man will invite the women; and others to which a female chief or other well-to-do-female will invite men alone. I am inclined to think that this feast, to which a woman invites several men, is of the kind described by an old writer on the Indians—viz., for the purpose of choosing a husband.*

This is one phase of savage life. I little thought that before another autumn had come and gone that I should draw another picture—one less pleasant, but not less characteristic of the uncertainty of Indian existence. As a contrast, let me here present it. The scene lies more than 700 miles south of Opichesa, away in Eastern Oregon, among the great horse tribes, that had for years waged war against the whites. At last the Shoshones sued for peace. One of the many treaties of "eternal peace and amity" had been signed by "us the high consenting parties," and we were now on our way back to civilisation, a little party travelling slowly but cautiously. For days the beautiful valleys through which we rode had rung with the lively *bonjours* of Indian cavaliers and damsels, gay in buckskin and beads, and at night our camp-fire was surrounded by a laughing, careless throng of light-hearted savages. We were almost ready to envy the Indian as he now appeared before us. It cannot be denied that he possesses a rude sort of independence. He is troubled with no house-rent, nor are the horrors of an assessment-roll before him. His house is in the sage brush, and when he mounts his horse at dawn of day he has all his possessions under his eye, and at night he rolls himself up in his blanket with no fear of an hotel bill or livery stable charges before him in the morning. His supper is a piece of dry antelope-steak; or perhaps he has killed a prairie hen, or caught some trout, or if not—who cares! he swallows a handful of grasshoppers, and in the summer his larder is all around him. The iron of the income-tax never enters into his soul, and opera-boxes are represented by scalp-dances. The whites are his drovers and his merchants; and he is a thorough believer in *might* being a convertible term for *right*, and in that good old plan,

"That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

An Indian comes down to the water-side where I am drinking, and asks me to pour a little water in his cup of parched pond-lily seed (*Nuphar advena*) meal. He stirs it up with his finger,

* For full details, see Carver, "Travels in North America," p. 245.

and remarking, as he washes it down with a drink of water, "Hyas kloosh muckamuck" (very good food, indeed). Quarrels they have among themselves, and bitter ones too, over the division of the spoil—and certain infidelities of their spouses are a source of continual heart-burnings; but, as the Divorce Court shows, they are unfortunately not alone in this. As to "chivalry," they are, forsooth, as chivalry goes nowadays—dirty, ragged, and not over honourable—like certain brethren on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and, moreover (venial offence as it may be looked upon in these latter days) rather given unto loot! Politics they have, and though in the good old times they had an hereditary monarchy, with a strong tinge of mediæval policy, yet, since the advent of the republicans in the civilised portion of the country, some of their chiefs are elected, and there is as much chicanery and political engineering displayed



SQUAW AND CHILD.

as would (dis)grace the most civilised statesmen. If "early to bed and early to rise" would bring to the practitioner thereof only a moiety of the blessings the couplet ascribes to it, one would think our Shoshone ought to be a happy man, for, little burdened with the world's goods, he is asleep by the time the sun goes down, and is off by the break of day. But this easy-come-easy-go sort of existence is not without its drawbacks, some of which certainly are not compensated for by the advantages which recommend it to the free and independent Indian. The following incident will illustrate this statement:—One evening, as we were rolling, each man behind his bush for the night, a strange Indian rode into our camp, mounted on a sorry animal, and, as to his garments, scanty withal. Our gladsome friends had all left by ones and twos, and for days we had travelled alone. Though none of us could understand much of his language, yet this Knight of the Ragged Poncho made himself very much at home, and finished the remains of our supper with the utmost suavity. He did not appear to be a native of this region, and after some difficulty he made us understand that he came from somewhere in the Humboldt country, in the direction of the Great Salt Lake in Utah, and that he had fled from his tribe for some offence (in which cutting throats mingled forcibly); that his enemies were



MANDAN INDIANS, WITH "MEDICINE-MAN" IN BEAR-SKIN.

on his track; and that seeing our trail, he had resolved to put himself under our protection; and finally, that he was going to remain with us. Though none of us had much objection to Indians murdering each other as one of the fine arts, yet we had no desire to be the Quixotes of this ragged vagabond, or to embroil ourselves with his countrymen, and accordingly told him, in that grandiloquent tone supposed to be necessary to assume in addressing the savage, that "we were going to a distant country—to the setting sun," whereupon we were most distinctly assured that that was the *very* place he was searching for. And by morning he made himself so handy in getting our horses, and begged so piteously to go to the "setting sun" with us, that ordinary humanity prevailed, and Sancho Panza—as with small adherence to the plot of "Cervantes" we dubbed him—was soon recognised as a member of our party, sharing in all the honours, privileges, and immunities, and doing full justice to the comestibles thereof. Sancho, moreover, ingratiated himself so exceedingly that before long he became the possessor of a butcher's knife, a "hickory shirt," and an old blanket, and the first day's travel had not ended before he had done my animal the flattering compliment of offering to "swop" with me. All fear of his pursuers seemed to have left him, and we were gradually losing our suspicions that he might possibly, in an absent moment, decamp with our horses, leaving us afoot in the desert. The signs of civilised men were getting apparent, in another day we might reach the first outpost and be in safety once more. One morning, after travelling about two miles on our way, he recollected that he had left his knife at the camp-fire, and lightening his horse of his blanket he rode back, telling us that he would overtake us before long: we watched him riding rapidly over the sage-brush plain until a rising ground hid him from our sight. At mid-day we halted long for him; and at evening, fearing that he might have missed our trail, some of us rode rapidly back by moonlight, and soon came to the prairie which we had left that morning. There was Sancho's old horse grazing about, and by the embers of our fire lay the Indian boy, with three arrows through him and his scalp gone. His relentless enemies had no doubt been dogging his steps day after day, but feared to attack him while under the guard of our rifles; but their turn had come at last, and his scalp paid forfeit for his temerity. They had no doubt been alarmed, otherwise the arrows would have been removed. As we rode back by moonlight through these lovely valleys we were silent, but to many of us since, in different lands and scenes, the face of that dead Indian boy looking up ghastly to the harvest-moon, rises often before us. Such is daily Indian life in the far West! Let us turn to a pleasanter aspect of savage life—*marriage*.

MARRIAGE.

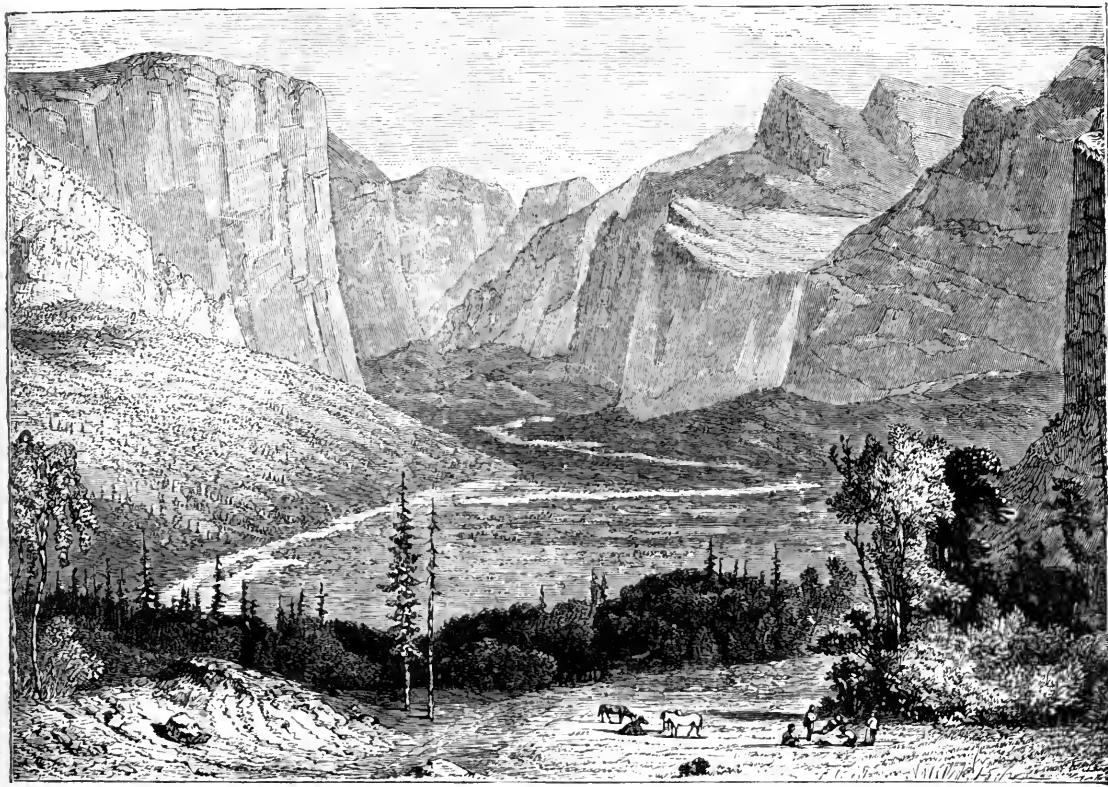
Passing through an Indian—say a Cowichan—village of a morning, you may chance to see a young fellow wrapped up in his blanket sitting crouched up in the doorway of one of the lodges. That young man has come on a delicate errand. He is a lover, and this is his way of going about the rather serious business of taking a wife. By-and-by the occupants of the lodge will get up and walk out, nobody taking the slightest notice of him. For a week this may go on, every day the young man coming and then returning without being invited in. At last, if he is agreeable in the eyes of the parents, he is asked in and food set before him; if he is an honoured guest, the food, such as the roasted or dried salmon, is prepared by the master of the house, and then business opens. His friends bring forward the presents he is prepared to give

for the damsel, or an equivalent for the same, until he has no more. If the father is satisfied, all is well; if not, he must go elsewhere. This is the general *rationale* of Indian marriages—merely purchase. However, the Indians themselves stoutly deny that it is so, and possibly with truth. They say that the presents are not given as the price of the wife, but only to express her value and rank, a woman of low status in society being assessed at much less. If the father is a man of any *ton* at all, he will send back with his daughter fully as much as he received. All I can say is, that this is so rare that I never heard of it more than once or twice. I have more frequently seen the young lover beggared to his last blanket. In addition, if he is a chief, he is expected to distribute a little largess among the *οἱ πολλοί*—the commonalty of the village. Sometimes the arrangements are made through old women, and the young man does not trouble himself much. In other cases there is much more ceremony, but the principle is just the same. Polygamy is not only allowed, but a man's rank is measured by the number of wives he can support, each woman attending to her own children, though the first wife ranks highest in esteem, the younger being often little better than slaves to her; and probably it is this advantage which induces her to listen to the proposals of her husband to increase the matrimonial stock in the lodge. Few have more than two wives. An old chief only recently dead, having received some favour at the hands of the missionary, was good enough to offer him one of his wives as a present, adding that it was a mere trifle—he had eleven more at home. Elopements of young men and girls are quite common, and of married women with lovers, though this vicious practice is to a great extent checked by the fact that in the first instance the lover is looked upon as a young fellow who only wishes to avoid paying the price of his wife, and that most frequently he has to pacify the woman's friends with blankets, and in the latter, the danger arising from the injured husband's knife acts as a salutary preventive to passionate but yet prudent Lotharios. The respect in which female chastity was at one time held among the Indians has been to a great extent lost since the whites came amongst them. Divorce is sometimes performed by the wife's friends throwing the blankets on the waves, though in general it merely consists in the unlucky wife being sent back to her friends well whipped, and with an insulting message. The husband can divorce his wife at his will; but again, among some of the coast tribes of Vancouver and neighbouring territory, a wife can, with the consent of her friends, leave her husband at any time. Accordingly, if her lord wishes to retain her he must treat her well. In this case an active female slave would be more valued than a wife who does not bring riches or connection, for the slave cannot leave her master's service. Infidelity can be punished by death—and is, indeed, not unfrequently so punished. I knew a chief who took an erring wife out of his lodge and in presence of the whole village stabbed her to death. Whether, however, this was stretching his marital rights too far, or that public morality was not so Spartan as it once was, I was led to understand that the chief lost in prestige and popularity by this act. Another mode of punishment is to take the wife down to the beach, kneel on her, surrounded by her wailing friends, and then fire several blank musket-charges close to her ear. Perhaps the punishment may consist in the publicity, or the suspense engendered by the fear that one charge may enclose a bullet. In one case where this peculiar mode of chastisement was resorted to the woman sat apart for several days, weeping all the time bitterly. Should there be a separation, the fishing or hunting ground which her husband acquired with her again reverts to the wife as a dowry for her next matrimonial venture. If the wife belongs to a

different tribe, and the children are young, they go with the mother to her tribe. The main cause of divorce is not wanting, and is now more abundant than ever, the offence being more lightly esteemed. Betrothals in early youth, or even in childhood, are common, and as an earnest of good faith, the parents on both sides deposit a certain amount of goods, commonly blankets. These betrothals are generally respected, a breach of engagement being a serious cause of offence to the injured lover. Though at betrothal the price of the future wife is tolerably well known, yet the father can raise it if, in the opinion of the majority of her tribe, she has materially improved since the date of that ceremony—though, curiously enough, this is said to happen rather rarely. The betrothal may be cancelled if during the interval the lover's second offer for her is refused, supposing that no price has been fixed at the time of betrothal; but this generally gives cause to bitterness, and not unfrequently to feuds. Young men, before being married, will often, to show their courage, scratch their faces until the blood comes. That an Indian is not altogether deficient in sentiment and love must not, however, be inferred from the matter-of-fact way he treats marriage. Many of their songs are about love, and often in the vicinity of Indian villages, the traveller may notice young fir shoots split down the middle to the very ground. This is done by youthful lovers, to see if they will be faithful to each other. They split the top of the shoot with the nails, then carefully divide it downward and downward; but if one side breaks off at a knot, then one of them will prove untrue. But they will not be content with this augury, but will try and try again until they find a young fir which will act according to their wishes. I used to be the repository of many a sighing tale and love-message to damsels in distant tribes, from young lovers who had met them when with me in the previous summer's travels, and from the way they were received I fancy that human nature—the human nature in youthful hearts—is pretty much the same all the world over. On the western shores of Vancouver Island, another and more dignified style of marriage ceremony than that described in the preceding pages prevails. Thirty or forty canoes sometimes escort the suitor to the shore. No word is spoken on either side for ten minutes. At last, on the question being asked where the visitors are from, and what is wanted—a form that is gone through though the object of the visit is perfectly well known—a speaker rises in one of the canoes and addresses the natives on shore in a loud voice. Talk of a voice—it would fill St. Paul's! He gives the name, titles, and history of the expectant husband, and states the number and influence of his friends and connections in his own and among other tribes, the object being to show that the honour of marrying so great a person should suffice without much purchase-money. At the end of the speech a canoe is paddled to the beach and a bundle of blankets is thrown on land. Contemptuous laughter follows from the friends of the woman, and the suitor is told to go away, as he places too small a value upon the intended bride. Then some orator on shore gets up and praises the woman, and thus with the speeches and additional gifts, many hours are occupied, until finally the woman is brought down to the shore and stripped to her under garment (the greed of her relatives not allowing them to send her to her husband with the slightest thing more than the barest decency requires) and delivered to her lover. His first wedding present, it follows, is the necessary covering of a blanket.* Stern as are the aboriginal fathers of the West in the matter of "settlements," they also strongly insist

* Sproat: "Scenes and Studies of Savage Life," p. 101.

that the future son-in-law should be of such strength and vigour in war and all active exercises as befits the head of a family in a nation where the weaker invariably goes to the wall. How would some of our fond lovers like the following shibboleth of their manhood? In front of the house of the head chief of Clayoquet, on the western shores of Vancouver Island, is a large stone. When a young man—or, for the matter of that, any man—proposes for one of this Western Spartan's daughters—he is politely pointed to the large stone, and if he cannot lift and carry it, he is, with sneers and contempt, dismissed as ineligible to woo such a dignitary's



SCENE IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

daughter. The wife is in most cases kindly treated, the husband seldom beating her, except when intoxicated, and though a drudge, yet she has a voice in every bargain, and prudent travellers are generally wise enough to buy her good will before commencing to transact business with the husband. I usually did so by making small presents to the children, for by this means I accomplished my purpose of gaining the goodwill of the mother without risking the chance of the irate husband's jealousy. Very curiously, a chief is always expected to marry out of the tribe, and generally to take his wives from different tribes, for the purpose of making peace with powerful septs, and, as is intended by our Royal Marriage Act, to prevent undue influence being exerted over him by any one particular family in his own tribe. Among the northern tribes no person is allowed to marry one of his own crest, *i.e.*, one of a certain number of persons who live under the guardianship of the same animal, &c., or, as it is called

among most of the Ojibway and other American tribes, whose history has been frequently written, the *totem*.* Again, in every Indian tribe with which I am acquainted, the relationship of the children goes with the mother. The same law prevails in the Sandwich Islands,† both people giving the same reason for it. The shrewdness is more to be admired than the state of morals into which it gives an insight. It is easy enough, they say, to know who a person's mother is, but the father's case is proverbially different. Hence, also, the custom of "Borough English."

Totems are quite analogous to the escutcheons of more civilised people. Some families adopt the crow, some the beaver, others the wolf, the whale, the fox, the deer, and so on. An Indian once told me, "Oh, you white people are no better than we. My *totem* is the eagle. Why, the Boston men's (Americans) is just the same. You King George men (Englishmen) adopt a big cat (a lion) as yours. It is your *totem*, is it not?" These *totems* are painted on their boxes, paddles, canoes, blankets, and various domestic utensils, being often curiously quartered and interlaced after a pattern which it is difficult for a white to understand, and perhaps just as difficult for the Indians to explain. Among the north-west tribes, in the vicinity of Fort Simpson, and northward along the Alaskan coasts and on to the Queen Charlotte Islands (Hydahs), these pieces of heraldry are more attended to than among the less handsome, less warlike, and less intellectual flat-headed tribes of the south. Among the northern tribes the "arms" are elaborately engraved on large copper plates, from three to five feet in length and about two in breadth—rather concavo-convex, and with an hour-glass construction in the middle. These plates are very highly valued, and are often heirlooms in the family. One which the chief of a small tribe at the northern end of the Queen Charlotte Islands possesses he values at 800 blankets, or between £300 and £400 sterling. They are, many of them, made of virgin copper, which is found in that region; but the Indians have a notion that the material was vomited out by some great fish which lives in the northern seas. Of late a good number of these plates have been sold to them by the Hudson's Bay and Imperial Fur Companies, and, of course, are of smelted copper. The possessors of such "coppers" are, however, looked upon with supercilious contempt by the owners of the original fish-vomited ones. When I visited the Queen Charlotte Islands, Skidegate, the chief of the tribe of that name (and an unmitigated scoundrel), nearly killed an Indian boy, an interpreter of ours, because the boy had attempted to lower the dignity of the lord of the soil, by hinting to us that he was a mere parvenu, his copper having only been bought in Victoria, where it was made out of the old sheathing of a ship. The reason why they have adopted this system of *totems* is, that intermarriage may be thereby prevented among people of too close consanguinity, and in order that people of the same kindred may support in times of scarcity, sickness, or in old age, the members of their own *totem*. Members of the same tribe do intermarry, *i.e.*, unless they be chiefs, but those of the same crest are prohibited from so doing under any circumstances. The child always takes the mother's crest; accordingly, if a mother is a *whale*, all the children are whales; if a *frog* or a *deer*, all frogs or deer. Among these people feasts are given for the cementing of friendships, or for the purpose of securing it and allaying angry strife. Accordingly, people of the same crest are not invited to one of these fishy banquets,

* This word, which has now got almost anglicised, is apparently only the Ojibway word *totaim*, a tribe. The Hydah Islanders' "coppers" are illustrated by Swan in "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," Vol. XXI, 1876.

† And among many other tribes; see Bachofen; "Das Mutterrecht," p. xxvii.

it being taken for granted that relatives will always agree, and that accordingly the panacea of a dinner need not be thrown away upon them. As Indian family love is not very different from the "love of kinsmen" nearer home, the reader will scarcely require to be told that this supposition is more a theory than an experience-supported fact. No Indian would think of killing the animal which he had adopted as his *totem*. Indeed, if any one kills such an animal in his presence, he will cover his face with his hands, horrified at the sacrilegious deed, and will compel the offender to solace his wounded feelings by some substantial reparation, the offence being not so much the killing of the animal as the affront of killing it in the presence of the person whose *totem* it is.

When an Indian, in his own good pleasure, chooses to exhibit his arms in public, long-established customs compel the passers-by to cast gifts before them—those gifts being proportionate to the means or rank of the donor. Accordingly if a greedy, mischievous, or needy Indian paints his *totem* on his forehead or canoe, or embroiders it in worsted on his blanket or sleeve, there is nothing for it but to present gifts to him, or to his *totem*, which amounts to the same thing. Rumour has it that there are certain chivalrous gentlemen among our North-western friends who are not above making a business of thus sporting their armorial bearings in public!

BIRTH CUSTOMS: IMPROVEMENTS ON NATURE.

An Indian woman early arrives at maturity, but soon ceases to have children.* In fact, Indian women have little middle age, they soon get old and haggard-looking; the old women look hags indeed. They have rarely more than five children, who are kindly treated, though not unfrequently of late years the boy will be killed and the girl saved, because she can be sold afterwards in marriage. One of twins is almost invariably killed. Children are nursed to the age of about two years, or until another is born. They are rarely if ever chastised; indeed, to whip refractory children is by savages looked upon as very cruel, and the sign of an unnatural mother. The girl, as she grows up, is gradually initiated by the mother into all the duties of her condition, and the boy by his father into his, being taken out by him on his hunting and fishing excursions, holding the torch while his father spears the salmon at night, keeping the canoe "on" while the halibut-fishing is proceeding, and so forth. Girls are often married when twelve years of age. When the mother considers that the young lady ought to be looking out for a husband, she makes her retire into the woods fasting, and concealed from the light of the sun or human gaze for as long a period as it is possible for her to endure. On her return she wears for some days in her ears large flat pendants composed of the *lioqua* shell (*Dentalium preciosum*) as a sign that she is now marriageable—a hint to all eligible young men. Among the Snakes in Oregon and Idaho it is said that the women are set to dig a trench as a sign of the same period of life having arrived, and among the Klamaths in Southern Oregon the women erect those curious piles of stones you can see perched upon precipices and every conspicuous place through the country, for the same reason. Years, however, before this denouement arrives, an operation very necessary

* Before the child is born the woman lives in a hut apart by herself, a custom common to the Kaffirs of Central Asia and other people. The child is generally named after some relative, but changes its name frequently in the course of its life.

(to them) has to be performed. This is the well-known flattening of the forehead, the method of performing which is by means of pads, while the whole of the body of the child, with the exception of openings for the operations of nature, is swaddled and bound to a board, which is at once its cradle and bed. The cradle is only a hollowed piece of wood, or among the interior tribes, is made of cypress bark. The mother laces it in there by a cord passed from side to side, a small piece of wood covered with teased bark serving for a pillow. Some of the interior



INDIANS FROM THE LOWER FRASER, SHOWING THE FLATTENED FOREHEAD, AND THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE UNDERGOING THE FLATTENING PROCESS.

tribes have bells attached to this cradle, and the tinkling sound has a pleasing effect when heard in the lonely wilds. When the mother is travelling she carries the cradle and its contents on her back in an upright position, the child's head just appearing over the mother's shoulder. When she is working she will hang it to the pliant branch of a tree, allowing the wind to rock it, or if more convenient, to a flexible pole stuck in the ground. This is a common way of suspending the cradle inside the lodge, the mother every now and again giving the cradle a swing to send baby to sleep. It is said that some of the interior tribes—more especially to the east of the Rocky Mountains—when children die, put them in some lake or pond in their cradles,

and leave them to float about; ever after this the water is regarded as sacred.* Among some of these flat-headed tribes a curious custom prevails. If the child dies the mother puts a bunch of black feathers into the place which it occupied in the cradle, and for a year, or even more, pays all the attention to this which she would have paid to her child if living.

The Koskeemos, a tribe living on the north-west coast of Vancouver Island, adopt a still more extraordinary method of deformity—viz., bandaging the head of the women into a cone-shaped form, until, as in a skull in my collection,† it attains almost hideous proportions. The girl to which it belonged while in life measured eighteen inches from the symphysis of the



MURA INDIAN (SOUTH AMERICA), WITH TEETH-"ORNAMENTS" THROUGH THE LIPS AND TATTOOING ON THE CHEEKS.

lower jaw to the crown of the head. Among this tribe the men have only the usual head-flattening—a flattening which, however, is always carried to greater excess in the females than in the men in all the tribes. It prevails among all the coast tribes, and their allies living up the great rivers for a little way, and also among a few scattered tribes in the interior, who may probably at a remote period have been members of the same family, from lat. 45° N. to Milbank Sound, lat. 53° N. It was also at one time common amongst the Choctaws and Chicksaws of the Mississippi. Northward of this line, among the Queen Charlotte Islanders and their allies, the head assumes a squarish form from being compressed from above. This deformity of the skull does not at all, as far as my observation has gone, injure the brain, the cerebral matter not

* Mayne, "British Columbia," p. 303. † Now in the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

being crushed or destroyed, but only forced into another portion of the cranium. It is looked upon as a sign of great servility if the head is not manipulated. I have heard one little Indian boy shouting to another, "Oh! your mother was too lazy to flatten your head!" and the youngster would retreat into the paternal lodge, there to brood over his wrongs. The heads of the children of slaves are not allowed to be treated in this manner, and hence I cannot agree with that excellent and generally accurate writer—Mr. Sproat—that it is not a mark of free birth. Beyond this *outré* deformity they do not much affect otherwise to improve on nature. Tattooing the face and hands to a very slight extent is prevalent amongst the Hydahs (Queen Charlotte Islanders), and a few other northern tribes, though among the Indians in Southern Oregon, &c., it is more common. Painting the face in red and black streaks, and down the seam of the hair, is almost universal on any high occasion. In the summer-time, to protect it from the sun, the women will often smear their faces with blood and grease, and the Diggers of California and Southern Oregon, when mourning, cover the lower portion of their faces with a much less savoury substance—viz., the pitch of trees. The women look, with their chins covered with this black substance, like bearded ogres, and on the whole one cannot praise the taste of the beaux who admire this extraordinary disfiguration of an otherwise rather comely face. Earrings, rings, and nose-pendants of shells (*Dentalium* and pieces of *Haliotis*) are very common. Sometimes, what with repeated fittings in of more eligible nose-pendants, and taking them out again to sell when the world or the gambling-blanket deals unkindly with them, the hole in the septum of the nose gets so enlarged that I have seen a man more than once, when wishing to put his clay pipe out of the way temporarily, stick it through the septum of his nose, and this was done so unconcernedly that it seemed to be a regular habit of his. The women are very fond of vermilion to paint their faces with, though in some tribes the women cease to paint after twenty-five—a contrast to what obtains among the females of more civilised nations, with whom (we are credibly informed) the era of rouge commences instead of ceasing at a late period of life. The men sometimes blacken their faces as a sign of mourning, but this differs from the war-paint. In the latter case the faces of the warriors are painted all black, and that of the leader in stripes, while in mourning-paint the circle round the eyes is left unpainted. It is only the Hydahs and their allies that adopt the curious lip-ornaments (p. 48) which I am about to describe. The lower lip is the one which is selected to be disfigured by the insertion of a bone instrument, concave externally and internally, and more than an inch long and about half an inch broad, the result of which is to cause the lip to protrude like a shelf, exposing the interior, and completely concealing the exterior of it. The result is that in our eyes nothing—not even the labrets of lapis lazuli used by some Eskimo, and the lip and cheek studs of other races (pp. 89, 92), can be uglier, though, curiously enough, the wild Botucudos of Brazil adopt an almost identical method of improving on nature. The Hydah women, however, are the only members of the nation who practise this, and until recent periods it was looked upon as a mark of the very lowest breeding to be without this labial "ornament." They commence to get it inserted when very young, in the form of a metal tube, gradually increasing the size of the ornament until it flourishes in all its full-sized ugliness. When a young and an old woman quarrel, the elderly dame will reproach the younger with her youth, inexperience, and general ignorance, pointing, were further proof necessary, to the inferior size of her lip. I have heard it often asserted

that an old woman will allow her food to remain on this *shelf* until it is sufficiently cooled, when she will empty the natural platter into her mouth. To witness an old hag with this "ornament" in her lip, attempting to whistle, is to witness one of the most ludicrously hideous feats in the world. I have seen some stick a pin through the lower lip, and young girls who cannot make up their minds to wholly dispense with it, compromise by putting a short silver tube, about an inch long and the thickness of a crow quill, in its place. However, of late years the young ones have been giving it up, finding it is not agreeable to their Caucasian admirers.

This propensity to improve upon nature is a curious trait of savages or of civilised people with barbarous tastes. We shall see by-and-by that many races temporarily mutilate themselves of their luxuriant locks in order to give adequate expression to the sorrow which they are supposed to be enduring. For instance, the Brazilian Coroados shave their crowns; the Manchus and some North American Indians grow a pigtail; the Leper Islanders of New Hebrides twist their hair into long ringlets with strips of bark; the Andaman Islanders shave their heads, &c. In Africa and elsewhere the teeth are often ground for purposes of ornamentation into sharp points. Long finger-nails are commonly considered signs of the proprietor being exempt from the necessity of manual labour. A Hottentot mother flattens the naturally flat nose of her baby, and in ancient times a little Persian prince had a bold aquiline nose shaped for him, even though fortune had denied him this much-coveted feature. The country of the skull compressors is, however, we have seen, the region we are now studying. But Hippocrates mentions that the Makrokephali, or "long-headed" people of the Black Sea region, also adopted this custom. Again, among the Greeks of Constantinople it became the fashion to mould the oval skulls of the Hellenic babies into the broad form prevalent among the Tartar or Turkish conquerors. Relics of such barbarism, Dr. Tylor informs us, still linger in the midst of civilisation, since the nurses of Normandy were until recently—and are probably to this day—giving the children's heads a sugar-loaf shape by bandages or a tight cap, while in Brittany they preferred to press it round.*

Superficial travellers often remark how few deformed, sickly, or even maimed people are seen among savages—Indians, for instance—and point to the fact (for fact it is) as a proof of the healthiness of the race, or of the facility which they have in overcoming any sickness or bodily infirmity. No fact could be truer, no conclusion more erroneous. Among a savage people there is a "struggle for existence," and the weakly and sickly go to the wall, while the strong survive. The Indian baby swinging in its board cradle in the tree, or on its mother's back, to

* "Anthropology" (1881), pp. 240—241. The Hydahs, of whom in the earlier editions of this work I gave a fuller account, have been several times incidentally referred to as among the most intelligent and handsomest of the North American races, though also one of those who most perseveringly attempt to make themselves as ugly as possible. The space, however, demanded by the many tribes, and by the results of the researches which during the last ten years have come to the front, will prevent me from relating my experiences in 1866 among these curious inhabitants of the off-lying British Columbian Islands. Mr. Swan's treatise ("Smithsonian Contribution to Knowledge," No. 267), and still more recently Dr. Dawson's monograph in "Report of Progress of the Geological Survey of Canada," 1873—79, render this detail almost unnecessary. The reader may also be referred to my paper in *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* (1869), and Petermann's "Geographische Mittheilungen" (1870), Swan's "Three Years in Washington Territory" (1857), "Indians of Cape Flattery" (Smithsonian Contributions, No. 220), Dall's "Contributions to North American Ethnology" (1877—81), and Bancroft's encyclopædic, though, in many cases, extremely inaccurate, compilation on the North-Western Indians.



INDIANS OF THE RIO OERMEJO (BRAZIL), SHOWING EAR AND LIP ORNAMENTS IN WOOD, LIKE THOSE
OF THE HYDAHS IN QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.

the sound of tinkling bells, must ever take its risk of many a mishap from which the civilised child is exempt, before its hope of handling a bow or a paddle is a matter of the slightest certainty. It was calculated (probably by some fur-dealer who had given them credit) that the life of an Indian of the Sioux tribe—a race much given to war—was only worth on an average seven years after he had attained manhood. Yet if an Indian has a fair chance he will often attain a good old age.

This longevity is, however, on the wane since the advent of white civilisation and European vice—both of which, *pari passu*, are gradually permeating through the tribes. In Hudson's Bay and elsewhere it is said that when an Indian wishes to live to a very old age, he prays that he may live until his hair turns grey, considering that if his petition is granted he may reckon himself sure of something approaching to immortality. On the Pacific coast, however, this greyness of the hair is not rare, even among Indians not much advanced in years, though it must be acknowledged that grey hair is much rarer among them than among the whites.

BURIAL CUSTOMS.

When an Indian is about to die, and the medicine-men have given him over, his coffin—a square box—is introduced, and along with it a fir branch, not unlike a Christmas tree, strewed with downy feathers, both of which are set down beside him. What the meaning of the feathers is it is hard to say. They are used plentifully in all their feasts, being scattered after the dancers. Possibly in this case they may have some reference to Psyche, the spirit—souls being supposed to go into birds. The moment life is extinct (and sometimes before, of which more anon), a couple of men, whose services have been previously secured, and who are anxious to earn something, will double up the body into this box, in a position not unlike that of the Inca mummies found in jars in Peru, and nail it down. We have supposed, as is most commonly the case, that the body is to be buried in a box. There are, however, several other methods of sepulture in use among the coast Indians. These are, first, placing the bodies in boxes up trees. Around the tree are hung blankets and other property; and it is quite weird-like to pass through a gloomy primeval forest and see the grave-boxes fastened overhead, or perhaps—the cedar-bark cords having given way—to find the ghastly remains lying under the tree (p. 96). Such is their horror of a dead body, or desire to squeeze it into the box before the corpse gets stiffened, that not unfrequently it is put into the coffin before life is extinct. In support of this I may relate a curious anecdote of an incident which befel a friend of the author's, a well-known and most trustworthy officer of the Hudson's Bay Company. Walking one day near an Indian village, he heard faint cries in the direction of the dense foliage of a fir. Examining more closely, he satisfied himself that they came from a coffin-box which had been recently placed there. Wondering what could be the matter, my friend climbed up, at the risk of being surprised by the Indians and suffering the penalty of meddling with the dead, and, wrenching off the lid, was horrified to see a young man raise himself up and look round in bewilderment. The poor fellow was well known to the trader, and had been put into the box while in a trance. Though much injured, he managed to get down the tree, and to the horror and astonishment of the Indians walked into the village, where, for all I know to the contrary, he is yet living.

The second method is to put the box into a little tent or house, with trinkets and household implements around, the box itself being supported on trestles. I have often been attracted during my lonely canoe voyages among the gloomy and solitary scenery of the islands of Puget Sound by what I thought to be a settler's house, but which turned out to be only the last receptacle of the dead. On one occasion I was travelling on foot down the banks of the Fraser River, and was delighted to see what I thought a pioneer hut, with the owner, his wife, and boy sitting on a bench in front of the door. The wife appeared to be knitting some description of mat, and the husband had his rifle over his knee. Hailing them repeatedly and getting no answer, I climbed up the cliff, and found that I had been hallooing to three figures carved out of wood—their bodies lying inside the hut. It was an Indian grave. Since the advent of the whites, the Indians, sad to relate, have been forced to put the property over the graves in such a condition that it should not tempt some economical but irreverential settler to furnish his house from the Indian cemetery. Accordingly, it will be found that in almost every case the looking-glasses have holes punched in them, the kettles broken, and so on. At one time they used to bury money—often large sums—with the bodies. I expect this custom is discontinued, the Indian now knowing better what to do with his coin. At Boston Bar, on the Fraser, is a great burial-ground of this description, and on the Douglas Portage, in British Columbia, is one where numerous banners and muskets are suspended on trees and poles. I had the curiosity to examine some of these muskets, and invariably found them to want the locks. Sometimes the coffin is placed in the open air, on pillars curiously carved with figures of owls or other birds, or into human semblance, some of these sculptures being most obscene. At other times a bird is carved in wood as if in the act of flying from the edge of the box; perhaps this may refer to some idea of the soul escaping after death. A third method is "burying" (if it can be so called) the body in a canoe. On an island in the Columbia River there used to be quite a collection of canoes with such freights; and Deadman's Island, in Victoria Harbour, is another place where many of the bodies were placed in canoes. The fourth method is to burn the body and either bury or hang up the ashes in the lodge. This is partially practised by the Tsimseans, the Hydahs, the Takali, and most of the Southern Oregonian and Californian tribes. With the body are burnt the deceased's broken canoes and such of his blankets as are not sold. Inquiring of a medicine-man of the Klamaths if the object of this was to afford the grandee burnt material for a comfortable sojourn in the other world, I was assured that the sole intention was simply to put everything belonging to the dead man out of sight, so that they might have no temptation to remember him, and therefore not offend the dead by mentioning his name. Indians think that it is unlucky to mention the name of a dead person, and though you may talk about him as much as you like, yet it must only be as "that dead man," or some circumlocutory name. This desire to destroy all traces of the dead cannot be universal, because the northern tribes flaunt mementoes of them about the grave, and even erect monuments in the shape of figures of wood in the close vicinity of their lodges. We therefore may still cherish the more poetical idea that it has something to do with their condition in the land of spirits. It not unfrequently, however, happens that when people get old and helpless, their friends will take them out into the forest, and expose them where, if death does not soon relieve them, the wolves will. During the small-pox panic, bodies were

often left thus, and arriving in Vancouver Island soon after the epidemic of 1862, I frequently came across the ghastly remains of these victims in my rambles through the woods in the neighbourhood of Victoria. As lately as the month of January, 1872, the small-pox again decimated the southern tribes, and I learn from my correspondents in the country that victims were often left to die or were tossed into the harbour, and that the Government was compelled to undertake their burial. At one time the inmates would desert a lodge in which any one had died. Slaves were also killed at the death of a great chief, but this custom has now been almost quite abandoned. An Indian grave-place has generally a melancholy and forbidding appearance, though sometimes, as in the case of the burial-ground at Boston Bar, with its streaming banners, a contrary effect is produced. Fragments of old canoes, boxes, boards, paddles, blankets, &c., litter the ground, and lie in rags on the bushes or among the long grass and nettles. The scene may be thus truthfully described, in the words of Mr. Sproat:—"Here and there rude coloured wooden carvings are placed near the bodies of chiefs. The labour of carving these images, when a sharp shell or a piece of bone was the only instrument used, must have been great. You may see a wooden image which stands grimly contemplating the skull of an enemy placed in his hand; another, famous as a speaker in his lifetime, is represented with an outstretched arm; a third grasps a wolf. I once saw canoes daily visiting at twilight, for several weeks, one of these burying-places, where they remained till past midnight. The visitors lighted a great fire, and fed it with oil, resinous pine sticks, and other combustible materials, and they wailed loudly at intervals during the whole time. The death and burial of the deceased, who in this case was a person of high rank, were thus described to me:—The whole tribe had assembled in the house, and a friend of the sick person in a loud and grave tone announced that his relative was breathing his last. He then recounted his generous acts and deeds of daring, and intimated that the dying man wished to bequeath all his personal effects to his tribe. There was a contrast between the voice and appearance of this chief and the poor creature who lay on a few mats, breathing heavily, his eyes glazed and his features pinched and pallid from disease and exhaustion. The distribution next began, in which each person shared according to his rank. About an hour after life had departed, messengers went round to the different houses to give notice of the funeral. All the women in the village began to wail loudly; the men remained stern, sad, and silent. The corpse, wrapped in a blue blanket, was put into a canoe, which moved slowly from the shore, accompanied by about ninety canoes. Having reached an islet, a native climbed a large tree, and after various ceremonies, the body was hoisted up and secured to a lofty branch. Long speeches were afterwards made in praise of the deceased, whose death it was stated should be honoured by a human sacrifice. A small neighbouring tributary tribe was accordingly visited by an armed party, which returned in a day or two with several heads. These, it was stated, had not been taken by force, but had been demanded and given as a necessary sacrifice on the occasion of this great warrior's death. Such human sacrifices are now, happily, of rare occurrence." These natives on the west coast, the same close observer remarks, have periods of mourning, but whether of definite duration or dependent on the will of the mourner, could not be accurately ascertained. They cut their hair as a mark of respect for the dead. The men seek solitude while mourning, but the women display their grief openly. In their houses the women often talk about friends who have died—how they were respected, what great things they did, how good they were—but always without directly mentioning the



MANDAN BURIAL GROUND.

persons by name. During these conversations the men become sad—these occasions occurring at intervals, often for as much as four or five years after the death of the person spoken of—and the old women go outside and sit wailing for days. It seems odd to our notions that a woman should sit by herself, crying for so long a time without any one taking the least notice of her. “The men do not indulge in such long-drawn-out sorrow; but their grief is sharp, as they have strong natural affections. I remember an old Ohyaht grieving for his eldest son, who was drowned. The mourner’s hair was cut close, the body and face blackened, tattered blankets wrapped round him (sackcloth, indeed, and ashes!) and all the while he piteously wept. There is a heart-rending expression in an Indian’s grave, hard face distorted by grief. Tears did not often come to his relief, and now and then he ceased his wail and sat still, all his emotion contracted into one long cry of woe. The body of the son had not been found, and the old man, with a few friends, carried to a resting-place in the forest two cedar boards—a sort of bier, I suppose—on one of which was a small porpoise, over which was placed the other board, which bore the roughly-traced effigy of a man. After the funeral, the bereaved father divided all his own property among those present.”

Widows are in most tribes allowed to marry again, after the usual howling over the grave in plaintive cadence is finished, if they are lucky enough to secure a husband; but among the Takali or Carrier tribe, in British Columbia, she must carry her husband’s ashes on her back for seven years, after which she is free to marry again. The position of a widow is, however, by no means an enviable one, unless she has property of her own, or compensating advantages of rank or influence. The eldest son takes all the property of the father, which has not been given away or destroyed at his death, and the mother must shift as best she can. She is often neglected by her children, for filial regard is not one of the most prominent virtues of these people. Among some tribes it is usual for a well-to-do man to take a widow and her children into his house, if she is wholly destitute. The children are treated as little better than slaves, and in time come to be regarded as such entirely, though they cannot be sold out of the tribe.

Some very remarkable men have occasionally arisen among these coast tribes. Such a one was Lechi, who roused up all the Indian tribes of Washington Territory and Oregon to war against the whites in 1855, and for two years they waged a warfare which nearly exterminated the whites of that country; though, to the honour of the English be it spoken, no Hudson’s Bay Company’s servant or officer was killed except one, and he only by accident. Everywhere this remarkable man passed among the Indian tribes, “like night, from land to land,” exciting them by telling them that the whites were driving them to a land where all was darkness, where the rivers flowed mud, and where the bite of a mosquito wounded like the stroke of a spear. Such was the force of his character that in one day the Indian tribes over an immense extent of country rose almost as one man.*

Another most remarkable man was Tsosieten, war chief of Taitka, now—if not dead—a very aged man. In old times his prowess in war was sung along the coast for many a

* He was afterwards executed at Steilacoom. His coadjutor “Neilson” was also supposed to have been killed by the “friendly” Indians, but I have reason to know that in 1866 at least he was still alive, skulking about Black River. The head which was brought in as his by old Sanawa, the Snoqualami chief, was only that of a slave of the latter, who was very like Neilson, and was accordingly decapitated, so that the reward might be obtained!

league, and still lives in the memory of the neighbouring tribes, whose terror he was. War after war he waged with them, until the whole coast paid tribute to him, and he really did not know his wealth in slaves and blankets. Sometimes he would buy slaves—if captives from the more distant tribes, so much the better—give them canoes and provisions, and set them off to their homes. Then everybody would gather round and eagerly ask, “Oh! who bought you and set you free?” “Tsosieten bought me and set me free.” Then great was the name of Tsosieten. In “piping times of peace” he lived on “Indian Island,” in a stockaded fort armed with cannon which he had bought from the Imperial Fur Company in Russian America, and inside its pickets was the village of his chosen warriors. Alas!—*sic transit gloria mundi*—blind and helpless, last of his name, when I last saw him he still lived in his ruined fort, with only the recollections of his former deeds to console him. “They all call themselves chiefs nowadays,” he said bitterly to me. “I am the only chief!” Tsosieten, even in his own day, had his rival among his own people, and for years the thought made his life bitter. This rival was Tsohailum, chief of Quamichan. Tsohailum was once but a poor boy, a slave’s son, despised by all. Gradually the boy distinguished himself, and was allowed to join Tsosieten’s great war-parties, when he did such doughty deeds that, on the death of the chief of Quamichan, they elected him in his stead, the heir being but a sickly boy. Tsohailum was never seen to smile, and carried a knife in his breast day and night. So afraid was he of treachery, that he never slept in the same part of his lodge two nights running, and would often get up and lie down in another part, afraid of the midnight assassin. He grew so powerful that when he wanted a wife he didn’t go begging like common people, but sent an envoy, and he was rarely unsuccessful, for all men feared Tsohailum, or were anxious to get connected with him. If a refusal did come, war was declared. Many stories are told of his daring. On one occasion, when visiting some of his relations on the British Columbia shore, there was much talk of the bravery of his rivals, the Nuchultaws, of whom he affected to speak lightly. His brothers-in-law rather sneering at him, to show his daring, he offered to cross with a single companion in a little canoe to the Nuchultaw village in broad daylight, and bring back a head or die. The offer was accepted, and after paddling for half a day, they approached the village. Nobody appeared about, except two men on the beach, who ran to the lodges for arms at the sight of strange warriors. He followed, and soon brought one down. Seizing his other musket, he shot the other just at his lodge door. In a trice their heads were off, and Tsohailum was back to the canoe before the affrighted villagers could recover from their surprise. Shouting his dreaded name, he and his companion sprang to their paddles, and shot out of sight. Pursuit was soon given, but in vain, and by night the daring pair reached their village in triumph, after having accomplished their dangerous feat. On another occasion, he went to attack the Classaht village, near Cape Flattery. It was dark when he and his warriors arrived, and nobody was about. Tsohailum, tired of waiting for a head (for he had only one canoe), against the remonstrances of his people, climbed on to the roof of one of the lodges, pushed the boards aside, and dropped in among his sleeping enemies. Listening for the breathing, he approached and severed a head, and escaped out as he had entered, just as the village was alarmed, and the men poured out in affright. Tsohailum was, however, by this time well on his way home, and had added one more to his many feats. He built a great lodge, and in his pomp invited all the tribes to help to erect the pillars—the greatest ever

seen. His poor old father, once a slave, looked on in pride. "Now," said Tsohailum to him, "I am a great man just now, and so are you; but some day I shall get killed, and then you will be nobody, and when you die will be buried accordingly. *Better let me kill you;* then there will be many blankets given away, and canoes and muskets, and you will be buried like a great chief." The old fellow, much to his son's disgust, declared that he thought he would like to take his chance. Yet, with all his power, he was unfortunate in affairs matrimonial—as, indeed, might be expected from the very summary method of wooing he adopted. One night he surprised one of his wives *in flagrante delicto*. Without saying a word, he killed the lover; then, cutting off his head, he tossed it outside the door. While the lodges were roused by the screams of the paramour, Tsohailum drew his long knife several times across the soles of his wife's feet, saying, as she limped outside, "Now go home to your father's house, you strumpet!" He said he would never stoop to kill a woman. Tsohailum used to boast that if ever he was killed, it would not be by a man, but by a woman, a boy, or an idiot, but that the bullet which would end his career had not yet been cast. His end was approaching. His power and pride grew so great that he closed the Cowichan River, from time immemorial the common canoe-way of different tribes, all friendly with him. None but those of his own tribe, he said, should pass in front of his door. Now this was infringing on the right of way, and nobody looks upon this more jealously than the Indian; so treachery began to hatch for him. "He is too proud, Tsohailum, now," the old people and the young people all alike said; "he is too powerful." On an island not far from the mouth of the Cowichan River lived a small tribe called the Lamalchas, mostly runaway slaves of Tsosieten, whose existence was merely tolerated. If a Lamalcha had a pretty daughter or wife, she was taken from him, and he himself treated as a slave. Now, a rumour came to the ears of Tsohailum that the Lamalchas had been speaking evil of him, and saying that he wasn't such a big man as he pretended to be, and such-like calumny. In his wrath, Tsohailum declared that he would exterminate the dogs. Many volunteered to assist him, but he declared he would not take good men to dogs like they, but would do it himself, only taking enough men to paddle him. So he loaded his two muskets and lay down to sleep, telling his men to arouse him when he was in sight of the Lamalcha village. They exchanged glances, and gently raising his arms, they withdrew the charges and dropped the balls overboard. Suspecting nothing, Tsohailum was roused when in sight of the village, and the canoe drawn into a cove, where the paddlers remained. The Lamalcha "village" was only one very large lodge, and nobody was about in the heat of the day. Entering the doorway, he shouted his war-ery, "I am Tsohailum, chief of Quamichan," and at the dreaded cry the terrified inmates ran into a corner. Levelling his musket at the chief, he fired, and to the astonishment of himself and every one else, without effect. Seizing the other he again fired and missed. A woman who was sitting unperceived behind the high boards which formed the walls of the entrance, seeing this, threw the stick they dig up shell-fish with over his head, and held him back, crying, "Now you have got Tsohailum; he's bewitched!" The men then took courage, and rushed upon him with axes, and killed him who was looked upon as more than mortal. So Tsohailum's prophecy came true—he was killed by a woman at last. Then his old rival and master—Tsosieten—bought his head for five blankets, to kick about his village.

This fatalism is common among the Indians. A Flatbow chief declared that if he died it

would be by a wound in his little finger. This place he looked upon—like the heel of Achilles—as his only vulnerable point. It so happened that he was wounded there, and died of inflammation resulting therefrom.

The North-Western Indian is a thorough conservative; he is loth to change. What was good enough for his father is good enough for him. Why should he bother himself with change, unless it is absolutely forced on him? And so he stands still. The picture of the Nimpkish village in Vancouver's narrative, and of that in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, in Cook's volume, might stand for the portraits of the same villages at this day. Notwithstanding, also, the multiplicity of languages, they have not materially altered since the days of Cook, as the vocabulary of the Nootka language given in the account of that famous traveller's voyage of 1778 (the earliest date at which we hear of the Western Vancouver Indians), proves. In fact, the diversity of their dialects shows how stationary they are in particular spots, for if they moved about much their language would soon have varied, and altered altogether by the incorporation of words of foreign origin. Of course, an unwritten language will vary somewhat, but these North-Western languages have not altered to anything like the extent of those in the interior, especially to the east of the Rocky Mountains, where a missionary will form a vocabulary of a language, and come back twenty years afterwards and find it of no use to him. These wandering tribes go great distances to war, are often taken prisoners by other tribes, whose language they acquire, and, if they return home, partially introduce into their own tribes. Foreign wives (who naturally have much intercourse with the children), as well as slaves speaking other tongues, are also influential. In these and similar ways the languages of the plain Indians change, while, from the absence of like causes, those of the coast tribes are tolerably stable.

CHAPTER V.

RELIGION AND FOLKLORE OF THE NORTH-WESTERN INDIANS.

“Ye who love a nation's legends,
 Love the ballads of a people,
 That like voices from afar off
 Call to us to pause and listen,
 * * * * *
 Listen to this Indian Legend.
 Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
 Who have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe that in all ages
 Every human heart is human,
 * * * * *
 Listen to this simple story.”—*Longfellow*.

LOOKING at the smoke-dried, leathern-looking countenance of an old Indian sitting in front of his lodge, gazing at the river rushing past (though in all likelihood he is gazing on vacancy and thinking of nothing), you are very apt to ask, has he any joys and higher animation than

the merely animal, anything in the shape of religion—theology it cannot be styled—any pious feelings and aspirations; in this sensual *here*, anything of a more lasting and better *hereafter*? No merely passing traveller can give anything like a connected account of their superstitious tenets, and this will be the more apparent when I say that after residing among these races for several years, and my fellow-labourer (Mr. Sproat) an even more protracted period, with our minds constantly directed to this object, and ready to pick up the merest fragments of their religious belief, our combined knowledge is of the most imperfect character, and our ascertained facts only obtained with the utmost difficulty and at rare intervals. The race is so habitually suspicious of strangers, so afraid of ridicule, and so over-awed by things mysterious, that even when they do know facts bearing on this subject, they are very wary in enlightening you. The truth is, however, few of them—even the most intelligent men—have any very clear idea of a religious system, and no two of them agree on the subject. They have no priests (in the true sense of the term), whose duty and interest it is to perpetuate the remembrance of dogmas, rites, and creeds, and accordingly, as invariably happens under such a system, the people lapse into many beliefs, or into ignorance. Among the Western Vancouver Island Indians there is a credence in Quawteaht as the Supreme Being—the Originator of all things. A belief in this Being, under different names, is found throughout the Indian tribes all over the American continent. My old friend Quassoon, whose name figures frequently in these pages, and who was one of our chief informants, having accompanied both Mr. Sproat and myself on our exploratory or hunting tours, gave us this tradition of the origin of the Indians:—

The first Indian who ever lived was of short stature, and with very strong hairy arms and legs, and was named Quawteaht. Where he came from was not known, but he was the father of all the Aht or west coast Indians. Before his time birds, beasts, and fishes existed in the world. Quawteaht killed himself—why, the narrator could not say—but as he lay covered with vermin, a beneficent spirit, Tootah (the word for “thunder”), in the shape of a bird, came and put the vermin into a box, and Quawteaht revived, and looked about, but saw no one, as the bird had flown away. By-and-by the bird returned, and Quawteaht married her, and had a son, who was the forefather of all the Indians.

Quawteaht lived at Toquaht, and named all the tribes, who affix *ah*t to their tribal names, in honour of their great ancestor; though really this termination of the west coast names appears to be derived from *maht*, “a house.” At one time there must have been only a few tribes—collections of people from the same district in Asia, or speaking one language. Then a few families branched off here and there, for better fishing and hunting grounds, and in course of time increased and formed separate tribes; or some village would assert independent tribal rights, and in due time become in reality a distinct race, speaking a different dialect. In Vancouver Island, for instance, there are numerous small tribes, thirty or so in number, some of which appear once to have been much greater, while others do not appear to have ever exceeded their present numbers. Among the natives of the east coast of Vancouver Island, Quawteaht is called Hælse, and the same or similar stories are related of his doings. It was he who named all the tribes, and who taught men all the arts. Before his day men lived in holes in the ground, until he taught them to make an axe out of the elk’s horn, and cut down the cedar-trees and make board lodges. Formerly they could not fish, but only

caught salmon in immense weirs thrown across rivers, or at river-mouths. Hælse taught them to chisel out a canoe; but it was a fatal art, for then they went from home and engaged in war, and from that day to this the Indians have been on the decrease.

I could never clearly understand whether the east coast Indians believed that at one time all men were in the form of beasts, or whether they were in the form of men, but with the nature, habits, and disposition of certain animals. For instance, in the tradition of the contest for the chief's daughter (hereafter related), the different tribes are represented as coming in the form of wild animals—wolves, deer, bears, &c. Again, many of the traditions of Hælse represent him as coming to people, and requesting them to do certain favours for him, and on their refusing he converts them into beasts. Thus he converted a canoe-man on a lake into a beaver, for refusing to ferry him over. A fisher on the Coquitlam River, a tributary of the Fraser, was converted into a pillar of stone for refusing him salmon, and there the rock stands to this day, the monument of an inhospitable man. A similar tale is told of some pillars standing in the Stekin River, in Alaska; they are represented to be a chief and his family, who stole berries from the smaller tribes on the river bank. A woman was converted into a raven for refusing Hælse berries, and a boy who was swallowed by a whale, and vomited up again, was changed into a mink, because he refused him sea-eggs (*echini*). He was diving for them, but when this supernatural being came up, he was ashamed of his occupation, and said he had got them in his big canoe, so Hælse slapped his face, and threw water on him, when he was converted into the shape of that water-loving mammal. This slapping and throwing water on the person about to be metamorphosed are the constant accompaniments of all Hælse's acts of vengeance. It sounds like some of the "Grecian fables of sailors turned to swine," and occurs in a hundred different forms. Dr. Tolmie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who has lived in the country since 1836, informs me that the Flatheads (so called) of the Rocky Mountains believed before the adoption of the Catholic religion, that the sun was the Supreme Being, and that good men went there after death, while the bad remained near the earth, and troubled the living; while others supposed that the worthless ceased to exist at death. They also believed, in common with nearly every other tribe, that all animals, and at least the edible roots, were once human beings, and that the son of the sun came to earth, and compelled all these beings to swim across a lake of oil, on emerging from which they assumed their present form and peculiarities. The bear dived, and became fat; the goose did not dive, and therefore has only fat behind the neck; and so on. The sun is thus with them, as with many other Indian tribes, particularly those of the tropics, an object of worship; all of them hold it in reverence. The ancient Peruvians not only worshipped the sun, but, like their descendants, kept alive the sacred fire. It was entrusted to the care of the "virgins of the sun," and if by any accident it was allowed to go out, danger and disaster threatened the monarchy. A similar idea regarding the lodge-fires prevailed in America before the introduction of flint and steel, and matches.

The Flatheads of the Kootanie county and the Tsimseans of Fort Simpson, tribes living very remote from each other, think that when the son of the sun came on earth he was accompanied by a dog, though the latter do not say that the metamorphosis of human beings into beasts was accomplished by this supernatural being—who is, again, nothing more than Hælse of the Cowichans, &c. It seems almost as if they thought that all the beasts were made by this process out of men. The Indians themselves can give no intelligible explanation when you

point to the contradictory character of their stories; they only shake their head, and say that "no white man can understand these things." You have to be very careful not to be unintentionally imposed upon by them, for if an Indian sees that you wish information on a certain point, if leading questions are put to him, he will answer just as you wish, without absolutely intending to "sell" you. Among the Klamath Lake Indians in Southern Oregon, I found this Hælse and Quawteah̄t under the name of Kōmīkūnx-Kōmāsēyn, with much the same stories attached to him, altered, of course, according to climate, country, and the habits of the people. He is said to have come from the south. I was pointed out Komikunx's dog, and Komikunx's house, in the shape of knolls of rock on the prairies. "After he had made peace among the tribes he went away," were the quaint words of my informant. To the east of the Rocky Mountains, this Hælse, Quawteah̄t, Komikunx, or by whatever name he is called to the west of that range, is well known under the various names of Michabou, Chiabo, Nanahbozhoo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha, under which latter title Longfellow has made him familiar to the readers of his quaintly beautiful, but (for an ethnologist) somewhat *too poetical* poem of that name. Schoolcraft has given an account of this mythical personage in his "Algic Researches," Vol. I., p. 134, and in his elaborate "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States," Part III., p. 314, may be found the Iroquois version of the tradition. Among the Ojibways of Hudson's Bay I recognise the same myth under the name of Anina Boojō.* Hitherto students of mythology have only been acquainted with it as a tradition among the east of the Rocky Mountain tribes, but I believe that I have established it as a universal myth, originating out of that longing desire of all men, however rude, to recognise some originator and beginner of all things, and from a consciousness that the arts of peace cannot begin from within but from without. It is just possible, too, that the tales of Montezuma, among the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, may be another form of the same myth, and that it may be even traced among the ancient Peruvians to some extent, under the persons of Manco Ccapac and Mama Oello Huaco. We can find it in Asia among many wild and even civilised nations; in one case at least among the Assyrians in a form which has left its impress on the world's history.

They also worship other spirits or beings, though they make no images of these objects, at least as objects of worship. The carved figures which Cook saw, and called their gods, were only the wooden figures found generally around their lodges, often of a gigantic size, either as ornamental pillars to support the roof beams, or as monuments of the dead. There are spirits who preside over the woods, the salmon, &c., and you must be careful not to offend those. Yearly at Alberni there used to be a feast (called *klosh-quat-mat*) at the close of the autumn fishery, in honour of the salmon deity, when occasionally a person (a slave, I believe) was killed in the most cruel manner, and the people would dance round the body for several days, while it lay exposed on the beach. A distinguishing feature in this entertainment (which I have already described) was a pretended attack on the village by other Indians personating a band of wolves. Whether this had not something to do with the ideas regarding the transmigration of souls into other animals, or (as some of them say) in memory of a chief's

* Nevin's "Narrative of Two Voyages to Hudson's Bay, with Traditions of the North American Indians," p. 105 (1847). He is the Mexican "Quetzalcoatl," the Cree "Gepuchican," the Micmac "Glooscap," &c.

sons who long ago were carried off by wolves, I cannot decide. When men die, the all but universal belief among the Indians of the north-west coast is, that they go into birds—a sort of transmigration of souls. Owls are supposed to be the chief recipients of these spirits, and Indians are very careful not to mention the name of the dead. Often when encamped out in the woods with them at night, the Indians, in great affright, would draw over to my fire, and whisper that some one must have been talking about the dead. A woman once begged of me not to shoot a fine specimen of the great owl (*Bubo virginianus*, Bon.), because it contained the soul of her grandfather. Of course, I spared the lady's feelings. However, they have also, on the west coast of Vancouver Island at least, a belief in an after country of bliss, which they describe as a happy country, situated somewhere up in the sky, though not exactly over the earth. Everything there is beautiful and abundant. There a continual calm prevails, and the canoes float lightly on the sleeping waters; frost does not bind the rivers, and the snow never spreads its white blanket over the ground. In this pleasant country of continual sunshine and warmth and gladness it is believed that the high chiefs, and those natives who have been slain in battle, find their repose, the chiefs living in a large house as the guests of Quawteaht, and the slain in battle living in another house by themselves. Like Odin, he drives away the pauper and the bondsman from the doors of Walhalla. *Myalhi* is their word for the personification of sickness, and *Clay-her* for the personification of death. His country is quite the antipodes of Quawteaht's. It is generally regarded as the country to which all common people and slaves (unless slain in battle) go after death; and there they remain, as there is no passage to the martial and aristocratic elysium of Quawteaht's land. *Clay-her* is sometimes described as an old man, with a long grey beard, and a figure of flesh without bones, and is believed to wander at night, seeking men's souls, which he steals away, and unless the doctors recover them, the losers will die. In wishing death to any one, the natives blow and say, "*Clay-her*, come quick." A corresponding belief is that when a person is sick, his soul (*kouts-mah*) leaves his body, and goes into the country of *Clay-her*, but does not enter a house. If it enters, that is a sign that it has taken up its abode below for good, and the sick man dies. *Clay-her's* country is situated deep down in the earth, but it is very like the world we live in, with inferior houses, no salmon, and very small deer.* The blankets are thin and small, and therefore when the funeral obsequies are performed the friends of the dead, infused with a kindly scepticism regarding the landing of the deceased, often burn blankets, for by incinerating the blankets they send them to the departed in the world below. The heaven of the Indians—the happy hunting-grounds of story-book writers—(as of other people more civilised) is framed upon the idea of something pleasanter than the world they live in, though I cannot learn that there is much of Mahomet's paradise about it. The matter-of-fact character of the Indian is much happier in having an abundance of food and a good lodge, than in any enjoyments more refined or less innocent. The common medicine-man has no power over a soul demanded by *Clay-her*; but the higher one, or sorcerer, has the power of sending his own soul in pursuit of the descended soul of the sick man. If the mission is successful, the truant soul is brought back to the sorcerer, who throws it into the sick man's head, for the soul, they believe, dwells in the heart (*libuxti*), and also in the head (*weht*, "brain.") "My informant," Mr. Sproat

* Sproat, "Scenes and Studies of Savago Life," p. 213.

writes, "asked me if I had ever seen a soul, and said he had once seen his own, when at the close of a severe illness it was brought to him by the sorcerer, on the end of a small piece of stick, and thrown into his head!"



INDIAN MEDICINE-MEN IN MASKS AND MASQUERADE DRESSES.

To repeat all the religious beliefs of even one tribe would be tedious in the extreme, without any corresponding gain, because none of these beliefs are settled, but merely the vague fancies of individuals rather more intelligent than the general run of a race, which, though perhaps not cultivated or intellectual, is yet far from unthinking on such matters.

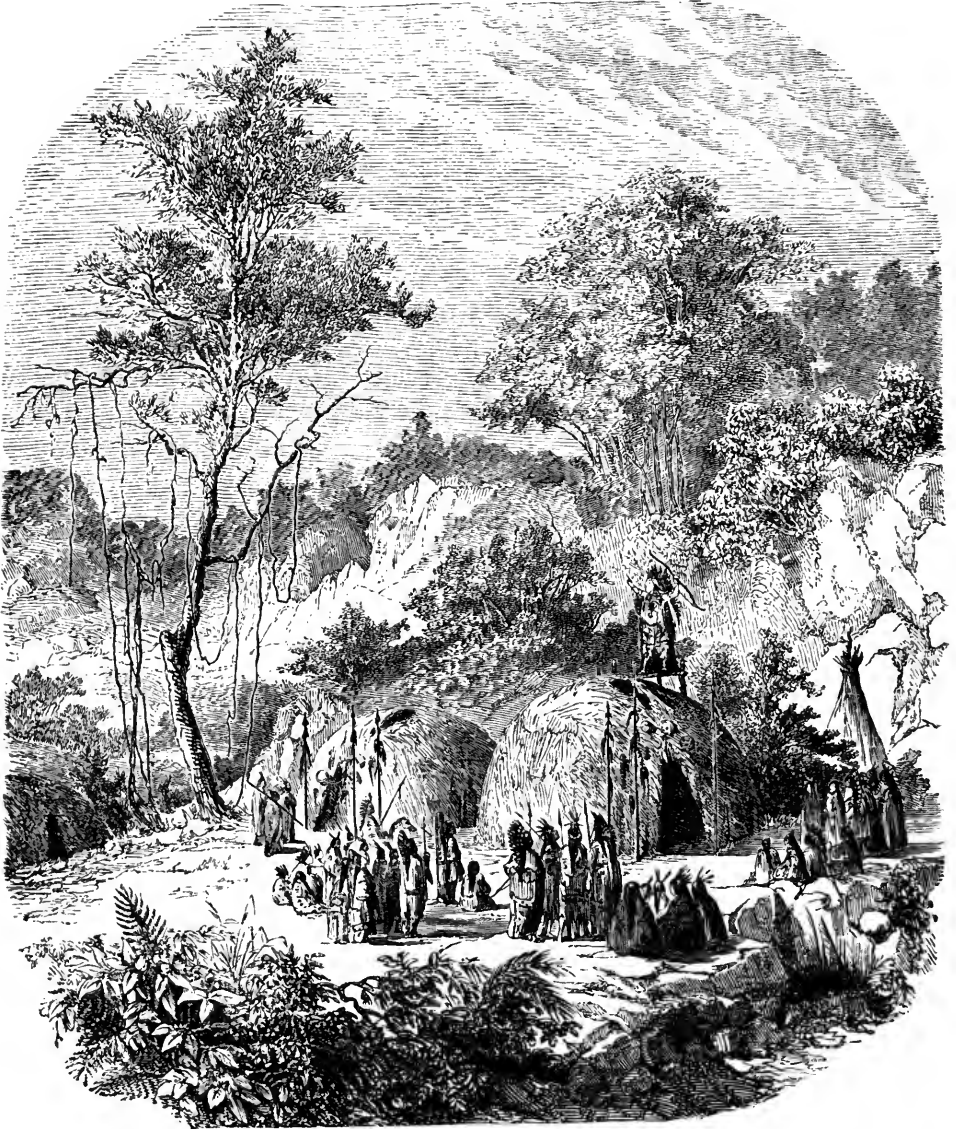
I have spoken of the "medicine-man;" let me now say a few words upon this prominent character among the Indians—sorcerer, priest, or whatever name is applied to the charlatan, so familiarly known to all readers of Indian stories. Though we have been in the habit of translating the Indian name for anything very strange or supernatural in their eyes into "medicine," yet the reader must not suppose that these people have any connection with medical practice, except in so far as it relates to incantations and "sorcery." Medicine, understood as the physician's art, is chiefly in the hands of old women—withered, wrinkled old hags, bearing a strong family likeness to the witches in "Macbeth," who, of course, superadd to it many incantations and charms. Indeed, they have little knowledge of any curative agents, but what little information, supposed or real, they do possess, I have given a summary of in another place.* These medicine-men seem to hold the office of wizards or "mediums" between the supernatural world and the Indians. They are generally the idlest and the sharpest fellows in the whole tribe, and by dint of imposing on the credulity of superstitious people, manage to make a very easy living from the more industrious. All of them, probably on the same principle that an habitual liar in course of time believes in his own often-repeated falsehoods, have more or less credence in their own power—a credulity which they share with the "witches" and "wizards" of all ages and countries. Among the northern tribes there are three grades of them, and to attain to the highest (*sic*) of these ranks is vouchsafed to few. During their exhibitions of prowess, the lowest grade eat the ordinary food of the people, the next dogs, whilst the "highest" will, while in the frenzied condition they work themselves into, tear human flesh. Mr. Duncan—who has done so much for the civilisation of the Tsimseans, on the northern coast of British Columbia—thus describes one of these horrible scenes. An old chief had killed a female, and the body was thrown into the sea:—"I saw crowds of people running out of their houses near to where the corpse was thrown, and forming themselves into groups at a good distance away. This I learned was from fear of what was to follow. Presently two bands of furious wretches appeared, each headed by a man in a state of nudity. They gave vent to the most unearthly sounds, and the two naked men made themselves look as unearthly as possible, proceeding in a creeping kind of stoop, and stepping like two proud horses, at the same time shooting forward each arm alternately, which they held out at full length for a little time, in the most defiant manner. Besides this, the frequent jerking of their heads backward, causing their long black hair to twist about, adding much to their savage appearance. For some time they pretended to be seeking the body, and the instant they came where it lay, they commenced screaming and rushing round it like so many angry wolves. Finally they seized it, dragged it out of the water, and laid it on the beach, where, I was told, the naked men would commence tearing it to pieces with their teeth. The two bands of men immediately surrounded them, and hid their horrid work. In a few minutes the crowd broke again into two, when each of the naked cannibals appeared with half of the body in his hands. Separating a few yards, they commenced, amid horrid yells, their still more horrid feast. The sight was too terrible to behold." There is also, I may here mention, among many of the Indian tribes, a secret fraternity, which looks suspiciously like

* *Transactions of the Edinburgh Botanical Society*, ix.; *Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions*, August and September, 1868.

freemasonry; indeed, I have heard a white man long resident among the Indians declare that it is nothing else. "Meetings are held at different places about once a year, in a house covered round on the inside with mats. All non-members and women are excluded. As many as seventy natives from the Vancouver shore, and also from the American side, have been known to attend one of these meetings. It is not a tribal, chiefs', nor a medicine-man's affair; these persons may or may not be members of the association, but unless they are members they are not permitted to enter the house, and seem to be quite ignorant of what is going on. A meeting sometimes lasts for five days. The members wash and paint themselves, and wear their best clean blankets, and now and then come out of the house to wash and put on clean paint. The proceedings inside the house are conducted in silence; there is no singing nor noise during the meeting of this secret association." Of this grade there were only two when I last heard from the north-west coast. They will often go into the woods for days together, fast (or pretend to fast), lacerate themselves with knives or thorns, and then rush naked into the village, yelling and vociferating in a manner so demoniacal that once heard it can never be forgot. All run from them in apparent or real fright, as they will bite any one who comes in their way. The women secrete their children, the slaves withdraw in terror, and the dogs are hastily called aside by their anxious mistresses; for dog, or slave—regarded as little better than dog, if encountered during this assumed frenzy—speedily falls a sacrifice. During the time the medicine-man is concealed in the woods, or elsewhere, working himself into this demoniacal state, often for a period of several days, every care is taken not to approach the suspected neighbourhood of his retreat. In the event of an intrusion, death even is the reported penalty if the unfortunate offender be a female or slave.* The wounds inflicted on those whom they meet during this frenzied rush through the village are supposed to be very honourable, and they generally manage to inflict them on those who will value them. A friend of mine, on one occasion, happened to be in an Indian village on the west coast of Vancouver Island when such a scene as this was being enacted. Doubtless thinking that he was impressing the trader with equal astonishment and fear with the rest, the medicine-man rushed at him, but my friend, being a stolid, matter-of-fact Scotchman, rather museularly inclined, and with a supreme contempt for medicine-men, however exalted, coolly planting a well-directed blow between the sorcerer's eyes, laid him prostrate. This somewhat abated his fury, and ever after the rascal managed to avoid the prosaic trader. On account of these displays, the Indians on the north-west coast have often been accused, by superficial observers, of being cannibals, and the case is instanced of two seamen, belonging to a Hudson's Bay Company trader, who were seized, killed, and torn up at one of these feasts, near the present Nuchultaw village in Discovery Passage. The fact that ghouls are occasionally found who will exhume and devour corpses, is also adduced as a proof. This charge of cannibalism I must, however, deny *in toto*. They have an utter abomination of the thought of using human flesh as an article of food, and it is only in these demon-worship-like rites that it is ever used. It will, I think, be found that cannibalism, among whatever nation practised, is to be referred to a connection with religious superstition—a most consoling doctrine for those unfortunate enough to undergo the

* Anderson, in *New York Historical Magazine*, vii. 79. Under various forms and different names, this rite of the *Kluquolla*, as it is called on the west coast, prevails.

rite! When Mr. Waddington's men were murdered by the Chilcoaten Indians on the Bute Inlet Trail, in 1864, the hearts of several of the men were torn out, and supposed to have been devoured. This was pointed out at the time as an instance of the ferocity of these people,



THE "RAIN-MAKER" SHOOTING HIS ARROWS AT THE CLOUDS.

mutilating the dead after murdering them. On the contrary, it was a mark of high respect to the courage of the dead, for the object desired to be attained was a portion of the courage of the murdered men. The same superstition prevails very generally among savage tribes, and is even found among the Chinese—a parallelism which ought not to be lost sight of. Admitting and instructing pupils into these horrible "medicine-rites" employ numbers, and excite interest

in all of the tribe during the winter months. Women can even be instructed in them, in which case the pupils are always taken young. The medicine-man combines the trade of the conjurer also, and performs many sleight-of-hand tricks, which must have taken some time to acquire a dexterity in, as it is not easy to see the method of performing them. The interior tribes have also these medicine-feasts, and, like most Indians, wear "medicine-bags" about their necks. Nothing can be done without this, which is generally made of the skin of some mammal, bird, or



MEDICINE-MAN REPRESENTING THE EVIL SPIRIT.

reptile, and stuffed with dry grass or leaves, and then sewn up and ornamented. Before a young man can become a warrior, he must go into the woods to fast and pray, and the first animal which he dreams of becomes his medicine. His medicine-bag should be made of the skin of that animal. There are among them rain-priests, who procure rain, as among the coast tribes there are fish-priests, who begin to walk about mysteriously at night, and then tell the tribe that they have dreamt that plenty of fish will be caught at such and such a place, taking care to indicate some locality where many fish are usually caught. If they are not caught, then, of course, something must have been done which has given offence to the deity which presides over the destiny of

finny tribes, and the soothsayer's reputation is unshaken. Yet, after all, the medicine-man's couch is not a bed of roses. If he is seen communing with spirits in the woods and lonely places, he must be killed, or commit suicide; and if he fails to cure any one, he is equally liable to be killed, on the plea that though he could, he is unwilling to cure the afflicted person. This Chinese-like law is not usually put into force; yet if he is unsuccessful more than once, the chances of the medicine-man's life need not be estimated at a high figure. In cases of sickness which defy the ordinary old woman doctor, or those who have escaped some great danger, or who have been very ill themselves and have recovered, and are therefore supposed to have acquired a sort of brevet-doctorate, the medicine-man is called in. One or more will dance round the patient for hours, yelling fearfully, beating drums, shaking rattles of the bills of the horned puffin, and in other ways attempting to frighten the evil spirit. I have seen them sometimes clutch the air (as if they had seen the evil spirit), and hold their hands below water, as if to drown it, or put it into the fire so as to burn it. The medicine-man will sometimes declare that he has seen the evil spirit fly away, and tell them it is like a fly with a long curved proboscis. I have also seen them suck the groin of the sick person, and then spit out mouthfuls of black blood. This method of cure is also in vogue among some of the South American tribes. A trader who submitted to this operation has assured me that he was much better after it, in a case of severe constipation. Most of the tricks of this nature consist of mere sleight of hand. I have known them to put a boy under a basket, and then, after dancing round, lift it up, when there was nothing but feathers there. The "Davenport Brothers'" rope trick, which for some time created such a sensation, has been long practised by the North American Indians, though not commonly, or by every medicine-man. For my own part, I never witnessed it. Curiously enough, the Assiniboiné Indians, on the Yellow Stone River, have also been long skilful at these "spiritual manifestations." A trustworthy informant, who was long a trader among these people, informs me that he has frequently seen their chief medicine-man allow himself to be stripped to the breech-clout, tied at every joint from toes to neck with buffalo thong, then rolled in a blanket and tied again, finally rolled in a buffalo robe, and tied the third time, until he was apparently as helpless as a log. In this condition the red-skinned "medium" was placed in a small tent, surrounded by a ring of spectators, and an Indian drum, flute, and a gourd of water laid by his side. In less than three minutes the drum and flute were heard, and at the end of five the Indian walked out untrammelled. The men who tied him were whites, who had bet heavily against the performance of the feat. Other tricks, more extraordinary, are related of them, and even believed in by some who ought to know better.* It has been well remarked that, in many of their feats, and in their influence on the minds of the people, these medicine-men correspond very closely to the inferior lamas of Tartary, and that, making exception for the more refined character of the people of the latter country, Huc and Gabet's description of the latter might be transferred to these pages. Another occupation of the medicine-man, is the allaying of ghosts and other apparitions, which, owing to the quantity of indigestible food which the Indians eat, they are very apt to be troubled with in the shape of nightmares. On a person seeing one, he will start

* For an account of the medicine-men of some of the Rocky Mountain tribes, see an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1866. Many of the old Plains trappers, Col. Dodge tells us, firmly believe in the power of these medicine-men.

up with a scream. The whole lodge is alarmed, the fire is fanned up again, the dreamer snatches up feathers and eats them, and covers his head with them. His nearest relative scarifies the dreamer's limbs with a knife, until blood comes, which is received into a dish and sprinkled on his face, to allay the ghostly walker of the night. If the vision still continues, the friends throw articles belonging to the dreamer into the fire, and cry, "More! more!" till all his property, including clothes, mats, and even his boxes, are heaped on the fire. The greatest excitement prevails, and girls are often sick and exhausted for days after such an unfortunate dream. It is very unlucky to dream about any friend, and in this case, to obviate the evil consequence, the dreamer and the dreamed about exchange names. An Indian once told me, with a very ghastly face, that he had dreamt about me; so instantly, like good savages and brothers in affliction, we exchanged names. A man may thus have in a few years many names, but the relinquished name is never mentioned. Sometimes, if a higher rank in the tribe is acquired along with the name, the event is celebrated with feasting and present-giving. As an Indian is continually troubled with fears of the malevolence of the unseen world, the sorcerer waxes fat upon his employment and fees. In a sentence, they are, in general, an idle, cunning set of rascals, who, though they sometimes thoroughly believe in their own incantations, are yet only charlatans who work on the fears of their dupes. I have, however, always found it prudent to keep friends with them, and never attempt to interfere with their pseudo-medical practices. If an Indian applies to you for medical treatment, it is never (unless, indeed, in a surgical case) until he has lost confidence in his own medicine-men. If he recovers, you never get the credit of it—it is the medicine-man who does; but if the patient dies (as he generally does, being most frequently on the eve of dissolution before he applies to you), then the outcry is that you killed him, and your life is not safe. I could repeat many cases in illustration. For instance, on one of my earliest trips in the country I accompanied a fur-trader, who was, as is usual with non-professional people entrusted with some medicines, very fond of doctoring everybody who would submit to him. Among others, he tried his hand on the dying chief of a tribe which we visited. He gave him nothing more serious than a dose of Epsom salts, but it was quite enough. On our return we were met a long way out of the village by an Indian, who was related to the trader's wife, who warned us not to go near their village, as the chief was dead, and we had got the blame of killing him—at least, so the medicine-men said, and that was enough. Having a serious regard for the continuity of head and trunk, we worked round in an opposite direction, and avoided the unfortunate village, which the trader did not venture into for a long time. His mishap, however, cured him of the propensity to play the apothecary—in an Indian village, at least. (An almost identical incident also befell myself on one occasion.*) This, at least, was my experience, and I acted on it, and got along very well among the Indian tribes. I might probably have attributed my ill-success in Indian doctoring to my want of skill, had it not been that this was the experience of nearly every one whom I consulted, who had travelled among those tribes who are yet in something like their primitive condition. The sorcerer is sometimes employed in even less reputable pursuits. If one person takes a spite against another, he will seek the sorcerer's aid to secretly destroy his enemy, by charms and spells, closely corresponding to those in use in Europe in the

* "Adventures among the North American Indians" (1870), Cassell's "Library of Wonders."

dark ages, or even still—if all tales are true—among some ignorant wretches. I was told by Governor Sir James Douglas of a case in which a medicine-man among the Takalis, in British Columbia, wished to compass the destruction of a family, by burying certain animals in a box, each animal having a name attached to it corresponding to that of the person intended to be destroyed; it was supposed that as the animals gradually died, the persons whose representatives they were would also pine away and die. The mediæval custom of putting waxen images before the fire with a similar intent will readily recur to the mind. Philip le Bel suspected his minister, Marigny, of employing magicians to attempt the king's life, by moulding waxen images of him and running them through with pins. In the eleventh century, the Jews were accused of having murdered a bishop in this way; they made a waxen image of him, had it baptised, and then burnt it. In the time of Mary de Medicis the idea was very prevalent that a person could be tortured by sticking pins into a waxen image of him. In 1440 the Duchess of Gloucester did penance through London for conspiring with certain priests and necromancers against the life of Henry VI. by melting a wax image of him; and in James the First's reign several witches were burnt for sticking pins in an image of the king, that thereby they might "cause pains and diseases to fall upon him." I have known of a similar superstition being acted upon near Moffat, in Scotland. Again, only lately I heard of a very similar instance in Inverness-shire. A *corp crè*, or *crialt*, was discovered in a stream in that county. The body was of clay, into which were stuck the nails of human beings, birds' claws, bones, pins, &c. It was partly covered by, and tied in, a black cotton apron, and had an old beaver hat on its head. For the information of those not learned in Highland superstition, it may be mentioned that a *corp crè* means an effigy or representation in clay of a person who has made himself so obnoxious to another as to render it desirable that he should not live. When the *corp* is made, it is placed in a stream, or in the ashes, and as the waters, or fire, gradually crumble away, the clay, so, it is supposed, wastes the life of the person whose death is desired. I may also mention that there prevails on the Assam frontier a superstition almost identical with that described.

It was the custom from very early times to name the lions in the Tower of London after the reigning monarchs, and it was supposed that the sovereign's fate was in a manner bound up with that of the royal beast. Thus Lord Chesterfield, as quoted by Earl Stanhope, in his "History of England," remarks, in reference to a serious illness from which George II., just two years previous to his death, recovered, that "it was generally thought that His Majesty would have died, for a very good reason—for the oldest lion in the Tower, much about the king's age, died a fortnight ago." The idea is also humorously alluded to by Addison, in the *Freeholder*, where he represents the Jacobite squire as anxiously inquiring whether none of the lions had fallen sick when (in 1715) Perth was taken by the Royalists, and the Pretender fled.

The Indians also attribute illness to the malevolence of evil-disposed persons—a superstition which has its counterpart in every country. The person who may have bewitched the ill-fated may be a slave, a stranger who has arrived in the camp, or (more likely) a person with whom the sick or dead man may have quarrelled. In such a case, the death of the person is often the only way the bereaved relatives can be consoled. When an Indian quarrels with another, he will say, "You will die soon." As likely as not the threatened person, frightened at the threat,

will fall sick or die, in which case the dead man's relatives may take the first opportunity of shooting his "bewitcher."

I have already spoken about the birds of ill-omen, and the superstitions connected with "Minerva's bird." Owing to the connection of birds with the dead, nearly all of them are viewed with superstition, and it is said that before the Indians got so familiar with the whites, as they are just now in some places, they did not use them as articles of food. A curious notion prevails among many of the coast Indians, that the grouse are converted into seagulls in the winter—originating, I suppose, from the former birds being less seen during the winter season, and *vice versa*. "The raven that croaked on Duncan's battlements" is not more a bird of ill-omen than the bird (perhaps of a different species) which sits "cawing" on the salmon-drying frames of an Indian coast village. The old Norsemen called it the "gallows-swan," and nearly every nation has superstitions connected with it. Country folks in England consider it quite a weather-prophet.* Among the Thlinkets—a general name for the Alaska coast tribes—the crow is credited with the peopling of the world, and was once white, but became black through the perfidy of an inhospitable individual named Kanook, who confined it in a smoky hut. After the world was destroyed by a flood, the few survivors re-peopled it by throwing stones behind them, after the manner of Deucalion and Pyrrha, in the Roman mythology. How much of this is aboriginal and how much imported is hardly worth inquiring.

Old Indians will often inform you by the croaking of the raven whether there is a likelihood of rain or no. Old men will be pointed out to you, who are high in honour, because they have warded off ruin and disaster to the tribe by listening to the raven's talk. There is an old, dismantled village on Village Point, Hornby's Island, which was once the scene of such a prophecy. All was going on about the village as usual, when an old seer predicted, from the croaking of the raven, that on a certain day the Nuchultaws would come south and attack their village. Now the Komouks (to whom the village belonged) had been at peace with the Nuchultaws for several months, and accordingly everybody laughed at the foreteller of evil tidings. (Night, I may mention, is the usual time of attack, but on this occasion the disaster was to happen during daylight.) Nevertheless, every morning he repeated his warning, cautioning them to draw their canoes within the pickets, then usually surrounding most villages, at least on their seaward aspect, and get prepared. Still they jeered him, but his warnings were so persistently repeated—"he had heard the raven say it"—that at the eleventh hour they commenced preparations, and went south and asked the help of their friends, the Nanaimos, who sent a chosen band of warriors to be stationed in the woods in ambush, so as to surprise the enemy in the rear. Morning came, and the day was wearing away, and yet there were no signs of the enemy. The old man still repeated his prophecy, but instead of being listened to, he was about

* In the Highlands of Scotland, the raven's feathers under the head of a dying person were supposed to prolong the patient's life. The Highlanders have also an adage referring to the raven superstition—"Nae gude comes o' shootin' black crows." For one to alight on a house presaged the death of an inmate. And

"Is it not ominous in all countries

When crows and ravens croak upon trees?"—*Hudibras*, Part II., canto iii.

See also Henderson: "Folklore of the Northern Counties," pp. 60, 228—233; Gregor: "Folklore of the North-east of Scotland," pp. 34, 206; and "Folklore Record," Vol. I. p. 59, and Vol. III. (Part I.), p. 127.

to run the chance of being rather badly used, as a false alarmist, when those on the look-out reported several war-canoes in sight, which increased in number till quite a fleet was on the horizon. Closely they paddled together, until they were in sight of the village, when, becoming alarmed at the absence of the canoes drawn up on the beach, and seeing no women gathering shell-fish, or children playing about as usual, they halted for a council, the result of which was that, suspecting mischief, they sailed again northward.

It was subsequently discovered that this attack had long been determined on, and, but for the old man's warning, it might have resulted disastrously to the Komouks. It may, however, be shrewdly suspected that the old seer had received some private information of the intended attack, for among Indian, as among other soothsayers, one of their maxims is, "Never prophesy unless you know."* Figures of owls, it may be remarked, are frequently seen carved on the pillars of lodges, or painted on the boards. The ruins of the village in question, when visited by me in August, 1864, had many such representations. All which calls to mind Philip von Martius's remark, regarding a scene of mummery and superstition similar to some recorded in the preceding pages, that all this is only a remnant of that once higher and grander worship of Nature found among these now degenerate and degraded races, and that through this pagan darkness we see glimmering a light which tells us

"There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands, and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness."

"Tell me the songs of a nation, and I will tell you their history," is an old truism. It is equally true regarding a savage race, that their traditions are their songs, their chronicles their metaphysics. Without a written history, historical events soon get into the region of fiction, and therefore we find few events which can be distinctly classed as history. Many of their traditions are myths of observation—such as the natural features which may have struck a people as peculiar, and accordingly they have set their imagination to work to devise an explanation. Another set of traditions have a deeper origin, and may be classed as world-wide, and as pointing to the Asiatic origin of the Indians. All of them are very imaginative, and may serve to "point a moral" while "adorning a tale" in an Indian wigwam. A few of them are local, but the greater number are found widely scattered, under different versions, among the Indian tribes, but in few cases is the disguise so deep as to conceal the original outline of the tale. These traditions and myths are so numerous that even were my knowledge sufficient, the space at my disposal would only admit of a few of the more characteristic being given in this place. Nowadays, as the young people affect to despise these idle tales, and only a few of the old people know them, they are dropping fast into oblivion, as the more ignorant class of the whites, who have opportunities of collecting them, look upon them as so many foolish Indian stories, without being aware that they form some of the treasures of that unwrought mine of Indian mythology which, followed out in the same spirit of investigation

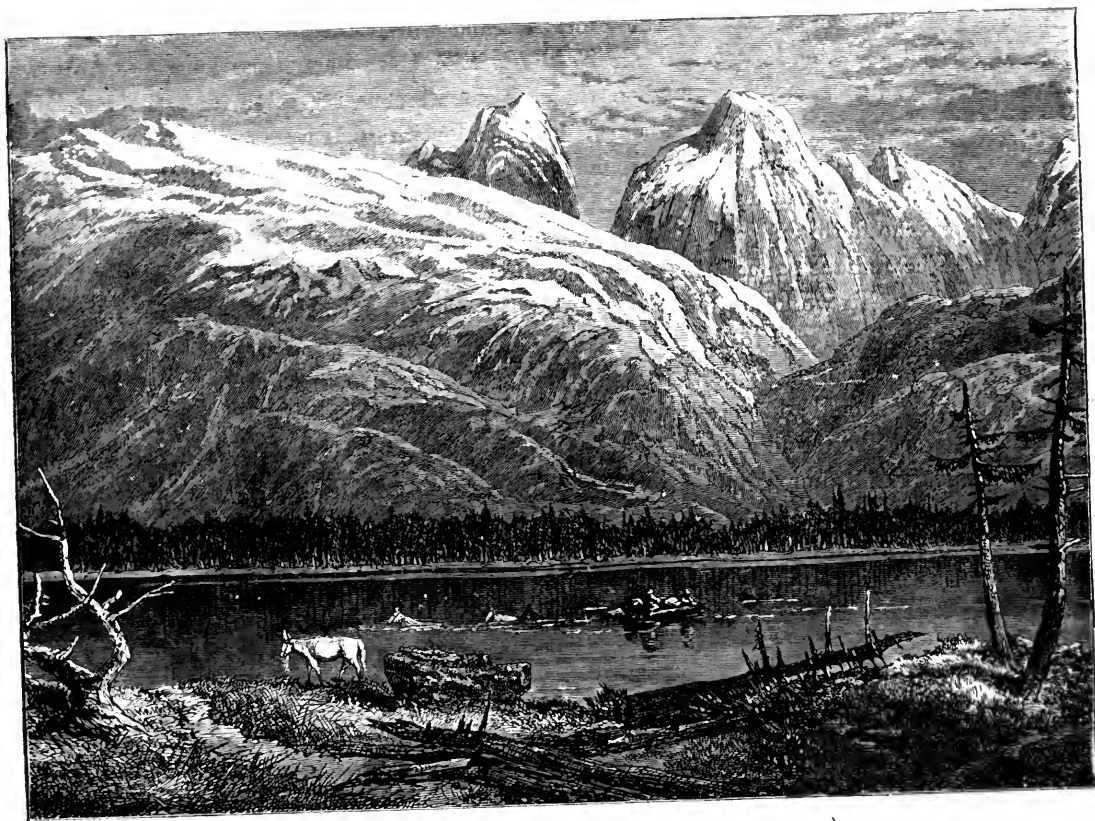
* Restrained by this superstition about crows, like the Highlanders, they hesitate to kill these birds, though troublesome to them, but set a child to watch and drive them away from the fish-drying frames.

as that adopted by the Brothers Grimm in studying the European folk-lore, is capable of yielding so much to the stores of science. It is not always possible to obtain these tales, for an Indian, even if he is not too lazy or too ignorant to be capable of imparting this information, is so afraid of being laughed at that it is with the utmost difficulty he can be induced to tell the traditions of his people. I have often heard part of a story, and have had to wait weeks before hearing the end of it, if even then so fortunate. To add to our difficulties, few of the Indians have the same version of the same tradition. Our Indian hunter, Toma, was noted for his skill in this style of narrative, and among the many scattered through my notes, I give the following as specimens of these unedited and unwritten tales:—

The Indian story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk."—Once on a time long ago (this was in the days no more remembered, when the heavens were nearer earth, and the gods were more familiar—it never happens nowadays), two Tsongeisth girls were gathering gamass,* at Stummas (near Elk Lake, Vancouver Island), and after the manner of the gamass-gatherers they camped on the ground during the season. One night they lay awake, looking up at the bright stars overhead, thinking of their lovers, and such things as girls, Indians or English, *will* talk about. The Indians suppose the stars to be little people, and the region they live in to be much the same as this world down below. As one of the girls looked up at the little people twinkling overhead, one said to the other, looking at Aldebaran, the red eye of the Bull, "That's the little man to my liking; how I would like him for my lover!" "No," said the other, "I don't think I should; he's too glaring and angry-looking for me. I am afraid he would whip me. I would better like that pale, gentle-looking star, not far from him." And so the gamass-gatherers of Stummas talked until they fell asleep. But as they slumbered under the tall pines, Aldebaran and Sirius took pity on their lovers and came down to earth, and when the girls awoke in the morning it was in Starland, with their lovers by their sides, in the country up in the sky. For a while all went well and happily, until, after the manner of their race, they wearied to see their friends at Quonsung ("The Gorge," in the Victoria Arm) and Chekuth (Equimault), and their gentle husbands grew sad at their melancholy wives. One day one of the sisters came upon the other busily engaged in Starland, and she said, "What are you doing, sister?" "I am twisting a rope," she said; "a rope of cedar bark, by which to get back again to Quonsung. Come, sister, our husbands are asleep, help me." So the sisters fell to work, and while their husbands slept they wrought, until they had twisted a rope long enough, in their opinion, to drop themselves down to earth again. This they concealed in the woods, and then commenced to dig a hole in the vault of heaven with a pointed stake. For many days they dug, until they heard a hollow sound, and then they knew that they were nearly through; and next day they finished their work (at a fitting time), and saw the clouds beneath, but the earth was a long way down. All this time their husbands were out hunting, or asleep in the lodge. They then fastened a stick transversely over the hole, and to this they attached the rope, and commenced to slide down. For long they slid, but yet did not come to the earth, and they began to fear for the results, for the rope was nearly ended, but Satitz (the east wind) took pity on them, and blew them to the earth, and they knew not what had happened, but on recovering their senses they found themselves near the valley of the Colquitz—not far from

* The bulbs of the *Gamassia esculenta*, Lindl.

their own home—with the rope lying beside them. So they coiled it up, and Hælse made it into a hill as a monument, to remind mortals not to weary for what is not their lot. And after this the girls went back to Quonsong, and became great medicine-women,* but remained single, all for love of the “little people” above. The stars, however, are gentle little folks, and were not at all angry with their wandering brides, and used often to visit them on earth again, when Seam Seakum (my lord the sun) has ended his travels over the great plain of the earth, for See Seam, my informant, told me, “don’t you often see at night the stars coming to earth:” and



ENTERING BRITISH COLUMBIA (AFTER MILTON AND CHEADLE).

as he referred to the “falling stars,” I bethought me that the philosophers of “King George’s Land,” while supplying no more sensible explanation of that phenomenon, had given one which appealed not half so well to the imagination. If I were to draw a moral from this little Indian story, I should say that it teaches us not to wish for things that are out of our reach. There is, however, a far deeper interest attached to it, and for this reason I have styled it the Indian story of “Jack and the Bean Stalk,” for I believe it to be the American analogue of that tale (widely altered, no doubt), which I need not tell mythologists is not, as is vulgarly supposed, a mere childish tale, but a strange myth found among nearly all nations, savage and civilised.

* The reader will remember that women, to a certain extent, can be initiated in the medicine-rite mysteries.



MAH-TO-TOH-PA, SECOND CHIEF OF THE MANDANS IN THE YEAR 1833.

Among the Indians this story goes up to the Rocky Mountains at least, and, perhaps, farther, in one guise or another, but little altered. "Knochan Hill," the scene of the 'Tsongeisth adventure, which they describe as the rope coiled up, is an eminence at the head of the "Victoria Arm," and means, in the 'Tsongeisth language, "coiled up." It is, probably, this peculiarity that has suggested placing there the locale of the final catastrophe of the damsels.

Much of the Indian mythology is occupied with strange stories of what young hunters saw who "went out seeking their medicine." A hunter will wander for a long time, fasting and weary, until he dreams of something which is to be his guardian angel through life. No doubt these men dream strange dreams, and the overstrained nervous system helps to conjure up hobgoblins, suited to the wild scenery around. When the hunter wakes up at night the silent moon looks down upon him, and the stars are watching him with their twinkling eyes. Every wind that sighs through the forest bears the whispers of unseen spirits, and afar off he hears the spirits of the waterfalls. On the mountain-side he is alarmed by the blazing forest, ignited by sparks from his fire, or by two trees rubbing together. Besides, to an Indian, all the world out of sight of his village is an unknown land, full of wonders and wonder-workers, and the Indian traveller is not a little addicted to foster the belief that "cows afar off have long horns." This fasting is called in Chinook "making *tomanawas*," and the young man ambitious of this distinction must pass night after night away from his father's lodge, in some lonely place, without food, and with strict attention to chastity and personal cleanliness, until he dreams of something which is to become his *tomanawas*. This *tomanawas* is believed to descend from father to son. It is of much the same nature as "seeking his medicine." What follows is essentially a "were-wolf" (German), "lupo-mannaro" (Italian), "lobis-homem" (Portuguese), or "loup-garou" (French) story.*

The Wolf-hunter seeking his Medicine.—Stuckeia (the wolves) were once a tribe of Indians, who were turned into their present form by Hæse for their evil deeds. One day a hunter of Quantlin† went into the mountains to seek his medicine. He travelled all that day and all the next day, still he dreamt not of his medicine; but he resolved to find it, be a great hunter, or die. One night he saw the light of a great fire on the side of a mountain, and drew near. Round it were the wolves sitting in a circle, talking of the day's hunt. They had taken off their skins, and were drying them on sticks. Our hunter sprang within the light of the fire, and instantly the wolves jumped into their skins again, and howled round him, but the hunter moved not, and lay down and slept uninjured. That night he dreamt of his medicine, and next day he began to travel with the wolves, now his guardians, and did so for a long time, until his friends grieved for him and thought him dead. But one day a hunter saw him in the mountains travelling along the hill-side with the wolves. Sometimes he travelled on two legs—more often on all-fours. His face was bearded like that of a wolf, and he looked savage and fierce. So the young man went back to his village and told the story. "Ah," said the people, "that is his medicine; but we must bring him back again." So they took strong nets made of elk-sinew, and went out to find him. At last they sighted him, and finally caught him in this net, and brought him to Quantlin; but he could not speak, only howled like a wolf, and had lost all human attributes. He had found his medicine with a vengeance! He was not

* Kelly: "Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition," pp. 242—265.

† Fort Langley, British Columbia.

long in escaping again, and nobody went in search of him. Occasionally still he has been seen in the mountains travelling with the wolves. The last time he was sighted was about Fort Yale.

The Indian Cyclops.—There was a widow who had three sons. One day the eldest said to her, "Mother, I must go and seek my medicine; make me a cloak of bird-skins." The mother tried to dissuade him, but in vain. So he went away and wandered through the woods until he came to a lonely lake surrounded by swampy marshes. The cry of the crane sounded lonely on this lake, and as he was wondering how he should cross it, the crane came up in her canoe and ferried him over. Now, on the other side of the lake lived a one-eyed giant, Netsachen, or Koquochem, whose servant the crane was. The crane invited him in to see his master, and as he passed the door, which opened with a spring, it shut after him so fast that, though he would willingly have retreated when he saw the giant, he could not. So the giant killed him, and took out his heart, and laid it on a bench beside his body. The widow grieved very much at her son not returning, until the second brother said, "Mother, I will go and seek my brother." So he went and travelled until he reached the same lake, when the crane ferried him over; and when he went in to see the giant he met the same fate; his heart was taken out and laid beside his body. Now the widow was very sorry at their not returning, but still she could not oppose the wish of the last son when he wished to go after his two brothers. The same incident happened to him. He was ferried over the lake, and his heart taken out by the giant and laid beside his body on the bench where already his two brothers were. Long and sadly cried the childless widow at the non-return of her sons, and as she cried her tears fell on the ground. Now an Indian is superstitious about tears or mucus gathering on the ground, so she took a little moss and wiped up the tears.* Her eyes were very dim with weeping, so that she could scarcely see, but as she looked down at the moss she was astonished at seeing a little child lying where the moss was. So she took it up and laid it on her couch. Next day he had grown up a big boy, and next day was a full-sized man. "Ah," said the people, "he is a great medicine-man." Still the poor widow cried bitterly for her lost sons, and one day when she was crying much, the "medicine-child" said, "Do not cry, mother! I will bring back your sons." "Oh no, you won't," the poor mother sobbed. But as the youth insisted, she made him a cloak of woodpecker-skins which he shot for the purpose; and, armed with a sword made of elk-horn, he started off, and travelled until he came to the lonely lake where the crane presented itself as ferryman. "Do you know where my brothers are?" he asked. "Yes, they are over seeing my master." So he crossed the lake and came to Koquochem's house. The crane, as before—for an Indian story always repeats itself—invited him in to see his master; but the medicine-youth refused, and said, "No, your master must come out to see me;" and as the giant came out, being a very big man, he stooped, and as his neck bent the youth cut off his head with the elk-horn sword; after which the crane, much frightened, screamed and fled away. The youth now entered the house, and found the three brothers lying on a bench with their hearts beside them. So he took up their hearts and put them again in the bodies and breathed on them; when they

* Probably owing to the same reason that the New Zealander wipes up his saliva—viz., that no one can get hold of it to bewitch him with it.

all lived again, and were very happy, and came home in the crane's canoe over the lake. Of course, their mother was very glad to see them, and the medicine-youth was a great man. The brothers were also very grateful, and paddled him about in their canoe wherever he cared to go. This went on for a while, until they began to forget their deliverer, and the youth grew sad at this neglect. One day he lay in the lodge tired with hunting, with his blanket covering his head, and the sons were all sitting waiting for their meal of venison. The mother called



THE "SERPENT AND BEAVER" DANCE OF THE INDIANS.

them when it was ready, but she forgot her medicine-son, as the people called the strangely-come youth. At this he must have been sad, for afterwards recollecting him, she shook him, but the blanket fell in, and on taking it up she found nobody there, only the tuft of moss with the tears from whence he had sprung. Now they were all very sorry, for they were no longer any better than other people; but he could not be recalled: the medicine-youth had disappeared as strangely as he came.

It may not be unworthy of note that this continual use of a cloak of bird-skins, and of feathers, occurs much in Indian mythology. At feasts the chiefs scatter feathers over them-

selves, and at death the dying person is strewed with them. While negotiations are going on in the west coast, the negotiators will cover all their backs with feathers, as if powdered, and when going among a strange tribe an Indian will often put white feathers in his cap. (In this, perhaps, the Indian shows the "white feather" in more senses than one.) All over the continent, chiefs and other great men wear eagles' feathers in their hair and caps. Remarkably enough, the same idea is found in Scandinavian mythology—apparently the same thought striking semi-barbarous people in the same way. This feather cloak of the Northern ballads is the



A RIVER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

ferder hamm. In the original Edda, Thor borrows it from the goddess Freya. In many of the Danish ballads it is referred to.

Skelechun, the Lightning-eyed.—Skelechun was a poor man's son, who died when he was very little, and he was brought up by his grandmother. He was, moreover, a very small boy, with whom no one would play. His head was full of vermin and scabs, and though his grandmother cried much for him, and often took him down to the water and scrubbed him with sand, yet it was of little avail. In course of time he grew up, and said to his grandmother, "Grandmother, I think I will go away and seek my medicine." So she made him a cloak of bird-skins for a blanket, and he went away and travelled in the mountains. Many days and many nights he travelled, but yet never dreamt of his medicine. One night he lay on the top of a high hill, and

there was a fearful storm of thunder and lightning: it was then that he got his medicine. The lightning-birds took out his eyes, and put in the lightning-serpent's instead, and every time he opened his eyes he burnt up everything before him. Ah! it was a great medicine! So he came home to his village again, and when the boys jeered at him, and said, "Oh! ho! have you got you medicine?" he just opened his eyes and burnt them up. When he went into his grandmother's lodge she was glad to see him again, and said, "Open your eyes; let me see your pretty eyes;" but he did not dare, though opening them a little away from her, she saw enough to frighten her, so that she never asked him again. No longer was there want in Skelechun's lodge. His grandmother became a great lady, and this slave's son more than a chief. If any one disobeyed him, he had only to open his eyes, and the lightning burnt them up. Chiefs became his slaves, and chiefs' daughters his wives. If they refused, he had only to open his fatal eyes, and there was an end of them. When he went about, seven chiefs paddled him and his grandmother, another carried his platter, and another his paddle or his blanket. Everybody was afraid of him; everybody was his slave. He built a house on the top of Salt Spring Island—a mighty lodge it was, and there daily trains of slaves (once chiefs) toiled up, carrying bear and beaver, salmon and porpoise, and gamass and clams—everything good—to this Skelechun the Lightning-eyed. There, with his grandmother, he sat in state, sleeping and eating like any lazy chief, with nothing to do. If a slave offended him, he had only to open one eye, and before he could wink it again a slave lay dead! Who could resist such a power? But Squemet, a Taitka, and his cousin, a Klem-clem-alut, said one day, "It is not right that this slave's son should have all the chiefs' daughters; let us try and kill him." So they made swords of elk-horn, and concealed them in their blankets, when as usual they toiled up the hill with bear and beaver, elk and porpoise loads. His slaves were all standing in a row, chiefs and chiefs' sons. Now Skelechun was afraid to lift up his eyes in case he should destroy them all, so he always looked down, and called Squemet to stir up the fire, but while Squemet was pretending to do so he struck heavily on Skelechun's bended neck, and Klem-clem-alut helping him, before he could turn his lightning-eyes they killed him. So every chief took his wife and his daughter, and they were (as fairy-stories end) happy for the rest of their days.

Some of these stories are love-songs and tradition mixed,—how the course of true love never runs smooth, but all goes well in the end. Such a tale was the

Contest for the Chief's Daughter.—There was once a great chief who had a very handsome daughter, and all the young warriors, hunters, and fishers came courting her; but her father said, "I will only give my child to him who will split the tines of an elk-horn asunder with his hands." So the news went forth, and the competitors began to assemble until the lodge was full. The bears sat growling in one corner and the wolves in another. The racoons and the deer all came, but all tried in vain, and went back disheartened. And after all had tried Kewuk (the salmon) came, and the lodge resounded with jeers and laughter at the bare idea of his attempting it after the flower of Indian athletes had failed. But Kewuk was the sweetheart of the girl, and had prayed to Hæse to put power into his arms; and Hæse, in pity, answered the love-sick pair, and split the tines asunder, and the bride was Kewuk's. Now all the rivals were bitter with envy, and went off to their lodges inflamed with malice and rage against all the salmon tribe. But the young wolf was worst of all, and determined to effect by foul means what he could not accomplish by fair. Watching his opportunity,

while the young husband was absent for a few minutes, he seized the bride and fled with her. As he dragged her along through the bush, she tore off pieces from her blanket and tied them to the shrubs, and so marked her way till she arrived, disconsolate, at the wolf's lodge.* The salmon was sad, and pursued him, and escaped with his bride again; but he was no match for the young wolf and his father, and as he saw them gaining on him, he jumped into the river at hand, and Hælse turned him into the form of salmon,† and so he escaped the crafty Stuckeia.

This tradition has a smack of the old Roman mythology about it, and more learned mythologists than the present writer may decide how far its origin connects it with Asiatic myths. The Kootanie tradition about the origin of the Americans has a broad vein of humour in it, and shows their hatred of that nation—a hatred shared by all the Indian race, and more especially by those on the British frontier. Once on a time, the Indians say, they and the Pesious (French Canadian voyageurs) lived together in such happiness that the Great Spirit above envied the happy condition of the Indian. So he came to the earth, and as he was riding on the prairies on the other side of the Rocky Mountains he killed a buffalo, and out of the buffalo crawled a lank, lean figure, called a "Boston man" (American), and from that day to this their troubles commenced, and there has never been peace for the Indian, and never will be, until they again go where their fathers are—they who lived so happily with the Pesious and the fur-traders of King George.

Not a few of these myths have been invented to account for natural phenomena. Such is the story of the origin of the mosquitoes, and their mysterious appearance in the spring. Round the mouth of Fraser River in British Columbia are extensive swamps, or marshy flats, where the mosquitoes revel in superabundance. So terrible is this pest that, though the land is clear, and for the most part good and suitable for agriculture, yet it was until lately almost uninhabitable during the summer and autumn months. The whole of the lower parts of Fraser River are much troubled with these poisonous insects, and especially wherever there are swamps or lowlands. Cattle are equally tortured by them. When the Boundary Commission horses were placed on the Somass Prairie, the mosquitoes filled their ears, until the horses, almost mad, jumped into the river, and many of them were drowned. Clouds of them rise off the swamps and hover over the river. The tough skins of the Indians are even penetrated by them, and it is almost impossible to persuade a native to accompany you in exploring these places unless for enormous pay. Hence we may well account for Indian imagination giving such an origin for the mosquitoes as is evidenced in the story of

Slal-akum-kul-kul-aith (the evil women of the Fraser River flats).—Once on a time—a long time ago—two bad (*slal-akum*) women lived on Fraser River. They are still remembered as Kul-kul-aith. They lived on young children, and travelled about from village to village, picking up their victims and pitching them into a basket woven of water-snakes, which they carried on their backs. They both came to an evil end, as might be expected, for an Indian hobgoblin story is as poetically just in its retribution as are such all the world over. One day one of the women went to the Lummi village, not far from Point Roberts, bent on her infamous

* A similar method of marking the path occurs in German nursery-stories.

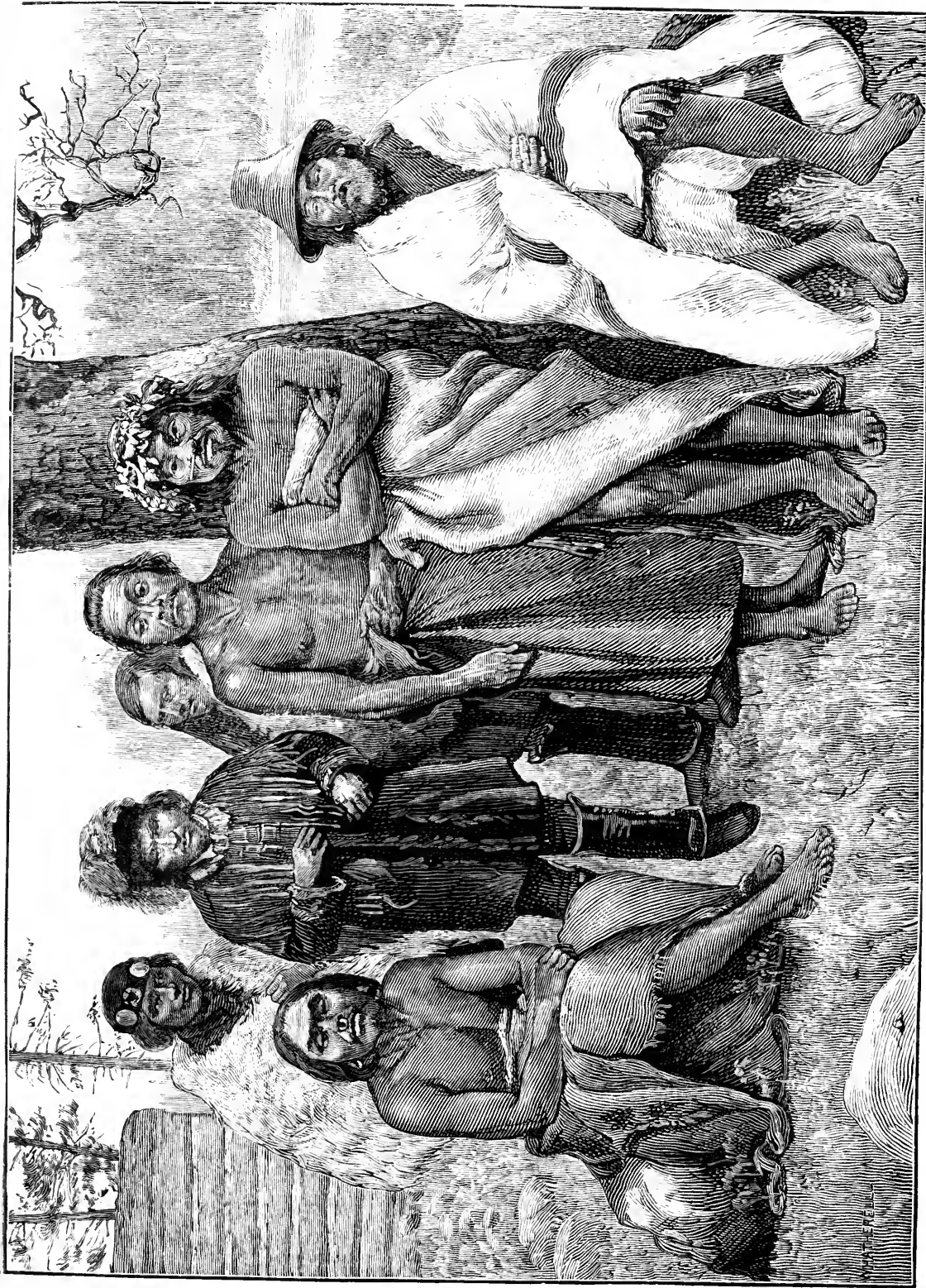
† Among other tribes the salmon was the *wife* of the raven, who, after being exasperated with losing at gambling, caught her by the gills, and beat her so sorely that she jumped into the river, and has remained there ever since.

trade. The men were all off fishing, and the women gathering clams on the shore at low tide, seeking gamass or berries, or sleeping in the lodges, while the children were disporting themselves on the beach. Kul-kul-aith came along, and snatching up the children one after another, pitched them into her snake-basket, and before their cries could alarm the sleeping village on that drowsy summer afternoon, she had escaped into the woods with them, and lay concealed in its dark recesses until nightfall, when she lit a fire. The children, with the elasticity of youth, had now recovered from their fright, and were intent on watching her operations. After heating some stones, she dug a hole and put them into it. The children now thought that they had detected her designs, and that the stones were to broil them after the Indian fashion, by pouring water on the stones, and while the steam arose covering them with mats. "Shut your eyes, my little children," said the old hag, "and dance around me." They obeyed, but the younger ones were always peeping at odd times, until she put something on their eyes so that they could not open them. The elder ones were more cautious, and only occasionally peeped to see what she was about, and watching their opportunity, which at last occurred. Whilst she was stooping over the fire to arrange it, the children rushed behind her and pushed her into the hole she had dug for them, and there held her until she was burnt to ashes. But her evil spirit lived after her, for out of her ashes, blown about by the wind, sprang the pest of mosquitoes, which even now troubles mankind.

The other witch died after this fashion:—One day two young fishers were spearing salmon in Mud Bay, when they heard some one shouting to them on the shore. "Who can it be?" they cogitated, but as they paddled near they said, "Ah! it must be the Slal-akum Slane" (the bad woman), and they were afraid. "Our canoe is very leaky," they said. "Oh, never mind that, my sons; I do not care." But they still hesitated. "It is very small, and you will capsize it." "Oh no," she said, "I will lie very quiet. Do take me, I want to go back to my house and my little children." So the boys were forced to comply, and shoved the canoe ashore, and cut branches to keep her from the wet, until they were nearly level with the gunwale. They then told her to lie down carefully on the top. She did so, and when they got into deep water, by a rapid motion they capsized her out, and notwithstanding all her efforts, she was drowned. The Indian thinks that she yet lives at the bottom of the sea, and devours drowned men. This story, in one form or another, is found among all the northern tribes, as far as Queen Charlotte Islands, or farther. A Hydah chief, in crossing from these islands to the mainland in a large canoe, with some of his people, was in danger of being lost in a storm. One of the Indians told me that, handing him a pistol, the chief requested to be shot when the canoe was going to be capsized. He did not wish to be eaten by the bad woman at the bottom. The names of these women are the "Goody Two Shoes" of the Indian nursery, and mothers will quiet their children to sleep by telling them, "I will bring Kul-kul-aith to you," as Longfellow has represented old Nookoomis hushing the little Hiawatha to sleep by repeating an Indian legend of a similar character—

"Hush! the naked bear will get you!"

Other myths are more palpably "myths of observation," such as the one I have already related in reference to the star-lovers and Knockan Hill. For instance, the Indians about Victoria say that Cedar Hill was once the highest eminence in that district, but that quarrelling with Point Roberts, on the mainland, they commenced throwing stones at each other until Cedar Hill got



NORTH-WESTERN AMERICAN INDIANS. (From Original Photographs.)

A, Añu-a-lyn, a Nittinagt Indian, Vancouver Island; C, Tsallahis, Chief of Pavillion, British Columbia, with two of his tribe, B, D; E, Setkanim, Chief of Clayoquot, a celebrated warrior, F, Quashnuism, a Shesah, Barclay Sound, Vancouver Island; G, Wacac, Chief of the Komoxs (Comox), Vancouver Island.

lowered. Few of the stones came more than half way, which accounts for the numerous islands in the Haro Archipelago between British Columbia and Vancouver Island. On the Columbia River, just where the river bursts through the Cascades Mountains, there are certain broken rapids, well known as "The Cascades of the Columbia." These were formed by some of the volcanic convulsions of the region. Most of the peaks of the Cascades are still either active or bear evidence of being extinct or at least dormant volcanoes. The Indians have a tradition concerning Mounts Hood and Adams, the two nearest to the Cascades. They were once husband and wife, but they quarrelled, as (I am told) married people sometimes do, and commenced throwing stones at each other, and Mount Hood, who was the wife, determined, after the manner of womankind, to have the last word, and continued long after her husband had stopped. She still occasionally vents out her fury. This is, no doubt, a tradition of former severe eruptions of the mountain, when stones and ashes were thrown out.* They further say that once at the Cascades the rocks formed a bridge across, but that during one of these convulsions the bridge broke down and formed an islet in the middle of the Cascades, as at the present day.

I have little doubt of the probability of those traditions being tolerably correct history. They have, however, another story which goes off into the region of myths. Once on a time, they say, instead of cascades being here, there was a high fall which prevented the salmon from ascending to the Upper Columbia. Now, in a dream, a vision appeared to a great medicine-man, that some day the banks of the Upper Columbia would be peopled by numerous tribes of Indians, and that the ascent of the salmon would be necessary to their existence. He, therefore, conceived the philanthropic project of converting these falls into cascades, but to effect this he had to go cautiously about his task. The falls were guarded by two medicine-women, who lived in a lodge by themselves, and who were nearly as powerful as himself.† So he travelled up to the place, and while the women were off gathering berries in the woods, he converted himself into a little child. When the women came home, they found him crying in the corner, and womanly instinct being strong even in witches, they took good care of him. Every morning they went off gathering berries, and as soon as they were out of sight he restored himself to his original form, and commenced "prizing" away with a stake at the falls, and before they came home was again a little child crying in the corner. This went on for some days, until one evening, intent upon his labours, he forgot about the women coming home, and was discovered. The witches gave a loud cry, and made for him, but just then the falls gave way; the magician sprang into the river, and was soon beyond the vengeance of the enraged witches. Since that date the falls have ever since remained cascades, and many generations have blessed the wisdom of the medicine-man—name unknown. I heard the story in the summer of 1865, as I sat looking at the cascades—scene of many a tale of bygone adventure and fur-trader's exploit. A little block-house yet stands there, where several settlers were beleaguered by the Indians in the war of 1853, until they were relieved by a dashing lieutenant of dragoons, who afterwards rose to fame as General Phil. Sheridan.

The wild, romantic tale of how the Alberni Canal came to be explored to the top by two hunters, and how they found a fine lodge, with two bad women living in it, is also another of a

* Most of these mountains have been ascended, and the volcanoes found to be still only partially dormant.

† This incident of two medicine-women living in a lodge by themselves occurs in several Indian traditions.

similar character. The story relates how the canal closed behind them as they paddled up; a very natural appearance, for, as you round the bends and points of this long narrow inlet of the sea, it seems to the eye as if the canal were closing behind you. Crossing the wild, silent lakes of Vancouver Island,* you often hear the strange cry of the loon, and it is then that the Indian will tell you the story of the two halibut fishers, one of whom stole the other's fish, and cut out his tongue, on the principle that silent men tell no tales, and how the tongueless man was converted by Quawteaht, or Hælse, as the case might be, into this bird. As his lonely cry is heard, the Indians will relate how this is the mangled fisher trying to tell of his wrongs. Every hill has a tale attached to it; every silent lake frequented by the Indian is the subject of a tradition, and the number of these stories is very great. On the Snoqualami Prairie, in Washington Territory, is a large rock, and the story connected with it is, that once on a time this rock was suspended from heaven, but the Great Spirit, offended at the improper conduct of some minor deity and his innamorata, cut the rope, when it dropped down on the prairie. Their gods are of like passions with themselves. This conversion of human beings into animals, already noticed, shows a striking similarity to Greek and Roman mythology, a great portion of which, again, came from Hindostan.

I do not think that the North-west American Indians have any decided theory on the subject of the creation of the world. The world was always as it is now—a big, flat plain, and if they have any further notions about it, I have not yet been able to clearly ascertain them. Most Indian tribes have some tradition or another about a great flood which once covered their country, but in most cases these are merely “myths of observation.” They see shells, rolled stones, and bones of whales, or other marine animals, high on mountains, and they then set their wits to discover how they could possibly have come there. Knowing nothing of the gradual elevation of coasts, the most natural theory is that once there was a great flood, and in due course the minor incidents get worked in, until what was originally only an invention of some ingenious aboriginal philosophers, becomes part and parcel of their traditions. Again, we must be exceedingly cautious in receiving as native any of the pseudo-Biblical tales, as I have found that in very many instances they can be traced to the teachings of missionaries, or other civilised men—either directly or indirectly—proximately or remotely. The tribe among whom a particular tradition is extant may be pagans, to whom no teacher of religion has come, but these people are so fond of mythological lore, that a curious story of the great flood, and such like, will permeate from tribe to tribe in a hundred conceivable ways, such as through intermarriages, slaves, native traders, or interviews at their great feasts or *pottatches*. It will get twisted into the most aboriginal form imaginable, and it is only by some trifle, such as a name, that you can detect its origin. An eminent ethnologist once told me that, after great trouble, he had, at least as he thought, got hold of a tradition of the flood among the North-west American Indians, but he could only get it bit by bit out of the old man who was the repository of this and other such-like lore. It cost my friend many blankets and other presents, and the labour of hours to write it down from the aboriginal language. At last he came to

* For a description of the interior of Vancouver Island so far as known, I know of no publication to which I can refer the reader except a memoir by the present writer, entitled “Das Innere von Vancouver Insel,” published in German, with original map, in Petermann's “Geographische Mittheilungen,” 1869. Very little has been done since then.

the finale. "Now what was the man's name who got away with his wife in the big canoe?" The old Indian could not recollect, and went in search of another who knew the name. The two came back in pride, and related to my breathlessly eager friend, "His name was *Noah!*"



INDIAN PAINTING ON THE LODGE SKINS.

It was, of course, a Bible story, told them by the priests, and not understanding the value of myths, the old Indian innocently thought that it must be just as novel to the ethnologist as to himself. He was, however, undeceived in a violent manner, as he was speedily landed on the other side of the door, and will to the end of his life doubtless remember my friend on the

rather forcible "*ex pede Herculem*" kind of evidence which was so vigorously impressed on his retreating person.

The natives in Barelay Sound have a tradition of a great deluge which is certainly aboriginal, but whether this refers to a flood, or only, apparently, to a great spring-tide, or earthquake tidal wave, it is difficult to say. Though the tale has already appeared in print, yet, as I heard it long ago, I think it is worthy of being given here in the words of my note-book:—

Generations back the Seshahts were unacquainted with the head of the Alberni Canal. They had two villages in the Sound, and used to migrate from one to the other. At that time a most curious phenomenon of Nature occurred. The tide ebbed away down the canal and left it dry, and the sea itself retreated a long distance. This continued for four days, and the Seshahts made light of the occurrence. There was, however, one Wish-pe-op, who had with him his two brothers, who did not do so. After mature consideration of the circumstances, he thought it probable that the ebb would be succeeded by a flood of unusual height. Accordingly, he and his brothers spent three days in collecting cedar-bark for a rope, which when made was so large as to fill four boxes. There was a rock near the Seshaht village, from the base of which sprang a group of bushes. Wish-pe-op fastened one end of the rope here, and the other to his canoe. In the canoe were placed all his property, his wife, his brothers, and their wives and children, and thus prepared they waited the result. After four days the tide began to flow, and crept slowly up to about half between the point of its furthest ebb and the Seshaht houses. At this point its pace was considerably quickened, and it marched up with fearful speed. The Seshahts then rushed to their canoes; some begged to be attached to Wish-pe-op's rope, but to this he would not consent, in case his rope should be broken, and others would have given him some of the women to take care of, but he would not receive them. They were soon all caught in the rising tide, and while Wish-pe-op rode safely at anchor, the Seshahts were unable to resist its force, and drifted to distant parts. Finally, the water covered the whole face of the country, except Quossâkt, a high mountain near the Toquahts' village, and Mount Arrowsmith (Kush-eh-chuhl). The Toquahts got into a large canoe (Eher Kleetsoolh), and paddled to the summit of Quossâkt, where they landed. At the end of four days the flood began to abate; Wish-pe-op then began to haul in his rope, and as the waters descended to the usual level, found himself afloat near the site of the former Seshaht village. He then built himself a small house with two compartments, one he occupied himself, the other was tenanted by his brothers. One day a Klah-oh-quaht canoe, manned by three Indians, approached the shore where the house was built. One of them had with him a quantity of the medicine which they use to make them successful in the capture of the whale (*che-toop*.) They brought their canoe close to the land, and when asked what they wanted, they said, "We have come to see Wish-pe-op's house." After some consideration, they were invited to land, and, as the Indian manner is when friendship is intended, assisted to pull up their canoe and offered sleeping accommodation (*chimoinlh*.) The Klah-oh-quahts, to show their good-will, made a present of their whale medicine to Wish-pe-op. After this Wish-pe-op proposed to make himself chief of the small household. This was finally agreed to, and the Klah-oh-quahts took each a Toquaht wife (for that tribe had returned from Quossâkt), and this is the origin of the present tribe of Seshahts. The person who thus rose to dignity was the great-grandfather of Hy-yu-penûel, chief of Seshaht, and the present good understanding between the Klah-oh-quahts and the Seshahts is owing to this circumstance.

From this it appears that this deluge was of marine origin, very local, and of recent occurrence. There are many other such tales among the Carriere and other Indians in British Columbia, corresponding more or less to the Biblical version, but I think they ought all to be looked upon with grave suspicion, and we must put under the same ban the numerous South American flood-stories related by Humboldt and other travellers.

The Indians on the east coast of Vancouver Island have also a tradition of a boy who was swallowed up by a whale, and while in its stomach commenced to cut his way out, which so irritated the animal that it cast him on land again, and hence originates a long series of adventures before he gets home. In some versions of the story his sister helped him, &c. However, so far from regarding this as a perverted Bible tale, I am inclined to consider it a remnant of the universal Asiatic tradition of that nature, and of which Jonah and the whale is only one variant.

Among a people without a written language, or any mode of perpetuating the records of their history except by oral tradition, all events, but especially those of a remarkable or apparently supernatural character, are very apt to get into the region of myths in a short time. For instance, all students of North-West American history must remember the blowing up of the *Touquin* by Mackay, the interpreter, after its capture by the Indians, and the immense destruction of the Indians thereby. This event happened only in 1812, and is indeed so recent that Mr. Mackay's grandson yet lives in Oregon, and is an acquaintance of my own, yet already this is looked upon as a great manifestation of the power of Quawteaht. On the other hand, they still talk of the loves and mishaps of Jewett, armourer, of the *Boston*, whose narrative of his captivity in Nootka Sound is yet much read among seamen; and old Seattle, a chief of Puget Sound, used to relate with great gusto how the Indians loved to come round Vancouver's ship, to see his boatswain give three dozen to the men of a morning—a reminiscence quite in keeping with the martinet character of the great explorer. Lewis and Clarke are also well remembered, and in Nootka Sound the Indians yet pronounce quite distinctly the names of Cook, Meares, and Vancouver.* The "sign language" so common among the "plain Indians" is to a great extent here unknown; though by certain rude figures on trees and rocks, &c., they can inform strange Indians, or whites who learn the meaning of these marks, that the ford is dangerous, or that some other Indians passed here at such and such a date. A few Classahts near Cape Flattery were said to have been able to express certain ideas in writing, this knowledge being probably learned from some Japanese who were wrecked among them, and afterwards rescued by the Hudson's Bay Company. They have various signs among them expressive of contempt, admiration, &c. Thus, to spit on the palm of the hand, and then extend it with fingers outstretched towards a person, is a mark of great contempt; to put the thumb between the fore and middle fingers is also a gross insult, and so forth.

* In 1770 the New Zealanders had no recollection of Tasman's visit, though this important event took place less than 130 years before. It is also affirmed that the North American Indians soon lost all tradition of De Soto's expedition. But Sir John Lubbock is in error when he concludes that savages speedily cease to remember remarkable events. They recollect them well, as the above-mentioned facts sufficiently prove, though they are apt, like the Devonshire rustics who have entwined round Sir Francis Drake's memory a series of mythical legends, or the mediæval Italians who insist on regarding Virgil as a sorcerer, to tack to them imaginary legends, or embody in them folk stories of primeval origin. Lubbock: "Prehistoric Times," p. 335; Tylor: "Primitive Culture," I. 252; Lach-Szyrma: "Folklore Record," 1881, p. 159.

The North-West Indians have very little idea of the nature of the heavenly bodies or of the causes of natural operations. The winds, they think, come out of large boulders or rocks, which were once old people converted into stones. The south wind is an old woman who lives in the south, and when they wish a breeze of this kind they throw water in that direction, and commence abusing her. Between Cowichan and Victoria are some large rocks, which are supposed to be these Æolus-like hags. On one occasion, in a dead calm on a warm day, I was passing that locality with some Indians. They went to the rocks, slapped them, and threw water on them, abusing them in the most obscene and insolent manner; shortly afterwards the afternoon breeze came up, and of course they thoroughly believed that it was owing to their imprecations on the old hags who had charge of the winds. Rain is caused, they think, by smoke, and this is perhaps the most reasonable of all their myths of observation. However, when Hælse converted the boatman on the lake into a beaver, for his incivility, he also gave it the power of bringing rain, so that its dams might be filled. Thunder is the flapping of the wings of the thunder-bird and the lightning is a serpent which darts out of its mouth.

This bird, among the western Indians of Vancouver Island, is called Tootooch, hence *tootah* (the lightning). He is the survivor of four great birds, which once dwelt in the land of the Howchucklesahts, in the Alberni Canal, three of which were killed by Quawteaht. These birds fed upon whales. Quawteaht, one day, desiring to destroy them, entered into a whale and gradually approached the shore, spouting to attract attention. The bird soon swooped down upon him, when he dived to the bottom and drowned it. This manœuvre was twice repeated, and two more were destroyed. The fourth flew off into inaccessible regions, where it yet lives, causing thunder and lightning. It is not, however, so far off, because one of their stories tells about a man who found its nest. Admiral Mayne informs us that after a storm they always search on the coast for dead whales, and seem to connect them in some way with thunder.

These western Indians think that the Prometheus who gave them fire was the cuttle-fish (Telhoop). After the earth was made, fire only burned in its dwelling, but in those days Telhoop could live both on sea and land. "All the beasts of the forest went in search of the necessary element (for in those days the beasts required fire, having Indians in their bodies), which was finally discovered, and stolen from the house of Telhoop by the deer (Mouch), who carried it away, as the natives curiously describe it, both by words and signs, in the knee-joint of his hind-leg." Why the cuttle-fish of all animals was fixed upon as the owner of fire, in this curious myth, is not at all apparent, and would admit of some very curious speculation, more especially as in Scandinavian mythology Loki, the Fire God, dwelt in water, and in other countries the same idea prevails.*

The stars are little people, and, like the Arabians, the Indians point out constellations and give them the names of animate and inanimate objects. For instance, the "milky way" is a collection of fishes; the Pleiades are three men in a canoe; and so on. The sun is a great chief, driving a fiery sledge, and the old people, when they wake up in the morning and see it rising, will often be heard to say, "There goes my lord the sun; he's a great traveller." The moon

* In the Ladrone Islands, the Spaniards are said to have found the natives unacquainted with fire, but this, like many similar tales, is not true—*e.g.*, that when Magellan set fire to the huts of the Ladrone Islanders, they looked upon the flame as a living creature which fed upon wood. However, most nations—Egyptians, Phœnicians, Persians, Chinese, Greeks, &c.—have myths about the introduction of a knowledge of fire.

is also a human being, and is worshipped. The Cowichan tribes think that the moon has a frog in it—a superstition equivalent to ours of “the man in the moon.”* Among the *Aht*, or Western Vancouver Indians, the moon (as among the Teutons) is the husband, and the sun (not as among the eastern coast Indians) is the wife. The moon is among all the heavenly bodies the highest object of veneration. When working at the settlement at Alberni in gangs by moonlight, individuals have been observed to look up to the moon, blow a breath, and utter quickly the word *Teech! teeoh!* (health, or life.) “Life! life!” this is the great prayer of these people’s heart—even such a miserable life as theirs seems to the civilised observer. *Teech! teeoh!* is their almost constant and common prayer. This belief in the influence of the moon is widespread; witness the common European superstitious practice of turning



SIoux INDIAN, SHOWING THE METHOD OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

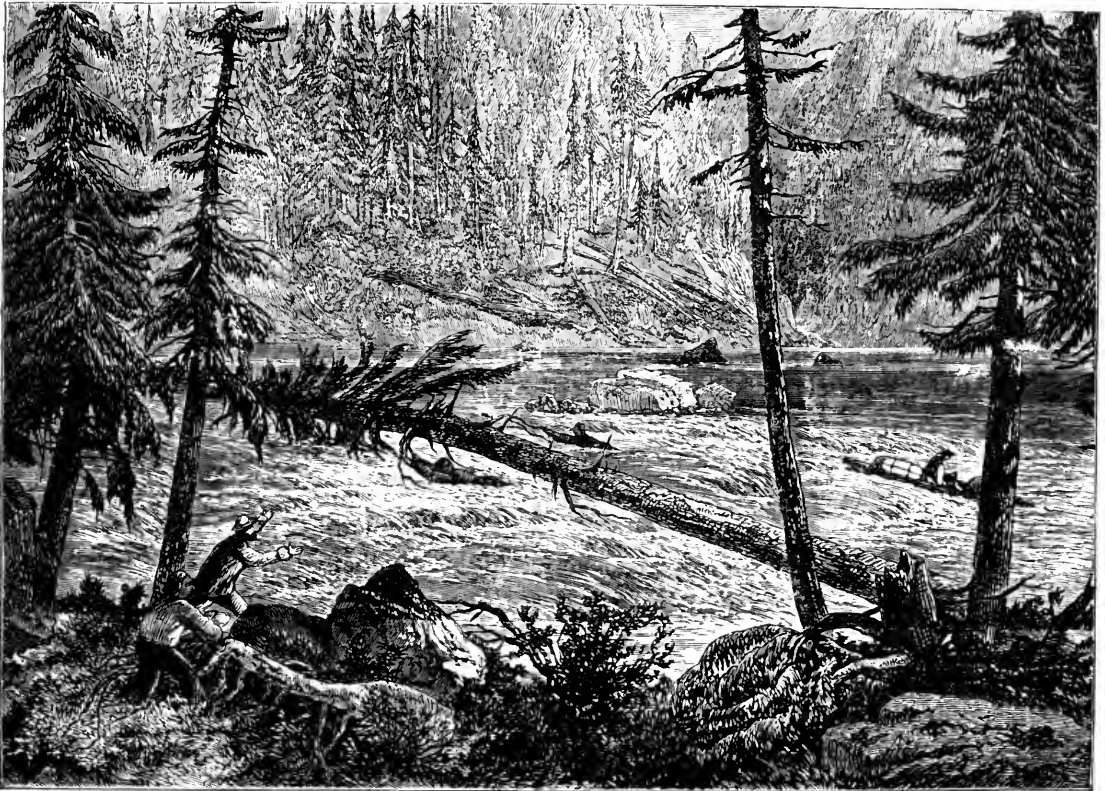
money in the pocket when first the new moon is seen, the idea of the fatal influence of the moon, or of plants grown under its rays, &c. It is related by John Aubrey, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, that “in Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the woemen doe make a Curtsey to the New Moon, and our Englishwoemen in the Country doe retaine (some of them) a touch of this Gentilisme still . . . sitting astride on a gate or a stile the first evening the new moon appeares, saying ‘A fine moon, God bless her!’”† In Orkney the increase, full growth, and wane of the moon are emblems of a rising, flourishing,

* Again, among other tribes, the raven married a daughter of the sun. Their son by this marriage, in attempting to drive his grandsire’s fiery chariot, set fire to some mountains, one of which is Mount Baker, in the Cascade Range, occasionally an active volcano. This is said to prevail among the Fraser River, Cowichans, and other tribes speaking that language, but it is rather curious, if uncorrupt, how they thought of a carriage or chariot, such being unknown amongst them: perhaps it is of recent invention, or tinkered up by the tellers.

† “Remaines of Gentilisme and Juuaine,” p. 36, printed for the Folklore Society (1881).

and declining fortune. No business of importance is begun during the moon's wane. If an animal is killed at that time, its flesh is supposed to be unwholesome. No couple would think of marrying at that period. Old people in some parts of Argyllshire were wont to invoke the Divine blessing after the monthly change of the moon. The Gaelic word for "fortune" is borrowed from that which denotes the full moon, and a birth or marriage occurring at that period is believed to augur prosperity.*

Earthquakes are caused by the tramp of an imaginary host. During the earthquake



CANOE RIVER. (After Milton and Cheadle.)

which occurred in Vancouver Island on the 25th of August, 1865, some friends of mine were in Nootka Sound. While the shocks lasted, the Indians set up a fearful, unearthly yell, which they continued until the whole party had assembled. They entreated the whites to fire their fowling-pieces to frighten away the spirit of evil, who, according to their notion, comes upon the earth (at this particular time), with all the Indians who have ever died, to slay the living for the evil they have committed.

They have, again, many superstitions about sneezing and cutting nails. When they cut their nails they throw them on the coals, and if the smoke goes straight up, then they will be

* Rogers: "Scottish Life," p. 194; Henderson: "Folklore of Northern Counties," p. 114 *et seq.*

lucky, but if not, the evil will come from the side from which the smoke is blown. If a person has been guilty of conjugal infidelity, some of the horse tribes, such as the Klamaths, suppose that his horse will be in a perspiration after a very little exertion.

A good number of their superstitions relate to animals, and more particularly to the fishes which form such a large proportion of the food of the coast Indians, who live on river-banks, such as the Fraser, the Columbia, Naas, Stekin, and other drainers of the Pacific Slope.

At Bentinck Arm for many years the Indians would not sell fresh salmon to the whites, thinking that this would be unlucky. Furthermore, they would not allow their women to eat them unless they were partially dried. At Fort Langely they would not let the whites take the first salmon in the spring out of the canoe, but they must carry them out in a stated way themselves. At Sooke they are careful not to allow the first-caught salmon bones to be eaten by dogs or cats, and accordingly they carry these carefully down to the beach so as to be washed out by the tide. The early adventurers on the Columbia River were much annoyed to find that the Chinooks would not sell them salmon for about ten days after they had entered the river, unless they would agree not to cut them crosswise, nor boil, but roast them; nor would they allow them to be sold without the heart being first taken out; nor would they permit them to be kept over-night: they had to be all consumed the first day they were taken out of the water.* The capture of the oulachan, or Pacific smelt (*Osmerus pacificus*, Rich.), plays an important part in Indian life among the northern coast tribes of British Columbia and Alaska, its capture and the expression of the oil being surrounded with numerous superstitions. For instance, the expression of the half-boiled mass which remains after the best oil has been skimmed off by being "tried" out, by throwing red-hot stones into a bucket of fresh water, must be done with the naked breast. None of the dirt must be washed off, or even removed from the vicinity of the lodges, however offensive it becomes, until the fishery is over. These and other features of Indian life may be found recorded in another place.†

The heron (*Ardea herodias*, L.) is called *shuckah* by the Nisqually Indians in Puget Sound, who have likewise applied to it the name of *tsah-pah*, or "our grandfather," probably owing to the grave dignity with which the creature struts about on the shores of its favourite feeding-grounds.‡ These Indians suppose that the heron was formerly an Indian who, having quarrelled with his wife, now the Ho-hwhy, or horned grebe (*Podiceps cornutus*, L.), they were both transformed into their present condition. The wife seems to have been a shocking bad character, and to have been abundantly punished for her manifold sins by the Nisqually Jupiter—here known as Dokweebottle—though in all his attributes the representative of the Hælsæ or Quawteah of the Vancouver Island Indians.

The Night heron (*Nyctiardea Gardeni*, Gm.) is another bird of superstition. Indians are much frightened when they hear it, supposing that it can transform human beings into inferior animals; in regard to which power they have many traditions. The "medicine-wolf" (*Fulpes virginianus*, Baird) is supposed to be a harbinger of ill-luck and misfortune. The *sewellel*, or *show'tl*, of the Nisqually Indians (*Aplodontia leporina*, Rich.) is honoured by them by having attached to it the reputation of being the first animal created with life. The musk-

* Ross, "Adventures on the Columbia River," p. 97. † *Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions*, June, 1868.

‡ Suckley, "Nat. Hist., Washington Territory," Zoology, p. 228.

rat is supposed to have some influence upon labour, for the women on the Cowlitz use it as a kind of smelling-salt during the agonies of parturition.

The western grebe is called by the Nisquallies *swah-teese*, and is said by them to have been an Indian—the elder brother of *Podiceps cornutus*, whom we have had occasion to notice as a very disreputable female, and the wife of the great blue heron. The wolf figures much in all Indian fable, especially among the tribes at the Columbia River, under the names of Talipus, or Italipus, and the evil spirit is generally believed to present himself under that guise. As among nearly every nation in the world, the word dog—useful though the animal may be—is a term of contempt.

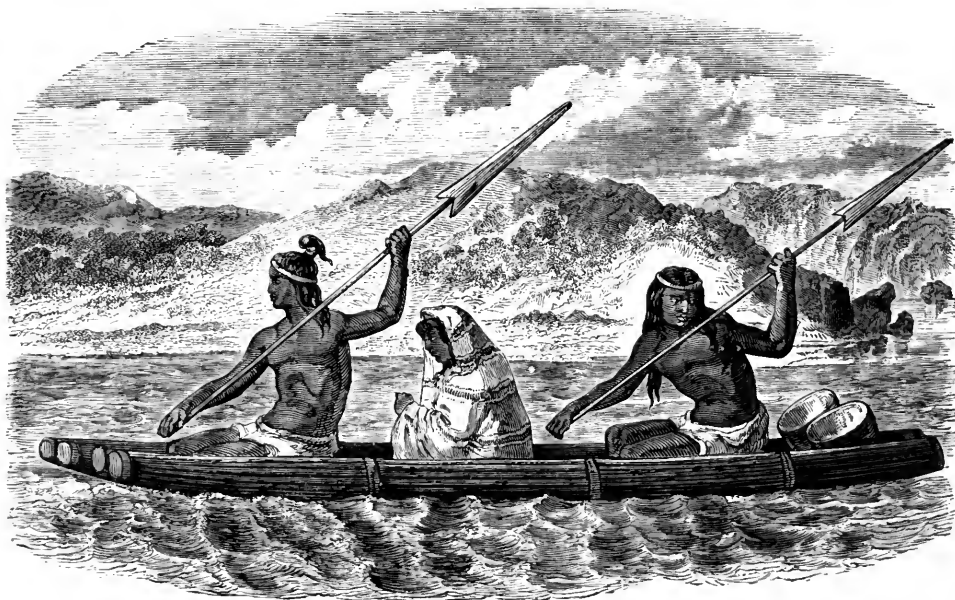
Some animals are looked upon in a peculiar light, and their skins (as was once the custom in Europe) can only be worn by men of a certain standing. Thus the tail or skin of the skunk (*Mephitis occidentalis*), a very common animal, can only be claimed by distinguished warriors as a badge of distinction. Some tribes have a fashion of fastening the tails of foxes to the mocassins of men who have slain their enemies in war, as shown in our woodcut, representing two Indians fighting (p. 128). It is copied from a rude Indian painting, on the buffalo hides of which a wigwam was made. In Plate 2 the Indian dancer has foxes' tails attached to his mocassins. The claws of the grizzly bear, in like manner, are attached to the dress of famous hunters.

More singular still are the stories of great monsters, but even in these superstitions and exaggerations the naturalist is able to see much that is deeply interesting to him. When, in 1863, I ascended the then lonely Snohomish and Snoqualami Rivers, in Washington Territory, my Indian canoe-men related to me many stories about a huge animal which, ages ago, ravaged that country, destroying the Indian villages, until they had to erect (as some African and other tribes do at the present day) scaffolds to sleep on, or even houses on platforms in shallow lakes, like the old lake-dwellers in Switzerland and other parts of Europe. It is very curious that an almost identical tradition prevails near Stewart Lake and Peace River, in British Columbia, and the Snoqualami in Washington Territory—regions widely separated, and inhabited by different races, speaking most dissimilar languages. It is also interesting that in both regions bones of the mastodon are found in abundance; and though possibly the tradition may have originated in a desire to account for the presence of these remains, yet I think it is more than probable that both these legends are only the fragmentary remembrance, handed down from generation to generation, of a time when this animal was contemporary with man, as recent discoveries have left little doubt that it was. Indeed, as far back as 1840 Albert Koch found near Bourbon River, in Gasconade County, Missouri, bones of the mastodon associated with Indian remains, and expressed his belief that a human race existed contemporary with his *Missourium* (as the genus was called), and that the fact of these relics not having hitherto been found was owing to the remains being generally investigated by people not aware of the importance of a minute examination of the locality. This idea is supported by the fact of an Indian stone axe and knife, with charcoal, half-burnt pieces of wood, and implements of the chase, being mingled with the mastodon's bones. Added to this, about 150 pieces of rock, evidently brought from the river and thrown at the animal, were found in the immediate vicinity. Some of the animal's teeth had been broken by the blows, and had escaped the fire. These were evidently the remains of a hunter's feast,

the animal having been roasted where it was killed.* As an amusing trait of credulity, I may mention that a white man—a hunter—of Port Angelos, in Washington Territory, always declares that when hunting in the Olympian Range, he saw an animal which could be no other than the mastodon, yet living in these almost inaccessible fastnesses!

The Indians are unwilling to approach Shawnigan Lake in the southern section of Vancouver Island, declaring that it is haunted by some great animal.

Again, some of the Crees, who inhabit, or used to inhabit, the country in the vicinity of the Athabasca River, have a curious tradition concerning certain animals which they state formerly frequented the mountains. They allege that these animals were of frightful magnitude,



"DIGGERS" IN A CANOE MADE OF SEVERAL TREES PARTIALLY HOLLOWED OUT AND FASTENED TOGETHER.

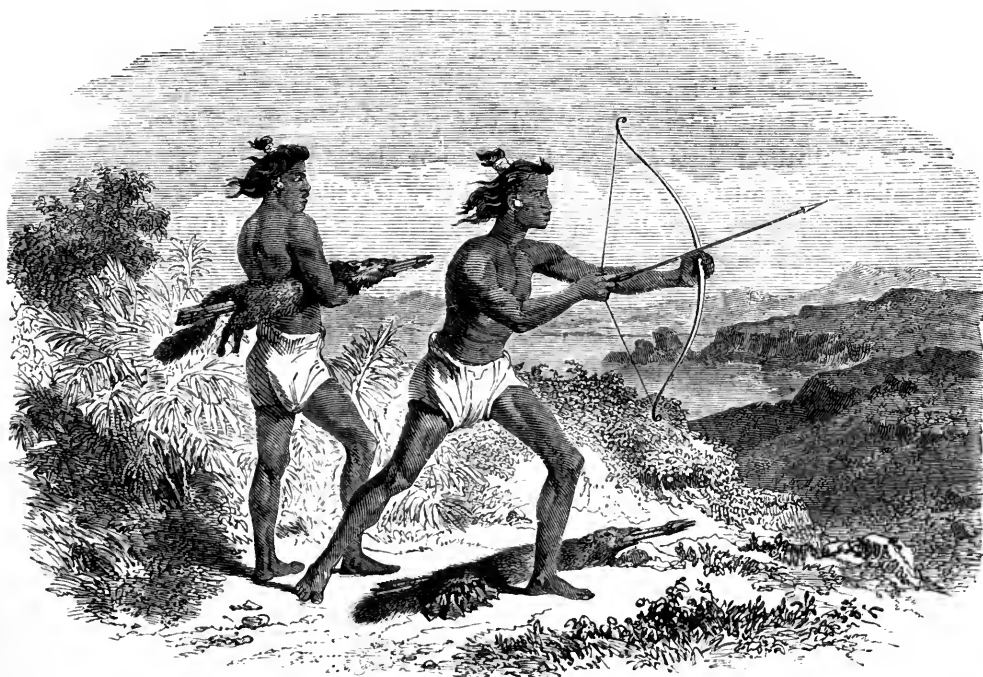
being from 200 to 300 feet in length, and tall in proportion; that they formerly lived in the plains, a great distance to the eastward, from which they were gradually driven by the Indians to the Rocky Mountains; that they destroyed all smaller animals, and if their agility had been equal to their size, would have exterminated the natives also, &c. One man used to live there who asserted that his grandfather told him he saw one of these animals in a mountain pass, when he was hunting, and that on hearing its roar, which he compared to loud thunder, the sight almost left his eyes, and his heart became as small as an infant's. This may, perhaps, also refer to a tradition of the mastodon. It must, however, strike every one how similar are the Indian stories of ogres, giants, and dragon-like monsters to the corresponding myths of Europe.

* See Koch, in *Transactions of the Academy of Sciences of St. Louis*, i. 160 (1860); *American Journal of Science*, xxxvi. 198 (1839); and R. Brown (in a letter to Professor Rupert Jones) in Lartet and Christy's "*Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*," Part VI. (1863), and notes in subsequent parts of that work.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA: HOUSES; HABITS; CONDITION.

IN the foregoing pages I have regarded the tribes of North-West America as a whole, though these tribes speak numerous languages, distinct one from another, and vary widely in habits and character. To enumerate all the tribal distinctions would be a tedious and, in most respects, an unprofitable task, even could it be done with any degree of accuracy. Between California and the southern limits of the Eskimo, in the trackless region bordering the Arctic



DIGGERS ON LAND.

Ocean, the tribes nominally at least distinct, and living under chiefs more or less independent, must be numbered by hundreds, and speaking probably more than forty different languages or very distinct dialects. The broad characteristics and salient habits of these tribes we have touched upon in general in the preceding chapters; it is therefore unnecessary to describe them more in detail. Moreover, it is very dubious how far many of these tribes are independent, where are their haunts, and whether every little village has not been classed as a separate tribe. They are, unquestionably, all of one origin—viz., from some of the more northerly portions of Asia—and though long isolation one from another has somewhat altered their habits, it is scarcely more accurate to term these little septs different *tribes*, and far less (as has been done) separate *nations*, than it would be to divide the people of England into the separate tribes of York-shirites, Devonians, Middlesexians, Londoners, Manchesters, &c. &c. It is, however, doubtful

if the miserable tribes inhabiting the Californian valleys, or extending into Nevada and the south-eastern desert of Oregon, are of the same origin as the more northerly savages. There seems some reason to believe that they originally came from some of the Polynesian Islands—canoe-men drifted off in a storm at some remote period. In habits they differ considerably from the northern tribes, and in social condition are the most miserable of all the American aborigines. Never of a high character, they have sunk into the utmost degradation since the “civilisation” of the country. They were known to the French Canadian voyageurs and trappers of the great fur companies as the *gens du pitié* (the pitiable race). Abused and persecuted by the more powerful tribes to the north of them, “civilised off the face of the earth” by the Americans, they are fast decreasing, and in a few years the persecuted “Digger Indian” will have disappeared from the American continent. The name “Digger,” by which they are now universally known, was first applied to them by General Fremont, the Rocky Mountain explorer, from the fact that they gained a precarious subsistence in winter by digging for roots and grubs through the snow, or searching the rocks for lizards, &c. They live in small communities here and there, treacherous and cowardly, divided into a number of little rival septs, but all so mutually jealous of each other as to be almost powerless to commit any greater evil than stealing a few cattle, or murdering a solitary traveller whom they may overpower in some lonely mountain pass or valley in the Sierras (pp. 136, 137, 140, 141, 148).

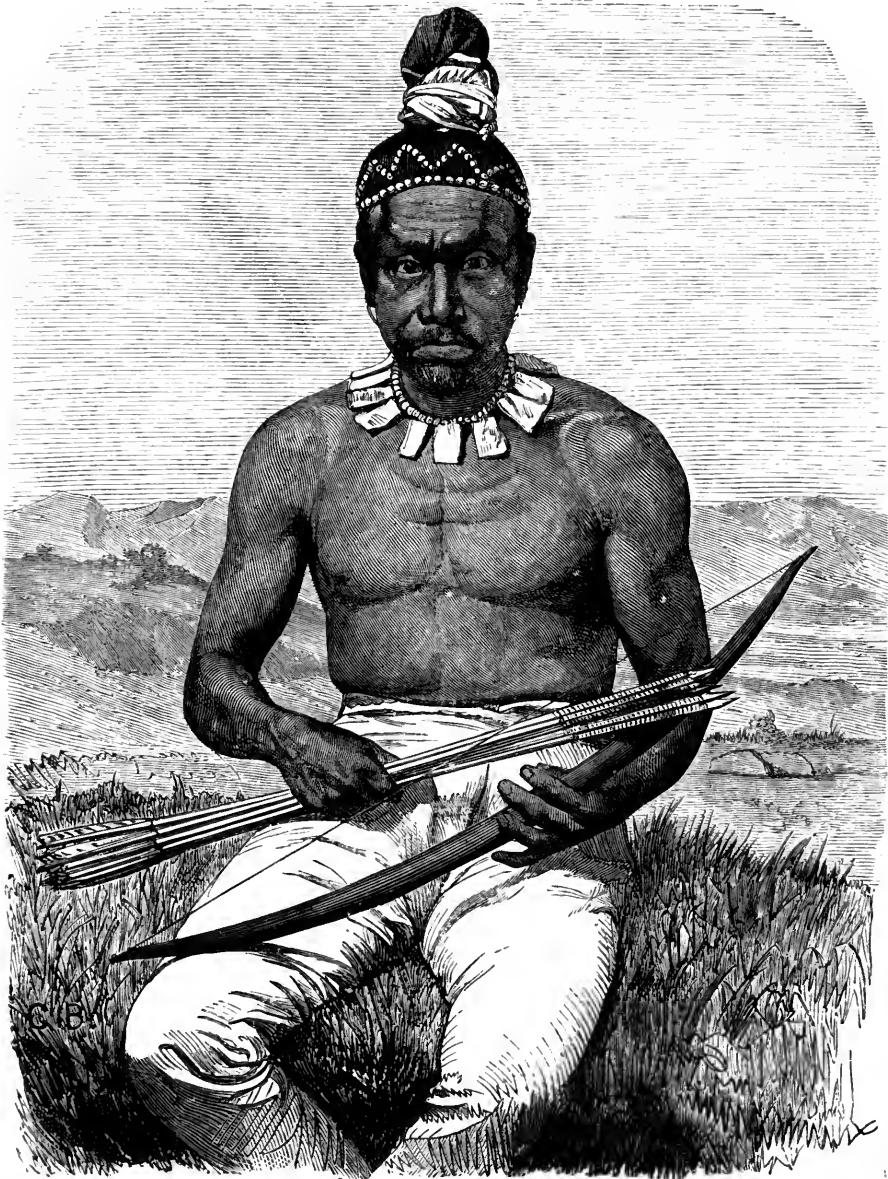
When the country was first invaded by the crowd of gold-diggers in 1849, beyond the few thousands who had collected round the Spanish missions in Lower California, and were in a state of the most abject subjection to and dependence on the priests, there must have roamed over the wide region more than 100,000 Indians, living in a state of freedom and of nature, as complete as the elk, antelope, or sage rabbit, which furnished their then by no means precarious livelihood. A head-dress of feathers, with a scanty coat of paint on his face, was the full dress of a brave, while a fringe of bark or grass suspended from her waist furnished a complete wardrobe for his squaw. To this day the males go quite naked during the summer, if living at a distance from the whites. The men have no beard, this being plucked out by the squaw with a couple of shells as soon as it appears. They all wear ornaments in their ears—or at least did. The children had theirs bored at an early age, larger and larger pieces of stick being inserted until the aperture was capable of taking in one of the larger bones of a pelican’s wing—five or six inches long, carved in rude style, and decorated at the end with crimson feathers—which is worn permanently. The back hair of the men is fastened up in a net, and made fast by a pin of wood pushed through both hair and net, the large end being ornamented with crimson feathers, obtained from the head of the “carpentero” woodpecker,* and sometimes, also, with the tail feathers of an eagle. The women, before the advent of the whites, wore no hair-nets or ornaments. Before being corrupted by the rude gold-diggers and lumber-men, they were not a bad kind of people on the whole. The men were treacherous, but (unless ill-treated) harmless enough, and the girls frank and even confiding—perhaps quite as much as young grizzly bears. But then the men always *were* ill-treated, and the children could scarcely be expected to be very confiding to a paleface, when from their infancy a white man was the bugbear used to frighten them into submission to the maternal will. A Californian boy could no more tell you

* The *Melanerpes formicivorus* of naturalists.

when he first learned to swim, than he could say when he remembered to have first walked. The boy has a bow and arrow put into his hand as soon as he can use them; while girls learn to weave blankets and make bread of acorns. They are much more familiar with the points of the compass than their more northern neighbours. If a ball or an arrow is lost, instead of searching about in all directions for it, the one who saw it fall will say, "To the east; a little north; now three steps N.E.," and so on. Even in the darkest night an Indian will fetch water from a spring, by following the directions of a companion who had been there previously—"Three hundred steps east and twenty steps north." They are, accordingly, excellent trackers of game, and say that it is impossible to mistake a white man's foot, even if bare, for it is deformed by the pressure of boots or shoes; while the Indian's foot, never trammelled by any such foot-gear, is so formed that he can use his toes to hold arrows whilst he is making them. They roam about from place to place, as the attractions of game or other food may incline, and hence are generally well acquainted with a wide range of country.

If caught by a storm while out hunting, an Indian will dig a hole in the ground, and with a small fire shelter himself until the weather abates. In building his ordinary fires, he takes the utmost precaution in choosing the situation, in selecting the wood, and the way of arranging the logs. He laughs in contempt of the white man, who builds a fire so large that he cannot get near it. His hut is differently built in different localities. In the Sacramento Valley, an upright post, six feet long, is fixed in the middle of a hole three or four feet deep, and ten feet across. Poles are then laid from the edge of the hole to rest on this upright post, and the whole covered with grass and dirt. In other places, large pieces of bark are laid upon a framework of poles, and covered with rushes and sedges (the *tulé* of the Californian). In the San Joaquin Valley, a framework of poles covered with rushes is a common mode of architecture. The ordinary winter hut is a rude affair like this, half of it being below the ground, the roof dome-shaped, with a hole to allow the surplus smoke to escape. Like all Indian abodes, it is never clear of this pungent smoke, which, however, does not seem to inconvenience the inmates much. Inside, on a raised platform of poles and reeds, are skins and blankets woven from geese-feathers, on which the master and his family repose, while at the side—generally on the south side—is a low door. When they go out, a branch is left in the door to show that nobody is at home. Most of the wilder Indians have no permanent place of residence, but each tribe has a territory which it considers its own, and a cluster of huts, known to the whites as *rancheria*. These huts are built on the banks of streams, in the vicinity of oak-trees, bushes, and patches of the wild clover which the Indian is fond of eating. More provident than most aborigines, the Digger stores away some food for the winter, in rude granaries, made of poles, in the vicinity of his house. In the autumn the whole tribe—men, women, and children—are working together, gathering acorns for their winter stores. The women are the drudges, and the lord of creation laughs at the whites for allowing their wives to remain at home idle while their husbands are at work out of doors, "just like squaws." The squaw must collect the roots and prepare them, carry the portable property when her lord moves his establishment; and in return for all this is beaten on the slightest provocation, and is never once consulted about public or private affairs. In fact, she is a chattel bought from her parents, and is treated as such. Mark the contrast between the woman of the East and the West. In the West she is a slave; in the East she leads a life of luxury. Like all Indians, they think and say with great

shrewdness, "What is the use of making a slave of one's self all one's life, just to make a son or daughter idle on the proceeds of one's labour?" Accordingly, the Digger only works when



INDIAN OF CALIFORNIA.

he cannot help it. Custom is with him law, and a perfectly satisfactory excuse to him for not doing anything is, that "it has never been done before." The tribes are very small, and are governed by hereditary chiefs, who, however, have little power. These tribes are without wealth, or other laws than custom. Public vengeance for offences so grave as to deserve death is

satisfied by a number of the leading men agreeing to kill the offender. This is then accomplished by their waylaying him and shooting him with arrows. Their law is blood for blood. Slavery is found amongst them, but not of an hereditary kind. Prisoners in war, if men, are generally killed; but women and children are frequently retained as slaves.

At one time the Indians in California must have been very numerous, for everywhere along the banks of lakes and rivers may be seen the traces of old villages, not inhabited even in the memory of tradition. Here and there will be found a few scattered families speaking a different language to any of the petty tribes around them, showing that they are the remnants of dying-off tribes. Like all their race, the Diggers are fond of home, and if away for a short time from the locality where they have been born or brought up, soon weary to return. The mounds on the



INDIAN WOMAN OF SACRAMENTO RIVER.

site of old villages are mere "kitchen-middens," formed of the refuse of the food, &c., of the people who once lived there, and are entirely different from the great mounds in the Valley of the Ohio, and elsewhere. And here it may be remarked that whatever may be the origin of the Californian Indians there is no ground for believing, as so many have done, that they are of Chinese or Japanese origin, though Lieutenant Wheeler has attempted to prove this, and to trace Sinetic words in an inscription engraved on the Basalt Rocks near Benton, in Southern California. Most probably, the Diggers are Polynesians. The languages of the various tribes point to some of them being related to the widely-spread Athabascan and Shoshone families. But beyond the fact that they may be roughly assorted into three great divisions, we are puzzled to classify the ethnic and linguistic types of the Golden State and the neighbouring one of Nevada. What their religious belief is it is difficult to say, and, no doubt, it is a good deal mixed up with ideas learned in a vague manner from the old Spanish priests or modern missionaries. A good spirit is invoked to give them food, and evil ones must be propitiated. The oldest chief prays at certain seasons, morning and evening, outside of the council-lodge, and sings in a monotone a few sentences only. This is not in words taken from

their language, but is supposed to be intelligible to the Great Spirit.* When any ordinary request for success in hunting or fishing is preferred, it is made in their own language. Although an Indian prays constantly for success, he takes admirable precautions and displays wonderful skill and craft to secure it. He will stalk the pronghorn on the open prairie by covering his head and shoulders with the antelope's head and neck, and going on all-fours until he gets within bow-shot, and in other ways practise peculiar hunting artifices.

To illustrate the ease with which an Indian can provide himself with food, an eye-witness relates what he once witnessed on the banks of the Feather River. The Indian sat down and lit a fire. Turning over a sod, and searching under the logs and stones, he found some grubs. Pulling up some light dry reeds of the last year's growth, he plucked a few hairs from his own head and tied the grubs to the bottom of the reeds, surrounding the bait with a circle of loops. These reeds were now stuck lightly in the mud and shallow water near the edge of the river, and he squatted and watched the top of his reeds. Not a sound now broke the quiet of the place. The Indian was as motionless as the trees that shaded him. Presently, one of the reeds trembled at the top, and the Indian quietly placed his thumb and finger on the reed, and with a light toss a fish was thrown on the grass. The reed was put back; another reed shook, and two fish were thrown out; then still another, and the angler was soon cooking his dinner.†

Spearing salmon by moonlight on the rivers is as exciting a scene as a similar sport in the quiet bays of the North. The poor savage has an abiding belief that the Creator will send salmon in the stream and grasshoppers on the plain for his food, and year after year he leads his precarious life, buoyed up by the confidence his simple faith inspires. Certain portions of the north-west and central regions of North America swarm with several species of grasshoppers—veritable locusts—which cover the country and eat up every green thing. The farmer looks upon them with dread, and many and ingenious are the inventions to keep them out of his fields. The Indians all through the region between the Rocky and Cascade Mountains, and throughout Nevada, Utah, and California, regard them as one of the most unqualified blessings from “the Great Spirit”—illustrating the old and homely proverb about one man's meat being another man's poison. They are eaten either fresh or preserved for winter use, just as the Arabs do locusts, and with equal gusto. The grasshopper season is almost equal in importance to the acorn one. To procure the former luxury, a hole is dug deep enough to prevent the insects jumping out. The Indians, old and young, then form a circle, each person being armed with a piece of bush. They then commence beating the grasshoppers towards the hole, in which, when once driven, they are prisoners. Altogether, hunting this small game is an

* When first the Spanish friars came among them it is confidently affirmed that they had no religion and no form of government, and that no words to express “God” or “soul” were to be found in their language. Though they did not deny the possibility of the whites rising from the dead, yet, as they burned the bodies of their departed friends, they considered that this was an utter impossibility as regarded them. They had no idea—nor does it seem they ever attempted to have one—respecting the creation of the earth and heavenly bodies. On this subject they entertained the philosophical beliefs of the Abipones, a South American tribe, who told M. Dobritzhofer that their fathers were wont to contemplate the earth alone, solicitous only to see whether the plain afforded grass and water for their horses. “They never troubled themselves about what went on in the heavens, and who was the creator and governor of the stars.”—See Baegert, “*Nachrichten von der Am. Halbinsel*,” trans. in *Smithsonian Reports*, 1863-4.

† Cheever, in “*American Naturalist*,” iv. 137.

active and moderately-exciting exercise. Sometimes the grass and weeds around are set on fire, so that the grasshoppers are disabled and afterwards picked up.

Only one kind of game is hunted at a time, and each kind when it can be hunted most advantageously. Accordingly, when an eminent artist—Albert Bierstadt—introduces into his painting of the Yosemite Valley an Indian camp with all kind of game lying around, he only evinces his disregard or ignorance of natural history and aboriginal habits. Their bows are made of Lawson's cypress (*Cupressus Lawsoniana*) or of yew (*Taxus brevifolia*), and strengthened in the middle with sinew. The string is composed of sinew also; and the arrows of reeds, pointed with obsidian. They use a tool for making the arrow-heads, with its working edge shaped like the side of a glazier's diamond. The arrow-head is held in the left hand, while the nick on the side of the hole is used as a nipper to chip off small fragments. An Indian has usually a pouch of treasures, consisting of unfinished arrow-heads, or unworked stones, to be slowly completed when industriously inclined. The feathers are so placed on the arrow as to give it a spiral motion in its flight, proving that the idea of imparting a rotatory motion to a missile is older than the rifling of our guns. Arrow-poison they prepare by causing an irritated but confined rattlesnake to repeatedly bite a liver of some animal until it is saturated with poison, into which they dip their arrow-points. The arrows are always dangerous, whether poisoned or not, as the heat of the body loosens the sinew fastenings, and allows the ragged flint-head to remain in the flesh. Few of the Indians have ever acquired or learned to use fire-arms. Wild fowl and other wild animals they catch with nets, in pitfalls, and by various other ingenious methods. The women are very skilful in making baskets and all kinds of vessels of the root of a species of *cyperus*, a marsh sedge, which are so tightly woven as to be perfectly water-tight. They even boil food in these baskets, as the northern Indians do in boxes, by dropping red-hot stones into the water, continually keeping up the heat by taking out the cooled ones and dropping in hot ones. In this manner water will be boiled much quicker than in the ordinary way of putting the pot on the fire. These stones are lifted by two sticks, which the women will handle as adroitly as the Chinese do chopsticks, or we tongs. Acorns are pounded up between two stones, and then baked into bread, the bitterness of the acorn-meal being partially removed by "leaching"—that is, allowing water to slowly percolate through the meal. The dough is then wrapped in leaves, and these balls covered with hot stones. The result is a rather unsightly mass, but if proper care is taken to free every bite from sand, bits of leaf, stone, and dirt generally, the quality is not so very bad. Fremont's men ate it readily enough, and so has the writer when hard pressed by hunger in the mountains. Fish and meat are sometimes cooked in the same way. An intelligent writer on these people (Mr. Cheever) remarks, truly enough, that a "salmon rolled in grape-leaves and surrounded with hot stones, the whole covered with dry earth or ashes overnight, and taken out hot for breakfast, does not need a hunter's appetite for its appreciation." The parched seed of the yellow water-lily (*Nuphar advena*) is also a favourite food of these people, when it can be procured (pp. 64, 137).

About the Klamath lakes, in Southern Oregon, we used to be interested in the busy scenes at the *wokas* gathering. Rude "dug-outs," consisting either of several trees lashed together (p. 136), or merely of the trunk of a pine-tree, fourteen or fifteen feet in length, with one side roughly hollowed out, and very different from the elegant canoes of the northern and



A VIEW ON THE NORTH THOMPSON. (After Milton and Cheadle.)

eastern tribes, were continually landed, laden with the capsules of the lily which had been collected by boys, girls, and women. These capsules were spread out to dry, and then threshed to get the seed out, which was finally stowed away for winter use. When a little was required, it was shelled by being parched with some live coals in the squaw's saucer-like hat made of the

sedge-roots. This was ground into meal, mixed with a little water, and the sleepy husband roused to breakfast. This seemed to be the squaws' regular morning occupation. The Indians declared that they could travel further on a meal of this *wokas* than on any other kind of food. The wild horse-chestnuts, pine-seeds, grass-seeds, as well as grass and clover (which they regard as a great luxury, and get fat on), are also eaten. Lizards, snakes, the roots of the *tulè*, &c., are all eaten, but they never think of tilling the soil.

Marriage, as among other Indian tribes, is simply a matter of purchase; and as the Digger, rude though he may be, and low in the scale of civilisation, has the good sense to select a wife for other qualities than mere personal charms, he is generally very happy in his family relations. When they were in even a ruder state than now, marriage by force (after the Australian model), with all its accompanying brutalities, was common. Polygamy is permitted by many of the tribes, but (though few marriageable girls long remain single, being wedded at thirteen or fourteen) not many men have more than one wife. I knew one man who had three, and they seemed to agree tolerably well, although the somewhat henpecked husband informed me, in an aside whisper between two whiffs of his pipe, that as an experienced family man he could not advise me to take more than *one* wife, as in his house there was "too much tongue." The duration of the marriage relation depends entirely on the caprice of the husband. Woman-stealing from other tribes is one of the most fertile causes of their wars, but, unlike their northern neighbours, they do not take the head of their fallen enemy. There are generally few children in a family, and mostly boys—the girls, it is said by those best acquainted with these savages, being neglected or made away with soon after birth. This is contrary to the custom in the North, where it is the girls who are most esteemed, on account of their marketable value.

Dancing is one of their favourite amusements, and in one of their dances the women join, though so solemn is it that a stranger might be in doubt whether it was rejoicing or mourning. In this dance the women form a circle, while the men, dancing with very great activity, leap across a fire burning in "the centre, and yell and sing, while the women continue their solemn dancing, singing in a low monotonous chant." Running races is a common amusement, but endurance rather than speed is what is aimed at. They will frequently start out after a runaway horse or mule, and though they may not be able to run so fast as the animal, their endurance is even greater, and in general they will return with it in an hour or two. They are inveterate gamblers, staking, like their more intellectual neighbours in the North, everything they possess on the chances of the game. A sort of game of "odds and even" is the favourite one, and, as in the northern games, singing is an accompaniment of this amusement.

Their medical treatment of the sick is about as scientific as is usual among savages. The "sweating-house" (or *tamascal*) is, however, something more interesting than usual. It is found not only among these Indians, but northward as far as Fraser River, in British Columbia. A hole is made in the ground, and rudely arched over with boughs covered with earth and rubbish. Only a hole is left at the top for entrance and exit. A situation near a river or lake is generally chosen. In this confined place a number of Indians assemble; water is poured on hot stones until the whole place is filled with steam, and the Indians are streaming with perspiration. In this state they will spring into the chill river or lake, repeating this

treatment again and again. It is said—and I do not doubt it—that the result is very favourable to the cure of some diseases of the chest. It is also in use near the Missouri.

Among those tribes that bury their dead, a hole is dug and the body placed in it in a sitting posture, the head reclining on the knees. If it is a man, his nets are wrapped round his body, and weapons are placed by his side; if a woman, her blanket encloses the corpse, and a basket is also put in beside her. Among other tribes—and this custom extends as far north as the Klamath Lakes—the body (as well as all the goods and chattels of the deceased) is burnt to ashes. I have known even the horses and slaves to be burnt, and the reason the Klamaths assign for this is, as I have remarked in another chapter, not the stereotyped one of these being for the use of the dead in the other world, but simply that all traces of the deceased may be for ever removed from their sight. The cremation commences after dark, the fire being kept up all night, while the friends watch, and the female relatives of the deceased utter plaintive cries until daybreak. Among those tribes who practise cremation, a portion of the ashes is mixed up with pine-resin, and this black compound applied to the lower portion of the women's faces during the few months of mourning. During several weeks women wail every night in a most distracting manner. Among some of the northern tribes, if a woman who has a helpless infant dies, the infant is buried with her. Their language is guttural and difficult to render into writing, especially when spoken fast. Like all uncivilised people, they enumerate by means of their toes and fingers—up to twenty. They are very stolid, expressing no surprise—at least by external signs—at anything which might be expected to amaze them. This is characteristic of the whole race. “When the first steam-boat passed the Indian villages,” remarks Mr. Cheever, “I watched the Indians to see what effect it would produce; but to my disappointment it did not excite them, or elicit any expression of wonder. Even the steam-whistle failed to move them; they did not understand it, and would not exhibit surprise. Two years later a brig sailed up the river, and the Indians were full of excitement; the size of the sails and the strength of the ropes came within their comprehension, filling them with wonder. The task of gathering fibre* enough to weave so much cloth and to make such ropes made the white man a wonderful worker in their estimation.”

Physically the Californian Indians do not rank higher than they do intellectually. In height they average about four feet ten inches for the women, to five and a half feet for the men. Some of them are, however, taller; our figures portray some exceptionally athletic individuals. They are thick in the chest, and have voices of wonderful strength. The women are very wide in the shoulders, and strongly built; while the children are heavy-set and clumsy. They are large in the body, but slim in the legs, compared with Europeans. When not affected with hereditary diseases, they are long lived, many having died with the reputation of being more than 120 years old.† They are said never to catch cold, though often going about in severe winters almost naked. They are very filthy in their habits, and their houses swarm with fleas and other equally objectionable insects. There is nothing whatever to show that before the advent of the Spaniards—the first civilised people who resided in the country—

* The wild nettle supplies the fibre out of which their lines and nets are made.

† Hittell's "California," p. 390; Power: "Contributions to the Ethnology of the United States," Vol. III.

the Indians were anything more than savages of a low type. They never had any domestic animals, and have none yet, except a wretched breed of dogs. So little skill have they usually in the preservation of food that, notwithstanding their acorn and grasshopper stores, they will, like the wild beasts, get fat in summer and emaciated in winter.

The foregoing remarks apply solely to savage Indians; but during the last twenty years or so their intercourse with the whites has materially altered many of their habits, and led to the acquisition of new ones, not in all cases particularly good—such as the custom of indulging in the most brutal drunkenness and other vices, whenever they have an opportunity. In some places they have acquired firearms, and are clothed in civilised garments, and do a little work for the white settlers. In the southern countries a few live in houses of *adobe* (or sun-dried brick), and support themselves by herding cattle, breaking horses, working in the fields and vineyards, &c. The majority are, however, idle and untrustworthy in the extreme. Some have learned a vulgar dialect of Spanish, and one or two here and there speak a little broken English. Many of the younger ones only know Spanish and English, having failed to acquire their mother-tongue. Twenty-five years ago the Californian Indians numbered between 50,000 and 100,000; the official census of 1880 gives 16,581 as their number in the whole State, but the race is rapidly becoming extinct. Even before California was acquired by the United States, the aborigines were maltreated by the farmers, who made raids on their villages for the purpose of capturing servants. In these expeditions the whites had their chief assistants among *Christianos*, or converted (?) Indians from the Missions, who, like all renegades, cordially hated (and were hated by) their barbarous countrymen. They were driven from their hunting-grounds and fishing-places. The result was that they stole cattle for food, and the whites punished them for this by the sharp law of the rifle. The end of this is, that nowadays the Indians throughout California, with a few exceptions, are used in the most unjustifiable and brutal manner by the whites—buffeted, robbed, and ill-used on any or no provocation, butchered, often with the most abominable cruelty, by men hardly worthy of the name, and even without the excuse of self-defence, the Indians being under their protection at the time.* When we speak of the way the Indians have been used in the United States, the reader may see what the extent of their cruelties has been. “For every white man that has been killed, fifty Indians have fallen.” These are the words of one of the most honest and impartial of the historians of California. In 1848 nearly every little valley had its tribe, but now most of these are destroyed, either by the white man’s rifle, the white man’s whisky, or the white man’s diseases. Vices unknown even in their low state of native degradation have become familiar to them, and the concomitants of their vices have not been long in following. Listen to what Mr. Cheever says:—“Feather River, before its sands were washed for gold, was so clear, that the shadows reflected on its surface seemed brighter than the real objects above. The river abounded in fish, as did the plains on either side in antelope, deer, elk, and bear. The happy laughter of children came from the villages, the splash of salmon leaping from the surface sent ripples circling to the shore, and the blue dome of heaven was arched, from the Sierra Nevada with its fields of snow on the east, to the distant coast-range that shut out the Pacific on the west. Grand oaks, with far-spreading shade, dotted the plains that stretched for miles on either

* The “Modoc war” of 1872 and 1873, which resulted in the murder of General Canby and Dr. Thomas, was only one of many examples of this.

side, and in spring-time the valley was brilliant with flowers. This was the possession and home of the Indians, whose ancestors had lived and hunted, without patent or title obtained from deeds, long before the first sailor planted his flag on the sea-coast, and claimed the country by right of discovery. It could not be expected that the Indian would see his trees cut down and game destroyed, and the clean rivers turned into muddy streams, without regret."

CAN THESE PEOPLE BE CIVILISED?

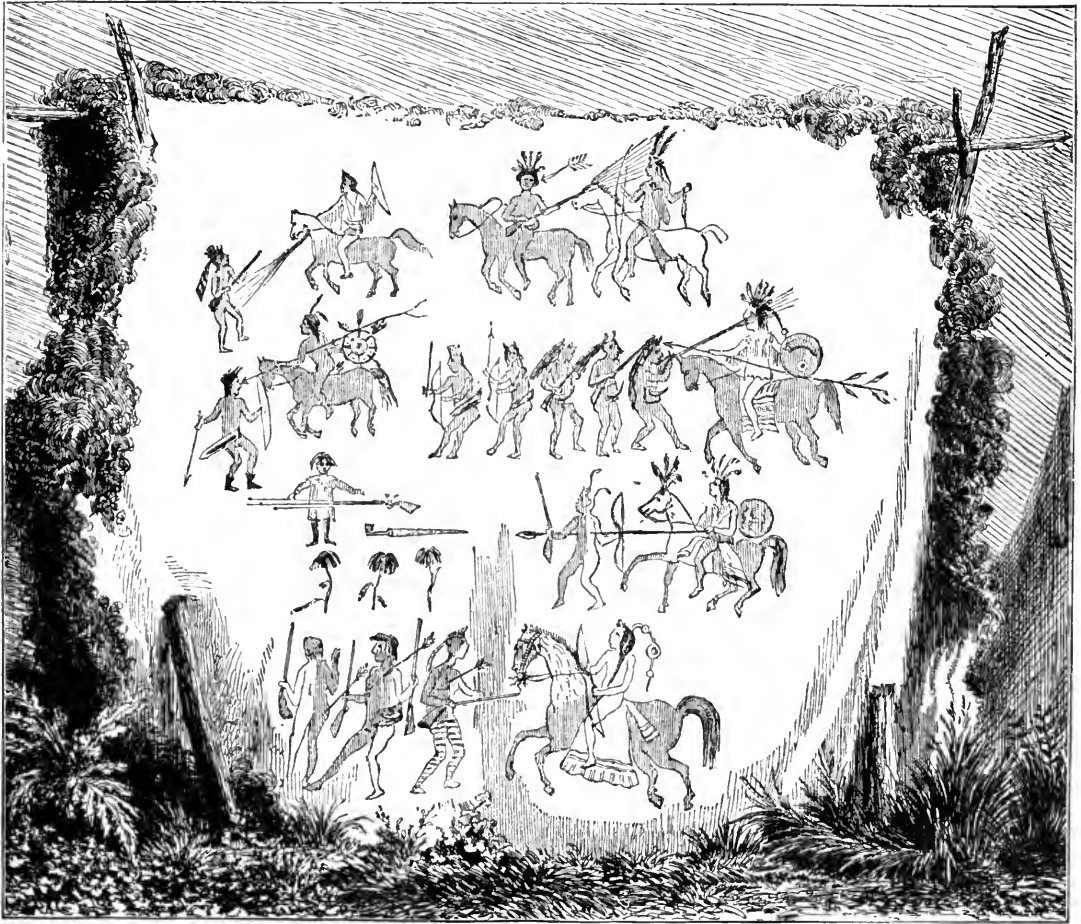
It is often asked—and asked with the best of intentions—whether these people can be civilised? For at least one century several generations of devoted men, of several



CALIFORNIAN MISSION INDIANS.

Christian sects, have been endeavouring to answer the question, but as yet their reply is at best enigmatical. The Roman Catholic missions in California have perhaps been the most successful south of British Columbia. The labours of Mr. Duncan at Metlakatlah, in the last-named province, are certainly wonderful examples of what a self-denying, large-hearted man working among an intelligent people can accomplish. The Wesleyan body from Canada, the Church of England, and the French Canadian Catholics, have also established missions, more or less flourishing, in various parts of the wide region under description, while each of the reservations on which the tribesmen have been collected in the American territory have teachers of religion, and the arts of civilisation attached to them. But the result is, after all, singularly little. A trifling impression has been made here and there, a few outward observances have been learned, a few savage ways discontinued, but as was the case in the Eastern States, and is still to a great extent among the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, they remain the rudest of barbarians.

The mat hut or the wigwam is his home. The school-house opens its doors to him in vain, for he despises the letters of the "pale-face." In the varied book that Nature spreads out before him he learns his lessons, and his poetry (if poetry he has) he drinks from the heavens where sentinel stars keep their watch in the night. The missionary has gone to him with a heart overflowing with kindness and Christian love; but whatever balm the Bible may possess, it has borne on its wings little healing to the hut of the Indian. With an apathetic, confused,



A BUFFALO ROBE WITH INDIAN PAINTINGS ON IT.

indefinite, and dreamy faith, he looks for fairer hunting-grounds in the spirit-land, where the streams abound in salmon, the woods are filled with game, and where his every material want is supplied by the hand of the Great Spirit who directs them thither. "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and not afar off he hears the sure, sullen noise of that march of the white man, "where soon shall roll a human sea." Confused and saddened, he sees the wonders of the white man. "They are perfect devils," he says, as he sees the wonderful arts; but he makes no attempt to imitate them. Now and then some dreamer, like Leschi, will revive their hopes of once more regaining their fair heritage; but hope dies off as they see the futility of the dream.

When I lived at the Dalles of the Columbia, a locality well known to all readers of Washington Irving's "Astoria," and other stirring tales of the old fur-traders, I knew an Indian who dreamt often that some day the Indians will yet gain back all, and that the white man shall then be his slave. No doubt, the dull, frowsy denizens of the lodge brighten as they listen to that pleasant, moving tale; but their hearts sink again, for, as the chief of an Indian tribe told me, after he had been for eight years at war with the United States—"Kill off one Boston man, and two start in his place; they are like grass on the prairie; burn it, and it comes up next year fresher and more plentiful than ever—ugh!" Those who have seen most of the Indians can least congratulate those Governments which (like that of the United States) have attempted to do something towards the civilisation of the Indians. But the purpose of the red man's creation in the economy of Nature is—in spite of Colonel Mallory's pleasant fiction which insists that he is increasing—well-nigh accomplished, and no human hand can avert his early extermination from the face of the Continent. Silently, but irresistibly, the purposes of Providence take their way through ages, and across the line of their march treaties would seem but straws, and the plans of man on the tide of history but waifs upon the sea.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INDIANS OF THE CENTRAL PLAINS: THEIR GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE country to the west of the Rocky Mountains is, with the exception of the semi-treeless desert (or dry country) between the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains, generally densely wooded. Across the Rocky Mountains a region widely different is entered into. As soon as we pass beyond the influence of the moisture afforded by the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains, we enter the area of the great prairies stretching north, south, and eastward—mile after mile. These are familiarly known as the "plains," and are for the most part covered with grass or low bush, the only trees found on them being in the vicinity of the few watercourses which intersect the region. The more southerly plains are covered with the sage brush (*Artemisia*), and are exceedingly dry and desert; while those farther to the north—commonly distinguished as the "prairies" proper—are more fertile, and covered with grass. Far as the eye can see all is grass, wave after wave, a long, silent sea of undulating, grassy land, bounded by a dim horizon in the far distance, the only sight or sound to break the monotony being the curl of the smoke from the little camp-fire lit by a solitary traveller or merchant who does his business in these wild tracts, the bark of a prairie-dog, the amble of an antelope, the sight of a herd of bison, those primeval oxen which still frequent a great extent of these regions, or what, possibly, the solitary traveller cares less to see—the dash of a party of savage horsemen, bent on plunder, war, or the chase of the buffalo or other wild animals of the prairie. Roaming over this broad extent of central, treeless plains, are numerous tribes of Indians,

alike in many characteristics, but all differing widely from those which inhabited at a former time the country east of the Mississippi, and in many respects also from the numerous tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, whose habits we have described in the preceding chapters. These Indians are divided into numerous tribes—Crees, Sioux, Dakotahs, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kioways, Blackfeet, Kickapoos, Comanches, Apaches, &c., all alike in many characteristics of vagabondism, and frequently of lawless marauding. Most of them are possessed of horses, but few of the tribes have stationary villages, the bands moving about from place to place as the circumstances of the hunt, &c., may determine. Let us describe some of the more marked customs of the chief of these tribes.

We first hear of these "plain Indians" in 1541, from Castenada, who wrote the account of the expedition of Coronado, which set out from New Mexico in search of the "golden city" of Quivera. In those days these "buffalo-eaters" lived on the raw flesh of the bison, and dwelt in tents made of its skins, but had no horses, the steeds possessed by nearly all of the prairie tribes being descended from those originally introduced by the Spaniards into America. The tribes on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains obtained horses at a still later period. The old Kyuse chief who a few years ago had—it is said—upwards of 3,000 horses, told me that he remembered an old man who recollected the first horse which was brought to his tribe. An Indian of an inquiring turn of mind had gone far to the south, and after a long absence returned with an extraordinary animal which he was afraid to mount, and had accordingly led all the way. It was a horse. He had obtained it from some of the southern tribes—probably the Shoshones, or one of the New Mexican tribes, and for a long time it was led out at high feasts and festivals, no one venturing to get on its back. At last a daring youth essayed the task, and after having himself carefully bound on its back, trotted off, to the consternation of the female members of his family and the admiration of the rest of the village. No mishap came to him, and soon his feat was no nine days' wonder. Other youths mounted, and by-and-by they also went south and got horses, until they became quite common, and the Kyuse are now some of the best horsemen among the Indians, and until they went to war with the United States and lost the greater portion of their stock, were exceedingly rich in horseflesh: yet they did not care to sell any, though in times of scarcity they would live upon them.

To return, however, to the plain Indians. At the time of Coronado's expedition these tribes had no horses, but large troops of dogs, which they employed to transport their baggage, as some of the more northern tribes do at the present day. They were then a mild and peaceable people, showing great hospitality to the Spaniards, and we have no evidence that they were addicted to the horrible practices which prevailed among the Indians in New Mexico and Sonora at that date. Their dress, their mode of preparing food, and (with the exception of the few changes which the introduction of the horse and other more questionable bits of civilisation has caused among them) their habits were exactly the same as those of their descendants at the present day. All the prairie tribes agree in these respects—they all follow the buffalo, use the bow and arrow, lance and shield, take the war-path, and fight their battles mounted on horseback in the open prairie, transport their lodges and all their worldly effects wherever they go, never till the ground, and subsist almost exclusively, with the exception of a few berries, on a fresh-meat diet. All equally use the sweat or "medicine lodges," which I described in a former chapter, and religiously believe in the efficacy of incantations and jugglery

in curing diseases, and in preparing for war and the chase. On the other hand, as Gen. Marcy (on whose experience with these tribes we have drawn to a great extent) points out, the tribes in what are now the eastern United States, from the time of the first discovery of the country,



A CHEYENNE CHIEF IN SEMI-CIVILISED DRESS.

lived in permanent villages, cultivated fields of corn, and possessed strong attachment to their abodes, and the graves of their dead, visiting them at long intervals, and preserving, even when removed by the strong hand of the Government, the most vivid and accurate traditional accounts of the sites of the sepulchres of their fathers. Unlike the tribes of the plains, they seldom wandered far from home, used no horses, and always made their hunting or warlike expeditions

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INDIAN SCOUT.

on foot, and sought the shelter of trees when in action. Their treatment of prisoners was also essentially different; though the eastern tribes put their captives to torture of the most horrible description, yet I cannot learn that the honour of the females was violated, while among the plain Indians we have the most abundant evidence that the contrary always was, and, as the facts before me while I write prove with sufficient horror, is still the case. In a word, these prairie tribes are the Arabs of the plains of Central America, with little of the reverence and few of the virtues of that people. They have no permanent abodes, the skin lodge, once pitched, being their home until they again require to remove. Laws they have none, except what vague, and often vacillating, undefined custom requires, and their government is essentially patriarchal—their chief only leading them in war, but guided in his acts by the advice of the old men, or the unanimous opinion of the people in mob assembled. Poverty and riches are alike unknown, and being insensible to the wants and luxuries of civilisation, and it may be also said to vice or equally to virtue, the revolution of Fortune's wheel brings no change to them. With the exception of the worthless "loafers" who hung about the frontier settlements, or block-houses on the plains—and of late years about the Pacific Railroad stations generally—they are all pretty much on a dead level of social equality. Like the Arabs, they are expert riders, and esteem their steeds highly. Their only property, with the exception of a few articles of domestic economy, consists in these ponies, or mules, pillaged from the whites, for among their other accomplishments they are most expert horse-thieves. The chief's office is hereditary, but it lasts only so long as his rule is pleasing to the mass of his subjects, for should he disgrace himself in war or in council, he is speedily replaced by a more competent successor. The subordinate chiefs execute the behests of the council, whether for reward or punishment, and in the performance of this duty these aboriginal lictors do not, assuredly, let the grass grow under their mocassins. In respect to their right of property, they are, Marey remarks, truly Spartan. No more arrant freebooters exist upon the earth. Stealing from strangers is a virtue which raises the thief high in public esteem—indeed, a young man who has not made one or two predatory expeditions into Mexico is, among the more southern plain tribes, held in little esteem, and considered a person deficient in public spirit. An old Comanche chief told a friend of mine that he was the father of four sons—fine fellows—as fine young men as could be found, and that in his old age they were a great comfort to him—a great comfort indeed, they could steal more horses than any other eight in all his band. Sometimes a party of young men will start out on their plundering expeditions, and be absent two or three years, before their success is such that in their opinion they can return to their tribe with honour. They will swoop down on some quiet district in Mexico, and with shouts and yells drive off the herd of horses or cattle, while, if the terror-stricken herdsman offers the slightest resistance, his scalp is speedily added to their trophies. The bow of the osage orange, or *bois d'arc* (*Maclura aurantiaca*), is their favourite weapon and constant companion, and so skilful are they with it that not unfrequently a good archer will send an arrow right through a buffalo. His shield is composed of two layers of hard, undressed buffalo-hide separated by a padding of hair about one inch in thickness. This shield he carries on his left arm, and so effectual is it as a means of protection to the body, that even a musket-ball, unless it strike it perpendicularly, will not penetrate it. They also use a war-club, made of a shaft of wood, about fourteen inches long, bound with buffalo-hide, and weighted at the end with a hard stone, weighing a couple of pounds or so, firmly secured by means of a withe into

a groove prepared for it. A spear, fourteen or fifteen feet in length, to which is attached the scalp he possesses, is also commonly used by most tribes. In addition, he sometimes has a rifle, pistol, or even a cavalry sword, if he can steal one. (See engravings on pp. 33, 61, 152.)

The men are middle-sized, of a bright copper-coloured complexion, not unintelligent faces, in many cases with more aquiline nose than those on the Pacific coast, thin lips, little beard, and with the black eyes and long black hair characteristic of their whole race. Their hair is never cut, and on high occasions is ornamented with silver and beads. Some of the men wear it so long as to sweep on the ground, if allowed to fall behind. Everywhere long hair is a mark of elegance. They have often a head-dress of eagle's feathers, or even the horns of the buffalo, scraped as thin as paper, placed on either side of the head; but these latter distinctions are only accorded to very distinguished warriors (see engravings on pp. 65, 81, 117). To slay a grizzly bear is accounted as honourable as to kill a human enemy; accordingly, a hunter decorates himself with the large claws of that most formidable animal of the American wilds. Among some tribes the scars of old wounds are painted red, so as to perpetuate the remembrance of these notable marks of combat. On their robes, as well as on their wigwams, are painted rude emblematic figures, descriptive of deeds the owner has taken part in, and the check of the other warriors is quite sufficient to prevent the slightest attempt to claim in these picture-writings glory for deeds never performed. (See engraving on p. 149.)

Some of the tribes in the eastern United States and Canada used to decorate themselves with necklaces, or belts, made of *wampum*, which was composed of bits of a fresh-water shell, carved and perforated like pipe-stems. This was highly valued, and though the *wampum* is still to some extent used among a few of the tribes which removed from their old homes to the west, yet the greater portion of it is only imitation porcelain, sold by the traders, the real article being now almost unknown. Such is the ordinary dress of these people, but in every tribe there are dandies, effeminate creatures, gorgeous in paint and oiled locks, decorated with elegantly-dressed, easily-obtained furs, fanning themselves in hot weather, bestriding natty piebald ponies, unskilful in any athletic exercises, owners of no scalps but their own—exquisites, in fine, but who find their consolation for the contempt of the chiefs and the braves, in the admiration of the women and the young people. The dress of the prairie Indians consists of leggings and mocassins (tanned backskin shoes), with a cloth wrapped round the loins. With the exception of the invariable buffalo robe, the body is naked about the middle. The women are short and crooked-legged, and are by no means so good-looking as the men. They are obliged to crop their hair close, and in addition to the leggings and mocassins, wear a shirt of dressed deer-skins. They also to a slight extent tattoo their faces and breasts, and are, in general, far from cleanly in their persons. Hospitable on occasions, and not unfrequently kind to strangers, like all their race they are implacable in revenge; no insult or injury, fancied or real, but must be effaced by the most cruel retaliation that can be devised. Forgiveness they do not know the meaning of. Unlike the coast Indian, no presents can wipe out a wrong with them. Money they use mainly as ornaments; but paint, red and blue, is in great demand as an article of toilet decoration. Vermilion forms a large portion of the stock-in-trade of a prairie merchant, and after his visit the aboriginal coxcomb appears in all his glory. Like all their race they have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves. "Some few of those chiefs who have visited their 'great father' at Washington have returned strongly impressed with the numerical power and prosperity of the

whites; but the great majority of them, ignorant of everything that relates to us, and a portion of them never having seen a white man, believe the prairie Indians to be the most powerful people in existence, and the relation of facts which conflict with this notion by their own people to the masses of the tribes at their prairie firesides, only subjects the narrator to ridicule, and he is set down as one whose brain is turned by the necromancy of the pale-faces, and is thenceforth regarded as wholly unworthy of confidence." I remember a man who had visited Washington telling such tales to his tribe, but he was always regarded as a wondrous archer with the long bow, and still his people dreamt on of exterminating the whole "Boston tribe" (Americans), believing that all the race consisted of such individuals as they saw before them, notwithstanding the warning of the travelled man, that though they killed all these off to-day, next year they would spring up more numerous and stronger than ever. The first Shoshone Indian who saw Lewis and Clarke's party—the first "pale-faces" who had ever crossed the Continent—was entirely discredited when he, in horror, ran off and told his tribe that he had seen "men with pale faces, like ashes, and who had tools in their hands with which they could make thunder and lightning." In council assembled, it was gravely resolved that a man capable of telling falsehoods so vile and blasphemous as these should be put to death; and, undoubtedly, his life would have paid penalty for telling to his stay-at-home brethren such traveller's tales, had not the appearance of the white men themselves settled the point in his favour. A semi-civilised Delaware, named Black Beaver, who was a favourite henchman of our friend General Marcy, had visited St. Louis, and the small frontier towns on the Missouri. Accordingly, he prided himself not a little on his knowledge of cities and men, white and civilised. Camping one night with a Comanche guide, the general overheard the two in an apparently earnest and amicable talk. On inquiring, it appeared, to use his own language, that "I've been telling this Comanche what I've seen 'mong the white folks. . . . I tell him 'bout the steam-boats, and the railroads, and the heap o' house I seen in St. Louis, but he say I'ze — fool. I tell him the world is round, but he keep all 'e time say, 'Hush, you fool! do you s'pose I'ze child? Haven't I get eyes? Can't I see the prairie? You call him round?' He say too, 'Maybe so I tell you something you not know before. One time my grandfather he made long journey that way' (pointing to the west); 'when he got on big mountain, he seen heap water on t'other side, jest so flat he can be, and he seen the sun go straight down on t'other side.' I then tell him all the 'serivers (rivers) he seen, all 'e time the water he run, s'pose the world flat, the water he stand still. May be so he not b'lieve me?" General Marcy then told Beaver to explain the telegraph; but there he was nonplussed. "What you call that magnetic telegraph?" He was told. "You have heard of New York and New Orleans?" "Oh yes." "Very well; we have a wire connecting these two cities, which are about a thousand miles apart, and it would take a man thirty days to ride it upon a good horse. Now a man stands at one end of this wire in New York, and by touching it a few times he inquires of his friend in New Orleans what he had for breakfast. His friend in New Orleans touches the other end of the wire, and in ten minutes the answer comes back—ham and eggs. Tell him that, Beaver." He remained silent, his countenance all the time with a most comical puzzled expression playing over it. Again he was asked to tell him, when he observed, "No, captain, I not tell him that, for I don't b'lieve that myself." He was assured it was the fact, but no assurances of the personal experience of his informant would induce Black Beaver

to pin his faith on such a seemingly incredible statement. All he would reply was simply, "Injun not very smart; sometimes he's big fool, but he holler pretty loud; you hear him maybe half a mile; you say 'Merican man he talk thousand miles: I 'spect you try to fool me now, cap'n. *May be so you lie!*"



THE "WOLF," A UTE INDIAN.

Unacquainted with the luxuries of civilisation, the plain Indian does not fret his life away in wearying or striving for them; the healthy prairie is his home, his trusty bow his friend, his horse his companion, the skin of the buffalo supplies him with raiment, its flesh with abundance of food. What more does he require?

The women are quite as expert as the men in horsemanship, and in throwing the lasso (or coiled rope with a running noose at the end of it) over the heads of horses, cattle, or even the prong-horned antelope of the prairie. The Indian never mounts his favourite war-horse except when going into battle, on the buffalo-chase, or on very state occasions. He will part with him at no price. When he returns to his home from his distant expedition, his wife—or one of them at least—humbly waits upon him, leads his horse off to pasture, and otherwise attends to it. So skilful are they in horsemanship, that they habitually throw themselves on the side of the horse, clinging to its back solely by one foot in a sort of loop formed by the mane. Their whole bodies are out of sight. In this manner they will discharge arrow after arrow, either over the horse's back or under its belly. Their only bridle is the horsehair rope, or lariat (*l'arrêt*, "the arrest" of the French traders), twisted by a loop round the lower jaw of the animal. Swinging on the sides of their steeds, they will approach a herd of half-wild horses, or an enemy, and before either is alarmed (seeing that the troop of horses approaching have no riders) a shower of arrows in one case, or a lariat over their necks in the other, is the first intimation of their mistake. Wild horses are tamed a good deal *à la Rarey*. After the running noose of the lariat is over its neck, the captor dismounts and approaches, tightening the noose sufficiently to let the horse know it is in his power, but not sufficiently to choke it. He then breathes strongly in its nostrils, and soon it is perfectly obedient, and very often so tame as to be ridden into camp. If hobbled for a few days, it is broken. The prairie warrior would consider it beneath him to do any menial labour. His wife—a trifle dearer to him than his horse (if it happen to be of inferior quality)—is his obedient slave, beaten on the smallest provocation by her haughty lord, who passes his leisure hours in smoking, eating, and sleeping. Polygamy, however, among the Indians, is not an unmitigated evil. Among a people so much at war there are always many widows and unmarried women who would, unless they were married, be left destitute. A chief, moreover, by putting his wives to work, dress skins, &c., is no great loser by them. On the contrary, they are really a source of wealth to him, and the man who has most wives has in general the most comfortable, well-appointed lodge and the best-stocked larder. Among many tribes prisoners taken in war are tortured; but, again, many of them are married to the widows of the slain, are adopted into the tribe, and treated accordingly. In his own opinion, the Indian is the most lordly soul in the universe, and his wives have almost as high an opinion of him as he has himself, the proverb that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre* notwithstanding.

Even in time of peace the horses are carefully guarded day and night, and on the slightest sign of danger, or even upon the approach of a stranger, are driven to a place of safety, and preparations made for their defence. A stranger is received by the chief with much hugging and face-rubbing; a lodge is prepared for him, and he is welcome to entertainment as long as he likes to remain. Among themselves they are kind and charitable, and in times of scarcity the last bite of food is shared all round. But with this we have finished their short catalogue of virtues.

Polygamy is permitted, and is common amongst them, food being in general abundant. Catlin tells an amusing story of a Poncah boy of only eighteen, whose father considering that he had arrived at the years of discretion, presented him with a lodge, several horses, and goods enough to establish him in life. The first thing the precocious youth did was to go and secretly bargain with a chief for his daughter, enjoining secrecy, and then to a second,

third, and fourth, the result of which was that on a fixed day he claimed all four ladies, to the astonishment of the tribe and the indignation of the fathers. Public opinion, however, was in his favour, and his four wives were marched off to his wigwam. Not only did the quadruply-married man obtain his brides, but the chiefs determined that a youth of such tender years capable of devising and accomplishing so extraordinarily bold an act, must be a person of discretion, and deserved a seat in the council among the warriors and medicine-men !

Slavery is almost unknown among the prairie Indians, though the more civilised tribes—like the now almost extinct Seminoles of Florida, and the Cherokees, who are almost altogether civilised—had until the outbreak of the American civil war many negro slaves. Yet these people, so fond of freedom themselves, treat their wives as little better than slaves. Though a beast of burden and drudge to her inconsiderate, harsh master, the wife submits to her lot without a murmur, never having known anything better, and tradition alone assigning such a lot to her unfortunate sex. Between herself and her husband there is a wide gulf, which she never imagines can be filled. He treats her as a Southern planter would treat a negro, but without the good-natured indulgence the kindly white accorded the well-behaved “boy.” No office is too degraded for her, and the result is that in mental characteristics and general morality the prairie Indian woman is inferior to even the most degraded coast tribes, where so much more liberty of action is accorded to the squaws.

An old chief once told me that he thought that the Indian and the white man were both much alike, *only* among the Indians the squaw worked and the man idled ; among the whites the man worked and the squaw dressed and enjoyed herself ; otherwise he did not see that there was any material difference. In a word, the Indian, without knowing it, is ever in his daily conduct repeating, in deeds, in regard to his dusky spouse, what Petruchio says of Catherine :

“I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my everything.”

They are, like all Indians, not a prolific race, three or four children being about the average ; and even then, owing to exposure and a hundred accidents, many never attain maturity. Boys are generally reared with care, while girls, unlike what we found among the coast Indians, being of comparatively little value, are often beaten unmercifully. Idiots and deformed people are as excessively rare among them as among other savages : the reason, I think, is not difficult to find—at least as regards deformed people—the *climate does not agree with them*. (See p. 74.)

Like all their race they are fond of spirituous liquor, though conscious that it “makes fools of them ;” and all are excessively addicted to smoking tobacco, inhaling the smoke into their lungs, and sending it out through their nostrils. Their diet is simple, and consists, as already remarked, chiefly of animal food. They can eat an immense meal at a time, and can fast long.

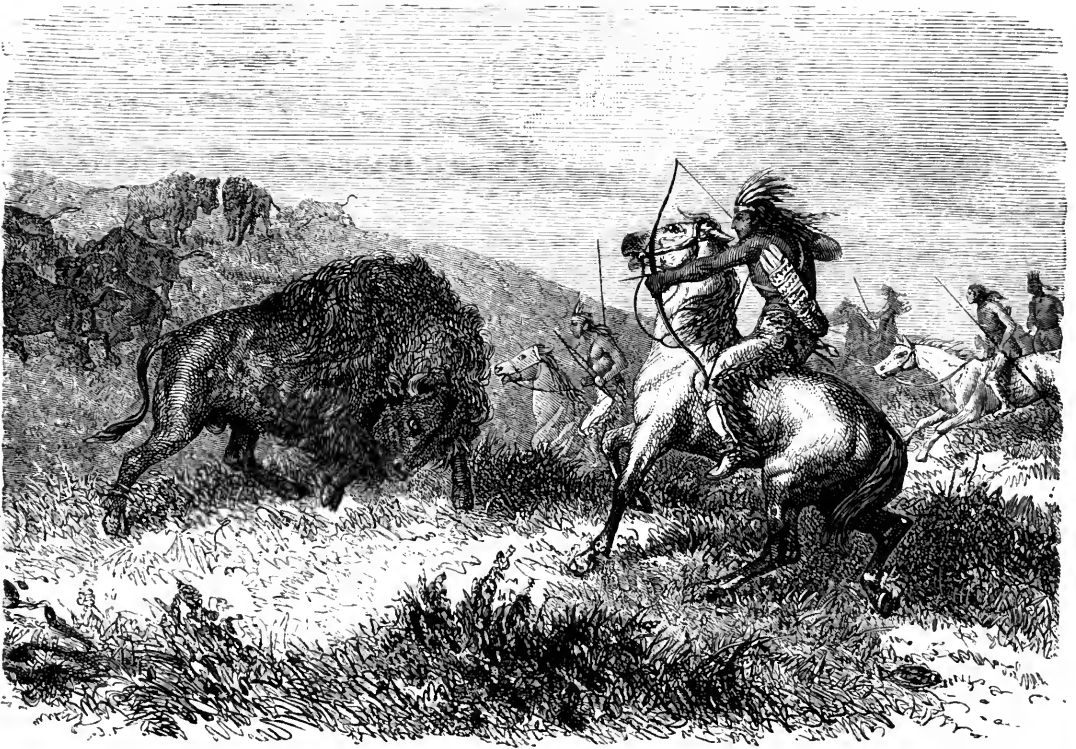
The verbal language consists of only a few words, some of which are common to all the prairie tribes, even though these tribes speak different dialects. Accustomed to live much in situations where noise is dangerous, they have acquired a sort of pantomimic language, even more expressive than the verbal one, and Indians will sit round a camp-fire for hours almost

without exchanging a spoken word, while, in reality, holding a tolerably animated conversation. It is even said that so much is this pantomimic language used, and so limited the verbal vocabulary, that the Araphoe Indians, whose language contains a very small number of words, can with difficulty converse in the dark, but must adjourn to the camp-fire before they can fully communicate their ideas to each other. This sign-language is commonly used by distant tribes to communicate with each other when they do not understand each other's language. For hours they will thus talk without an articulate word being uttered, except now and then one of a language, such as that of the Crows, which is understood by different tribes, being used as connecting links to the signs. This pantomimic vocabulary is used and understood easily by nearly all the tribes from the Gila River to the Columbia, and is very graceful and significant. It is said to be nearly the same as that practised by the mutes of deaf and dumb institutions. General Marcy, to whom we are indebted for this curious fact, informs us that he went to one of these institutions, and some five or six boys were directed to take their places at the blackboards, and interpret what he proposed to say. Then, by means of the pantomimic signs used by the prairie Indians, he told them that he had gone to a buffalo-hunt, saw a herd, chased them on horseback, fired, and killed one, cut it up, ate some of the meat, and went to sleep, every word of the narrative being written down by each boy as the signs were made, the only mistake being the very natural one of mistaking the buffalo for deer. Each tribe has a particular sign by which the tribe is meant, and this sign is well understood by all the plain tribes. Thus the Comanche is indicated by making with the hand a wavy motion in imitation of a snake, the Comanches being sometimes called "Snakes;" the Cheyennes, or "Cut-arms," by drawing the hand across the arm, to imitate the cutting of it with a knife; the Araphoes, or "Smellers," by seizing the nose with the thumb and forefinger; the Sioux, or "Cut-throats," by drawing the hand across the throat; the Pawnees, or "Wolves," by placing a hand on each side of the forehead, with two fingers pointing to the front, to represent the narrow sharp ears of the wolf; the Crows, by flapping the palms of the hand, so as to imitate the motion of the bird's wings.*

"On approaching strangers the prairie Indians put their horses at full speed, and persons not familiar with their peculiarities and habits might interpret this as an act of hostility; but it is their custom with friends as well as enemies. When a party is discovered approaching theirs, and are near enough to distinguish signals, all that is necessary in order to ascertain their disposition, is to raise the right hand with the palm in front, and gradually push it forward and back several times. They all understand this to be a command to halt, and if they are not hostile, it will at once be obeyed. After they have stopped, the right hand is raised again as before, and slowly moved to the right and left, which signifies, 'I do not know you; who are you?' They will then answer the inquiry by giving their signal. If this should not be understood, they may be asked if they are friends by raising both hands grasped in the manner of shaking hands, or by locking the two forefingers firmly, while the hands are held up. If friendly, they will respond with the same signal, but if enemies, they will, probably, disregard the command to halt, or give the signal of anger by closing the hand, placing it against the forehead, and turning it back and forth while in this position."

* "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," p. 33; Dodge: "Hunting Grounds of the Great West," pp. xv.—lviii., and pp. 255—430.

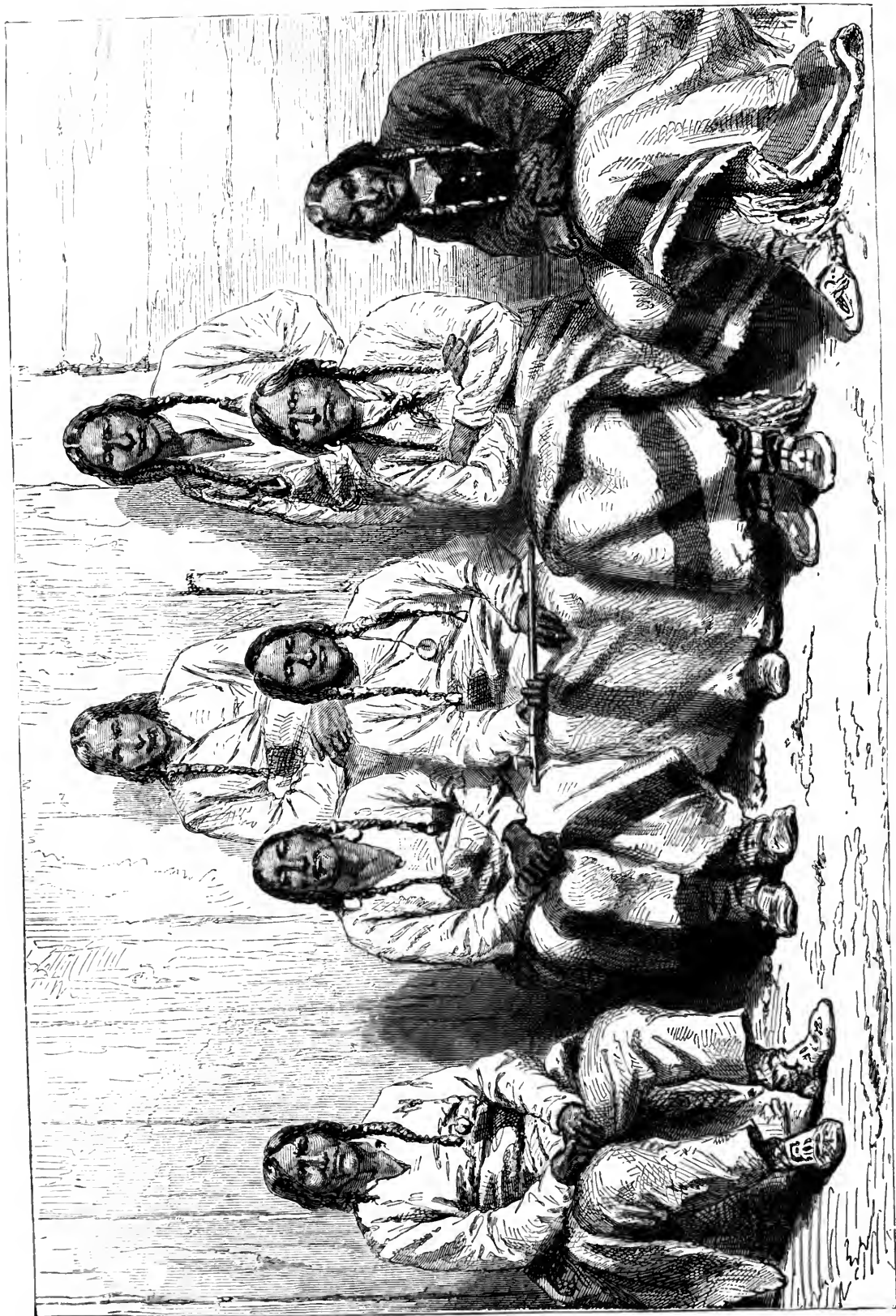
No people value military renown more than the plain Indians, and probably in no part of the world does success as a warrior bring more social consideration. From their earliest boyhood they are initiated in all the customs of war by mimic fights, in which murder and scalp-taking are imitated, with all the fearful yells and horrid rites peculiar to such scenes. A battle with them, is a mere hand-to-hand fight. There is a leader, but he must be in the thick of the fray, fighting like the rest, the idea of a general directing a large body of men to act in concert having never occurred to them. In addition to the weapons I have already mentioned, most of the tribes also carry a small axe (or tomahawk), and all the invariable scalping-



BUFFALO HUNTING.

knife—the latter being merely an ordinary butcher's knife—made, like the formidable tomahawk, by Britons in Birmingham and Sheffield for “the Indian trade.” Most of the tribes, have, of late years, obtained fire-arms, often of an excellent description, but few Indians are good shots; though with the bow and arrow they are, at short range, excellent marksmen, being able to discharge arrow after arrow with surprising quickness. These arrows (in most cases pointed with flints, and in some cases poisoned with the venom of the rattlesnake) make ugly wounds, and Indians, as we have noticed before, are not unfrequently able, with their stout, short, sinew-strengthened bows of osage-wood, to send an arrow right through a buffalo, so that it drops on the side of the animal opposite to that in which it was shot. Before proceeding to war they paint and decorate themselves, and undergo other ceremonies of the most serious description. Young

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CHEYENNES AND ARAPHOES.

men will set out on war parties, against tribes with whom they may be unfriendly (and few of the plain tribes are on "speaking terms" with all their neighbours), and will not return, if they can possibly help it, without scalps or other spoils. For long periods they have carried on plundering, murderous expeditions in Northern Mexico, and have completely devastated the greater part of Sonora and Chihuahua. Horses, mules, and scalps are the objects of these marauding forays, and they will not unfrequently extend to two or three years. If they return unsuccessful, there is a strong temptation to waylay any weaker party they may meet on the homeward journey, rather than return without the trophies which secure, both in war and in the council, such consideration. The proprietor of the greatest number of scalps has obtained the blue ribbon of Indian warfare. Hence these ambitious youths ought to be particularly sharply looked after by the traveller who may meet them on the prairie, for the desire to obtain the scalp of an enemy will often make them more reckless than the older men. Gratitude is a virtue even rarer among the prairie Indians than among the degraded coast tribes of the Pacific. Indeed, I question much if they understand the meaning of the word, or experience at all the feeling which it expresses. Benevolence and kindness are only in their eyes dictated by fear or expectation of reward. A present given means simply a bait for a larger one in return. With them gratitude is truly, according to the Rochefoucauldian maxim, only "a lively sense of favours to come." A limited space would be sufficient for the narration of any other virtues they possess. They are most inveterate beggars. Our friend General Marcy met with an amusing illustration of this; but the sequel proves that they mistook their man. "A party of Kechis," says he, "once visited my camp with their principal chief, who said he had some important business to discuss, and demanded a council with the *capitan*. After consent had been given, he assembled his principal men, and going through the usual preliminary of taking a 'big smoke,' he arose, and with a great deal of ceremony commenced his pompous and flowery speech, which, like all others of a similar nature, amounted to nothing, until he had touched upon the real object of his visit. He said he had travelled a long distance over the prairies to see and have a talk with his white brothers; that his people were very hungry and naked. He then approached me with six small sticks, and after shaking hands, laid one of the sticks in my hand, which he said represented sugar, another signified tobacco, and the other four, pork, flour, whisky, and blankets, all of which he assured me his people were in much need of, and must have. His talk was then concluded, and he sat down, apparently much gratified with the graceful and impressive manner with which he had executed his part of the performance.

"It then devolved upon me to respond to the brilliant efforts of the prairie orator, which I did in something like the following manner. After imitating his style for a short time, I closed my remarks by telling him that we were poor infantry soldiers, who were always obliged to go on foot; that we had become very tired of walking, and would like much to ride. Furthermore, I had observed that they had among them many fine horses and mules. I then took two small sticks, and imitating as nearly as possible the manner of the chief, placed one in his hand, which I told him was nothing more nor less than a first-rate horse, and then the other, which signified a good large mule. I closed by saying that I was ready to exchange presents when it suited his convenience. They looked at each other for some time without speaking, but finally got up and walked away, and I was not troubled with them again."

The experienced prairie traveller will notice that though there is much in common in the method of constructing the lodges, fires, &c., of all the tribes, yet each tribe has its own peculiarities in this respect. The Osages, for example, make lodges of the shape of a wagon-cover, of bent rods or willows covered with skins, blankets, or bark; while the Kickapoo lodges are made "in an oval form, something like a rounded haystack, of poles set in the ground and united at the top," the whole being covered with cloths or bark. The Crees, Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Utes, Comanches, Blackfeet, and Kioways use a conical lodge (or *tepee*) covered with buffalo-hides; and so on. These particular tribes carry along with them their lodge-poles and coverings when they remove from one place to another, and hence the trail of such a party can be traced by the marks left in the mud or dust of the path by the trailing of the poles fastened on each side of a horse, but touching the ground. The tribes, however, that construct lodges different from those last mentioned, leave the framework standing when they quit any encampment.

Whatever may be the religious tenets of the prairie tribes, like all the race to which they belong they implicitly believe in "medicine-work," and the medicine-men are important individuals in every tribe. Unlike the Pacific tribes, medicine-work is not confined to a certain class, but every warrior must undergo some ceremonies of this nature before he can take his place among the councillors of the nation. Among some tribes—the Sioux and the nearly extinct tribe of Mandans, who lived on the Missouri (see engravings on pp. 77, 81, and 96)—these rites were of a most complicated and cruel character, the young men who were candidates for the honours of warriors having to suffer the most excruciating tortures under the eyes of the chiefs, who were watching them closely, and the slightest sign of impatience, or inability to bear the pain, would have disgraced the novice for life.

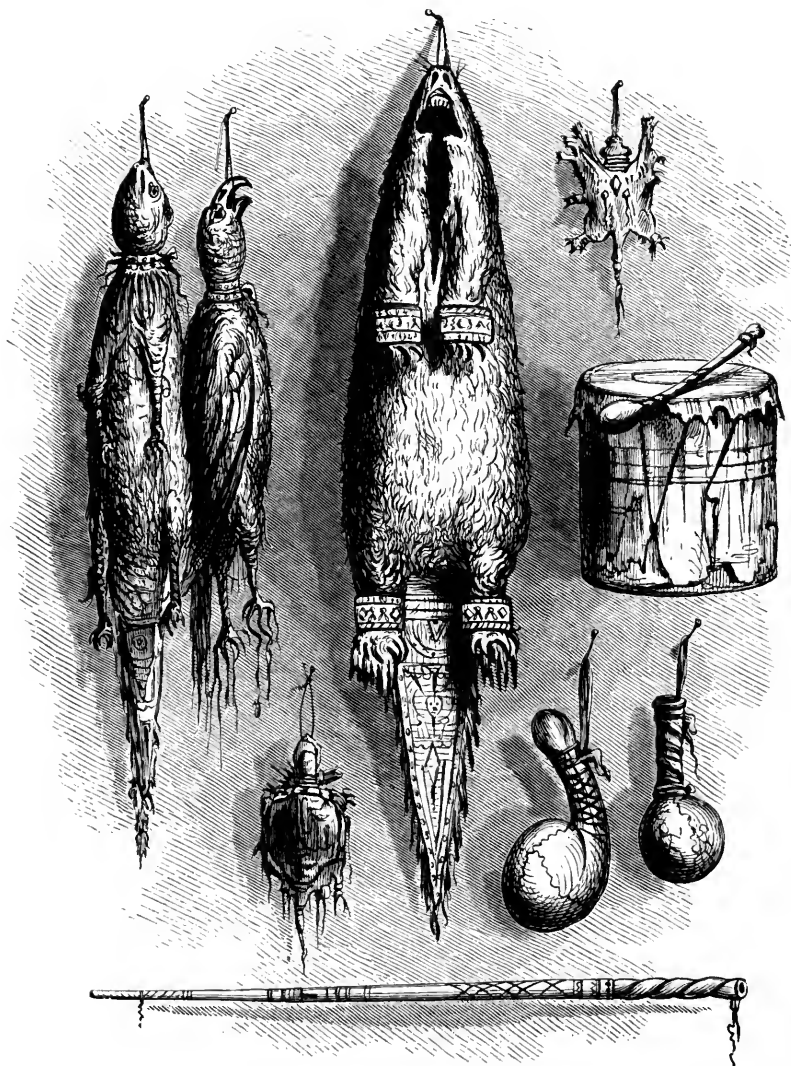
Among them, as among all tribes, the "medicine-bag" figures prominently. A young fellow goes out into the prairie, or into some lonely place, and sleeps until he dreams of some animal. This animal is then his "medicine." He kills it, and turning its skin into a bag, he wears it continually about his person. The skin may be small enough to be put next to his breast under his garment, or so large as to be rather an encumbrance, but carry it he must. Everything wonderful and strange is a medicine. Painting is a great medicine; photography is a still greater; while the six-shooter, especially if they experience the effect of it on their own persons, is a *most* wonderful medicine. There is a medicine for everything, and specialists among the medicine-men. There are medicine-men who can bring the buffalo, and rain-makers who can produce rain, and some even who will pretend to stop it. These latter gentlemen are generally fair practical meteorologists, and their exertions are not unfrequently only a cloak to conceal the fact that they are prophesying on a certainty. The power to produce rain is of importance to the few tribes who cultivate a little corn, and is accordingly well paid for. Medicine-work is successful, the medicine-men tell their dupes, just in proportion to the length of time occupied in making preparations for it: if you continue your work long enough, rain is *sure* to come (pp. 105, 108, 109, 164).

One of the most extraordinary medicine-rites I have heard of is found among the Tonkawas, one of the Texan tribes, who are regarded as renegades and aliens from social intercourse with the other tribes. They are, in fact, not unlike the Diggers of the Sierra Nevada, and do not attempt to cultivate the soil or build houses, but live in temporary bark or brush

tenements, and eke out a miserable existence on reptiles, roots, or any other garbage affording the least nutriment. They seem but little elevated above the brutes; indeed, the "medicine" scene which follows shows that they hold rather advanced views on that subject themselves. They consider that their original progenitor was brought into the world by the agency of wolves, and to celebrate the event the "wolf-dance" is performed on certain occasions, though always with the utmost solemnity and secrecy. Major Neighbors, by great interest, managed to get concealed in the lodge before the dance commenced, and could observe what was going on without himself being seen. Soon after the major was hidden, about fifty warriors, all dressed in wolf-skins from head to foot, so as to represent the animal very fairly, made their entrance upon all-fours in single file, and passed round the lodge, howling, growling, and making other demonstrations peculiar to that carnivorous quadruped. After this had continued for some time, they next put down their noses and sniffed the earth in every direction, until at length one of them suddenly stopped, uttered a shrill cry, and commenced scratching the ground at a particular spot. The others immediately uttered a shrill cry, and followed his example, then, gathering round, they all set to work scratching up the earth with their hands, imitating the motions of the wolf in so doing, and in a few minutes, they exhumed from the spot a genuine live Tonkawa, who had previously been interred for the performance. As soon as they had unearthed this strange biped, they ran round him, scenting his person and examining him from head to foot with the greatest apparent delight and curiosity. The advent of this curious and novel creature was an occasion of no small moment to them, and a council of venerable and sage old wolves was at once assembled to determine what disposition should be made of him. The Tonkawa addressed them as follows:—"You have taken me from the spirit-land, where I was contented and happy, and brought me into a world where I am a stranger, and I know not what I shall do for subsistence and clothing. It is better you should place me back where you found me, otherwise I shall freeze and starve." After mature deliberation the council declined returning him to the earth, and advised him to gain a livelihood as the wolves did; to go out into the wilderness, and rob, kill, and steal whenever opportunity presented. They then placed a bow and arrows in his hands, and told him with these he must furnish himself with food and clothing; that he could wander about from place to place like the wolves, but that he must never build a house or cultivate the soil; that if he did, he would surely die. This injunction, the chief assured our informant, had always been strictly adhered to by the Tonkawas, and for once he lied not. This rite is very peculiar, and may be compared with the wolf-attack among the Seshahs, mentioned at p. 43, and with other superstitions in which the wolf figures (p. 118).

Buffalo-hunting is likewise an occupation common to all the plain tribes. They are hunted by the tribesmen at all seasons, and the bullet, the long lance, and the arrow play an equal part in the work of destruction. They will even entice them into "pounds," V-shaped enclosures, or rather traps, where they will be slaughtered remorselessly. Sometimes a herd will be driven in the direction of a high precipice, and one after another, either unaware of the danger or unable to avoid it, will tumble over and be killed on the spot. If the animals attempt to turn back in time, their fate is almost equally certain, for few escape this running the gauntlet of the Indians. In the winter they are pursued by the Indians in snow-shoes, and numbers are killed while struggling almost helplessly through the snow-drifts. Sometimes the buffalo will attempt to cross a lake

on the smooth ice, when they become perfectly helpless, and fall an easy prey to their enemies. They will be even pursued on foot during the summer months, the Indians creeping within range by means of the disguise of a wolf-skin drawn over their naked bodies. The buffalo suspects nothing, for the cowardly prairie-wolf will never attack the buffalo when in herds, but



SIUX INDIAN TOBACCO BAGS, MYSTERY WHISTLE, RATTLES, AND DRUM. (Partly after Catlin.)

only singly: then the silent arrow soon does its work. So dependent are many of the tribes on the buffalo, that if the herds do not approach for a length of time within a reasonable distance of the village the tribe is reduced to starvation, and there is nothing for it but to resort to the buffalo-dance (p. 49). So certain is this dance of bringing the game to the village, that every adult must keep by him a mask composed of the head and part of the hide of the buffalo, so that, when occasion arises, he may take part in this very necessary Terpsichorean rite. It

never fails, because, with a logic as incontestable as that of the rain-maker, it has to be continued until the buffalo come. When one man is exhausted, another pretends to kill him, and so being supposed to be *hors de combat*, another takes his place ; and thus the weird dance continues, day and night, until the buffalo come in sight, when, of course, it is patent to every unprejudiced mind that this "medicine-dance" has been of sovereign power. The rate at which buffaloes are butchered has rapidly thinned them, and though still existing in immense herds, their area is year by year narrowing ; and eventually, with the settling up of the prairies, their intersection by railways, and the general use of firearms by the Indians, their extermination is only a question of time. Thousands are annually slaughtered through sheer wastefulness, and



PRAIRIE INDIAN FULLY EQUIPPED FOR TRAVEL.

the hides of the cows being in greater request for robes than those of the bulls, the former are killed in greater number. In the Missouri region alone nearly 4,500,000 were massacred in three years, and the number of buffaloes shot annually cannot be much less than from a quarter to half a million. When Coronado went on his famous expedition he traversed, says Castenada, the historian of his expedition, "immense plains, seeing nothing for miles together but skies and herds of bison." To this day, in many places, thousands may be seen at one view. When Lewis and Clarke first crossed the prairies they saw, on one occasion, as many as 20,000 in a herd. At another spot such a multitude of these animals were fording the Missouri that for a mile the stream was so filled up that they could not proceed until the herd had passed. Such sights, if not already among the things of the past, soon will be, and when the last buffalo becomes extinct the last Prairie Indian will disappear* (pp. 160, 189).

* Allen : "The Buffalo" (1875) ; Dodge : "Hunting Grounds of the Great West" (1877), &c.

In addition to buffalo hunting, which is ranked both as an amusement and a necessity of life, horse-racing (p. 181), dancing, ball-playing, and other amusements fill up the leisure time not devoted to war or sleep. Drunkenness is now gaining ground amongst them, and round every railway-station on the line of the Pacific Railroad dirty, besotted wretches are seen lounging. In the train of drunkenness comes a host of other iniquities, as well as diseases, which, singly or combined, will speedily make the plain Indian an ethnological curiosity. Nearly all the Indians, with the exception of most of the north-western tribes, pay great respect to the calumet, or tobacco-pipe; every negotiation must begin and end with a smoke. No council can be held without it, and to offer it to an enemy is a sign of peace and goodwill. The bowls of most of their pipes are carved out of a kind of steatite (catlinite) found in the Coteau des Prairies, in the Dakotah or Sioux territory, and which is looked upon by the Indians as of a sacred character. The long slender pipe-stems, made out of reeds, are ornamented with feathers, tufts of dyed hair, &c., and are very elegant in shape. Among some tribes the bearer of the pipe of peace was a most important personage, being held for the time being as almost sacred, albeit he had to pay rather smartly for his office to his predecessor.

We have seen that few of the North-Western Indians are skilful at *tracking*. The peculiar talent for following up a trail by signs undiscernible to a white man is also little cultivated among the prairie Indians. The trailers employed by the Government officers on the prairies are Indians from the Eastern United States, who are now all settled to the west of the Mississippi. In them this quality—which has been celebrated in a hundred tales, and more particularly in the works of Fenimore Cooper, which give such an alluring description of the manners of the tribes whose home was once in the more thickly-populated Atlantic States—is very strongly developed. Perhaps the most skilful are the Delawares, a remnant of the great Alonquin family who, when William Penn colonised Pennsylvania, occupied the site of the present city of Philadelphia. They were then very unwarlike, having been subjugated by the Six Nations. But after their removal to the west they regained all their old reputation, and carried their “war-path” almost to the shores of the Pacific. They are now very scattered, and possess an unconquerable desire for roaming. As traders, or trappers, or hunters, they are found among all the prairie tribes, wherever any advantage is to be gained. They are the Jews of the Indian tribes, dispersed amongst all nations, and wondrously alive to the “main chance.” The Shawnees, another tribe of the Eastern States, have been associated with them for more than 170 years, and may be said to form with the Delawares really one people. When at home they live near the Missouri River and also on the Canadian River. Many of them, like nearly all the eastern tribes who have moved west of the Mississippi, are more or less civilised, but they still retain some of their old characteristics, more especially this instinct of following a trail, which was originally acquired by force of circumstances, but, continued from father to son through long generations, has now become intensified and hereditary. They are close observers of every object which would enable them to recognise a place again, or to follow the slightest trace of a trail—trifles which a white man would never notice. “An incident,” writes General Marcy, “which was related to me as occurring with one of these guides a few years since, forcibly illustrates their character. The officer having charge of the party to which he was attached, sent him out to examine a trail he had met with on the prairie, for the purpose of ascertaining where it would lead to. The guide, after following it as far as he supposed he

would be required to do, returned and reported that it led off into the prairie to no place, so far as he could discover. He was told that this was not satisfactory, and directed to take the trail again, and to follow it until he gained the required information. He accordingly went out a second time, but did not return that day, nor the next, and the party, after a time, began to be alarmed for his safety, fearing he might have been killed by the Indians. Days and weeks passed by, but still nothing was heard of the guide, until on arriving at the first border settlement, to their astonishment, he made his appearance among them, and approaching the commanding officer, said, 'Captain, that trail which you ordered me to follow comes out here.' He had, with indomitable energy, traversed alone several hundred miles of wild and desolate prairie, with nothing but his gun to depend upon for a subsistence, determined this time to carry out the instructions of his employer to the letter."

Few white men ever become good trailers, their senses seemingly not being sufficiently acute for the points necessary to be observed in order to render them accomplished in this art. It cannot be taught from books; it is essentially observation carried into practice—premises and deduction. From childhood the exigencies of his life compel the Indian to develop faculties, without which he would figure but indifferently either in war or the chase. There is really nothing mysterious about this trailing, though one would imagine, from the way in which it is treated in works of fiction, that it was something supernatural. For instance, if on the prairie you see in the trail of a travelling party of Indians no signs of lodge-poles, you may be sure that you are on the track of a war or hunting party—in either case, aboriginal wayfarers to be avoided in the interest of what a surgeon calls "the continuity of tissue." For knowledge of native habits tells us that when moving about from place to place the Indian carries along with him his lodge-poles trailing behind from either side of the horse's back; but that when he goes to war, in order to be lightly equipped, he carries no baggage of that sort. If there are no footprints of women or children on a foot-trail, then the probabilities are that the party are after no good. The marks which the horses' hoofs leave in the soil will also indicate to an experienced trailer whether they have been walking, trotting, or running, and Indians have often tried to point out to me the difference between the print of the foot of a woman and that of a man, and the difference between the footprint of a woman with a load on her back and of one without it. Indian and American horses' tracks can be distinguished by the first being always unshod, and being, moreover, smaller than the latter. The droppings of the dung from animals are also good indications of the age of a trail, and if you bear in mind whether there has been rain within a few days, the age of a trail may sometimes be determined in this way. Wild horses, in moving about from place to place, will often leave a track behind which might be mistaken for that of a war-party, but if you watch the trail until some dung is found, and see whether this lies in a pile or not, you have a sure indication of the nature of the trail. A wild horse always stops to relieve itself, while a party of Indians would keep their horses in motion, and the ordure would be scattered along the road. If the trail passes through woodland, Marcé has very properly pointed out that the *mustang* (or wild horse) will occasionally go under the limbs of trees too low to admit the passage of a man on horseback.

An Indian can even tell by what particular tribe a trail has been made, the number of the party, its age, and many other things connected with it, astounding to the uninitiated. General

Marcy gives such an apt instance of this that I may quote it from his notes on this subject. On one occasion he was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, and crossed the trail of a large party of Indians travelling with lodges. The tracks appeared to him quite fresh; and he remarked to the Indian that they must be near the party. "Oh no," said he, "the track was made two days before, in the morning," at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be about eight o'clock. He then showed how he arrived at this conclusion. He called his companion's attention to some blades of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made: now there had been no dew for the last two nights, but on the previous morning it had been heavy. On another occasion the same Indian pointed to what looked like a distinctly marked impression of the heel and all the toes of a bear, and accordingly his white companion, fancying that here was an opportunity for distinguishing himself, mentioned that such was his conclusion. The Indian, however, knew better, and that at a glance. "Oh no, captain," he replied, "may be so he not bear-track." He then pointed with his ram-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impressions, and explained that when the wind was blowing, the blades of grass would be bent over towards the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. Such a solution would have baffled the wits of most white men. A white man lost on a prairie, or on a snow-covered country, has a fatal facility for going in a circle, always supposing that he is following up a more and more beaten track, until gradually the idea dawns upon him that he is only following his own footsteps round and round, in a wide circle. An Indian never does that, but will strike from place to place, with almost unerring certainty, arriving at the point desired, even though he has travelled for many miles over a country trackless to the white man's eye, but familiar enough by well-known landmarks to him. Nearly all Indians mark trails by tying the branches of low bushes into knots, rarely thinking of "blazing" the trail after the white man's fashion—viz., by chipping a fragment off the bark of trees with the axe, as he passes by, without stopping. Indians can conceal themselves while skirmishing much better than white men, and signal by smokes from peak to peak all day, and by fires at night. A war or hunting party, if they have lost their friends, will signal their whereabouts in this manner. When travelling through a hostile country it is by no means reassuring to see that your movements are observed and telegraphed all over the country by the smokes which rise from the hills around, ahead of, and behind you, and by the fires which shoot up in the darkness of the lonely danger-hiding night.

All the prairie tribes, the Navajos (if they can be styled a prairie tribe) excepted, like those who used to inhabit the Eastern United States and Canada, agree in this, that they take the scalp as a trophy, and a proof that they have killed their enemy. This operation is performed by making a circular incision immediately above the ears. Their teeth are then employed to separate the scalp, or the warrior will seize by his hands the "scalp-lock," and pressing his feet against the shoulders of the dead man, will tear it off (see engraving on p. 72). The scalp, of course, is understood to be from the head of a *dead* enemy, but cases are not unknown in which the person has only been stunned, and after being scalped survived the operation for years, his baldness, of course, being beyond the power of *capillipoints*. Some scalps are not much larger than a crown



INDIAN SCALP DANCE.

piece, and these are hung to different parts of the dress, or suspended from the bridle or halter of the horses, or carried as trophies at great feasts or parades. Sometimes they are cut into a fringe, and used to decorate their weapons, or attached to a "scalp-pole" over the wigwam. This is done by the chief setting the example by suspending all the scalps which he has taken over his wigwam, when all the minor dignitaries immediately follow suit. On such an occasion a stranger, by counting the number of scalps over each lodge, can ascertain the rank of each individual in the tribe; it is, in fact, a rude sort of peerage. On other occasions the scalp, if large, is stretched on a hoop at the end of a stick two or three feet in length, for the purpose of being danced. This "scalp-dance," found more or less amongst all these tribes, is a hideous savage display. It is danced at night by the light of torches, and just before retiring to bed. "When a war-party returns from a war-excursion, bringing home with them the scalps of their enemies, they generally dance them for fifteen nights in succession, vaunting forth the most extravagant boasts of their wonderful prowess in war, whilst they brandish their war-weapons in their hands. A number of young women are selected to aid (though they do not actually join in the dance), by stepping into the centre of the ring and holding up the scalps that have been taken, whilst the warriors dance (or, rather, *jump*) around in a circle, brandishing their weapons, and barking and yelping in the most frightful manner, all jumping on both feet at once, with a simultaneous stamp and blow and thrust of their weapons, with which, it would seem, they were actually cutting and carving each other to pieces. During these frantic leaps and yelps and thrusts every man distorts his face to the utmost, darting about his glaring eye-balls, and snapping his teeth, as if he were in the heat of battle! No description could convey more than a faint idea of the frightful effects of these scenes, enacted in the dead of night, under the glaring light of their blazing flambeaux; nor could all the years allotted to mortal man in the least obliterate the vivid impression that one scene of this kind would leave upon his memory" (p. 169).

On the plains, of late years, the scalps which form the red man's "jewellery" have been, for the most part, those of whites, for, almost without exception, nearly all of the prairie tribes are, or have been, at war with them. The details of these outrages are sickening. Suffice it to say that houses are burnt, the inmates slaughtered and scalped, or taken prisoners, the lonely stations on the plains captured, often after bitter resistance, and the mail coach attacked by these fiends so frequently, that until recently, when the formation of the railway made this mode of conveyance a thing of the past, soldiers had to guard it, often ineffectually, for a great part of the distance. (See Plate 6.) Sometimes these guerilla wars originated in the desire for plunder, at other times for the purpose of preventing the whites penetrating into the country—for instance, a few years ago many of the tribes coalesced for that purpose—but frequently enough revenge for brutal outrages perpetrated upon defenceless women and children by the half-civilised whites who hang about the frontier was the primary cause of these terrible scenes of bloodshed. A single instance (and I could give a score) may be sufficient for the reader. Some years ago a party of frontier men were crossing the plains to Oregon, armed of course, and reckless as most of them are. One day, whilst one of them was practising with his rifle, he noticed an old Indian squaw gathering berries. Not another Indian was in sight, and in spite of the protests of his companions, in mere wantonness he fired at the woman and killed her. They travelled on, but still a fear possessed them that the deed might be discovered and be



INDIANS ATTACKING THE OVERLAND MAIL ON THE "PLAINS" BEFORE THE DAYS OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

revenged. Days passed, and nothing was seen of the Indians, but at last, when least thinking of them, they were overtaken and surrounded by a party so large that resistance was hopeless. The Indians were more reasonable, and seemingly more merciful than the whites. They did not, as they had the power to do, slaughter the whole party; they only asked that the murderer should be surrendered to them for punishment. As cowardly as he was cruel, he begged his comrades to save him, and for a while the party were undecided. Should they do so or not? Would it not be worth while to fight it out—hopeless as the contest seemed? At last they resolved to give him up, on the Indians solemnly promising that they would not take his life. The wretched man was handed over to the fiends thirsting for vengeance, his companions retiring to some distance to await the result. They saw little, but on their ears burst the most heart-rending yells of pain, which they knew proceeded from their late companion. They could do nothing but listen, in terror and horror, all through the dark night, unable, if even they had been willing, to sleep. Morning came, and their companion, shrieking with pain, was led into their camp, *alive*, certainly: the Indians had kept their word. But at the sight which met their eyes even these rough backwoodsmen grew sick and faint. *His fiendish torturers had, bit by bit, flayed the unhappy man*, until there was not an inch of skin on his whole body. His comrades, on his urgent entreaties, put him out of pain by sending a bullet through his head, after which they went one way and the Indians another.

Whenever they have a chance they mutilate the bodies of the white men whom they have slain, and Dr. Bell tells us that each tribe inflicts a mutilation corresponding to the sign—in the sign-language—(already described) of the tribe. For instance, a non-commissioned American officer was killed in a fight with them, and when found had been stripped quite naked and scalped. Through his head a bullet had passed, while his brain was exposed by a tomahawk blow. The nose was slit up, the throat cut from ear to ear, seven arrows were sticking in his body, the breast was laid open so as to expose the heart, and the arm was hacked to the bone, while his legs from the hip to the knee lay open with horrible gashes; they had even cut the flesh from the knee to the foot. The allied tribes who had shared in this fight were Cheyennes, Araphoes, and Sioux. The hacked muscles of the right arm spoke of the Cheyennes, or “cut-arms;” the slit nose, of the Araphoes, or “smellers;” while the throat cut seemed to be intended by the savage Sioux to let the whites know that they too had been present at these horrible orgies.

The Indians of the plains rarely care to make captives of men, unless with a view to torture. Even then the trouble they give is hardly equal to the pleasure which their anguish affords these fiends. But children they are fond of kidnapping and training up as savages, and women are invariably subjected to a demoniacal brutality, which goes far to account for the undying antipathy which exists between the red men of the prairies and the whites of the frontier. The Indians have undoubtedly been treated with scant justice by the Government and people of the United States, but between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains it would be a vain task to attempt to rouse a scintilla of sympathy for the maltreated lords of the American soil.*

* Among the numerous works published on the Prairie Indians, those of Marey and Dodge are the most recent and best. Col. Dodge is assuredly sufficiently outspoken, though perhaps too much of a pessimist.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INDIANS OF THE CENTRAL PLAINS: COMANCHES, APACHES, ETC.

NUMEROUS classifications have been made of the aborigines of North America, but not one of them is so satisfactory that anything need be sacrificed to the desire of availing ourselves of them. For example, the tribes occupying the extreme northern part of the continent, close to the Eskimo line, have been bracketed under the name of the Alonquin or Ojibway Confederacy. The Mobilian, or Cherokee Alliance, occupies a more southern region, while the Ochunkorow, or Winnebago Confederacy, extends from Lake Superior to the Arkansas River and to the Rocky Mountains. The Dakotahs, or Sioux, comprise the Santees, Yantons, Tetons, Sissetons, and numerous subdivisions, in addition to the Assiniboines, Crows (p. 33), Minatarees (Plate 2), Hidatsa, and Mandans (pp. 77, 81, 96), including the Omahas Iowas, and allied tribes are comprised in the stock.

COMANCHES.

The Shoshone and Pawnee families are even more widely spread, for they extend to both sides of the Rocky Mountains, and comprise the Moqui, the Utes, and the Comanches. The last were at one time the most ruthless of all the prairie tribes. But nowadays, owing to repeated wars with the whites, and other misfortunes, they do not number over 3,000, the greater portion of whom reside in Texas. The Comanches, or "Serpents," as they are called, from their custom of imitating the crawling nature of a snake by the waving of the hand or forefinger, are not a handsome race. Inclined to corpulency, in stature rather low, with bright copper faces and long hair, the men are on foot slow and awkward. But, once on horseback, Mr. Blackmore justly characterises them as among the most graceful, as they are the most daring and expert, of riders. Even the women are bold equestriennes, and are skilful at shooting buffaloes or lassoing antelopes (p. 189). The squaws, however, wear their hair short, have stolid unintelligent faces, and, owing to being early habituated to hard work and rough usage, are ill-shapen, bow-legged, and as is not unfrequently the case among savages, are inferior in personal appearance to their lords. The Comanches consider themselves one of the most prosperous and powerful nations on the earth. For the most part, the southern division, or Tennawas, lead the lives of herdsmen and robbers, wandering from place to place in search of game for themselves and grass for their animals. In this way all the wide region, from the Red River of the south to the Colorado, has unwelcome visits from them. They derive no portion of their food from the buffalo, their country being out of its range—deer, antelopes, and smaller game imperfectly supplying its place, and were it not for the large number of mules and horses which they still possess, they would sometimes be driven to great straits for food, in spite of the aid the Government affords those who choose to come into reservations. As it is, their stock is

rapidly decreasing, as well as the Indians themselves, and in a few years starvation, and the vile habits of drunkenness and other civilised (?) customs which they have learned from association with the border whites, will exterminate this band.

The "middle Comanches," or Yamparaco as they are called, spend their winters in Northwestern Texas, and in summer cross Red River and Canadian River towards the Arkansas, in pursuit of the buffalo. They are much less civilised than the southern Comanches, seldom visiting the white settlements, and using the buffalo-skin as clothing. They have only a vague conception of the customs, numbers, and power of the whites, and what little they do know has not given them a very elevated idea of the moral character of the "pale faces."

The "northern Comanches" are still wilder, and as late as thirty years ago few of these primitive people had ever met with a white man. During the summer they follow the buffalo over the plains. At this season they are supplied with abundance of food, while in winter they are famishing for the want of the merest amount necessary to sustain life; they are a race of hunters, living from day to day, and from hand to mouth. In number they greatly exceed that of the other two divisions. Where the Comanches came from cannot now be determined, but, like most of the prairie Indians, they trace their origin from the West.

Polygamy is common amongst them, and their courtship is of the briefest description possible, as well as of the most prosaic, business-like character. The suitor comes with what horses and other goods he thinks the young lady may be worth, and sends word to the father as to the object of this visit; a consultation ensues, and if the terms are satisfactory, she is led out and handed over to her proprietor. The lady is in no way consulted, though it ought to be added that not unfrequently she afterwards consults her own choice—by eloping with a more favoured lover. In such a case the irate husband pursues the runaway couple, and may, according to long-established custom, put them to death (if he can), though more frequently he solaces his wounded honour (and purse) by accepting a present of horses, after which he surrenders all right in the girl. Incontinence among them is sometimes punished by the husband firing a bullet through the crossed feet of the erring wife. Morality is not high, and the temporary marriage of a stranger who may visit the tribe is thought, as among other tribes, essential to hospitality. Among all savages marriage is a prosaic matter. Compare, for instance, the custom of the Hudson Bay Indians, in former times, of wrestling for wives, the strongest man carrying off the prize. The result was that no man could be certain of keeping his spouse, if he were challenged to contest with another for her possession. The same custom prevails among the Coppermine and Chippeweyan Indians—the stronger man considering that he has a perfect right to the wife of the weaker. Yet long custom has taught the woman, whatever might be her private feelings on the matter, that to protest would be useless, and accordingly she never dreams of such a course.

Horse-racing and gambling are among their most inveterate passions; war is also an essential of their existence.

When a chief wishes volunteers for a war-party, he rides through the camp carrying a pole surrounded with eagles' feathers, suspended to which is a small red flag. Mounted on his best horse, and clad in full war-costume, he parades around, singing the war-song. Warriors who are willing to follow him mount and join in the procession. After a time they also dismount and join in the war-dance. This parade is continued for some days, until the requisite number

is obtained. It not unfrequently happens that the chief who has organised the war-party is discouraged at the prospect, and returns home again. In such a case the followers elect another leader, and continue on, as long as anybody remains. In this the reader will see how loose is the authority of the prairie chiefs. Not unfrequently among them there is one chief who administers the government of the tribe and another who leads the war-expedition, but either can be deposed at the will of his tribesmen, and neither has any power over life, limb, or liberty: all this must be decided by the council of the tribes, composed of the chiefs, the warriors, and the medicine-men. All the followers of a chief are free warriors fighting under a chosen leader, not subjects of an autocratic head. Any one may desert at any time, and the chief has no power to keep or to punish him, though the contempt which cowardice invariably obtains generally acts as a sufficient restraining influence on such conduct.

Sometimes a war-party is absent for a long period, but no sooner is it sighted on its return than all the village is astir with excitement, and men, women, and children swarm out to meet it. The white horses are painted and decked out most fantastically, and the whole party is received with howls of joy as it passes through the village, after which the scalp-dance is celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony of which their limited resources admit. If, on the contrary, the expedition is unsuccessful, then the relatives of the deceased cut off their hair and the tails of their horses as symbols of mourning, though I am not aware that they black their faces, as they do when celebrating the scalp-dance.

Among these Indians are numbers of Mexicans as well as other whites, whom they have captured and hold in bondage. With one of these cases I have some little acquaintance. A young man and his sister had been kidnapped when children, after the murder of their father and the rest of their family. They grew up to adult condition, but afterwards a trader purchased the boy, and brought him to one of the United States forts, from which in due course he reached his mother, who at the time of the massacre happened, fortunately, to have been from home. As she pined to see her daughter again, the youth was persuaded to return to the Comanches and endeavour to negotiate for her release. He did so—but found, however willing the Indians might be to release her, an insuperable obstacle in the girl herself. She had married an Indian; she had never known anything else but Indian life; her husband, her friends—in a word, all that she held dear on earth, were among the Comanches, and she declined to leave these, for the sake of a mother and a civilisation which she had never known, and of which she had never felt the loss. Probably she is still living among the savages. Another case I have heard of was that of a man who had been captured when a little boy, and lived with the Indians until he was grown up. For some time after his return to his relatives he was so exceedingly Comancheised that when he felt hungry he would go to his father's pasture, shoot an ox, light a fire and cook as much of the meat as he might require, leaving the remainder to the wolves. It was not for a long time that he could be persuaded to abandon this rather improvident practice. It is even related that about a century ago the daughter of the Spanish Governor-General at Chihuahua was stolen by them. The father immediately pursued, and by means of an agent, after some weeks had elapsed, effected her ransom. But she refused to return to her home, and sent them back the message "that the Indians had tattooed her face according to their style of beauty; had given her to be the wife of a young man; that her husband treated her well, and reconciled her to her mode of life; that she would

be more unhappy by returning to her father under these circumstances than by remaining where she was." She continued to live among the Comanches, and reared a family of children—at least so runs the tale. Sanaco, a Comanche chief, had a German wife whom he had stolen.

Among all the prairie tribes civilised women are held in captivity. Many of them are Mexicans—only semi-civilised—and after residing for some time among the savages they not unnaturally show no great desire to return again to civilisation. A most pitiful tale came to my knowledge a few years ago. Some Red River hunters found at Bute Isle, on the other side of the Côteau du Missouri, a number of Sioux lodges. The Indians had living amongst them a beautiful American girl of sixteen, who had been at school in St. Paul's when the Sioux war broke out. She begged the hunters to purchase her; but an old Sioux, who treated her as his wife, demanded as her price a punchoon of rum, a chest of tea, two horses, and some powder and shot. They had not the price demanded, and so had to leave the poor girl to her fate. She cried piteously as they moved off, the old Sioux watching her angrily. She seemed to be tolerably well used, though I have been told by a woman who had been held captive among the Cheyennes that the Indian squaws are very jealous of their white rivals, and ready to heap every possible indignity and cruelty on them. The squaws are also the most pitiless in their torture of the captives.

When a warrior of the Comanche nation dies, his robe is wrapped about him, and the rest of his limited wardrobe put upon him. He is then buried on the summit of a hill, in a sitting posture, with his face to the east. As in the Southern Oregon tribe mentioned at p. 94, his friends then kill his best horses, all his war implements are destroyed, and the other horses have their manes and tails clipped close as a sign of mourning and as a symbol of affection. For some time—not unfrequently for a month—after the funeral, the relatives and friends of the deceased assemble night and morning, for the purpose of crying and cutting themselves with knives. The corpse is always buried immediately, but the mourning is in strict proportion to the value of the departed to his tribe, a young warrior being long and sadly lamented, while an aged one is dismissed with a shorter period of woe.

Some of the other prairie tribes swathe the body in skins, and elevate it on a sort of scaffolding of poles and there allow it to mummify, while the dry prairie winds sweep around it. Others elevate it into the branches of a tree, like some of the Pacific coast tribes (p. 56). The system of burying on high places is, however, the favourite method of sepulture. A famous Omaha chief, Blackbird, was, for instance, buried sitting erect on his favourite horse, fully equipped for battle, by his kinsmen and warriors gradually building both in with turves and stones, on a high bluff—situated about a thousand miles above St. Louis, on the Missouri. The place is still visited by the Indians as sacred, and by the more prosaic whites, to obtain a good view of the surrounding country.

General Marcy knew the widow of a prominent Comanche chief who continued the mourning ceremonies, though at the time of his meeting her about three years had elapsed since her husband's death. (At one time, for the wife to immolate herself on the death of her husband was not unknown.) This dignified and faithful wife was one of the best hunters in her tribe, and is said to have killed in one morning, near Fort Chadbourn, fourteen deer. The Comanche heaven is the heaven of all other Indians—a place where men who have taken plenty of scalps and stolen abundance of horses revel in a never-failing supply of buffalo. They may visit the earth

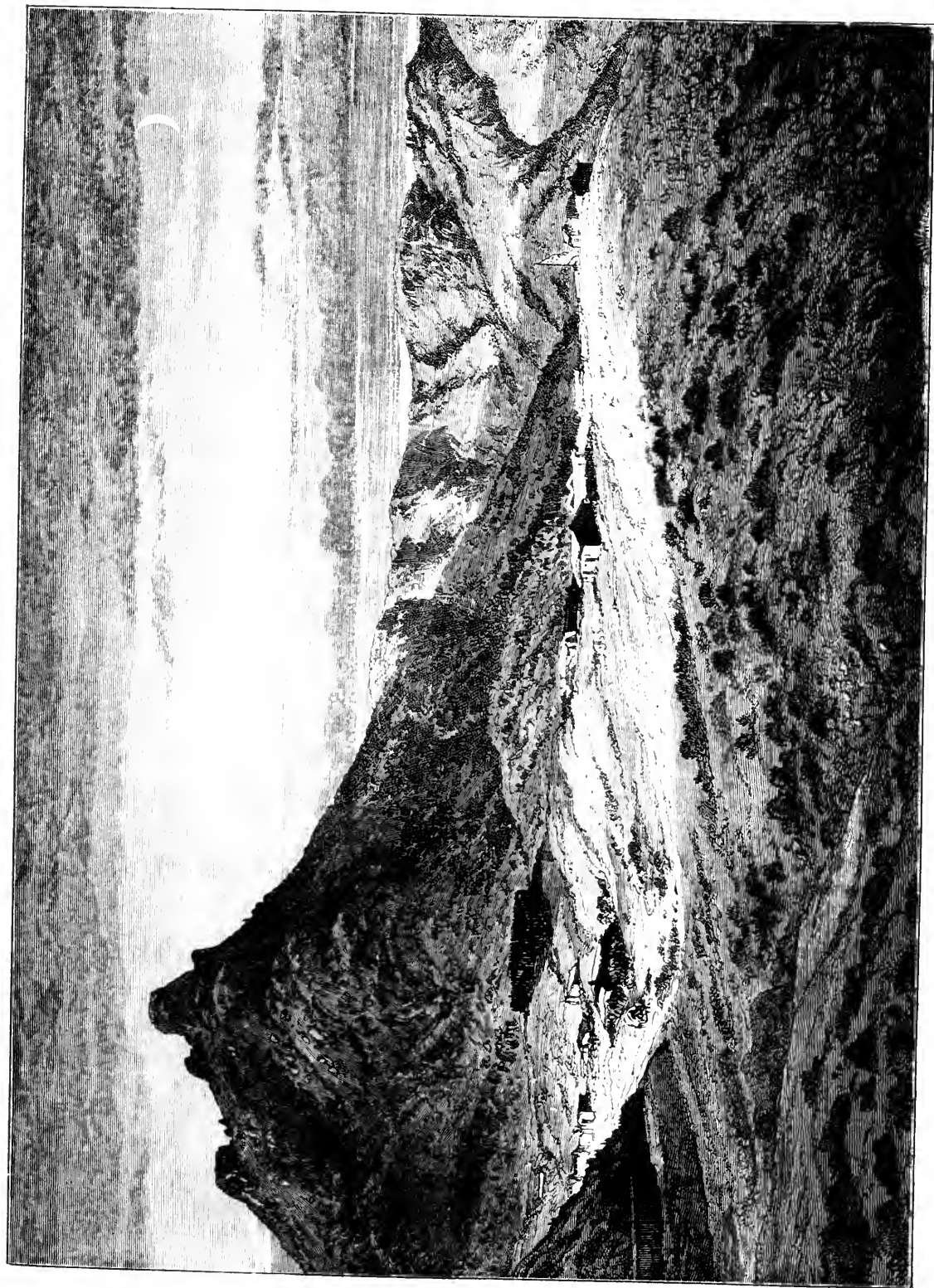
during the night, but must return to the spirit-land before break of day. They have a vague belief that they can hold some converse with the Supreme Being, in whom they trust, through the medium of the sun; but what other religion they have it is not easy to make out. Doubtless they have a complicated and vague enough mythology.

One thing is certain, they believe in one great Supreme Being, however many minor deities they may have, and that they make no images of the object or objects of their worship. That they have ever been idolators I cannot learn. On the whole, they are theists of a mild type—making, doubtless, supplications to the sun, moon, or earth, but not to these objects as gods, but only as media of intercommunication with God,* in which respect they differ from some nations of the Old World, who worship the heavenly bodies themselves as the actual deities; and in older times in Egypt, Greece, Chaldea, India, Scandinavia, Lapland, Britain, Germany, and many other countries, sun-worship was very common. Among the Peruvians, the Incas claimed to be the children of the sun, and in a figurative sense some of the modern American Indians call themselves “children of the sun,” or “souls made of fire.” “My father,” exclaimed the indignant warrior and chief Tecumseh, as he threw himself on the ground when the Governor of Indiana desired him to take a chair, “the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; I will repose upon her bosom.”† Yet with all their respect for the Great Spirit, the first words they learn in coming in contact with the whites are those of obscenity and profanity, though it must be remembered that their first associates are immoral, uneducated hunters, traders, or frontier-men, and that they have often little idea of the meaning of the phrases put into their mouths by these unworthy tutors. Like most of their brethren, they are very fond of obtaining certificates of character, and value the worth of a man and the strength of his friendship by the presents they receive from him. Though like other Indians they are fond of assuming a *nil admirari* air, yet in reality they are very inquisitive and even nervous.

The steam-bath is in much vogue amongst them, and is not only resorted to for the cure of disease, but also as part of the regular course which young warriors must undergo before being permitted to assume the responsible position of scalp-lifters. The northern Comanches have an immense idea of their own importance, and nothing but severe punishment, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge of the line of conduct to be pursued towards them, will ever cause them to respect the whites. With the exception of the southern Comanches, few of them have taken the first steps towards civilisation, and when the buffalo becomes exterminated or scarce—a question only of time, and not a very long time either—they must take to agriculture or other civilised mode of obtaining a subsistence, live by plundering their civilised neighbours, or disappear. The latter two contingencies are much more likely than the former. “That they are ultimately destined to extinction does not, in my mind,” writes one well qualified to speak on the subject, “admit of a doubt, and it may be beyond the agency of human control to avert such a result. But it seems to me in accordance with the benevolent spirit of our institutions that we should endeavour to make the pathway of their exit as smooth and easy as possible, and I know no more effectual way of accomplishing this than by teaching them to till the soil.” But will they be taught? I

* A contrary and (I think) erroneous view is given by Major Neighbors, in Schoolcraft's “Indian Tribes,” ii. 127.

† “Theology of the American Indians,” *American National Quarterly Review*, June, 1863.



FORT BOWIE, ARIZONA. IN THE COUNTRY OF THE APACHES.

fancy not; the race will die out—Ishmaels, whose hands are against every man, and against whom every man's hand is turned, either to avenge the past, protect himself for the present, or, as often as not, as a precaution for the future.

APACHES.

It is now more than 100 years ago since Miguel Venegas, the Spanish friar, wrote the following description of the tribe whose name heads this paragraph:—"Within a circuit of 300 leagues they reside in their small *rancherías*,* erected in the valleys and in the breaches of the mountains. They are cruel to those who have the misfortune to fall into their hands and among them are several apostates. They go entirely naked, but make their incursions on horses of great swiftness, which they have stolen from other parts. A skin serves them as a saddle. Of the same skins they make little shoes of one piece, and by them they are traced in their flight. They begin the attack with shouts at a great distance, to strike the enemy with terror. They have not naturally any great share of courage; but the little they can boast of is extravagantly increased on any good success. In war they rather depend upon artifice than valour; and on any defeat submit to the most ignominious terms, but keep their treaties no longer than suits their convenience. His Majesty has ordered that if they require peace, it should be granted, and even offered to them before they are attacked. But this generosity they construe to proceed from fear. Their arrows are the common bows and arrows of the country. The intention of their incursions is plunder, especially horses, which they use both for riding and eating, the flesh of these creatures being one of their greatest dainties. These people, during the last eighty years, have been the dread of Sonora, no part of which is secure from their violence The Apaches penetrate into the province by different passes; and after loading themselves with booty, will travel in one night fifteen, eighteen, or twenty leagues. To pursue them over the mountains is equally dangerous and difficult, and in the levels they follow no path. On any entrance into their country, they give notice to one another by smokes or fires; and at a signal they all hide themselves. The damages they have done in the villages, settlements, farms, roads, pastures, woods, and mines are beyond description; and many of the latter, though very rich, have been forsaken." Without the change of almost a word, this lucid description by the old missionary applies to the Apaches at the present day, as it would have applied to them 200 years before it was written.

Under the name "Apache" are comprehended several tribes or bands, numbering in all something over 10,000 souls,† but, with the exception of a few hundreds too cowardly or too weak to fight, and who therefore prefer to be fed by the Government, all hostile to the whites. The Indian Department is endeavouring to collect the rest of them on "reservations," and to teach them the arts of peace—at least so far as may prevent them being an annoyance to their civilised neighbours. These efforts have hitherto been most unsuccessful. They will "make treaty" and accept all the presents with an avidity which leaves nothing to be desired. They will even do the department the honour to live in the houses prepared for them, until they find it to their profit to do otherwise, when they instantly commence that series of murderous depredations which in western parlance is known as "going on the rampage." About

* Or houses, a Spanish term applied in the extreme western portion of America very commonly to Indian villages.

† By the census of 1880, chiefly on reservations or at large in Arizona and New Mexico.

the habits or social condition of the others very little is known. Too much, on the other hand, is known about their outrages. Signal failure has marked every attempt to either "clear them out" or to "improve them—off the face of the earth." A few years ago the commander at Camp Grant conceived that he had a special mission for this task, but the result proved that in this opinion the gallant gentleman was altogether singular, he and his soldiers being exceedingly glad, before they had gone many miles, to beat an undignified retreat out of the country. Northern Sonora is their favourite plundering ground, and more than a hundred years ago the Spaniards found it necessary to protect their outlying provinces by a complete system of military posts, from San Antonio, in Texas, to the Pacific. So long as this system was adopted, the country, being comparatively safe, prospered, but soon after the withdrawal of the troops, owing to the decay of Spanish power, the region again became desolated by the ravages of the savage hordes, hitherto kept in check by these forts. The Apaches poured down upon it, the herdsmen fled for their lives, and left their cattle and horses—herds of which in a wild condition are now found in the territory—to their fate. The country districts cleared, the savages next attacked the smaller towns, until the word Apache became such a name of terror, that even the news of one of these savage bands being seen twenty or thirty miles off was sufficient to cause them to leave everything and flee. Secure in the mountain fastnesses of his home in the north, the Apache meanwhile knew that he was safe from pursuit or retaliation, and increased in boldness and atrocity. The result is that the country is almost uninhabitable. Even though the United States has stipulated to protect the Mexican border from these disagreeable denizens of the great Republic, they have felt themselves powerless to accomplish this, and the helpless frontier on both sides of the boundary line lies waste. In this, indeed, is its principal safety, for there being nothing to steal or murder, the Apaches do not visit it. Once, however, let the owner of a scalp settle in the territory, or a flock of cattle graze in its villages, then, as of old, their yells would be heard in the land. But Nature has taken in hand what the Government of the United States, or what passes for such in Mexico, has failed to do; the Apaches are dying off gradually, and the general wish in the region surrounding their haunts is that that pleasant event cannot be too speedily accelerated. The illustration on page 177 shows the scene of a terrible massacre by this bloodthirsty tribe in 1867. Ethnically, they are a severed branch of the Athabaskan family.

NAVAJOS.

This people, though often classed with the Apaches, are not only their hereditary enemies, but, though also aberrant Athabascans, a much finer race. Bold, defiant, with lustrous eyes, and sharp, intelligent countenances, their skill in minor arts does not belie their appearance. They have taken to agriculture, and in some cases have raised large crops of various kinds. They also weave blankets, in appearance and quality, according to Dr. Bell, scarcely excelled even by the costly *seraphes* of Mexico and South America, and they manufacture baskets, ropes, saddles, and bridle-bits. Yet in their love of rapine and plunder the Navajos are scarcely excelled by the Apaches. Until they were partially settled upon "reservations" by the Government they inhabited a fine tract of well-watered country, bounded on the north by the Ute Indians, on the south by the Apaches, on the west by the Moqui and Zuñi Pueblo Indians, and on the east by the Rio Grande Valley. By the census of 1880 they

number 11,850. While they left their wives and old men to plant, reap, and attend to the stock, and make blankets, the braves spent their lives traversing the whole country, and carrying off the stock of the helpless Mexican farmers, besides keeping the entire agricultural and mining population in a constant state of alarm. To give a slight idea of the depredations of these hordes, it may be stated that between August 1, 1846, and October 1, 1856, there were stolen by them no less than 12,887 mules, 7,050 horses, 31,581 horned cattle, and 453,293 head of sheep. The official reports from New Mexico appear to contain nothing but catalogues of depredations committed by the Navajos, or of similar deeds done by the Apaches; and not only was the valley of the Rio Grande swept over and over again of its stock, but the Indian, Pueblo and Zuñi, and other native towns, barely escaped destruction, and this, too, since the annexation of these places to the United States.

From 1846 up to the present date their history is simply one of plunderings by them and reprisals by the whites. Their corn-fields were set on fire, their cattle and sheep driven away, their stores plundered, and they themselves slaughtered by the enraged settlers and Indians friendly to the whites. If there were no flocks to drive off, the military would attempt to destroy the remnants of their stock by encamping at the different springs, thinking by this means to prevent the sheep from obtaining water. This was not, however, altogether successful, for the Navajo sheep, by long habit, only require water every three or four days. So that the soldiers, after guarding a spring for some days, and seeing no signs of Indians, would fancy the country must be deserted, and leave. Then the Navajos, who were grazing their stock quietly in some secluded valley among the mountains hard by, would come and water these flocks with the utmost impunity. Still the result of this continual warfare was to decrease them, and at the present time there exists not a tithe of the number who once made the country so lively. Numbers have gone on to "reserves," and it is said there are about 2,000 in the hands of the Mexicans, who *profess* to bring them up as members of their families and households. Perhaps so. They are, however, far from contented on the reservations, and we are informed by their superintendent that of the state of their health and morals the hospital reports give a woful account. "The tale is not half told, because they have such an aversion to the hospital that if taken sick they will never go there, and so they are fast diminishing in numbers; while the births are many the deaths are more. Discontent fills every breast of this brave and light-hearted tribe, and a piteous cry comes from all as they think of their own far-off lands, 'Carry me back, carry me back!'" In character they are said to be superior to most of the neighbouring tribes, sparing life when no resistance was offered, though death was, and is, the unvarying result of opposition to their plundering. In battle they never scalp an enemy, and in many other respects they are generous, and more like the Pueblo Indians, or town-building Indians of New Mexico, and with whom they claim a common relationship and origin. And here it may be added that omnivorous as are many of the tribes of North America, there are no grounds for believing that at present they practise cannibalism. The Tonkewas are, however, affirmed to have in earlier times devoured their prisoners "out of revenge," and there cannot be a doubt that the Miamis, Kickapoos, Iroquois, and Alonquins at one time ate human flesh. Recent researches in the shell mounds of Florida and New England, by Professor Wyman and Mr. Manly Hardy, demonstrate that the custom existed in these countries, as historical evidence shows that it did in Louisiana and Illinois, and, perhaps, though as a religious rite, on the North-



AN INDIAN HORSE RACE.

West Coast. On the other hand, the Apaches have never been known to show the faintest trace of humanity or good taste, scalping or mutilating their enemies in the most frightful manner, and if they capture them alive torturing them to death by means of slow fires, sticking them full of pine-knot chips, and then setting this *chevaux-de-frise* on fire, and other diabolical inventions.

COLORADO RIVER INDIANS.

Between the limits of the Apache country (Rio Verde) and the Colorado are the Hualpais and Yampais, two tribes few in number, and about the lowest type of American aboriginal humanity. They are at peace with the whites, but rapidly decreasing, though at one time numbering many thousands. Those in the vicinity of Fort Mojave (Mojaveves) are the most powerful of these Indians. They cultivate the bottom lands of the Colorado, and are entirely dependent on the overflow of the river. If this fails the result is generally a famine—their resources from wild fruits and game being now curtailed by the spread of the white settlements and their own utter improvidence. The Cocopas near the river mouth are less dependent on the overflow, and are therefore much more comfortably situated. As a specimen of the way in which these tribes have decreased, it may be mentioned that while the Yumas—a tribe living higher up the river—numbered at the period of the American occupation 5,000 souls, they do not now number much more than 1,000. The last account I have of these people, who have little general interest, is in a letter of the late superintendent of Indian affairs for Arizona. “We found,” writes Mr. Posten, “the Yumas indulging in great expectations. They are as dependent upon the overflow of the river as the inhabitants of the Nile, but have no Joseph to provide for the years of famine. The river having entirely failed to overflow its banks the previous year, they had not planted, and consequently had not reaped; they were in a literal state of starvation, and many of them absolutely died from the effects of hunger. Old Pasqual, the head chief, a friend of long standing, with many more recent friends, came out to meet us, supposing the baggage-wagon was laden with food. We gave them the usual peace-offering of the Indian weed, which, judging from their rueful countenances, only increased the *goneness* of the stomach, consequent on acute hunger. We had no food; there are no contractors for food in the Indian service; we had only shoddy and hardware (for presents). They asked us for bread, and we gave them a hoe; they begged for meat, and we gave them a blanket. . . . It was unfortunate, too for the Smithsonian Institution. They had commissioned me to catch all the bugs, snakes, rats, rabbits, birds, beetles, fish, grasshoppers, and horned frogs in Arizona for their Institute, but there were none left; the Indians had eaten them all up, and hungered for more. The commander at Fort Yuma did what he could to enable them to celebrate Christmas—he managed to give them an issue of damaged hominy, which the horses had refused to eat. It was a sad adieu to leave these starving wretches, but a source of congratulation to get away from such a cannibalistic neighbourhood without loss of flesh.”

In point of civilisation these Colorado tribes form a sort of connecting link between the wild Apaches and the civilised Pueblo Indians. Altogether, the Yuma stock, including the Yampais, Maricopas, Hualpais, Mojaveves, Yumas (proper), Cocopas, Comoyei, Cochemi, and other small tribes do not number over 6,000 souls.*

* Gatschet: “Zeitschrift für Ethnologie” (1877), pp. 341, 366.

CHAPTER IX.

PUEBLO INDIANS : PIMAS ; MOQUIS ; PAPAGOS.

A STRIKING contrast to the savage, merciless, murderous, and marauding heathens lying outside of their boundary, are the semi-civilised tribes of New Mexico, who live in villages and support themselves by agriculture and trade, and are hence known as the *Pueblo* (or village) Indians. A brief account is necessary of these Indians, who seem to be direct descendants of the Aztecs, the highly-civilised race which the early conquerors of the Mexican Empire found inhabiting that country. I prefer to give it at this stage as a contrast to their immediate neighbours already described. The Pueblo Indians proper, excluding the Pimas, Papagos, and those Moquis, who also live in villages, do not now number more than about 9,000, while the wild Indians of New Mexico and Arizona are estimated at about 48,000. In all their characteristics the Pueblo Indians bear the highest reputation. Industrious, gentle, yet brave, kind and hospitable, this race of men, with their sad, mild faces, on which a smile is never seen to play, quietly cultivating their lands, and selling their onions, peaches, grapes, beans, melons, and hay to the dominant race, and, while sanguine of better days, wearily ascending their housetops at sunrise, to look for the coming from the East of that Montezuma, whose steps are so laggard in travel, are of deep interest to every heart capable of kindly feeling. These semi-civilised Indians—Dr. Bell tells us—are not found except in New Mexico and Arizona, south of the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude, and there is no proof to show that they ever came from the North, or spread farther northward than the Rio Grande Valley, and a few of the more accessible branches of the San Juan river. In this region, which equals the size of France, only five remnants of this once powerful nation remain at present. There are according to the traveller mentioned (1) the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande Valley, numbering 5,866 ; (2) the Indians of Zuñi, numbering 1,200 ; (3) the Indians of the seven Moqui Pueblos, situated about 150 miles N.W. of Zuñi, numbering 1,780 ; (4) the Pimas of the Gila Valley, occupying eight villages, and numbering 3,500 ; and, lastly, the Papagos and Maricopas, occupying about nineteen villages, and numbering rather over than under 7,000 souls. Like all the Indian race, their numbers have much decreased since the first discovery and settlement of the country by the whites. All the Rio Grande Pueblo Indians are—nominally at least—Christians, the Spanish missionaries having early visited them. In each pueblo is a plain church, built of sun-dried bricks, and dedicated to its patron saint. Their houses are usually of one storey, but sufficiently large to contain several families. The roofs are flat, but at each corner of the village are watch-towers which rise above the roof. In the centre of the chief house in the village is usually found a large room, partly excavated out of the earth. Previous to the introduction of Christianity the *estufa* (or sacred fire) was kept alight here, and though in most cases this room is now converted into a council chamber,* yet

*So hard is it to get at facts, and so distorted do they become when viewed through differently coloured media, that an otherwise most intelligent observer describes this sacred council chamber as a "kind of village grocery," where the old folks assemble to smoke, gossip, and possibly to talk scandal!

there is little doubt—so persistent are early superstitions, or so sacred religious beliefs—that in some places this sacred fire is still kept burning.

Each *pueblo* has a local government of its own, consisting of a *cacique*, or governor, selected from among the village sages, and who holds his office for life; a war captain, who looks to expeditions of offence and defence, and through a subordinate has charge of the *nahallada*, or herd of horses—every one having to take his turn as a watcher—and various minor officers, who have charge of church matters, repairs of public buildings, &c. The laws are made by the old men, who elect all the officers except the *cacique*, or captain, who is generally elected by universal suffrage. In most cases the office is so far hereditary that, all other things being equal, his successor is chosen from the family next in rank. As different dialects are spoken



MENDICANT VILLAGE INDIANS OF MEXICO.

in each village, Spanish is now adopted as the general medium of intercommunication. Though externally good Roman Catholics, there are not wanting those who declare that their Christianity is all on the outside, and that they still cling to the religion of their forefathers, and can only be induced to attend church by threats, promises, or even blows, while their own heathen rites are performed with the utmost regularity. All, however, agree in bearing testimony to the honesty and sobriety of the men, and the chastity of the women.

Some of the *pueblos* are in the form of strong and almost impregnable fortifications, while those in San Domingo, Candia, and other places have no doors or windows on the outside, but are entered by ladders from the roof. The early Spanish explorers found seven-storeyed fortresses, but these are no more, though ruins are found here and there scattered through the territory, which bear witness to a greater population and many more buildings in former times than now. The fortress of Zúñi is, however, at the present day a rather remarkable one, being built on a rising ground, and at least six terraces can be counted one above the other. The



VILLAGE INDIANS, FROM NORTHERN MEXICO (WATER CARRIERS).

doors of the houses on the different terraces are entered by means of ladders planted against the walls. Cultivation is considerable through the Zuñi Valley, but cotton was not until lately generally grown. Water is everywhere of such importance to cultivation that it figures rather extensively in their traditions. Near Zuñi is a sacred spring at which neither man nor cattle may drink, the water being sacred to the frogs, tortoises, and snakes. "Once a year the cacique and his attendants perform certain religious rites at the spring; it is thoroughly cleaned out, water-pots are brought as an offering to the spirit of Montezuma, and are placed bottom-upwards on the top of the wall of stones. Many of these have been removed, but some still remain, while the ground around is strewn with fragments of vases which have crumbled into decay from age." At Zuñi, Christianity is rather weak, and the people to some extent still cling to their old rites, believing that the comparative immunity of the neighbouring country from droughts is to a great degree owing to the fidelity of the inhabitants to the religion of their forefathers. Here they believe in one great and good spirit, and in Montezuma his son, who shall some day come from the East and unite once more all the nations under his banner.* After frequent revolts against the Spaniards, they peaceably accepted the United States rule, and since 1848 have been citizens.

The Moqui Pueblos are in the midst of an arid country and the villages, mostly composed of three-storeyed houses, are often planted on the very edge of steep *mesas*, or flats partly formed by volcanic peaks. They are very quiet in their manners, though much more light-hearted than the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande; are honest, frank, and hospitable, and neat in their domestic arrangements, yet wanting the manly bearing of the Zuñi Indians, having until lately lived in great fear of their warlike neighbours, the Navajos. In each village there is a water-tank, and most of their crops are raised by carefully husbanding the rainfall and using it for irrigation. Many flocks of sheep are owned by them. Since 1850 they have decreased from 6,700 to 1,780, on account of the ravages of small-pox, and deficiency of food, owing to dry seasons. In the introductory remarks regarding the origin of the Americans, I alluded (p.15) to the supposed Welsh origin of some of the tribes. Whether from national pride or from the force of misunderstood fact, Welshmen who have lived amongst the Moquis declare that the chiefs can pronounce any Welsh word with facility, but not in the modern dialect. Such stories cannot be received without several grains of salt.

The Pima houses are only huts of interlaced willows, yet the people are skilful agriculturists and manufacturers, and, as the Apaches have more than once experienced, fearless on the "war-path." Any successes the United States have ever gained in contest with these Ishmaels of Arizona have been through the aid of the Pima warriors. Mr. Posten, at one time superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory of Arizona, declares that they have no

* It is stated by some that the Montezuma of the Pueblo Indians is not the Montezuma who figured at the conquest of Mexico, but an agent of the Spanish Government chosen to protect the rights and interests of the Pueblos. The Indians, however, do not believe this, but declare that he originated in New Mexico, some say that he was born at the old pueblo of Picos, and others at an old pueblo near Ojo-Caliente, the ruins of which are still to be seen. It is supposed, too, that Montezuma was not the original name of this demigod, but one bestowed on him after he had proved the divinity of his mission. There is, indeed, a document extant which declares that he was born at Tognays, one of the ancient pueblos of New Mexico, in the year 1538, and this account makes him out more a prophet than anything else.

religion, and worship no deity, unless a habit of hailing the rising sun with an ovation may be the remains of the habits of some sun-worshipping tribe. They have many "Jewish habits," but do not practise circumcision, and polygamy is in vogue only among the more prosperous men. Marriage is not binding until there is progeny. The women do all the work, the men considering themselves degraded by menial labour, and pass most of their time in horse-racing, foot-ball, cards, and other sports. They have ever been friendly to the alien race which now surrounds them, and boast that they do not know the colour of the white man's blood.* From the general prosperity of the people, and the number of children seen amongst them, there seems every likelihood that the Pimas will escape the general decay and extermination of the Indian race, and that, unless some great calamity befalls them, they may go on for an indefinite period in their present condition. Drunkenness and its attendant vices are, however, rife.

The Papagos, though living in a desolate country south of the Gila River, to the west of the Sierra Catarina, are a virtuous, industrious people, and physically a very fine race. They have been described as the "Scots" of aboriginal America. The Papagos are only a branch of the Pimas, but after being baptised they took the name of "Vassconia," meaning, in their language, "Christians," but which has now got corrupted into "Papagos." The fruit of the *pitahayo*, or cactus (*Cereus gigantea*) furnishes them with a kind of bread and molasses, and they plant in the rainy season, hunt, keep cattle, and labour in the harvest-fields of Sonora. The sheep which the Pueblo Indians now have are probably the descendants of a flock brought to the country 329 years ago by Marco de Niza, a devoted Franciscan friar.

Everything in their villages is conducted methodically, and with rather more than the average wisdom of governments. For instance, every morning, at least in Santa Dominga, the governor sends round as public criers young men clad in a peculiar dress, their brows bound with garlands of wheat, and each armed with a gourd containing small pebbles, to summon the people to labour. The criers, as they dance round in a kind of monotonous gait, rattle the gourd, shake the ladders of the houses (if the door is on the roof), and call out for the people to rise, for the day has dawned. In like manner the people are summoned to church by the jingling of the church bells, which they seem never weary of ringing. The church services are, in places where there are no priests, a strange mixture of the Roman Catholic service and heathen rites. A song in honour of Montezuma is generally sung, the governor and some of the old men make speeches, and the people lay little images of clay—representing sheep, goats, horses, cows, deer, &c., on the altar. This is an old custom of this people, and means that whatever they have been successful in during the year, either in agriculture or in the chase, should be modelled and brought to church on Christmas (at least) to be laid at the feet of the Great Spirit. Dr. Ten Broeck, who visited the church of Laguna on Christmas Day, relates that he was astonished at hearing music like the warbling of birds issuing from a gallery over the main door of the church, simultaneously with the commencement of the service. The warbling went through the whole house, bounding from side to side, echoing from the very rafters—fine-toned warblings and deep-toned thrilling sounds. He could particularly notice the note of the wood thrush, and the trillings of the canary bird. On working his way into the gallery he found fifteen or twenty young boys lying down on the floor, each with a small basin of water in front of him,

* Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1864, p. 152.

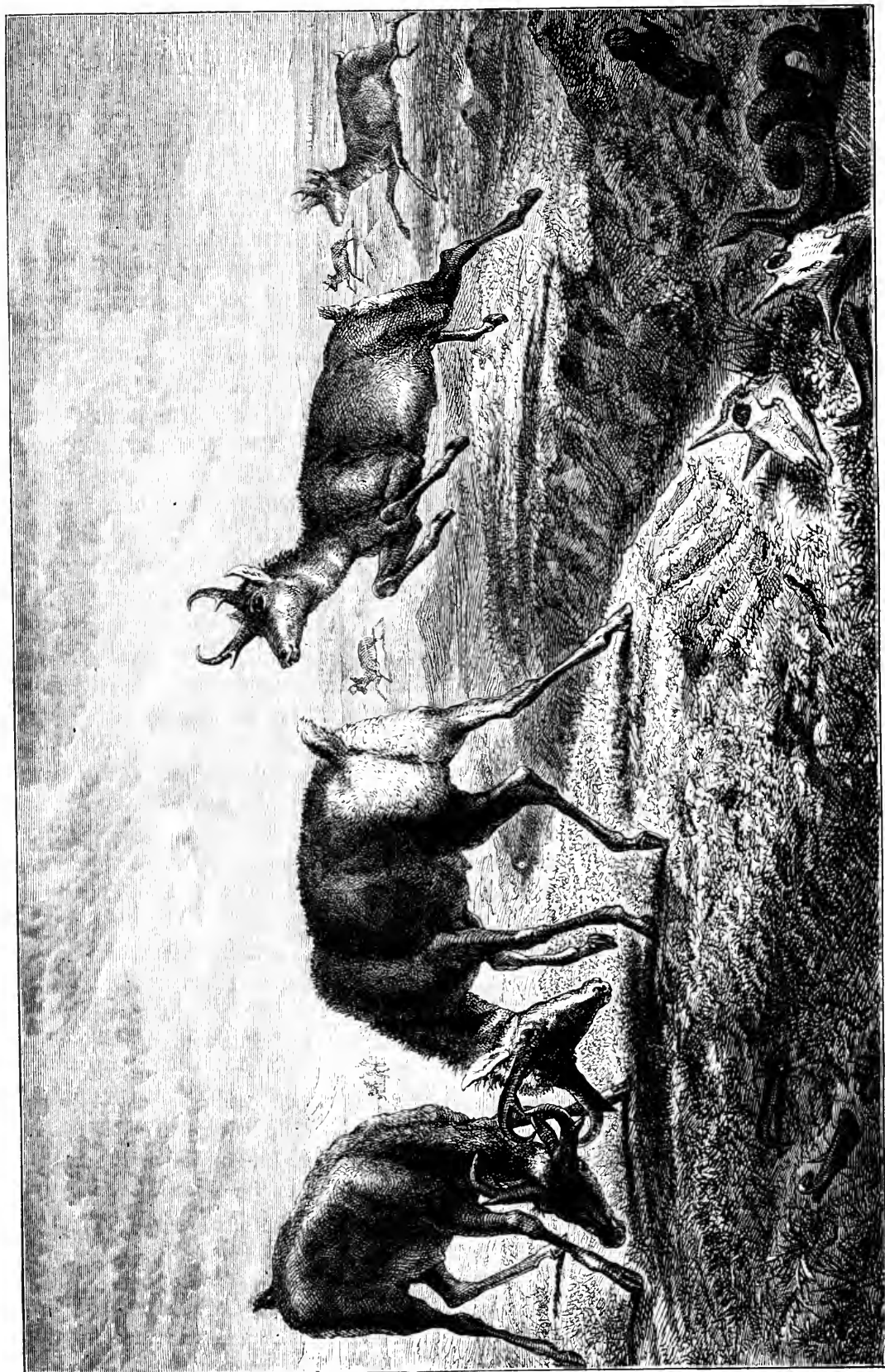
and one or more short reeds perforated and split in a peculiar manner. Placing one end in the water and blowing through the other they imitated most wondrously the notes of different birds, thus forming an orchestra of the most novel character.

On the occasion mentioned the Indians danced in front of the church to the sound of a rude kind of drum, and then after a short time adjourned to the village square, where they continued dancing till dark, after which they separated. On the 26th, 27th, and 28th of December the dancing was continued in the same manner as upon Christmas Day.

In some of the houses are "horrible little Aztec images" made of wood and clay, and decorated with paint and feathers, which they declare are saints; but if so, then they pay little respect to them, as the children play with them in a most irreverent manner. Dances are their favourite amusements, and some of them are of the most whimsical description imaginable. Clowns with painted faces, masks, and something very like the ordinary tricks of such attendants on pantomimes and circuses, are frequent assistants at these amusements. Among the Moquis the women are not allowed to dance, their part being played by young men dressed like girls.

Some of their religious ideas (either held in their entirety or mixed with the Christian religion) we have already mentioned. They believe in the existence of a Great Father, who lives where the sun rises, and a Great Mother who lives where the sun sets. Of their origin they give the following account: "Many years ago their Great Mother brought from her home in the west nine races of men, in the following form: first, the deer race; second, the sand race; third, the water race; fourth, the bear race; fifth, the hare race; sixth, the prairie-wolf race; seventh, the rattlesnake race; eighth, the tobacco race; and ninth, the grass-seed race. Having placed them on the spot where the villages now stand, she transformed them into men, who built the present *pueblos*, and the distinction of races is still kept up. One will say he is of the sand race, another of the deer race, &c. They are firm believers in metempsychosis, and say that when they die they will resolve into their original forms, and become bears, deer, &c. Shortly after the *pueblos* were built, the Great Mother came in person, and brought them all the domestic animals they now have."

The sacred fire, Dr. Ten Broeck declares, is still kept burning by the old men among the Moquis, and he was told that they believe great misfortune would befall them if it was allowed to be extinguished. He thinks—but in this I believe he is in error—that the Moquis know nothing of Montezuma. It is whispered among those best acquainted with these Pueblo Indians, that some of the more horrible rites of the old Aztec religion—such as serpent-worship (common among the Aztecs as among many other nations)—are still preserved among some of them. I have repeatedly heard—though others declare that it is a myth—that in one village a huge, overgrown, fatted serpent—to which human sacrifices are offered—is kept, but I could never gain any exact particulars in reference to it. Their marriage rite is remarkable. Instead of the custom prevalent among all civilised and most savage races, the young lady, when she sees a young man who takes her fancy, informs her father. The father, in his turn, proposes to the sire of the fortunate youth, and the proposal is never rejected. The young man furnishes two pairs of mocassins, two fine blankets, two mattresses, and two sashes used at the feasts; while the bride, for her share, provides abundance of edibles. The marriage is then celebrated by feasting and dancing. Though polygamy is unknown, they can divorce



THE PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE (*Antilocapra Americana*) HUNTED BY THE UTES, COMANCHES, AND OTHER "PLAINS" INDIANS.

themselves and marry others if either of the parties becomes dissatisfied—a very necessary law, one would think, after the rather summary method of “natural selection” adopted by the wife. If there are children by such a marriage, after divorce they are taken care of by their respective grandparents or other relatives. They have no kind of intoxicating liquors, and drunkenness is unknown among them. Hospitable to the last degree, in every house which a stranger enters the first act is to set food before him, and nothing can be done until he has eaten.

All through their country are ruins of great fortresses, towers, aqueducts, and other public works, the origin of which is strange to the present Indians, or only vaguely known by tradition. Some of these houses contained from 100 to 160 rooms.

In Pecos the ruins of a Christian church and a temple to Montezuma stand side by side—the pagan temple being apparently the older of the two—just as the two religions may have for a time flourished alongside of each other. According to Indian tradition, it was built by Montezuma himself, who charged them not to lose heart under the foreign yoke, and never to let the sacred fire burn out in the *estufa*, for “when the time should come in which the tree should fall, men with pale faces would pour in from the east and overthrow their oppressors, and he himself would return to build up his kingdom; the earth again would become fertile, and the mountains yield abundance of silver and gold.” How the Spaniards came and conquered them is, according to them, a partial fulfilment of Montezuma’s prophecy, and how the Americans with the pale faces came in their turn and drove out the Mexicans, may be taken as a second part of the fulfilment; the third they are still waiting for. The Pimas themselves state that at one time they used to live in large houses and were a great and powerful nation, but after the destruction of their kingdom they travelled southward, and settled in the valley where they now live, preferring to live in huts, so that they might not become a subject of envy for a future enemy. “He that is down needs fear no fall,” was the simple maxim of a simple-minded people. So much for tradition—now for fact. The truth is these now ruined towns, houses, and fortresses were all thickly inhabited at and shortly after the time of the conquest of Mexico. Even here the inhuman followers of Cortes could not allow the Aztecs to remain in peace. In search of gold, hither in 1526 went Don Basconzales, but never returned, his name carved on “El Moro,” the inscription rock a few miles to the east of Zuñi, being the only record we have of his ill-fated journey, and the expeditions of Pamphilo Narvaez, Marco de Niza, Francisco Coronado, and others in search of the fabled El Dorado of this arid region, are all matters of quaint old Spanish history. Everywhere they met a bold people, with a civilisation even higher than that of these days, and though in many cases their feeble arms could do little for them against the rapacious mail-clad caballeros of Castile, yet in not a few instances the adventurers returned from those early visits to the Pueblo Indians “with more fear than victuals,” as they quaintly expressed the state of their minds and stomachs. There seems little doubt but that those town-building Indians were, as Dr. Bell describes them, “the skirmish line of the Aztec race, when that race was united and in the plenitude of its power. They came originally from the southern provinces of Mexico, probably in detachments—the restless spirits of semi-civilised tribes, speaking distinct dialects, though more or less united under one central government, and they tried with all the skill brought out from Anahuac and the southern provinces of Mexico to colonise the outlying countries to the northward.” At first they received the Spanish adventurers as brothers come to help them in their struggle

against barbarism and the forces of Nature—superior beings to themselves. But they soon discovered that the unprincipled hordes of Narvaez, Niça, or Coronado had but one maxim in religion, one aim in life, and these were—to convert to the creed of the conqueror by force and cruelty, and obtain gold at whatever cost. The result was a struggle, long continued in some cases, but in the greater number of instances short and bitter. Soon the Spaniards held undisputed sway everywhere, and up to 1680 they kept the wretched natives in slavery, working in the mines and toiling at labours which decimated the population, and sometimes the broken-hearted Aztec, weary of such a life, even anticipated death by throwing himself over a precipice of the mountain down which he trudged with his load of ore. It is a miserable story, the shame and disgrace of Spain, but one which we can only look at in silence when we contemplate, as we shall by-and-by, the tale of the Tasmanians. At last the down-trodden people, once so free and happy, turned upon their oppressors and swept them from the land, no quarter being given, no mercy ever asked. Some of the Pueblos maintained their liberty, and for ever renounced Christianity, which to them had been only a symbol of cruelty and unrighteousness; most of them were again retaken by the Spaniards, but not until after seven years of hard fighting. The conquerors, after their first vengeance had been satiated on the people who had trampled on the cross and massacred their countrymen, seem at least to have learned from these misfortunes a lesson of greater humanity to the natives. However, though the Pueblo Indians grow poor and die, the grandees and noble gentlemen of lordly Spain must grow rich, *oro* must be brought in, for are not silver *pesos* and the spread of the cross the only things worth living for? The end is soon told. The Indians grew few and weak, the *pueblos* became deserted, and the Apaches, then as now hanging round their borders, soon rushed in and did their best to complete the ruin. “The dead tell no tales; but if these ruins could speak, I think they might relate dismal stories of crops yearly destroyed all around them, of cattle run off by thousands, of famished children calling for bread, and of sons and fathers left dead among the mountains.” The dissensions in the south caused the Spaniards to withdraw their troops, and the Pueblo Indians, as well as the Mexicans, found themselves unable to keep the savage at bay. The land soon became desolate—the remnant of the people crowded together into the strongest or richest spots and formed the organisations found at the present day, which enable them to keep their enemies, in most cases at least, at arm’s length.

In South-western Colorado, on the San Juan River and its branches, in North-west New Mexico, in South-eastern Utah, and over most parts of Arizona, are found ruins of towns—built of stone set in mortar, which seem to have been the centre of a densely populated country. Another class of dwellings are simple “caves,” or walled-in niches in the face of steep cliffs. Vast quantities of pottery, wicker-work, and spear and arrow-heads are found in the vicinity, showing that a region now waste and almost unpeopled was at one time inhabited by a race as high in intelligence and civilisation as the Pueblo Indians, but who have been driven from bank to wall by ruthless enemies until they became extinct.*

* For illustrations of these cliff-dwellings of Colorado, see “Scribner’s Monthly Magazine,” Dec., 1878. For the ethnology of the region, see also Power: “Contributions to the Ethnology of the United States,” Vol. III. (1878); Field: “Indian Bibliography” (1873); Ludwig and Turner: “The Literature of American Languages” (1864); Taylor: “Bibliographia Californica” (1863); Harper’s “Monthly Magazine,” Oct., 1881, p. 676, &c.

CHAPTER X.

PLAIN AND PRAIRIE TRIBES : UTES, PAWNEES, ETC.

WITH this interlude of comparative civilisation we may return once more to the rude tribes of the Central Plains, or of the valleys, in that central range called the Rocky Mountains, though in reality it is more a mountainous region than a range of mountains. Many of the smaller tribes belong to the Shoshone and Pawnee families. The first-named



NOT-O-WAY (THE THINKER), AN IROQUOIS INDIAN. (After Catlin.)

are very widespread, roaming on both sides the Rocky Mountains, and southward to Texas. The latter comprise the Arikarees, Wichitas, and Pawnees proper. Some of the Moqui Pueblos—judging from their language—are of Shoshone origin, though in every other respect they are at one with their neighbours, while the Utes, with all their minor subdivisions, belong to the same section of Americans. Among these septs the Goships, or Goshutes, who live partly in Nevada, are the lowest. They have been characterised by a recent tourist, in terms which may be described as not less humorous than truthful, as “A silent, sneaking,

treacherous-looking race, taking note of everything covertly, like all other 'noble red men' that we (do not) read about, and betraying no sign in their countenances; indolent, everlastingly patient and tireless, like all other Indians; prideless beggars—for if the beggar instinct were left out of an Indian he would not 'go,' any more than a clock without a pendulum; hungry, always hungry, and yet never refusing anything that a hog would eat, though often eating what a hog would decline; hunters, but having no higher ambition than to kill and eat jackass-rabbits, crickets, and grasshoppers, and



ON-DAIG (THE CROW), A CHIPPEWAY INDIAN. (After Catlin.)

embezzle carrion from buzzards and cayotes; savages who, when asked if they have the common Indian belief in a Great Spirit, show a something which almost amounts to emotion, thinking whisky is referred to; a thin scattering race of almost naked black children, who produce nothing at all, and have no villages, and no gatherings together into strictly defined communities; a people whose only shelter is a rag cast on a bush to keep off a portion of the snow, and yet who inhabit one of the most rocky, wintry, and repulsive wastes that our country or any other can exhibit . . . They deserve pity, poor creatures, and they can have mine—at this distance. Nearer by, they never get anybody's." Yet these wretched creatures often waylay travellers, and were in the habit of attacking the overland stage. What they do now, except hang about the stations of the Pacific Railway, I cannot well imagine. The Government have attempted to gather them upon reservations, but the roving, vagabond

instinct is strong in them as in all their race, and the experiment of preserving alive the remnant of them is hardly likely to be more successful than popular.

A few years ago their condition was even worse. Then they wore no clothing of any description, and made no more provision for their future wants than now. There were not any whites to rob, and their more powerful aboriginal neighbours took particular good care of any little portable property which they might possess. In the winter their condition was miserable. Snails, lizards, and other vermin on which they lived were torpid in holes beyond their reach, while the roots were buried beneath a deep covering of snow. They were said to retire at this season to the vicinity of timber, dig oven-like holes in the steep sides of the sand-hills, "and sleep and fast till the weather permitted them to go abroad again for food. Persons who have visited their haunts after a severe winter have found the ground around these family ovens strewn with the unburied bodies of the dead, and others crawling among them, who had various degrees of strength, from a bare sufficiency to gasp in death, to those that crawled upon their hands and feet, eating grass like cattle." They had then no weapons of defence except the club, and even in the use of that they were far from skilful. Though such degradation almost passes our belief, yet it will be still more difficult to credit that less than thirty years ago, to use the language of our informant—Mr. Farnham—"these poor creatures were hunted in the spring of the year, when weak and helpless, by a certain class of men, and when taken were fattened, carried to Santa Fé, and sold as slaves during their minority. 'A likely girl' in her teens brought oftentimes £60 or £80. The males are valued at less."

Allied to the Arraphoes and Sioux are the powerful Cheyennes, or "cut-wrists," once one of the most ruthless of all the horse tribes. They have been continually in the midst of all the outrages on the travellers across the plains or on the settlements, and have been the subject of the most brutal retaliations by the whites. The Arraphoes and the Kiowas also enter this region, and, like the Cheyennes, are beginning to get collected on reserves, finding that the railway has to a great extent destroyed their chance of successful depredation. A friend writes to me—and his opinion may be taken as a fair average idea of the chances of these plain Indians ever taking to the arts of civilisation—"You were inquiring in regard to the state of the Indians in this territory. You know I always doubted whether there was a real 'friendly Indian' in this section. Last week, however, I saw one—quiet, peaceful, harmless: he was suspended to the branch of a tree." They number 3,600, and live in the Indian Territory.

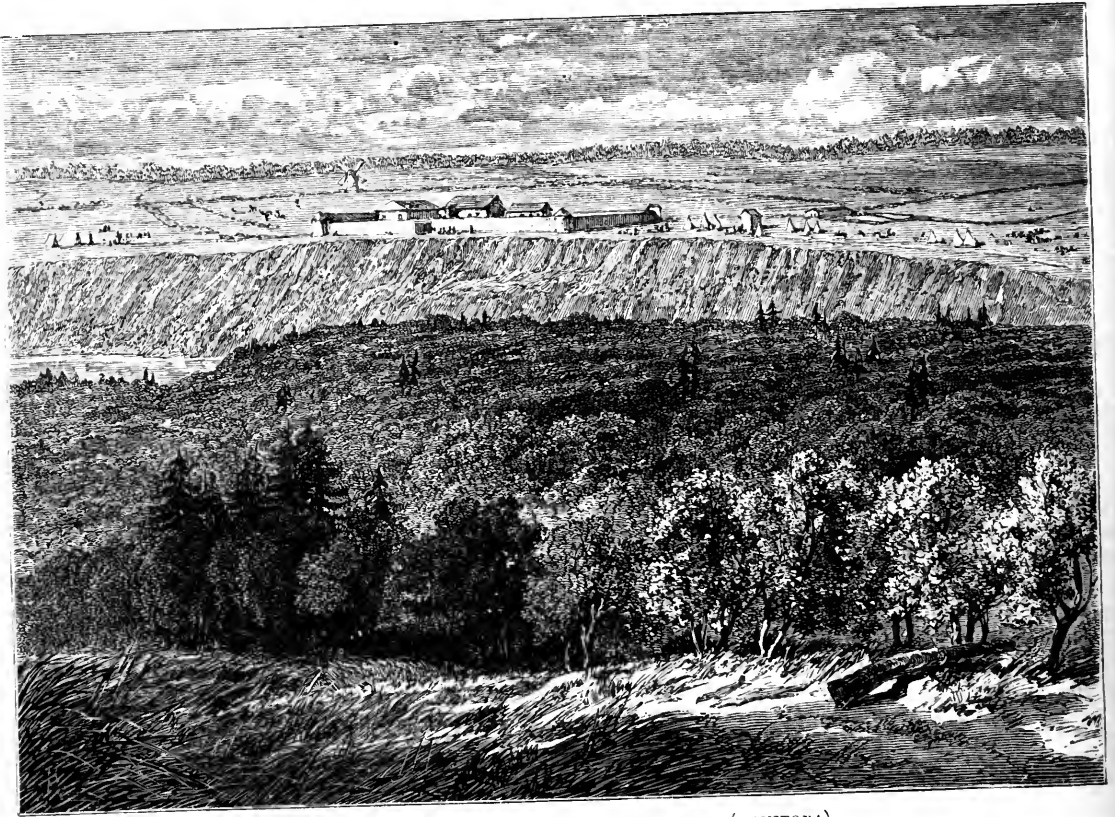
The Arraphoes, or "dog-eaters" ("Gros Ventres" of the French), get their name from their habit of fattening and eating dogs. They are sadly fallen off since the whites came on their borders, both in morals and in numbers. Thirty years ago, or less, trappers who lived amongst them gave them the name of being a fearless, ingenious, and hospitable people. At that time they owned large numbers of mules, dogs, sheep, and horses, and manufactured from the sheep's wool blankets of a very superior quality. So dense were these blankets that rain would not penetrate them. A curious law of naturalisation prevails—or at least did prevail amongst them—which any man, either white or red, could avail himself of. The applicant was simply required to bring to the chief a horse swift enough to hunt the buffalo on, and another horse or mule capable of carrying a load of 200lbs. His intentions being made known he was forthwith declared a member of the tribe. "The wife of an Arraphoe takes care of his horses; manu-

factures his saddles and bridles, leash-ropes and whips, his mocassins, leggings, and hunting-shirts, from leather and other materials prepared by her own hands; beats with a wooden adze his buffalo robes, till they are soft and pleasant for his couch; tans hides for his tent-covering, and drags from the distant hills the clean white pine poles to support it; cooks his daily food, and places it before him; and should sickness overtake him, and death rap at the door of his lodge, his squaw watches kindly the last yearnings of the departing spirit. His sole duty, as her lord in life, and a member of the Arraphoe tribe, is to ride the horse which she saddles and brings to his tent, kill the game which she dresses and cures, sit or slumber on the couch which she spreads, and fight the enemies of the tribe." Like the Cheyennes, the Arraphoes are of Alonquin stock. They originally belonged to the Platte and Arkansas region. Part of them live in the Indian Territory, part on the Shoshone Reservation in Wyoming.

A curious "medicine-rite," in performance of which young men go at a certain season of the year to fast in solitary places, &c., obtains amongst this and other plain tribes. This ceremony differs only in details from similar rites found among other tribes, both of North and South America, and even of Asia, where the young warriors and "medicine men" require to fast, and to frequently mingle in strange mystic dances, before they can attain the position at which they aim. Even among the Eskimo—the last people whom we should suppose to be addicted to this—the *angekoks* have to fast and dream in a manner almost identical with the custom as practised among the North-West Americans (p. 110).

The Arickarees, Poncas, Yanktons, Kiowas, and Sioux proper are the chief tribes of the territory of Dakota, and the latter also extend into Minnesota and the British territory of Red River (or Manitoba). They are one of the tribes which, in the American territory at least, have inflicted most injury on the white settlements. Numbering about 35,000 some nineteen years ago, they descended on the white settlement, massacring and burning everywhere, and taking the women and children prisoners. The result was a long, bloody, and very unsatisfactory war, which in course of time died out, and for the present these Indians are at peace. It seems that the fear of the extermination of the buffalo is the chief cause which has led them to attempt to keep back the tide of immigration to and settlement on the prairies, once only sacred to the Indian and his prey. They roam about Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming, hunting the buffalo, the antelope, wapiti, &c. They have numbers of the common hardy fleet Indian ponies, and are most expert horsemen and daring warriors. In riding they use no saddle or bridle, and have no vehicle save the *travaille*—as the French Canadians call it—common to many of the northern prairie tribes, which is a triangle formed of two poles, each twelve feet long, and connected by cross-bars, which bear the load, while the apex rests on the horse's neck. For dogs they have a similar contrivance, but on a smaller scale. In travelling you generally see the women perched on the horses which have the *travaille* attached, while a long straggling chain of loaded dogs brings up the rear. On this *travaille* is placed their skin lodges and a few cooking utensils. In navigation most of them have little skill, using nothing but a rude boat formed of a buffalo-hide stretched over a round frame like a tub. When the stream is too deep to ford they use these to cross in, and then abandon them. They are a powerful race of men, averaging fully six feet in height. Notwithstanding that among these Indians, as among most savage tribes, who possess this animal, the term "a dog," or "a dog-eater," is an expression of contempt, yet they will eat its liver in order to try and become possessed of its courage

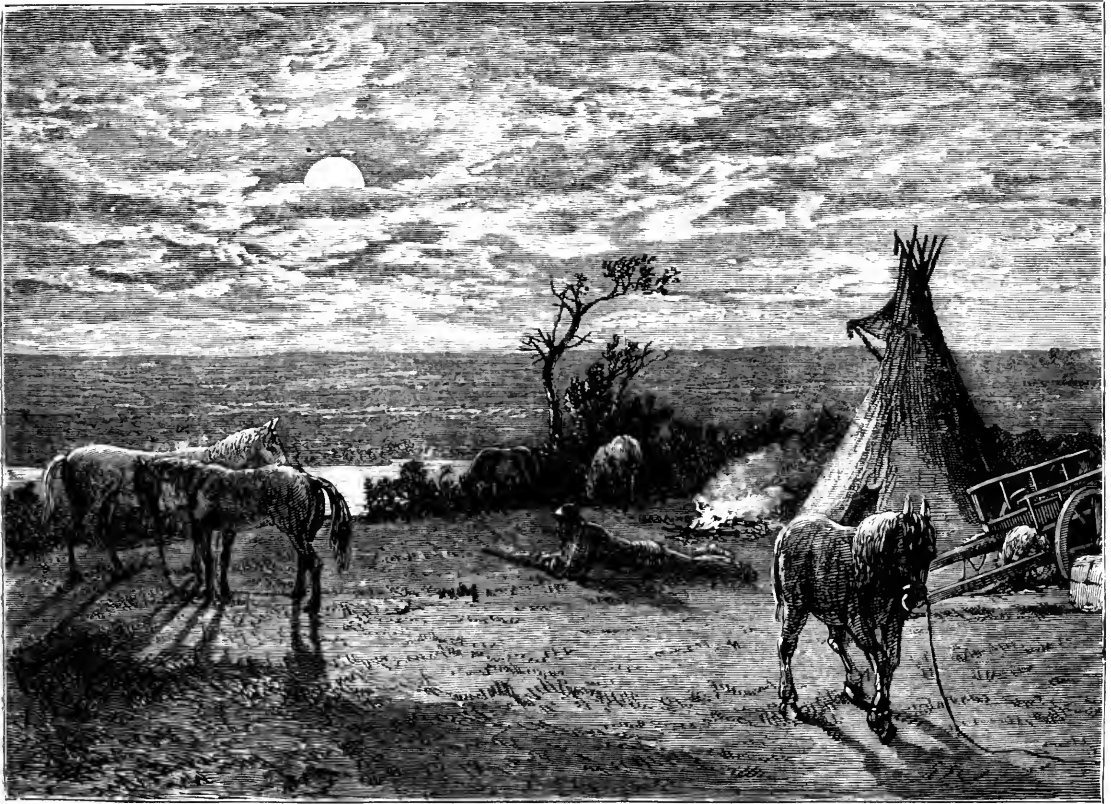
and cunning. The reader will remember that the North-West Indians believe that if they eat the heart of a courageous person they will get a portion of his courage; the Chinese have the same belief. Again, tracing the custom among other people, we find that the Singhalese (of Ceylon) eat tiger-flesh in order to get possessed of its ferocity; and, *per contra*, the Dyaks, though they allow their women to do so, will not eat the flesh of deer, lest they should become timid. Some of the Carib tribes of South America also refrain from eating the flesh of pigs and tortoises, lest they should get small eyes like these animals. It is probable that the antipathy of many savages to eating the flesh of various animals is primarily due to a like superstitious idea. In



OLD FORT GARRY, IN THE RED RIVER COUNTRY (MANITOBA).

common with various other tribes of Indians, and many other savage races, they worship a water-god, his Sioux name being "Unktahe." They also worship gods of another type. Prescott tells us that a Sioux "will pick up a round stone of any kind, and paint it, and go a few rods from his lodge, and clear away the grass, say from one to two feet in diameter, and there place his stone, or god, as he would term it, and make an offering of some tobacco and some feathers, and pray to the stone to deliver him from some danger that he has probably dreamed of." If so, this is rather singular, for most of the Indians keep no semblance of their gods. Among the Sioux also, as among other tribes, there is a curious variation on the ordinary marriage custom. A man will wed (by purchase) the chief's eldest daughter; after this all the other daughters belong to him, and he will take them to wife as suits him. Sir John Lubbock, perhaps

rightly, looks upon this and similar customs among other nations as explaining the importance they attach to adoption. Among some of the wild Eskimo, for instance, if a son is adopted into a family, and is older than the sons of his adopted father, he will inherit the whole property, just as if he had been related by descent. Mothers-in-law, again, are looked upon with infinitely more respect than these estimable ladies are usually regarded in more civilised quarters. Among some tribes it is not etiquette for a mother-in-law to speak to her son, and if she has to communicate with him she must turn her back to him and address him through a third person. Among the Sioux—I believe—but certainly among some of the other plain



A NIGHT ENCAMPMENT ON EAGLE RIVER—EXPECTING THE CREES. (After Milton and Cheaôte.)

tribes, it is not proper for a mother-in-law and son-in-law to converse immediately with each other, or to mention each other by name—an admirable custom on the whole.

The Sioux, like most other Indians, regard a portrait as something living and supernatural, and believe that if any person had the portrait of another in his possession, he has the original of the portrait in his power. Some of the Sioux are taking to agriculture; and with the surrender of Sitting Bull, who for so many years waged successful war with the United States, their day may be considered over.

The *Assiniboines* are another branch of the Sioux nation, who chiefly reside within the British territory. The Rocky Mountain and Thickwood “Stoneys” are, again, detached branches of the Assiniboines. At one time the Plain Stoneys (or Assiniboines) were a powerful

tribe, and the terror of the neighbouring tribes. Small-pox, however, during the last fifty years, almost exterminated them; but the remnant still bear the tribal reputation of being the greatest rogues and horse-thieves of the northern prairies. The Thickwood or Rocky Mountain Stoneys, though a branch of the Assiniboinés, are now, owing to change of the conditions of life, greatly modified, and in many respects very different from their kindred of the prairies. They are, in fact, not plain but forest tribes, and only number a few hundred souls. They live in the most precarious manner, and are often in a very wretched and destitute condition; yet they bear the reputation of being a quiet, respectable people, and hospitable to an extent which their poverty-stricken tents can ill afford. Captain Palliser (whose experience of these people I have, in the want of personal knowledge, drawn on) states that there is none of the crowding amongst them for the purpose of forcing a ruinous trade on the hard-up traveller, which is so often a source of great annoyance upon entering an Indian camp. If accidentally anything is left about, there is no fear of its being pilfered—unless, indeed, there is a possibility of its being eaten, when it is certain to become a prey to the all-voracious dogs, whose digestion is of the most cosmopolitan character.

The Crees, or Knistineaux—another branch of the widely-spread Alonquin family—also entirely inhabit the British possessions. The *Thickwood or Swampy Crees* frequent the country from Hudson's Bay to Lake Winnipeg, and get their name from hunting, during the winter, moose and reindeer in the morasses covering the country, while in the summer they live on the lakes and rivers. They use—at least to the east of Lake Winnipeg—no horses for transport, but travel by canoes in summer on the lakes or on the rivers, which wind like silver threads through the dark woodland (p. 200), and in winter with dogs, or on snow-shoes. The deer they catch in traps of the nature of the Eskimo fox-trap (p. 26), and in addition trap mink, marten, fishers, and other fur-bearing animals; in fact, they are the great trappers of the country to the east of the Rocky Mountains. In their dress they are simple, and seem to have none of the noisy, gaudy, superstitious "medicine-work" to which the plain Indians are so partial. As a rule, they are hardworking and docile, except in the vicinity of settlements, where the facilities for obtaining spirits have demoralised them sadly.

The *Prairie Crees*, though speaking the same language as those of the woods, and not differing in appearance from them, yet contrast markedly in disposition and mode of life. They rove about the prairies from buffalo hunting-ground to buffalo hunting-ground, in camps of from 200 to 400 tents, each containing at least one family, though often several—the average number of people in a tent being six. Their sole occupation is buffalo hunting.

The Cree language is spoken by many different tribes, and is even understood among the Kootainies to the west of the Rocky Mountains. At one time the Crees were a very powerful nation, and they have a tradition that formerly they extended over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. Even at the present day they number about 12,000 souls, but owing to small-pox and other diseases they are annually on the decrease.

Under the name of the *Slave Indians* the traders and Crees know a large family of Indians who roam over the great prairies along the South Saskatchewan and Red Deer Rivers in the summer, and in the winter retire to the north-west, where they tent along the edge of the woods between Rocky Mountain House and Bow Fort. They also speak the Blackfoot language. But, curiously enough, in this group are included the *Sarseees*, a branch of the

great Chippeway family, who inhabit the Athabasca district far to the north of the Saskatchewan, "having broken away from their own relatives and changed their habits of life from that of wood to that of prairie Indians."

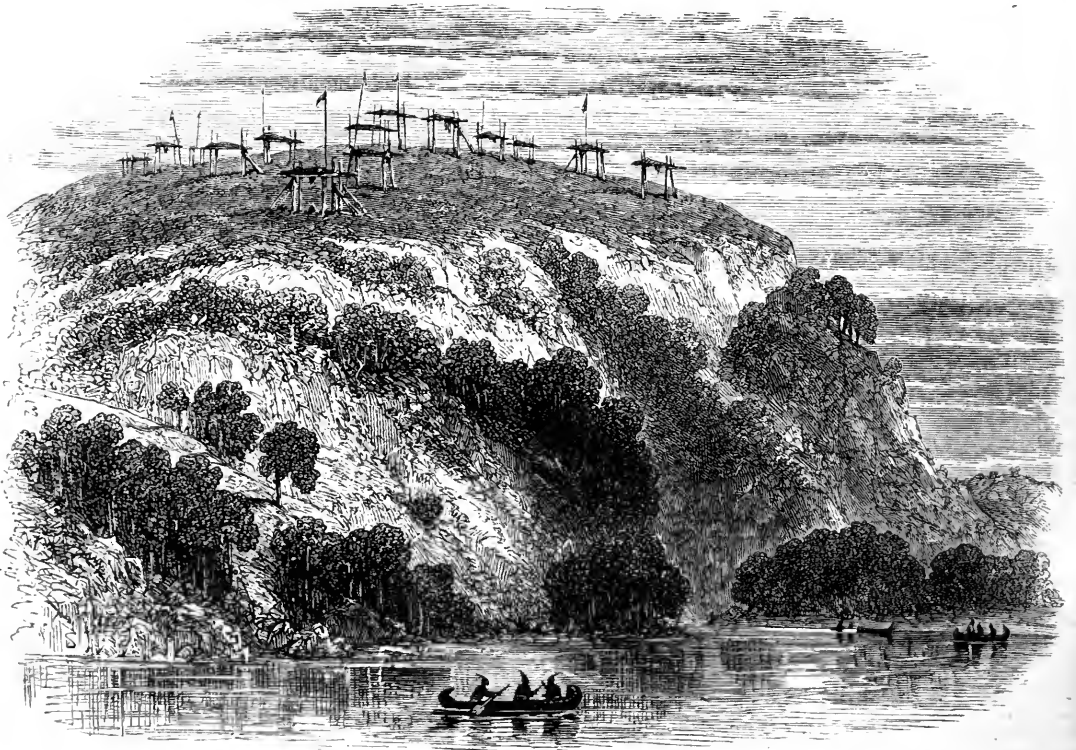
Unlike the soft, flowing Blackfoot language, which they speedily learn, their language is harsh and guttural, and is rarely spoken by their neighbours. In habits the Sarsees agree with the Blackfeet, but bear marks of being a degraded, feeble race; goître, so rare among other Indians, is almost universal amongst them. Though sometimes joining camps with the Blackfeet, more commonly they live apart by themselves, especially while on their summer hunting expeditions.

The *Blackfeet* tribe (so called from their dark-coloured mocassins) comprehends the Blood and Piagan Indians, and extends on either side of the Anglo-American frontier. Though trading chiefly with the Americans, as they share in the subsidies granted by the Indian Department of the United States Government, yet they prefer articles of British manufacture. They are always on the move, and encamp wherever there is buffalo to hunt or grass and water for their troops of horses. They are the Bedouins of the plains, and live entirely on buffalo; they will even—marked contrast to the Digger and Goships—go hungry for a long time rather than eat ducks, rabbits, and any kind of small game. They care little for flour, sugar, or coffee, declaring that these things make them ill. Like the Sioux and Crees, they use the *travaille*, but their wigwams are large, it being no uncommon thing to see forty or fifty buffalo-hides sewn together so as to form one tent-cover, and tents composed of twenty or thirty robes are very common. A tent requires thirteen poles. These are made of light wood, and are carried by being trailed behind the horse. The tents are conical, with triangular lappets at the apex, for the purpose of directing the smoke as it escapes.

The Blackfeet are fond of dress and gay trappings, and their chief men have robes of ermine and other furs, besides medicine-dresses adorned with eagle feathers. The women, who are often comely, dress neatly in tunics of dressed buck-skin and leggings of cloth or deer-skin, ornamented with beads and porcupine quills.

Medicine dances and ceremonies—with all the paraphernalia of dresses, rattles, and shrill whistles—are in vogue amongst them, and in these rites the Blackfeet seem to join with more sincerity than the Crees. They are also of a wilder and more treacherous nature, but, unlike many of the more southern prairie tribes, have a certain code of honour, to which they adhere very rigidly. Like most prairie Indians, they are constantly at war, the Crees, Assiniboines, and Crow Indians being their chief foes, horse-stealing on both sides (in which accomplishment they are very proficient) being the main cause of their wars. In common with the Crees they dry buffalo meat to make pemmican for sale to the fur companies. This pemmican—so largely used by the travelling parties of fur traders—is simply the dried and pounded flesh of the buffalo mixed with its melted tallow, and poured into bags made of the hide of the same animal. Sometimes it is mixed with a little flour or fruit, and though a coarse, it is far from a nauseous or unhealthy article of diet. It is, moreover, about the best and most condensed travelling food known. They are excessively fond of spirits, and this, added to the spread of various diseases amongst them, is going far to decimate them. Small-pox, however, they have never suffered much from, but of late an obscure disease—apparently a form of typhoid fever—has made its appearance in the tribe, committing great ravages.

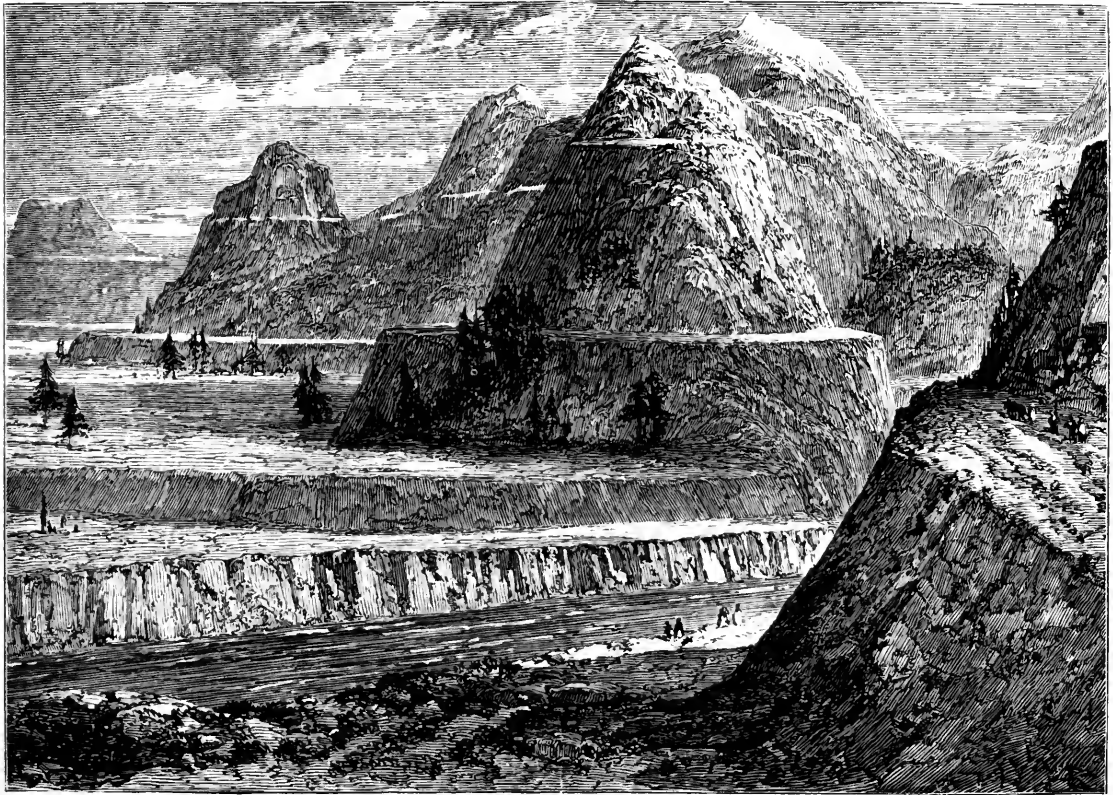
Probably their comparative exemption from small-pox is owing to their wandering life on their breezy prairies; but they are not altogether exempt from it. It was first introduced amongst them in the year 1828. At that time they numbered about 2,500 families. But in a weak moment they stole a blanket from the American Fur Company's steamboat on the Yellowstone, which had belonged to a man who had died of small-pox on the passage up the Missouri. The result I tell in the graphic words of Mr. Farnham :—"The infected article being carried to their encampment from the left-hand fork of the Missouri, spread the dreadful infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile,



AN INDIAN BURIAL-GROUND.

congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain were all new to their medicine-men; and the rotten corpse falling in pieces while they burned it, struck horror into every heart. In their frenzy and ignorance they increased the number of their sweat-ovens upon the banks of the stream; and whether the burning fever or the want of nervous action prevailed, whether frantic with pain or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely, and plunged into the snowy water of the river. The mortality which followed this treatment was a parallel to the plague in London. They endeavoured for a time to bury the dead, but they were soon more numerous than the living. [This case is not exceptional. During the small-pox epidemic of 1862-3, a number of Hydahs, encamped on an island, were exterminated by an outbreak of the malady before succour reached them.] The evil-minded medicine-men of all ages had come in a body from the land of spirits, had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Black-

feet race. The Great Spirit had also placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them. He had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurers, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bows were broken; the fire in the great pipe was extinguished for ever; their graves called for them, and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister, father his son, and mother her sucking child, and fled to the elevated dales among the western heights, where the influences of the climate, operating upon the already well-spent energies of the disease, restored the remainder of the tribe again to health. Of the 2,500 families existing at



THE BENCHES OF THE FRASER RIVER, NEAR LILLOET, BRITISH COLUMBIA. (After Milton and Cheadle.)

the time the pestilence commenced, only 800 survived its ravages." To this day, on the deserted village sites by the banks of the Yellowstone, lie the mouldering bones of some of those 7,000 or 8,000 smitten Blackfeet (p. 204).

Though friendly towards the British, the Blackfeet have long been very ruthless enemies of the Americans, and their name figures, not very meritoriously, in all the stories of trapping dangers which, at one time more than now, formed the staple traditions and history of the Far West. In a report, politely sent me by the United States Commissioner, of Indian affairs, one of the agents, after summing up their character, in righteous indignation at their conduct, remarks: "They are the most impudent and insulting Indians I have ever met. The whole

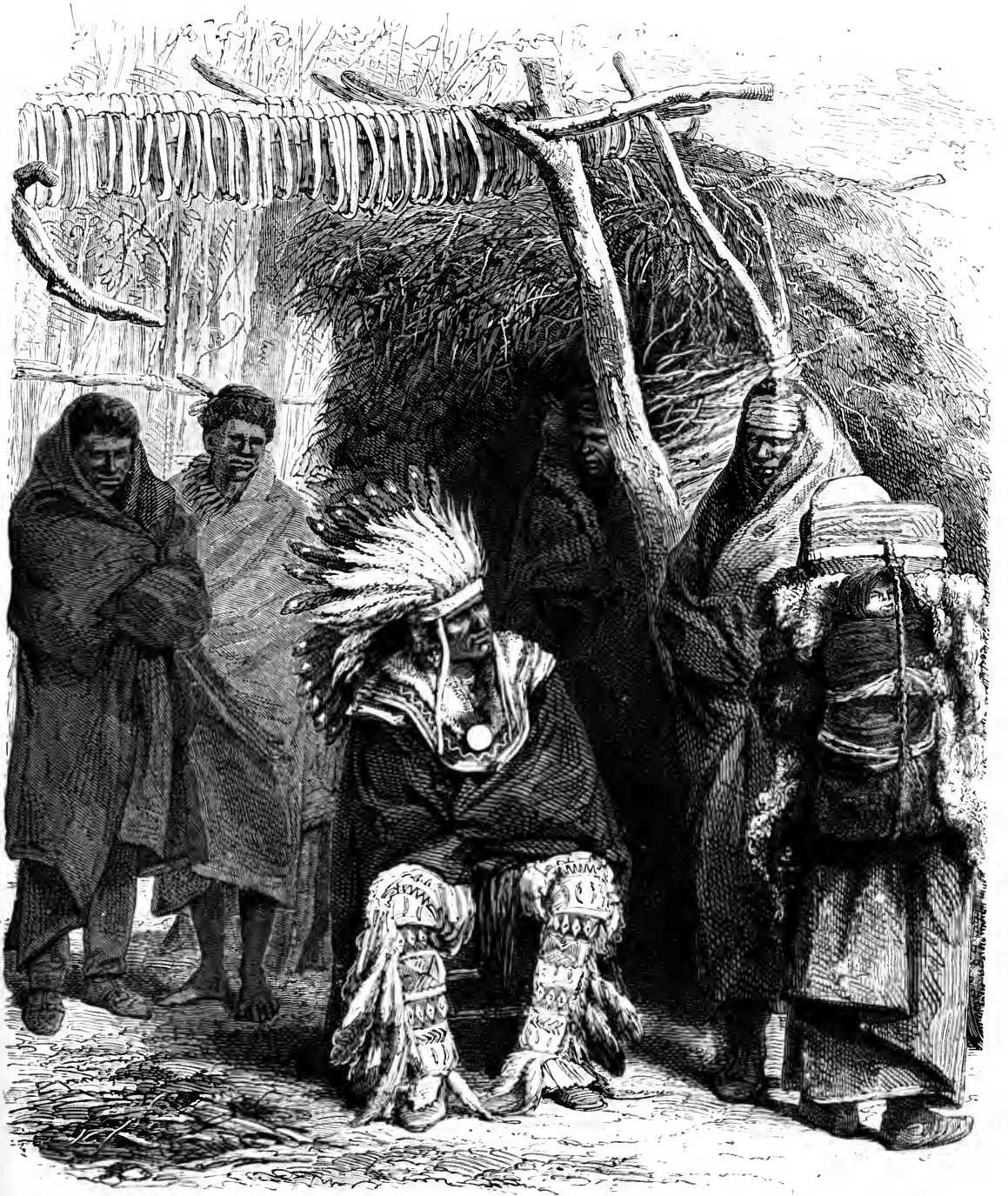
tribe from the most trustworthy authority I can get, numbers fully 350 lodges. They live entirely in the British possessions, and never come this way except to trade, get their annuities, or commit some depredation, such as pilfering from emigrant trains, stealing horses, or fighting with other tribes, and then run back to their northern home with their booty, defying pursuit. They were indignant because their annuities were so small; and on leaving showed their resentment by killing and leaving on the prairie, some four miles from Fort Benton, an ox and a cow that were quietly grazing as they passed. I look upon this tribe as being one of the worst in or near the agency; would recommend that their next annuity be paid them in powder and ball from the mouth of a six-pounder, and that they be turned over to the tender mercies of the British Crown, whose subjects they undoubtedly are." They (Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans) number 7,200.

The Crows, Omahas, Ottoes, Pawnees, &c., are the names of the other prairie tribes; but there are numerous smaller ones. The Pawnees (Plate 7) now on the Indian Territory have ceased to be warlike. Among them linger still, more so than among most of the tribes in their old neighbourhood (Platte River), some of the belongings of the Indians in names; for instance, March is "the war moon;" April, "the plant moon;" May, "the flower moon;" August, "the sturgeon moon;" September, "the corn moon;" October, "the travelling moon;" November, "the beaver moon;" December, "the hunting moon;" January, "the cold moon;" or, in reference to its phases, the "dead moon," "live moon." As among nearly all Indian tribes, days are counted by "sleeps" or "suns," and years by "snow." The Crows are about the most arrant rascals in the country. No trader trusts them, and they bear the reputation of never doing an honourable act—or, rather, of never avoiding the chance of doing a dishonourable one—or of keeping a promise. Like the Ottoes, Winnebagoes (Puans), Omahas, Poncas, Iowas, Osagas, and other tribes, they are of the great Dakotah stock.

CHAPTER XI.

INDIANS OF THE NORTH-EASTERN STATES: DELAWARES, CHEROKEES, CHOCTAWS, AND OTHER TRIBES OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

WHEN the Europeans first arrived in America, they found in the region now divided into the comparatively thickly-populated Atlantic States and Canada proper a large aboriginal population, in a savage condition, it is true, but in character vastly superior to that of any of the tribes we have yet described, unless the Pueblo Indians be taken as an exception. They lived in stationary villages, and cultivated maize and tobacco, and though cruel and relentless in war, they were yet capable of many generous acts. In physique they were also fine, and until recently were taken as the types of their whole race. With a few exceptions, all these tribes have been removed—sometimes peaceably, but more often after much bloodshed—from their old homes, and located beyond the Mississippi, on what is called the Indian Territory, certain annuities being paid to them by the United States Government as compensation for the loss of their former lands. Some of the tribes, by war and pestilence, have become



PAWNEE INDIANS.

entirely extinct; all of them are more or less civilised, and in some cases white blood preponderates over the red in their veins: a few of them are in their pristine condition. Some of the leading American statesmen have aboriginal American blood in their veins, and several gentlemen filling respectable positions at the bar and elsewhere are of pure or mixed Indian blood. Among the extinct British peerages is one conferred by Queen Elizabeth on Manteo, a Virginian chief. The titles of "Lord of Roanoke and Baron of Dassamonpeach" died with the aboriginal holder of them. But more than two centuries later John Randolph "of Roanoke," an eminent American statesman, bore the dignity in a simpler fashion, so as to distinguish him from his kinsmen of the same name. It is also not a little interesting to find that the "Pocahontas Randolphs" claim to be descended from Pocahontas, "La Belle Sauvage," daughter of Powhatan, "the great Emperour" of Virginia, who, as all readers of Captain John Smith's narrative know, married John Rolfe in the year 1613. Most of these tribes belonged to the great Alonquin, Iroquois, and "Appalachian" families.

Some of the Mississippi tribes, Latham considers, are not allied to what he calls the Paducas, among which nearly all the North-Western Indians are placed, but are more referable to the Mexican races. The Natchez on the Mississippi, for instance, practised human sacrifice on the death of their chief. They worshipped the sun, and like most barbarous or savage people in modern times, and among the Romans formerly, kept a sacred fire continually burning. They had a caste system connected with their religion, the principal chief being called the great sun, and his children suns; while that portion of the tribe not supposed to be descended from their solar dignitaries had no civil power. Rank was transmitted through the females, and so on. The Attacapas, another tribe bordering the Mississippi, differed so far from the rest of the race as for their language to yet remain in its monosyllabic condition, not having yet become "agglutinate" like the rest of the American tongues.

It would be beyond the province of a work like the present to follow ethnologists into an inquiry regarding the philological connection, distribution, and origin of these tribes, though much could be said on this subject. A few words about the chief of the Eastern States' tribes now removed beyond the Mississippi, and about the Canadian ones, still to some extent living in their former homes, or in "reserves," will suffice.

DELAWARES.

This tribe we have already mentioned. Few have been so celebrated in song and story; it has been the stock subject of border romances. At one time the Delawares occupied a great portion of Eastern Pennsylvania and the States of New Jersey and Delaware, but no tribe has been so much jostled about by the progress of civilisation. First a paternal government moved them from the banks of the Delaware to the Susquehanna, and to the base of and over the Alleghany Mountains to the Ohio River; then to the Illinois and the Mississippi, and now the handful which remain are located on lands to the west of the Missouri, guaranteed to them and their descendants in fee simple *for ever*—the phrase signifying, as it has been proved to mean over and over again, until their lands become sufficiently valuable to tempt the white settlers. Every footbreadth of this western retreat they have keenly and bitterly fought, and a tribe which once numbered 15,000 does not now count over 1,100 souls on its census roll. They are now living in the Indian Territory peaceful, prosperous citizens.

Their "war-path" and hunting parties once extended even to the shores of the Pacific, for the Delawares were irreclaimable in their determined vagabondism. They have been known to visit tribes 2,000 miles from their home, be feasted by them, and in their turn cajole



PORTRAITS OF PETONPEEKIS, A BLACKFOOT, AND TALLEE, AN OSAGE. (After Collin.)

them, and yet not bid farewell without bringing off as tokens of remembrance a few scalps; then they would go to another tribe and repeat the transaction, and yet would manage to fight their way home again out of the enemy's country. Nowadays their very name has all but departed. In the Indian Territory they mostly are incorporated with the Cherokees. There are a few on the Kiowa and Comanche reservation, while those on the Wichita agency have united with and adopted the Caddos' tribal name and organisation.

MOHICANS.

The Mo-hee-con-neughs (or Mohicans) are not yet extinct, though the "last of the Mohicans," as far as purity of blood is concerned, may be said to have expired some years ago. They are a remnant of the celebrated tribe of Pequots, in Massachusetts, having separated from them, owing to quarrels arising out of their wars with the whites. They live civilised in Wisconsin.

THE SIX NATIONS (OR IROQUOIS).

These were originally a powerful confederation, composed of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscororas, and could, in the time of their greatest prosperity, muster fully 2,500 warriors. They lived in those days in New York State, but their power was broken by siding with the British in the Revolutionary War, and they are now scattered about New York State, Indian Territory, Wisconsin, and Canada, as a rule prosperous farmers and citizens, numbering about 14,000.

The Senecas are, for the most part, living on reservations in the State of New York* along with the Tuscaroras, Onondagas, Cayugas, and the remnants of a few other tribes. Most of them are of mixed blood, and all partially civilised. They are good farmers, and some of their young men have adopted various civilised pursuits. In one of the last reports, sent me by their agent, I find that at their meetings various gentlemen belonging to the learned professions spoke as members of these tribes, and that "Henry Silverheels, Esq.," is "President of the Seneca nation, Irving, Chautauque County, New York."

At one time they lived on the banks of the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, but as civilisation advanced they repeatedly bargained away their lands. When first known to the civilised world the Senecas numbered 8,000 or 10,000, and from their position in the centre of the State of New York hold an important place in history. As one of the confederacy of the Six Nations, which was the most powerful native American alliance ever known, they

* Some removed to Canada some eighty or ninety years ago, while others emigrated, "under treaty," to the westward of the Mississippi. That these people have not yet altogether abandoned their ancient customs may be inferred from what a western paper published at St. Louis tells us in regard to their dances:—"These dances occur four times a year at stated periods, and are unlike anything of the kind to be found among other civilised tribes. The four dances are called the 'dog-dance,' the 'strawberry dance,' the 'green corn-dance,' and the 'bread-dance,' each one lasting from a week to ten days. The dog-dance occurs in January, and is the grandest dance of the year. A white dog, as near spotless as can be found, is first carefully fattened and then hanged to some convenient tree. The whole tribe then assemble round the suspended animal and offer up the sacrifice to the Great Father. It is a matter of etiquette that the chiefs and dignitaries of the tribe should appear in 'full dress' on the occasion. After the dirge is finished, the chief adorns the dog's nose, ears, and joints with gaudy ribbons. The people then disperse, but the dog hangs on the tree three days longer, when the whole tribe again assemble round him; fires are lighted to heal the sick and afflicted, and the time is beguiled by dancing, singing, and smoking. After a while the first chief cuts the dog down, and then each member of the tribe comes forward and throws a bunch of ribbons on him until he is completely covered. This done, they build a fire over him, and when that dies out everybody goes up and snuffs the smoke from the ashes to ensure future prosperity. The ceremony completed, all solemnity disappears, and jollity is the order of the day. There are always a goodly number of white spectators—men and women—who join with the Indians in their feast and dancing as wildly as any of the redskins."

carried victory, terror, and dismay wherever they warred—even into Connecticut, Massachusetts, Virginia, and the Carolinas. But a greater than they came with the white men. They soon got decimated and powerless before whisky and small-pox, and nowadays the remnant are civilised and have only nominal tribal relations.

SHAWNEES (OR SHAWANOS).

This tribe is closely connected with the history of the United States, and especially with that of the revolution. They once inhabited parts of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Wisconsin, South Carolina, Florida, Ohio, and Indiana, but are now living in the Indian Territory, alongside the Delawares. They were once a brave and powerful people. The celebrated Tecumseh was a chief of this tribe. He had purposed, had not death cut short his plans, to have enlisted in one great army, powerful enough to drive back the whites, all the Indian tribes from Mexico to the great lakes. Had he been successful in forming this confederacy, doubtless for a time it would have inflicted great carnage, and added another to the many sickening chapters of Indian warfare in the United States. The Shawnees have made considerable progress in the arts of civilisation, and I am presented with some copies of a monthly periodical published in their language, called the *Shawwanone Kesanthwan* (Shawnee Sun). They have for thirty years almost entirely abandoned tribal relations.

THE CHEROKEES.

The name of this people is sometimes, among those unacquainted with the history of the Indian race, looked upon as synonymous with savagdom. "As uncouth as a Choctaw or Cherokee," is a phrase used not uncommonly in English journalism. Unfortunately, however, for the truth of this idea, the people mentioned are now, perhaps, the most civilised of all the tribes in North America. Originally they inhabited the State of Georgia, but they are now located not far from Fort Gibson, in Indian territory. They numbered by the last census about 20,000, exclusive of 1,700 still in North Carolina, and 800 scattered, but civilised, and prosperous through South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. They own a large tract of land, and are well advanced in the arts of civilisation; some of them are even wealthy. Numerous salt springs are owned and worked by them, and two lead mines are (or were recently) the property of the same people.

Their cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep are numerous, and of good quality, while on their farms are the best agricultural implements. Several have as many as 500 or 600 acres under cultivation, and until recently they held a great many negro slaves. Numbers of looms are owned by them, and all are now clad in articles of civilised manufacture. Their houses are well built of wood, and furnished plainly but well—quite equal to those of the white people in their immediate neighbourhood. Hotels of a comfortable character are to be found throughout their territory. They have also a regular though simple form of government, modelled on that of the United States. When first the Indians were visited by Europeans none of them had any written language—unless, indeed, we accept the hieroglyphics known as picture-writing, which we shall presently notice; but now they have also one or more printing-presses, in which various books and newspapers are printed, not only in the Cherokee language, but in the *Cherokee character*, which was invented some years ago by a Cherokee Indian—or

rather half-breed—named Sequoyah, alias George Guess. This man did not, until a year or two before he conceived the notion of his alphabet, understand a single letter. He was a poor man, living in a retired part of the nation, and accordingly when he told the chiefs that he could “make a book,” he was severely reprimanded for his blasphemous vanity. “It was impossible,” they said; “the Great Spirit at first made a red and a white boy; to the red boy he gave a book, and to the white boy a bow and arrows; but the white boy came round the red boy, stole his book, and went off, leaving him the bow and arrows, and therefore an Indian could not make a book.” George Guess was of a different opinion, the sages and the traditions notwithstanding. “He shut himself up to study; his corn was left to weeds, and he was pronounced a crazy man by his tribe. His wife thought so too, and burnt up his manuscripts whenever she could lay her hands on them. But he persevered. He first attempted to form a character for every word in the Cherokee language, but was forced to abandon it. He then set about discovering the number of sounds in the language, which he found to be sixty-eight, and for each of these he adopted a character, which forms the alphabet, and these characters combined like letters form words. Having accomplished this, he called together six of his neighbours and said, ‘Now I can make a book.’ They did not believe him. To convince them he asked each of them to make a speech, which he wrote down as they spoke, and then read to them, so that each knew his own speech, and they then acknowledged he could make a book; and from the invention of this great man the Cherokees have become a reading people.” Such is the account given us by one of themselves. The Cherokee language contains twelve consonants and six vowels, with a nasal sound, *ung*. Multiplying, then, the twelve consonants by the six vowels, and adding the vowels which occur singly, he acquired seventy-seven characters, to which he added eight—representing the sounds, *s*, *ka*, *hna*, *nah*, *ta*, *te*, *ti*, *tla*—making altogether eighty-five characters. This alphabet is superior to the English one, though not applicable to other languages. Though the characters in this alphabet are more numerous than in the Roman one, yet a Cherokee boy will learn to read by means of it in two months; while if ordinary letters were used he would take two years to do so.* The Cherokees thus stand alone among modern nations in having invented an alphabet. The only approach to this feat of George Guess is in the invention of the stenographic code of signs, which, indeed, is something very similar in idea to the Cherokee alphabet. Can civilisation commence from within; must it not always come from without? has been a hotly-contested question among philosophers. Does the story of George Guess, the Cherokee Cadmus, and his alphabet, add anything to the solution of the problem?

CHOCTAWS.

This, like the former tribe, is practically civilised. They have well-cultivated farms, large quantities of live stock, several flour-mills, cotton-gins, looms, and abundance of farming utensils. The “Choctaw Nation,” as the tribe styles itself, has, like the Cherokees, a written constitution, very similar to that of the United States. Into the Choctaw nation have become merged the Chickasaws, who may now be ranked as members of the same nation. White men, who have married Choctaw or Cherokee women, are eligible for admission into this

* Lubbock: “Origin of Civilisation,” p. 332.

confederacy, supposing that their characters will bear investigation. Many have availed themselves of this privilege (*sic*), but exercise by no means a controlling influence over the people, who, rightly remembering the somewhat dubious character of the frontier whites, keep these admirers of an aboriginal form of government at a safe distance from the public treasury. Like the Cherokees, the Choctaws were, during the late Civil War, divided in their allegiance to the United States. The nation numbers 16,500, of whom 11,000 can read.

CREEKS (OR MUSKOGEEES).

Until lately this tribe occupied a large portion of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida; but their present lands are near the Canadian River, adjoining those of the Cherokees. They are also semi-civilised, but have not so perfect a government as the Cherokees or Choctaws. The Creeks are good agriculturists, and also owned slaves, and were divided in their views during the late Civil War. They at present number 14,500.

SEMINOLES.

The people composing this powerful tribe originally inhabited Florida, but were only removed beyond the Mississippi after a most sanguinary struggle, costing the United States Government some thirty-six million dollars and an infinitely greater amount of dishonour.* Since then small-pox has thinned their ranks, and they are now united with the Creeks, of whom they were originally a section. Indeed, the word signifies "a runaway."

The Seminoles since the war, which lasted fully seven years, have almost been forgotten by the world, and in the peaceful agriculturists of to-day it is difficult to recognise the warriors who waged such a courageous fight for land and liberty with their powerful neighbours forty years ago. The leader in this desperate struggle was a half-breed known as Powell, or Osceola, who, in addition to the claims of patriotism, found in it an opportunity for glutting private vengeance. Catlin, who painted his portrait shortly before his death, a prisoner in Fort Moultrie, was much impressed with his remarkable character. An Indian in general appearance and action, and conversing only in his own tongue, he was "polite and gentlemanly," rather good looking, but with a somewhat effeminate smile. When first the Seminoles broke off from the Creeks to overrun the Florida Peninsula, they displaced the Euchees, who afterwards incorporated themselves with the invaders. There are said to be still a few Seminoles in the Everglades of their old home (p. 209).

The Kiowas, Wichitas, Kaws, Quapaws, Nez Percés, Wacos, Towaconies, Keechies, Caddos, Peorias, Miamis, Wyandots, or Hurons, Ottawas, Sauks, Foxes, Kickapoos, and Potowatomies, are the names of some of the numerous other tribes so heterogeneously collected in the Indian Territory, as much to keep them out of harm's way as with any higher aim.

Does the condition of these semi-civilised tribes hold out much hope of the eventual civilisation of the remnant of the aboriginal American races still existing? With

* The Government actually hunted them with bloodhounds imported for the purpose, a course adopted by the Minnesota State Government a few years ago against the Sioux, for whose scalps rewards were given, just as rewards were given for the heads of wolves. France also hunted the negroes with bloodhounds in the Isle of Hayti, and the atrocities of the Spaniards against the wretched Indians are a disgrace to that gallant nation. Comment on the facts stated in this note would be useless, even if called for; the nineteenth century is of course an "enlightened and humane age." The Seminoles now number about 2,500.

regret I am compelled, after studying the question anxiously and thoughtfully, under peculiarly excellent circumstances for arriving at a sound conclusion, to give an answer



OSCEOLA, LEADER OF THE SEMINOLES DURING THEIR WAR AGAINST THE UNITED STATES. (*After Catlin.*)

in the negative. Independently of the fact that more than one-half of these semi-barbarian Indians are half-breeds, they are in their habits entirely different from the vast number of the Indians of the plains and north-west. The north-eastern tribes have always been a stationary people, and have from time immemorial cultivated maize and

other vegetables to a small extent. The other tribes have done no such thing, and any attempts to make them take to agriculture only show, by the paucity and barrenness of the examples of success, how utter is the failure. The prairie Indian must hunt the buffalo, *or die*; the salmon or fish-eating Indian must spear the salmon, *or die*; a nation of hunters must hunt, or become beggars on the bounty of the Government or their neighbours—either of which milch cows will soon run dry; at any rate, that is not civilisation. Yet an Indian will work, and work well; but not at agriculture. Both pride and that laziness innate to the human race prevent him. He will commence erecting a log cabin one year, get the walls up in a second, and not roof it over before a third season.

Next to the moral aspects of negro slavery, and the concurrent problems, the Indian question has been the cause of more controversy and political experiments than probably any other within the range of the great Republic. There is, perhaps, not an Indian tribe in the United States with which the Government has not repeatedly been at war, or made endless treaties of "eternal peace and amity," only, however, to be broken over and over again. The Indians are destined for destruction; civilisation will not sit easily on them, and even when they make a start at agriculture, long experience has taught them that they will be removed, time after time, farther into the wildest regions, as their "reservations" (the term is a mockery) are required by the advancing tide of immigration. The Indian is, to use the apt phrase of Wendell Holmes, a "provisional race." He is the red crayon sketch of humanity laid on the canvas before the colours for the real manhood were ready. He is "a few instincts on legs, and holding a tomahawk, who exhaled carbonic acid for the use of vegetation, kept down the bears and catamounts, enjoyed himself in scalping and being scalped, and then passed away, or is passing away, according to the programme."

CHAPTER XII.

CANADIAN INDIANS: OJIBWAYS.

THE Dominion of Canada now stretches right across the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but the greater part of the Indians inhabiting it are included in that region which until recently was known as the Hudson's Bay Territory. These Indians may be conveniently divided, according to Mr. A. C. Anderson, into (1) the Cree or Knistineau, including the Sautaux, or Ojibway, the Alonquin, and other subdivisions; (2) the Chippewayan embracing the Takali,* or Carrière, of British Columbia, &c.; and (3) the Saeliss, or Shewhaphmuch.† The Crees stretch from Labrador up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, through the Ottawa country, and along Lake Superior north-westward to Lake Winnipeg and Manitoba; hence west towards the head of the Saskatchewan as far as Fort Edmonton; then north to the Athabasca river, bending afterwards to the east and continuing along the line of the Mississippi or English shores to Fort Churchill of Hudson's Bay. Northward of the Cree line, almost to

* Literally *people who navigate deep waters*, from *tah-kali*, deep.

† This classification differs slightly from the usually accepted book one, but the difference is more in name than in reality.

the Frozen Ocean, and from Churchill westward nearly to the Pacific, lies the broad band roamed over by the Chippewayans. Crossing the Rocky Mountains to the heads of the northern branches of the Columbia, and the southern tributaries of Fraser River, we find the Sacliss, or Shewhaphmuch race, whose limit may be defined by the Rocky Mountains eastward, on the west the line of Fraser River from below Alexandria to Kequeloose, near the Falls, eighty-five miles above Langley, in about latitude $49^{\circ} 50'$; northward by the Carrière offset of the Chippewayans, and south by the Sahaptins, or Nez Percés, of Oregon and Idaho.

From the "falls" of Fraser River nearly to the sea-coast the banks of the river are inhabited by branches of another tribe, called Haitlin, or Teets.* Taking these as forming the southern range, Mr. Anderson remarks, that a fringe of tribes borders the continent, hence round by Behring Strait to the banks of the St. Lawrence. The breadth of this fringe varies with the nature of the country which it divides; bounded generally on the larger streams by the extent of unobstructed canal navigation, elsewhere probably by the limit of the coast range of mountains, whence the smaller streams originate. For example, upon the Columbia River, the limit is the vicinity of the Cascades, about 120 miles from the sea; upon Fraser River, the falls, or first rapids, about 110 miles from the sea. "Nature, it would hence appear, herself places a barrier which alike checks the further extension of the nations on the lower part of these rivers seaward, and prevents invasion of the coast tribes beyond the limits easily accessible with the canoes, in which, from habit or necessity, all their excursions, whether of peace or war, are performed. The Eskimo are the solitary exception to this general rule. Frequenting the islands and coast from the vicinity of Cook's Inlet to the southern point of Labrador, they do not penetrate Hudson's Bay beyond a very limited distance from either point of the Straits. The Chippewayans succeed them for a short space on the Churchill shore, the Swamp Crees occupy the rest of the circuit."†

In former chapters we have, in greater or less detail—in accordance with the plan of this book—described the habits, &c., of most of the tribes comprised under the three heads mentioned. Let us, merely as a type of the Indians of the British territory east of the Rocky Mountains, describe in somewhat greater detail the extensive tribe of the Ojibways.

OJIBWAYS.‡

This tribe, or "nation" as it is often called, is found scattered in small bodies from the River St. Lawrence, along the southern shores of Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, both sides of Lake Superior, and so on to what was once the Hudson Bay Territory and the headwaters of the Mississippi. A few are also intermingled with the Ottawas and others on the

* Called by their neighbours "Sa-chinco," or "strangers." The Teets, again, call the others "T'saw-meena" ("up-river;" hence the title of the village of that name on the Cowichan River, in Vancouver Island), and so throughout. The term "Atnah," given by Sir Alexander Mackenzie to the Shewhaphmuch, and now extensively adopted into our maps and other publications, is not used by themselves, but their neighbours, the Takali, and means "stranger-tribe." Tribes west of them, the Takali call "Atnah-yoo."

† Anderson, *New York Hist. Magazine*, vol. vii., p. 74.

‡ The late Rev. Peter Jones (Kahkewaquonaby), an Ojibway chief, whose account of his own tribe is one of our chief authorities for the statements which follow, informs us that the word Ojibway is only a corruption of Chippeway (or Chippewa, as it is sometimes spelled). In this respect he differs from Mr. Anderson, who makes the Chippeways a separate people from the Ojibways. See also George Copeway's account of his race.

south shore of Lake Huron, and in the vicinity of Lake Michigan. Within their limits, as already stated, are those of other tribes of Indians, such as the Six Nations, the Ottawas, the Delawares (the Canadian branch), &c. They probably entered America from Asia by way of Behring Strait, but were intercepted from the coast by the southward extension of the Eskimo. The Sarsees



CANADIAN INDIAN.

(From West's Picture of the Death of General Wolfe, in Hampton Court Palace.)

and Klatskánai are two isolated tribes of Chippeways, the former inhabiting the plains of Upper Saskatchewan, the second at one time living south of the Columbia, east of the Killimocks of the coast, and both speaking a dialect of Chippeway, though, it must be confessed, among the Klatskanai the Chippewayap words were few* (p. 198).

* It may be mentioned that the Kootainies of the west of the Rocky Mountains are also an isolated tribe, their language having no connection with that of any of their neighbours. This manly race is getting, year by year, decimated by the Blackfeet, whom they fall in with in their visits to the buffalo grounds east of the Rocky Mountains.

Of their own origin, like all the Indian race, the Ojibways know nothing. They believe that the Great Spirit (Keehe-munedoo, or Kezamunedoo) originally placed all the tribes just where they are; in fact, they believe in the plurality of the origin of the human race, and that all the people speaking different languages were separate creations; they know nothing of Mr. Max Müller. The northern Chippeways, near the Coppermine River, have a tradition that they came from a country inhabited by very wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, shallow, but full of islands, where they suffered great misery. It was always winter, and the ice and snow were never away. At the Coppermine River, where they first landed, the ground was covered with copper, over which earth to the depth of five or six feet has since accumulated. In those halcyon days their ancestors lived until their feet were worn out with walking and their throats with eating. The Ojibway tradition of the creation of the world



INDIAN HUNTING ON SNOW-SHOES.
(The Snow-Shoes are shown on either side).

is peculiar, and as it is substantially the same through most of the north-eastern tribes, we may quote it. The story, however, is too long to be given in full:—"Before the general deluge which once covered the earth, there lived two enormous creatures, each possessed of vast power. One was an animal with a great horn in its head; the other was a huge *toad*. The latter had the whole management of the waters, keeping them secure in its own body, and emitting only a certain quantity for the watering of the earth. Between these two creatures there arose a quarrel, which terminated in a fight. The toad in vain tried to swallow its antagonist, but the latter rushed upon it, and with his horn pierced a hole in its side, out of which water gushed in floods, and soon overflowed the face of the earth. At this time Nanahbozhoo* was living on the earth, and observing the water rushing higher and higher, he fled to the loftiest mountain for refuge. By aid of the musk-rat (p. 220) he got up a little earth, out of which the world was gradually made." The Coppermine

* Sometimes spelt "Anina Boojd," under which pronunciation he is known among the Hudson's Bay Indians (p. 103). He is supposed to have been a great man endued with the spirit of the gods, but what the name means has now been lost.

River Chippeways have a tradition somewhat different. This Nanahbozhoo now sits at the North Pole, overlooking all the transactions and affairs of the people he had placed on the earth. The northern tribes say that he always sleeps during the winter; but previous to his falling asleep fills his great pipe, and smokes for several days, and that it is the smoke coming from the mouth and pipe of Nanahbozhoo which produces that short spell of bright weather just before the commencement of winter which is known as the "Indian summer."

They always believe that the souls of the dead go to a good country near the setting of the sun, and it is just possible that this belief may have arisen from a faint remembrance of their having come originally (as their traditions say) from that direction. Few, if any of the civilised Indians believe in their Jewish origin (see pp. 14, 15), though it is curious that in their drunken brawls the Muncey tribe used frequently to reproach the Iroquois in an "epithet of derision identical with that of circumcision, for having practised it in old times."

They are revengeful, indolent, and stoical under the eye of strangers or of their enemies. The stories of this are almost endless. Here is one as a specimen. "War-cloud," a Chippeway "brave," in a foray on the Sioux villages in Minnesota had his leg broken by a bullet. He told his companions to leave him, and he would show the Sioux dogs how a Chippeway could die. At his own request he was seated on a log with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death-song. As his enemies approached, brandishing their scalping-knives and yelling demoniacally, he chanted his song the louder, otherwise showing not a sign that he was conscious of their presence. Rushing upon him they tore his scalp from his head. They then commenced shooting arrows at him—through his cheeks, ears, arms, neck, &c., always avoiding a vital part, until he was absolutely pinned to the tree. Next, they flourished his bloody scalp before him, but still the warrior sang his death-song, and sat unmoved in every muscle under the terrible torture he was enduring. At last, out of all patience, one of them rushed upon him and buried his tomahawk in the warrior's brain, as the last strain of his song was still upon his lips. He had taught them how a Chippeway could *die*; his comrades very soon taught them how a Chippeway could be *avenged*.

They are hospitable but reserved to strangers. Among themselves they are, however, great gossips. They are not averse to a full meal at any time, but at the same time believe that if a man can fast long enough, there is almost nothing which will not be vouchsafed to him. They have traditions of men who fasted so long that they became immortal—no doubt, after they had starved to death. There are tales also of *pahgaks* (or flying skeletons), being the corporeal remnants of those spare-living folk who had nearly solved the problem of living on nothing, though, unfortunately for the benefit of posterity, they died just *before* they had accomplished it. The robin (*obeche*) was an Indian female who had fasted a long time, but just before she was turned into a bird she painted her breast red and sang for joy as she flew away. Now she said, "I will return in the spring to my people and tell them what is to happen during the year; if peace and plenty, then I will sing 'che-che-che' in merry laughter; but if war or trouble, then 'lih-nwoh-che-go,' I prophesy evil things." It is probably owing to their accustoming themselves to fast from early youth, that the Indian has the power of doing without food for such long periods.

The young people are taught by the old men the virtues of hospitality and silence in

presence of their parents and aged people, modesty, not to interrupt conversation, and so on; hence Indians are naturally a polite people. There is really, however, on the other hand, little or no family discipline, and the children, being untaught by their parents in the way they should go, decidedly do not depart from their own devices; they are self-willed and disobedient. Yet for old age their reverence is great. None are more looked up to than the *uhkewaihzees*, or long-dwellers on the earth. Their counsels are listened to; they are the instructors into *pow-wowism* (or oratory), in medicine and tradition—in a word, they are the teachers and sages. No doubt we have all heard tales of the old having been abandoned by their family and tribe, but these cases are exceedingly rare. The old people will, however, often expose themselves when they get old and useless, preferring to die rather than be a burden on their friends.

Cannibalism, even in the direst necessity, is looked upon by them with the utmost abhorrence. Yet some, in accordance with a custom which we have already seen is not uncommon among savages, and even among civilised people like the Chinese (p. 108), will boil their enemies' hearts in a kettle with corn, and, in bravado, drink ladlefuls of the soup. This is called "drinking the heart's blood of the enemy." The cannibal—when known as such—even though he may have been driven to it by dire hunger, is a Cain in the land, hunted down mercilessly until the tomahawk-blow puts an end to him.

Women* are badly treated, having to do all the work; they get all the kicks, and few of the pleasures of savage life. The coarsest food, the harshest words, and blows on the slightest provocation, fall to her lot. In a word, she is treated as all savage women are—as an inferior being. Yet the wife is expected to love, honour, and obey her lord, and, strange to say, in most cases she does so, after her own slavish, unsentimental fashion. "Fire-water" is, however, undermining in them, as in every other Indian people, every small virtue which they possessed, and women have been known to sell their children for whisky, though, as a rule, they are very fond of them, and spare the rod to an extent which, if I might express an opinion on such a delicate question of aboriginal domestic affairs, is decidedly detrimental to the young Ojibways' morals. The women, I may add, are infinitely more industrious than the men, being generally busily employed in fetching meat from the woods, dressing skins, planting corn, making clothing, belts, mocassins, mats, canoes of birch bark (their only mode of travel, with the exception of dog-sledges during the winter, and their own feet), maple sugar, baskets, brooms, &c. They are shy before strangers, but have the womanly fondness for trinkets developed to an inordinate extent. The average height of the men is about five feet ten inches, and that of the women five feet. They are well formed; yet the women, owing to their more laborious life, are more muscular and well-knit together than the men, and, on the whole, are rather better looking. The men, however, excel in running and walking, forty or fifty miles a day being thought nothing of by an Indian.† The head of the woman is also larger than that of the man; it is round, and rather broad at the top; the cheek-bones are high, and, as among all the race, the eyes and hair are black. Among the

* The word *squaw*, universally used all over America to an Indian woman, is a corruption of the Ojibway word *equa*, woman, and is looked upon by them as a term of reproach.

† Indians have been known to walk from Niagara to Toronto, a distance of eighty miles, in one day, and that, too, when there was only a narrow trail.

Ojibways, as amongst the North-Eastern Indians generally, "Roman" noses are common (pp. 212, 224). The mouth and lips are large, and the teeth good. They have little or no beard, having been in the habit from time immemorial of plucking out what little makes its appearance; the result is that the appearance first produced artificially has now become hereditary. A bearded man is not looked upon as an Adonis in an Eastern tribe. Their skin is reddish-brown, and generally particularly dirty. The occupation of all the nation is hunting in the woods and fishing in the rivers and lakes; to these occupations the boys are early trained by their fathers. Any little leisure they may have is occupied in inculcating a love of war, by a relation of the exploits of their forefathers. They are also



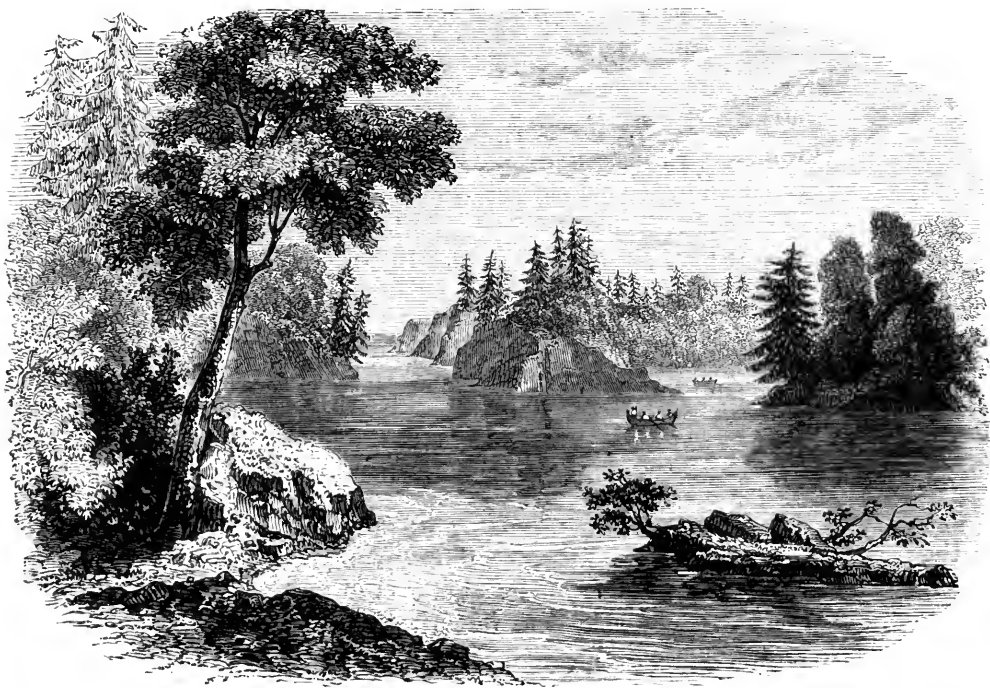
VIEW IN A CANADIAN FOREST.

early taught the mysteries of religion, religious songs, mysteries, and dances, the virtues of fasting, as well as the proprieties to be observed in feasting.

"They have no set time for eating, but leave it to the duration of their craving appetites. During the absence of a hunter, the portion of meat which he would have eaten is carefully saved for his return, and on it he makes a hearty repast. When he is successful he will make a feast and sing his hunting chants to his *munedoo* for a whole night, and by dawn of day he will be off again. If on this day, by uncommon perseverance, he has the good luck to kill a deer or a bear, it is attributed to the virtue of the songs or medicine employed for the occasion. The Indians who live within the boundary of the English settlements depend, in a great measure, for their livelihood on making baskets, brooms, wooden bowls, ladles, and scoop-shovels, which they sell to the white people in exchange for provisions."

Some of the old men still have the hair of their heads closely cut or plucked by the roots, with the exception of the "scalp-lock" on the top. To this tuft is often fastened a silver or leaden tube three to four inches in length. Many of the older men also adopt the fashion of slitting their ears from top to bottom, at the same time fastening weights of lead, wampum, and other trinkets, so as to cause them to hang down in loops. In a few years these strings of ear stretch on to the shoulders, which appearance is accounted very venerable. But they rarely enjoy such dignity long, for in the first drunken brawl the loop is usually broken. They also wear shells and other "jewels" through the septum of their nostrils (p. 90).

Marriages among the Ojibways are usually arranged by the parents in childhood, without



VIEW ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, CANADA.

the consent or even knowledge of the young people, who are frequently betrothed before they have even seen each other. If the young man has not been provided for in this fashion he sends a friend with some present to the lady whom he fancies. If the present is accepted, then it is understood that his offer is favourably received, and after a courtship of two or three months (during which time the affianced is expected to conduct herself with the utmost modesty—even to prudishness), the husband takes her off on a hunting trip for a few days, during which time she steers the canoe. On their return the product of the chase is laid at the feet of the bride's parents, with whom the young couple reside for a time, her parents considering that they have a claim on their industry until they have a family of their own. Notwithstanding the drudgery and often ill-usage to which the wife is subjected, husband and wife seem to be very true to each other, and "get along" tolerably smoothly—the little episode of an occasional beating being excepted. If for some heinous marital offence—such as infidelity or intolerable

laziness—divorce is necessary, this is accomplished by the husband biting off the woman's nose. The children are then equally divided, and if there is an uneven number the wife gets the benefit of the odd one.

Polygamy is permitted, but few have more than three wives. They generally endeavour to marry sisters, under the belief that they will live more peaceably together—a theory not always confirmed in practice.

As to religion, they all believe in one great spirit and many minor ones, or *munedoots*,* good and bad, who have charge of game, fish, winds, stones, and trees. To these they pray, and even offer sacrifice. This *munedoot* may be a pine-tree, and to it food and other articles are equally offered. An Indian on going on a canoe voyage will kill a black dog and throw it into the lake as a sacrifice to propitiate the storm or water gods, of which latter especially there are many. Sun, moon, and stars are also worshipped. On the north-east shore of Lake Huron is an island on which is a large and curiously-shaped rock, something like a large turtle, to which the Indians offer devotions and sacrifices, such as tobacco, &c., in order to propitiate and save them from disasters whilst travelling in the direction the god is supposed to overlook. The praises of the sun are chanted by the old chiefs and warriors as the sun rises, and at his setting he is thanked for the heat and light he has afforded during the day. An eclipse is the "death of the sun," and great anxiety is felt for his safety. Bits of live coal are fixed to the points of arrows, which are shot up into the air, so that the dying sun may be relighted. The children are enjoined never to point their finger at the moon, else it will be bitten off. Certain animals such as the wolf, toad, fox, and all venomous snakes, are supposed to possess supernatural powers, and places distinguished for natural scenery, waterfalls, or other peculiarities, are held in awe, and the *munedoots* who preside over these lonely places are propitiated by the awe-stricken traveller with tobacco or other offerings. The Falls of Niagara, before the white man frequented them, was such a sacred place, to which the Indians used to resort to offer gifts. Thunder is a god in the shape of a large eagle which feeds on serpents, which it takes from under the earth and the trunks of hollow trees. Lightning is the fiery arrows which the thunder has shot at a serpent and caught it away in a second. The thunder, they say, has its abode on the top of a high mountain in the west, and there it lays its eggs and hatches them like an eagle, and from whence it takes its flight all over the earth in search of serpents. The reader will remember that almost exactly the same idea is held on the same subject by the Indians of the north-west coast (p. 131). They are also said to make figures of their gods, to which they sometimes offer up sacrifice, but I cannot get any exact information on this subject. They believe, like the western Indians, greatly in the virtues of the medicine-bag (p. 109), and how it has made chiefs and warriors invulnerable in war. The Indian is essentially a religious man, but, like some people with paler faces, knows a great deal more than he ever attempts to practise. They place great store by feasts and sacrifices, and to these many guests are bid by a young man going to a lodge with a number of porcupine quills, which he distributes to those invited, with the general announcement, "You are bidden to a feast." These quills are of three colours, red for the aged, or medicine-men, green for the middle class, and white for the common people. They are delivered up on arriving at the festive lodge, and the guests are served in accordance

* Generally written *manitou*.

with the rank expressed by the colour of the quill. They have no regular priests, the duties of this class being performed by the *pow-wows*, conjurers and gifted speakers—offices to which any ambitious Indian of good abilities can attain.

In burial, the body is interred in the ground with the head towards the west, and alongside the corpse are placed his former hunting and warlike implements. The grave is covered over with a sort of penthouse of wicker-work, mats, or birch bark. Meat, soup, and other food is then offered to the dead, some being reserved for a burnt offering. The widow will jump over the grave and run behind trees, so as to avoid the spirit of her husband, who otherwise might "haunt" her. A hole is left in the end of the penthouse or wigwam over the grave through which, after dark, on the night of the burial, the men fire their muskets. Strips of folded birch bark are hung round the grave to scare off "the spirits that haunt the night;" and as a further precaution against "ghosts" the children's faces and necks are brushed with a singed deer's tail before they go to sleep. As the soul is believed to linger about the body after death, these means are also supposed to expedite its departure. Mourning is publicly denoted by blackened faces and the most ragged and filthy clothes, which they wear for a whole year. After this time the widow or widower may again marry without insulting the memory of the deceased or his or her relatives, which otherwise they undoubtedly would. During the whole of this period of mourning, at every meal a little food is offered to the dead, and the grave is often visited, when food and other articles—and particularly tobacco—are also offered. Mr. Jones informs us that it is always the custom for a widow to tie up a bundle of clothes in the form of an infant, frequently ornamented with silver brooches. This she will sleep with and carry about for twelve months, as a memorial of her departed husband. When the days of her mourning are over a feast is prepared by some of her relatives, at which she appears in her best attire. As her body has been washed for the first time for twelve months she presents an unwontedly smart appearance.

Their future place of bliss does not differ materially from that believed in by the other Indian tribes. Between this world and the next flows a deep, dark, Stygian river, over which the souls of men must pass on a pole. Good men have no trouble in this passage, but the wicked fall over and are carried by the swift current into the region of darkness. The northern Chippeways, on the other hand, have a modification of this belief. The souls of men are ferried down the dark river which divides this world from the one beyond the grave, in a stone canoe, which bears them to a lovely lake, in the midst of which is an isle of transcendent bliss, and here, in sight of it, they receive their final judgment. If their good actions predominate, they land on the island, there to enjoy a never-ending bliss of sensuous enjoyments; but if the balance is borne down by their evil deeds, then, *instantly*, the stone canoe sinks, and leaves them up to their chins in water, to behold, with unavailing longing and struggling to reach it, the blissful land from which they are for ever excluded. Cold is what these northern people have ever to dread, and hence it is made a means of eternal punishment. In the warm sweltering South, heat, on the contrary, is what is to be dreaded, and it accordingly figures as the torment of the wicked. They are very liberal in their ideas of immortality, granting it also to all animals, the spirits of which have the power of punishing any one who despises or makes any unnecessary slaughter of them. Green trees are seldom cut down, under the belief that they feel pain; there are men who even declare that the tree has been heard groaning under the blows of the axe. Some of the Lake Superior

tribes even worship trees, and present votive offerings to them, a religious custom common to various savages, and among Indians to the Crees, Mexican Indians, Nicaraguan Indians, Patagonians, and others.

The chiefs are hereditary, but the war-chiefs are elected. The former, with the aid of a council of old men, administer the government, and mete out punishment, each offence having a well-understood expiation. Blood for blood is their law, and the executioner is always next of kin to the murdered person. So Spartan are their chiefs—or so under the control of public opinion—that a chief has been known to order the execution of his own favourite daughter, who



THE MUSQUASH, OR MUSK-RAT (*Fiber zibethicus*).

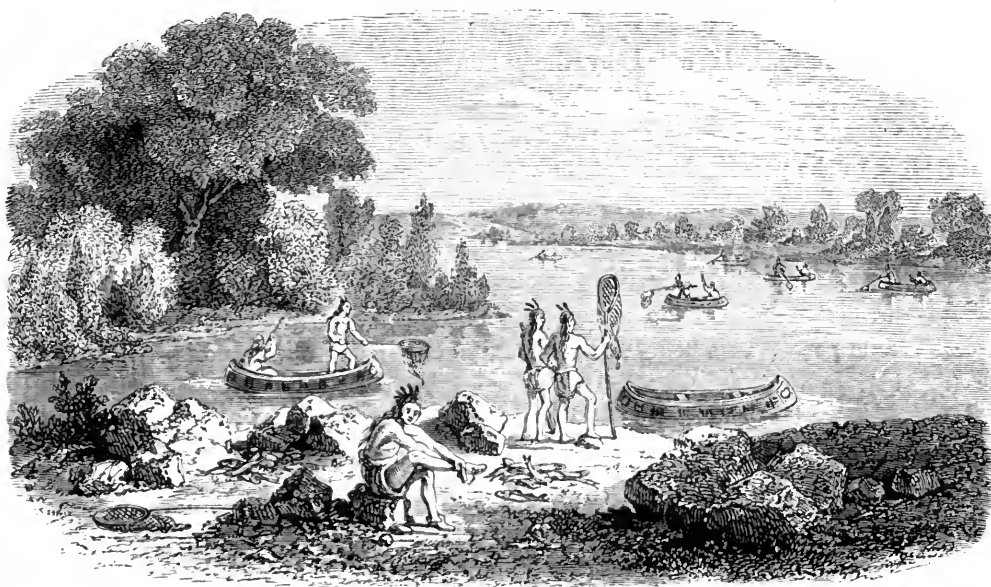
had, in a fit of rage, murdered her husband, and to stand by with a sad countenance while the murdered man's brother plunged the sharp scalping-knife into her bosom. In a few instances payments have been known to be taken in expiation of a murder. The *vendetta* common among some tribes is not in vogue amongst them, but there are rare cases in which vengeance has been taken in this manner.

Captives in war are either held as slaves or adopted into the family of some one who has lost a relative in the war. In the latter case the captive enjoys perfect freedom. But if his lot is neither this nor the other alternative, he is certain to be doomed to a painful death by being burnt at the stake, or tortured while the war-dance is proceeding. Yet it is a mark of bravery on these occasions never to betray the slightest emotion, but to sing his death-song, and to

upbraid his tormentors with being only a parcel of old women, who do not know how to give pain. Sometimes this abuse is to the advantage of the tortured warrior, for then some one, cut to the quick by the language used, will rush upon him and bury a tomahawk in his brain.

Dancing, foot-races, shooting with bow and arrows, running, swimming, wrestling, jumping, &c., are their favourite amusements.

They divide the year into four quarters, which they call the *seegwun* (spring), or the sap season, when they catch the sap of the sugar maple to extract sugar from it; *neebein* (summer), or the abundant season; *tahgwuhgin* (autumn), the fading season; and *peboor* (winter), or the cold, freezing season. January is the Great Spirit moon; February, the mullet-fish moon; March, the wild goose moon; April, the frog moon; May, the blooming moon; June, the strawberry moon; July, the red raspberry moon; August, the huckleberry moon; September, the fading leaf



CHIPPEWAY INDIANS FISHING IN BIRCH-BARK CANOES, SAULT DE ST. MARY'S, LAKE SUPERIOR. (After Catlin).

moon; October, the falling leaf moon; November, the freezing moon; and December, the spirit moon. They have no idea of weeks, or the number of days in a year. The day they divide into morning, noon, and afternoon; hours, minutes, and seconds, it is almost unnecessary to add, are to them not even abstractions. Their ages they reckon by "snows," or winters, and the time of their birth by some particular circumstance which they had been told was characteristic of the time—such as hoeing, gathering corn, croaking of frogs in the spring, and so on. Few Indians know their exact age. Mothers, in the pride of maternity, will attempt to keep a record of the age of their child by cutting a notch each day on some part of its cradle, but the record is rarely kept up more than a month or two, afterwards they reckon by moons and snows.

Their *toodaims*, or *totems*, we have already sufficiently described (p. 86), and I only touch upon them here to mention Mr. Jones's ingenious idea, that *totems* might have originated in this manner. "Coming into a vast wilderness originally, and fearing that in their wanderings they might lose their relationship to each other, they probably held a general council on the

subject, agreeing that the head of each family should adopt certain animals or things as their *loodaims*, by which their descendants might be recognised in whatever part of the world they were found, and that those of the same tribe should ever be considered as brethren or relations." How far this agrees with the speculations of ethnologists we have seen.

Their belief in medicine-men, or *pow-wows*, witchcraft, neeromancy, and such-like, is all-potent. Endless quarrels arise out of this supposed "bewitching" of persons. It is said that the conjurer will often threaten to exert his power to induce the object of his threat to marry him, and in revenge for some supposed disease inflicted by the neeromancer the relatives of the sick man—or the sick man himself—will secretly put him to death.

They have, in addition, a pretended knowledge of the virtues of various plants and other medicinal substances, which is, however, more or less imaginary, and applied in most cases merely empirically. They believe in a medicine to enable the hunter to be successful in the object of his pursuit; it is made up of various roots, and is placed in the track of the first game animal he meets. If aided by the "hunter's song" it is accounted all-sovereign. The "warrior's medicine" renders the body invulnerable to spear, bullet, or arrow; and the love-medicine (made up of roots and red ochre) with which they paint their faces, brings a backward lover to the point. It is not, however, without its drawback, for if it is withdrawn the person who before was almost frantic with love, hates with a hatred equally powerful! If a person is to be bewitched, the neeromancer sets up a little wooden image supposed to represent the person against whom there is an evil design. Arrows are then shot at it, and immediately an arrow strikes, the person whom the image represents is seized with violent pains in the same part. This belief has its counterpart among other Indian tribes, and various nations (p. 112).

Fairies (*mamagwasewng*)—mischievous little folks, no better behaved than their European cousins—and giants (or *waindegoos*), tall as pine-trees and powerful as *munedoos*, are familiar subjects of belief to the Ojibway.

Indians are named after their relatives; and these names, again, relate to the heavenly bodies or natural objects. Sometimes names are given to the children by the old men, whose familiarity with ancient names renders them peculiarly fitted for such an office; while in other cases new names will be assumed under extraordinary circumstances. "For instance, if a rich person or his friends suppose that Death has received a commission to come after an Indian bearing a certain name, they immediately make a feast, offer sacrifices, and alter the name. By this manœuvre they think to cheat Death when he comes for the soul of the Indian of such a name, not being able to find the person bearing it." So much for the information of Kahkewaquonahy, the Ojibway chief, who tells us that the "pleasant wind," "the blown down," "the scattering light of the sun and moon," "the pleasant stream," "the roaring thunder," "the cloud that rolls beyond," "the god of the south," "the blue sky woman," &c., are common names in his nation. As among all barbarous and semi-barbarous people, nicknames are given to the children, which they often retain after they arrive at the adult state. Husbands and wives never mention each other's name—etiquette forbidding this—and Indians will rarely or ever give their own names, but request a bystander to mention it, from impressions received when young that by so doing they will grow no more.

Mr. Jones expresses his belief that in Canada there are only two distinct Indian languages

—the Ojibway and the Mohawk—the first of which is the most extensively spoken.* Like all Indian languages of the agglutinative type, polysyllables abound, and, owing to the prefixes and affixes, some of the words are enormously long. A whole sentence is sometimes expressed by a single word, *e.g.*, *Kikuweuntootumaugatumowannautik* (we will desire to ask alms for these persons), a somewhat more than sesquipedalian word, which is matched by the Eskimo, *Savekenearreatoresooaratllaromarouatetok* (you must try and get me a good knife). These languages have been reduced to writing by the missionaries, and several publications are printed in them, in the ordinary Roman characters. The earliest method of conveying thought otherwise than by word of mouth would seem to be by pictures, such as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, or the famous Mexican picture-writings. Such, in a rude form, have existed among the Ojibways from a very early period, as well as among other tribes, painted on birch bark, or on buffalo robes (p. 128) or lodge-skins. These are read with the utmost facility by any Indian acquainted with the signs used, and are commonly employed in the form of rude pictures, painted with lampblack, or scrawled with bits of burnt stick on smooth-barked trees, or on the wood when the bark is peeled off. In this manner the Indian will present petitions to Government, make out census-rolls, or narrate hunting or warlike exploits, as explained by Schoolcraft and Kohl.

For music many of the Indians have considerable taste. In 1845 there was published in New York a book of Indian melodies, to the number of 120 new tunes, by an Indian named Thomas Commuck. These are named after celebrated Indian chiefs, Indian names of places, &c., and are spoken highly of by connoisseurs in music. In eloquence, humour, and shrewdness, the north-eastern Indians excel both the north-western and plain Indians, as much as they excel them in many other points, social and public. As a specimen, I might quote the famous speech of the Mingo chief, Logan, made after the war of 1774, but it must be familiar to most of my readers, as it has been widely published as a specimen of impassioned eloquence. So much sickly romance has been attached by the novelists to the “red men of the forest,” that of late years a reaction in a contrary direction has set in, and it is now the fashion among a certain class of superficial tourists to pronounce the accounts of the older writers to be little better than fiction. In reality, the picturesque aspects of Indian life have been made the most of; but there is much difference in this respect, while the Indians who inhabited the eastern parts of America, at the period of their settlement by the whites, were vastly superior to the degraded races with whom later travellers have come in contact. Still, there is no denying that there is much wearisome repetition in their orations, and that the parrot-like twaddle about the “Great Father,” “Great Spirit,” and so forth, which so plentifully besprinkles their speeches, is altogether foreign to their manners.

Shrewdness and pathetic eloquence are combined in the following address of another Indian chief, exhorting his people to take to agriculture:—“See ye not that the pale-faces feed on grains, when we feed on flesh? that the flesh takes thirty months to grow up, and that it is often scarce? that every one of those wonderful grains which they strew into the earth yields to them a thousand-fold return? that the flesh on which we live has four legs to flee from us, while we have only two to run after it? that the grains remain and grow up in

* The Ojibways belong to the Alonquin family. The Mohawks are like the Wyandots (or Hurons), members of the Iroquois connection, allied in race to the Alonquins, but, according to Morgan, linguistically to the Dakotahs.

the spot where the pale-face plants them? that winter, which is the season of our toilsome hunting, is to them a season of rest? No wonder, then, that they have so many children, and live longer than we do. Therefore I say to every one of you who will listen, that before the cedars of our village shall have died of age, and the maples of the valley have ceased to give us sugar, the race of the corn-eaters will have destroyed the race of the flesh-eaters, unless the hunter should resolve to exchange his wild pursuit for those of the husbandman." An Indian at home is talkative, and fond of broad jokes.

The humour of the Indian is displayed in the following anecdote:—Two chiefs who had come to a city on business were invited to dinner by a gentleman interested in their race. One of them seeing a yellow-looking stuff (mustard) took a spoonful of it, which he swallowed



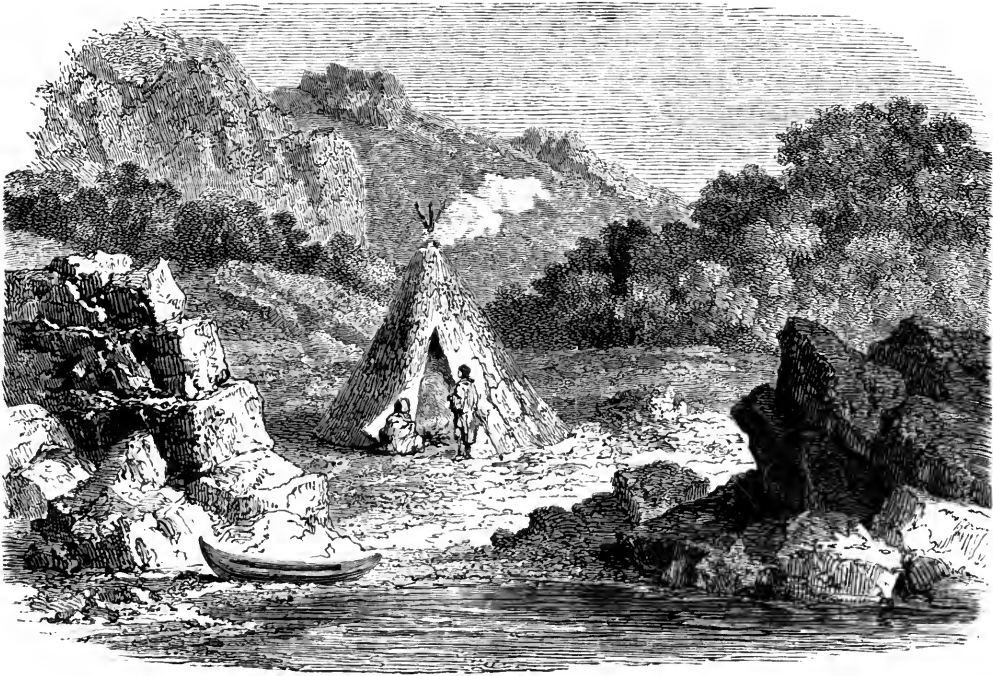
NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN TYPE OF FACE (OJIBWAY).

whole. Tears soon ran down his cheeks. His companion, noticing this, said, "Oh! my brother, why do you weep?" The other replied in a mournful voice, "I am thinking about my poor son who was killed in such and such a battle." Presently the other chief took a spoonful of the same stuff, which caused his eyes to weep as did his brother's, who in return asked him, "Why do you cry?" upon which he replied, "Oh! I weep to think *that you were not killed when your son was!*"

Morals are so much a matter of sky that it is useless discussing the red man's ethics. But as the following reply, addressed to a white who challenged an Indian, demonstrates, he is not without a grim shrewdness:—"I have two objections to this duel affair; the one is, lest I should hurt *you*; and the other is, lest you should hurt *me*. I do not see any good that it would do me to put a bullet through your body—I could not make any use of you when dead; but I could of a rabbit or turkey. As to myself, I think it more wise to *avoid* than to put myself in the way of harm: I am under apprehension that you might hurt me.

That being the case, I think it advisable to keep my distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object—a tree, or anything about my size; and if you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that had I been there you might have hit me.”

Their feelings are exceeding kindly to the British Government, but full of implacable hatred to the people of the United States, whom they call *kitche nookomon* (or big knives), from the American revolutionists having, during the War of Independence, massacred many of them with cutlasses and dirks. They look upon them as their natural enemies, and entertain but a poor opinion of their honesty. Negroes they consider a very ill-used people,



A CREEK IN NEWFOUNDLAND—INDIAN WIGWAM.

in this respect only ranking next to themselves; but most tribes have a strong aversion to intermarry with them.

In the preceding pages we have spoken mainly of the Ojibways, but in reality of Canada—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the greater number of the tribes already mentioned being to some extent found within the territory of the Dominion. The habits of the Ojibways have likewise been described, though it must be understood that—as must often happen in the course of these volumes—their past rather than their present condition has been illustrated, our business being to sketch primitive customs more than the social or political status of any people. In the older provinces of Canada the natives have long ago been gathered into settlements, under the care of superintendents, by whose efforts, and the gradual effects of education, they have, in the majority of cases, become civilised and Christianised, and may be fairly compared with the lumbermen and farmers among whom they live. Clergymen of the Indian race are not uncommon, and it might be easy to point to other individuals

occupying excellent positions in Canada and the United States, who are either of the pure or the mixed aboriginal nationalities. A pure-blooded Indian is nowadays rather rare in the older provinces; but as we travel farther and farther west, we find the tribesmen less and less civilised, though few of them, until we reach British Columbia, can be pronounced absolute heathens. Missionaries have generally settled among them, and if, in the majority of instances, the new faith is merely in the form of a veneer over the old one, it has, at all events, covered from the eyes of the visitor, who resides for only a brief period in their midst, the grosser aspects of their pristine paganism. Even on the head waters of the Peace River, and along the banks of the Mackenzie until the land of the Eskimo is reached, devoted pioneers of Christianity may be found. But how many Crees, Blackfeet, Sioux, Chipeways, or that vaguely-named people, the Tinné,* are comprised within the Dominion can only be loosely stated. In all the Provinces they did not, by the latest estimate, exceed 86,000, and at the present hour the chances are that they are fewer. The Micmacs have so rapidly decreased that they have disappeared from some of their old haunts, and are nowadays found in only scattered numbers in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and other parts of Lower Canada. The Etchemens of New Brunswick and Maine are only remembered by name, for, like the numerous small tribes who within comparatively recent times had their homes in all the States and Provinces east of the Mississippi—and are so carefully catalogued in the lists of book ethnographers—they have either entirely vanished, or been absorbed either among the whites, or with the tribes whose vitality enabled them to live on, until in the fulness of time they were transported either to distant reservations or to the "Indian Territory." At one time the Micmacs extended into Newfoundland, but from that colony they have long ago disappeared. They are, or were not long ago, divided into two parties, under the respective leadership of Sam Soap and Peter Basket. Peter once voyaged as far as England on an embassy to the Queen regarding the affairs of his tribe, and made so many friends in this country that he remained for fifteen years. At last, his longing for the smoky wigwams and free life of the Bay of Chaleur was too much for him. Accordingly, he returned, and arrived safely at the well-remembered lodge. His old squaw was engaged at her household duties when he entered; but she was not at all hysterical. She simply handed him his pipe from the chimney-corner, and remarked to her daughter, as he puffed in silence, "Nancy, here is the old man come back with a new hat;" and a day or two afterwards Peter might have been seen in front of his camp making himself a new canoe, as stolidly as if he had never left Chaleur for a single day.†

But though much might be said regarding these and other tribes, we must content ourselves with this account—too brief for the merits of the subject, and yet too long for the space at our disposal—and now bid farewell to the 340,000 aborigines of the United States and Canada—Alaska excluded—in order to briefly survey those who have fallen under thrall of a Latin race.

* This people are sometimes known as the Athabaskan family, and comprise a series of tribes more widely spread than any other in North America, stretching, as they do, from Alaska to Northern Mexico, and far on either side of the Rocky Mountains. What little we know about their distribution may be gathered from the researches of Kennicott, Petitot, Dall, and other recent writers. But our knowledge is still slender, and is likely always to be vague.

† Rowan: "The Emigrant and Sportsman in Canada," p. 249; Dawson: "Fossil Man" (1880); &c.

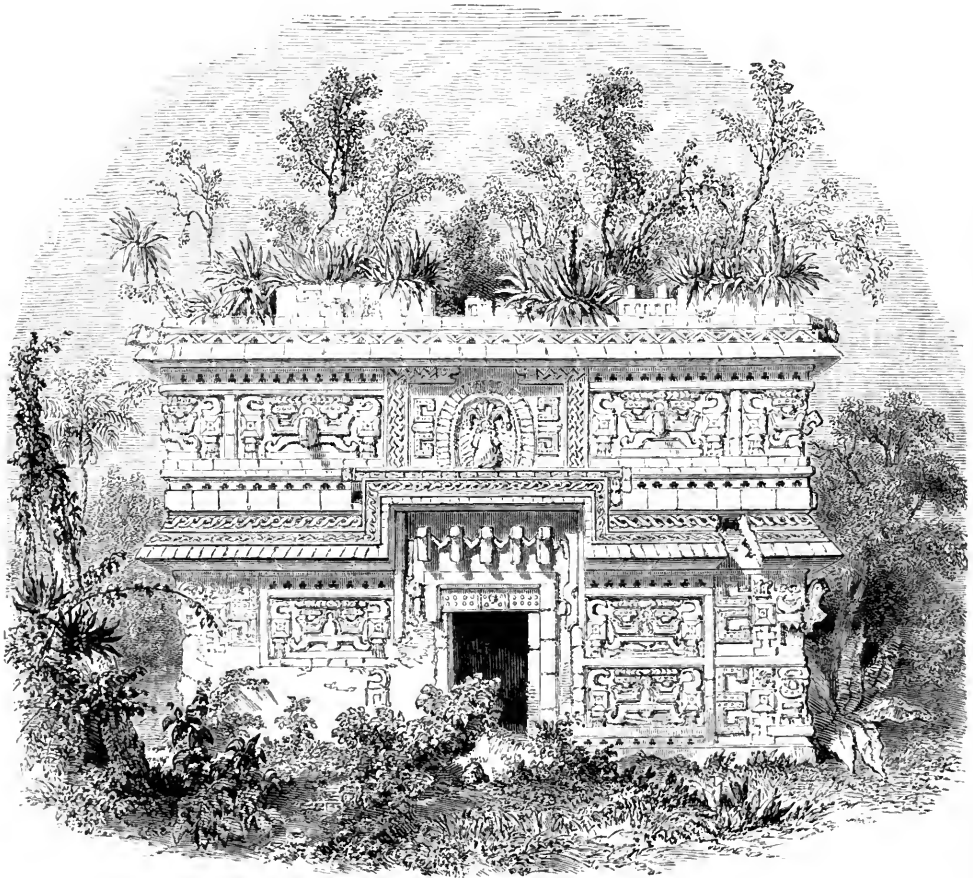
CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEXICAN AND CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS: AZTECS; MOSQUITIAN AND OTHER TRIBES.

PASSING from the cold and often sterile regions of the north southward to the warm and rich lands of Mexico, we still find an uninterrupted spread of the great family of Americans, and so onward through the narrow isthmus which connects North and South America—and in South America itself, in even greater numbers, live numerous tribes of Indians in the forests, on the pampas and savannahs (prairies), on the sea-coast, or along the banks of the great rivers. In Mexico, when it was first explored by the hordes of Cortes, existed the wondrous civilisation of the Aztecs—the remnant of whom we have already described as the Pueblo Indians. If we are to believe the conquerors, the magnificence of the Aztec Empire almost transcends imagination. The city of Mexico (Tenochtitlan) was built on an island in the midst of a lake. In the centre of 20,000 houses was the Emperor Montezuma's palace, reared of marble and jasper, adorned with fountains and baths; and the walls of the prodigious number of rooms it contained covered with beautiful pictures made of feathers. Menageries were attached to the emperor's and chiefs' houses; articles of gold and silver were of the most common occurrence—gold and treasures were “drugs” in the land, mosaic work of the most beautiful type covered the most common utensils. The land was full of large and most beautiful cities, and the fragments which still remain to us (p. 228) show how noble were the public buildings and monuments. The chronicles of the nation were preserved in a vast series of painted tablets, a few only of which escaped the Vandals who destroyed this civilisation, and whose only thoughts were of gain and sensual gratification. Animal worship was found amongst them. The horse, when they first saw it, they looked upon as a deity, and one which was captured was stabled in a gorgeous apartment, and attempted to be fed with chickens and rich food. It is unnecessary to say that under this regimen the animal died. Fire was worshipped, and yearly a human victim—solemnly killed by a magnificently handled obsidian knife—was offered up to it. Whether it was, as Müller* has thought, because both in Mexico and Peru the people were not softened by the possession of domestic animals, or from innate religious superstition, certain it is that among both the Aztecs and the Peruvians human sacrifices were frightfully common in their temples. It has been calculated that 2,500 victims were on an average offered up every year; but in one year the human sacrifices are known to have exceeded 100,000. Some of these human sacrifices were attended with great pomp. In honour of their goddess Texcatlipoca, a beautiful youth—usually a captive—was taken, treated for a whole year as a god, attended by trains of pages, everything that he could wish was provided for him, and during the last month four beautiful girls were given to him as wives. When the fatal day came he was placed at the head of a solemn procession, and arriving at the temple was sacrificed with much ceremony, and his flesh eaten by the priests and chiefs. The end of the Mexican Empire is soon told.† Montezuma, after being tortured on the fire and rack, yielded to the Spaniards, and was, on this account, slain by the people who loved him. Gradually his successors were defeated, until

* “Geschichte der Americanischen Urreligionen,” s. 23. † “Countries of the World,” Vol. II., pp. 234—240.

the Aztec Empire fell under the yoke of Castile ; and the only trace of it now to be seen is in the remains of the great aqueducts and other public works, ruined cities and forts, which exist throughout the country, particularly in Yucatan, and ever startle the traveller amidst the luxuriant tropical vegetation of Central America. We shall see by-and-by that a culture equal in degree and akin in kind existed prior to or contemporaneous with the Aztec civilisation of Mexico, 2,900 miles to the south in Peru, and that there were in the interspace other more or less refined communities. A few tribes still exist in the less inhabited parts of Mexico,



AZTEC RUIN IN YUCATAN.

but most of them are very mixed, and nearly all more than half civilised—as civilisation goes in Mexico. Indeed, the Mexican nation may be said to be a mixture of Spaniard and Indian with an infusion of negro blood, the result of which is not sufficiently enticing for us to dwell upon them, or that mixture of *pronunciamentos*, revolutions, assassinations, and robberies which is dignified with the name of government in that ill-starred country.

At present we know so little of these broken races that it would be useless to attempt their classification. Most probably there are many distinct tribes scattered among the mountains and forests of Mexico, speaking tongues radically distinct, though in the course of four centuries the habits and even the language of these ethnic types have to a great extent

been amalgamated or effaced. The empire overthrown by Cortes was ruled by the Aztec race who had conquered the tribes inhabiting the valley of Mexico. But at that date there were many tribes living throughout the country who did not acknowledge the Aztec, as they had not acknowledged the Toltec or preceding imperial yoke, and shared in the civilisation of neither the one nor the other. There were—and according to Buschmann are still—the Tarahumara in the States of Sonora and Chihuahua, the Cora of Jalisco, the Cahita of Sinaloa and Sonora, the Opata of the same region, the Acaxee of Durango, and the Tubar of Chihuahua, who, under the name of Niquiran, and Tlascaltec,* may extend into Nicaragua and San Salvador. The Miztec, Zapotec, Tarasco, Matlalzinca, Ceres, Cochita, Tepecano, Zacatec, Tamulipeec, and Otomi, are also enumerated by Mr. Keane, who notes the curious fact that though most of the other Mexican languages are highly polysynthetic, the latter speech, which is current in the mountains surrounding the Mexican table-land of Anahuac, is still almost in the monosyllabic condition. The general condition of the Mexican Indians I have indicated in a former place,† so that it is needless treading the same ground again. Suffice it to say that they are a poor, thriftless, dully intelligent, thoroughly cowed, and, as a rule, harmless race. In the desert lands of Sonora they are little better than the “diggers” of Nevada; in the cooler table-lands and mountains they are more industrious and capable; but in the low, damp, hot country bordering the Atlantic coast they again sink in the mental scale, and become what the haughty Spaniard has not inaptly designated them, *gente sin razon*—a race without reason. *That* they seem scarcely to exercise. They act or refuse to act, seemingly without being influenced by any motives applicable to ordinary human beings, and in brief, to parody Wendell Holmes’ characterisation of the red man in general, are little more than a bundle of instincts on two legs. The Jaliscanos of the Western Sierras are one of the few tribes who still maintain a semblance of independence. High up on the mountains they have their rude wigwams, their pastures, and their orchards, and refuse to permit any white man to settle among them unless he promises not to tax them for roads and “diezmos” (church tithes). They do not number more than four thousand, but they keep all Christendom at bay. Thus this handful of Mexican Indians have accomplished what the gentle Waldenses attempted in vain. They have made the rocks of their mountain home the bulwarks of personal and religious liberty, for the Mexican Government, which permits the Comanches and Apaches to defy its authority on the plains of Sonora, has never even attempted to beard these warlike mountaineers in their own fortresses. The priests have also left them alone. Like the Pintos in Yucatan and the Cocharcos of Peru, the Jaliscanos adhere to the faith of their forefathers. They do not pay any direct taxes, and are privileged from civil and military duties. “Their homes, in the literal sense, are their castles, for the tribe, which once was scattered over a territory of fourteen thousand square miles, has been isolated by its chiefs on the most inaccessible plateau of the highest mountain range, though there are valleys at their feet where they could raise abundant crops with one-fourth of the labour which now only wins them a bare living. They are hated and envied by their priest-ridden neighbours, but men deserve their liberty who are ready to purchase it at such a price.”‡ In the Valley of Oaxaca the natives are, on the other hand, a poor, spiritless race, whose chief ambition in life is to get drunk on the decoction of a

* Squier: “Nicaragua,” Vol. II., p. 308.

† “Countries of the World,” Vol. II., pp. 262–277.

‡ Oswald: “Summerland Sketches” (1880), p. 130.

kind of water hemlock which they gather in the swamp. Like pulque, which is made from the aloe juice, it is disgusting in taste, and to a foreigner a glassful of it is all but certain death. But in time the taste of it grows on these poor wretches, until they prefer it to wine, or even to rum and pulque. The Pintos of Yucatan are another very lowly people. In the Delta of the Sumasinta they lead a haggard life, and have practically relapsed into paganism. The priests did their best, but the passive resistance of the Indians wore their patience out. They neither came to church, kept the ordinances and feasts, nor attended to their corn-fields. As fast as the boys were capable of walking, the "Mission Indians" smuggled them away, permitting the Padres to support the young squaws during their age of uselessness, after which they managed to follow their brothers. Then the Franciscans abandoned them, and the graceless barbarians returned to the mission and emphasised their satisfaction by a three days' bonfire that lighted up the midnight sky for many miles around. Among themselves they have discarded the Spanish language, and burlesque the Sabbath by mock masses, and other contemptuous parodies of the religion of the Cross. Their lot is, however, not improved by the neglect of their corn-fields, which are now covered with weeds, and of the irrigation ditches which the priests taught them to construct. A few maniocs and plantains form the bulk of their vegetable food, but the greater part of their dietary is animal flesh. So long as they obtain this they are not particular as to the brute whence it has been derived, and among other vile game the oily, semi-transparent, musky flesh of the boa-constrictor is in special favour amongst them. Indeed, despite the theories of Liebig, the natives of the tropics—unless when the artificial restraints of their religion interpose a barrier against this lust—eat all the meat they can, and, as we shall see by-and-by, suffer so severely from the want of it, that in default of more legitimate comestibles they will sometimes feast on one another. In some instances the priests have skilfully interwoven the old rites with the new, and thus kept up a continuity in the religious observances of the neophytes. For instance, in Yucatan, Dr. Oswald describes them celebrating the Holy night with a *gran funcion* of bonfires, music, and chants, which are perhaps an echo of the old Mexican sun feasts, which ushered in the winter solstice for centuries before the golden astrum of the teocallis was superseded by the wooden cross. But what the troopers of Grijalva and Montejo attempted in vain the legionaries of St. Francis have thoroughly accomplished. From Sisal to Cape Vigia the agricultural Yucatecos have accepted the Catholic yoke, which has been imposed by the converts with such intolerance on the pagan Ustees and Tabascanos—or bat-eaters—that the result has been frequent tribal wars. After visiting tribes such as these, one lights, in the depths of the forests of Yucatan, on such ruins as the *casas grandes* of Uxmal with something of the wonder which Eastern fable ascribes to the wandering princes who came on the cities which genii had reared by magic in the recesses of Indian jungles.

In various parts of America we found the ruins of gigantic edifices. But Chichen, Izamal, Macoba, and Uxmal far surpass anything which exists in the more northern parts of the Continent or even in Peru. Eighty years ago the ruins of Uxmal were unknown. Though situated not far from the town of Merida, the district was a wild jungle, trodden by none save the Indian hunter. The Jesuit missionaries of Valladolid had recorded an Indian story about the vestiges of a great city in this neighbourhood, but their vague descriptions

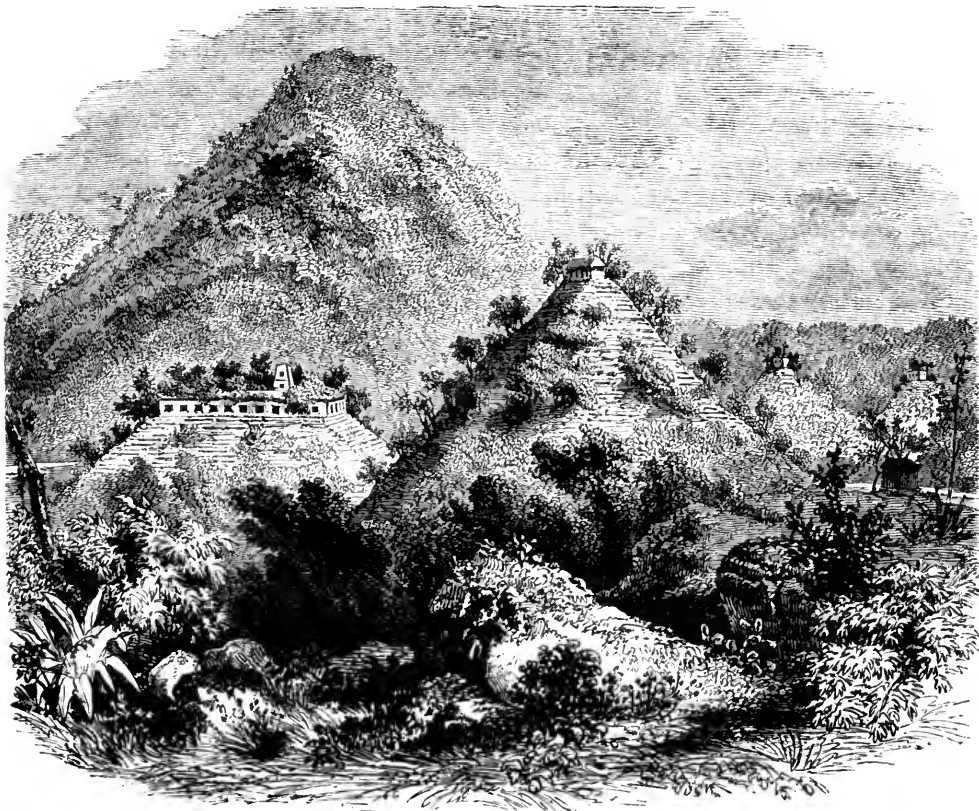
were supposed to refer to the large Aztec "teocalli" near the Convent of Sacrificios; so that the re-discovery of the *casas grandes* by Dr. Mitchell, a Scotch surgeon of Sisal, and Baron de Waldeck was fifty years ago as complete a surprise to the citizens of Merida as the exhumation of Pompeii to the burghers of Nola and Castellamare. The only trace of Old World life found around the place was a decrepid horse, which still grazes the Uxmal herbage. He might have been the charger lost by Balboa in the battle of Chiapas, though he looks venerable enough to be one of those steeds that were rewarded with immortality for having carried the Prophet. Since 1830, Uxmal has been the Mecca of American antiquaries, and the haunt of endless searchers after undiscovered treasure; but though its general character is now tolerably well known, any interpretation of the ruins is still a desideratum in science. The walls are for the most part overgrown by trees, or interlaced by the exuberant vegetation under the shade of which they stand. Some of the houses yet intact are marvels of architecture, and of florid sculpture, belonging to what Southey would have called the "Satanic school." They would still tax the ingenuity of the most skilful masons to rear, while the problem of how they were erected in this spot, or by whom, is one which cannot fail to excite the imagination of even the dullest of visitors. In the building known as the Palomal there are, for instance, countless chambers, and all the cornices and window-sills of these rooms, and all the balustrades of the long galleries, and the balconies overhanging the court, are ornamented with bas-relief figures, coloured stuccos, and sculptured mosaics, carved, to use the words of Dr. Oswald, one of the most recent explorers, "with an unravelled richness and variety of detail." Some of the black marble used must have come from at least as far as Cuba, demonstrating the treasures of a wealthy empire to have been lavished on the Casa del Enano, the Palomal, and the Casa de las Monjas, as the Indians have named the principal buildings. Señor Escalante, a Mexican architect, has calculated that even with the raw material used in their construction at hand such a building as the Casa de las Monjas would cost over four million dollars, and that the carving of some of the pillars might employ a hard-working statuary for at least six months. It is, indeed, difficult to exaggerate the extraordinary character of the Uxmal. But still in vain we come back to the question of who built it? Yet we have sufficient materials ready, if only some one could strike on the key to that wonderful corpus of hieroglyphics which have so long defied the ingenuity of scholars to decipher that the attempt has almost been given up. A second Champollion does not arise every day. That they are in the Maya language, as has been recently affirmed on very insufficient grounds, is unlikely, for this would at once indicate them to have been cut by the progenitors of the present race of Indians, a conclusion which to those familiar with the miserable tribes who wander through the neighbouring forest, unacquainted with almost any art, and oblivious of any tradition regarding the great ruins, seems well-nigh incredible. The Maya or Mayan is a class name for many languages of Central America and Yucatan, and one of those best understood, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether the Yucatan or other Indian tribes had any hand in rearing these astonishing monuments. They exist in one form or another all through Central America, particularly in Peten, and seem as little connected with the present aborigines of these regions as are the equally remarkable ruins of Cambodia with the natives of that country, or the Lake Superior Copper Mines and the Ohio Valley Earthworks with the Chippeway and Choctaw tribes, who, when the whites first came into the country, were

found roaming through the forest unconscious of any story which linked them with the people who had constructed these colossal works of bygone days, and of whom not even the *nominis umbra* remains. Mr. Lewis Morgan's idea that the mound builders were Pueblo Indians is a mere conjecture.

The structure, sculpture, and system of hieroglyphics are conclusive against the Peruvians, the Toltecs, or the Aztecs having had anything to do with them, for they are as widely different from those of Central Mexico as the latter are from the monuments of Luxor or Nineveh. Moreover, the traditions of Mexico extend back to remote centuries of the Christian era, and are as silent about a vast and wealthy city in Western Yucatan as are the chronicles of the Conquistadores. Uxmal is a corruption of Huasacmal, "the main city," and hard by, in the Sierra de Macoba, is a plateau named "The Field of Defeat," where, if not closely watched by the priests, Dr. Oswald tells us, the Indians still celebrate a festival known as the "week of deliverance." Who were the people from whom they were delivered? The Indians talk of a time when their fathers used to dig up iron swords and spear-heads from the *débris*, and have even a dim tradition that once—long before the Spaniards came—"a body of armed men landed at Cape Penasco, twenty miles south of Campeche, marched to Uxmal by following the ridge of the mountains, and removed a great mass of plunder from one of the buildings, where it had lain concealed under the stone slabs of the floor." Were these the foreign conquerors who built this city in days long before Cortes and his mail-clad warriors landed? Were they Egyptians—though the architecture is not Egyptian—who left here carved gods like those of Heliopolis, and brought back the maize and the dahlia, the introduction of which into Northern Africa has so often puzzled geographers? On pages 228 and 233 are figured some of the Aztec ruins of Mexico. But those in Palenque (p. 233) were as much ruins at the date of Cortes' invasion as they are at the present day, and nearly as obscure as to their origin.

It is impossible, with the space at our disposal, to discuss the origin of the ancient civilisation of Mexico. But it may, we think, be taken for granted that it was native—or in other words that the race whom Cortes conquered, though far advanced beyond the rest of the American nations, was of the same general stock. Buschmann has shown that the tribes of New Mexico, and the northern part of Mexico proper, which he names the Sonora family, have many common features in their language, and that all of them have more or less adopted a vocabulary from the Nahuatl, or tongue spoken by the Aztecs. The Moqui has also similar linguistic elements, and the Utahs, the Californian Diggers, the Shoshones, and other tribes, are allied by their tongue to the same ancient people. Even the Comanches have, like the old Mexicans, a year of eighteen months, each month consisting of twenty days. There are traces of their tongue in the names of places, not only about the lake district of the Mexican Highlands, but in Guatemala, in Honduras, and in Nicaragua, but not farther south than Costa Rica. Yet, curiously enough, the Pueblo Indians, who are in civilisation about the only modern representatives of the Aztecs, do not speak a language in any way approximating to theirs, though in lat. 35° north, in Cibola, or "the Seven Cities," Marco and Coronado described a people identical with the Aztecs (p. 151). It is probable, as Dr. Peschl thinks, that the traces of the Nahuatl tongue among the Northern barbarians prove that the Aztecs came from a

country in the north, where they lived in close union with the Shoshones. We know that after the fall of the Toltec empire Mexico was continually overrun by savage hordes, among whom were the Tlascaltecs and the Aztecs, who either developed or improved their civilisation in the south. When the Toltecs first took up their abode in Mexico, in Guatemala, in Honduras, or in Nicaragua, it is now impossible to say. In Guatemala the Quiche civilisation grew and attained proportions almost equal to that of the Aztec itself, and in this region and in Yucatan, where the Mayas were situated, there was a culture of



AZTEC RUINS AT PALENQUE, MEXICO.

equal extent.* It is therefore probable that the Aztecs came into Central America from the north, adding to and taking from the civilisation already existing there. It may be accepted as true that the civilisation of the northern and southern parts of the continent originated independently, since the Aztecs were as little aware of the existence of the Incas of Peru as the Incas were of them, until the conquerors of both brought the facts to light. The former had no knowledge of any country farther south than the Lake of Nicaragua, while the Incas, if we are to believe the story that Huayna Ccapac heard of Balboa's landing on the Isthmus, must have possessed relations with countries as far north as the present State of Grenada in the Republic of Colombia. It is not improbable, as

* "Countries of the World," Vol. III., pp. 16, 50—51, 67 *et seq.*

has been suggested by Mr. Keane, that the Pueblo Indians in the north, the Aztecs in Mexico, the Mayas of Yucatan, the Dorachos of Veraguas (p. 244), the Chibcha or Muisca of Bogota, who still possess a wonderful skill in manufacturing gold ornaments, the Quichuas (or Incas people) of Peru, and the Aymaras of Bolivia, were the links in the chain of civilised nations who extended at the time of the Conquest right through the length of the American Continent. In Central America and New Grenada (Panama) the number of tribes are bewilderingly numerous. It would be vain to attempt a barren list of their names, nor after what we have said would the result be very instructive. Mayas, Zendals, Zotzils, Mams, Pokomans, Huastecs, Melchoras, Chorontegas, Chondals, and so forth—pages might be filled with lists which have been so industriously compiled. But when we mention that in one of the southern provinces of Colombia (Popayan) ninety-four languages were prevalent at the date of the Conquest, one can imagine the fragments which have descended to our day. I shall not, however, inflict such a burden of words on the reader.

When speaking of the Mexican tribes, it was mentioned that most of them were in some degree civilised, and had in a greater or less extent accepted a veneer of the culture, and even the language, with which the fortune of war brought them in contact.

In Central America very much the same has happened, though the semi-independent tribes of Indians are more numerous, less civilised, and more powerful than in Mexico. Still there is a great mixture of blood, and a Spaniard of the *sangre azul*, or blue blood of Castile, is a rare phenomenon, even though the contrary is asserted with *carajas* and *carambos* innumerable. The leaf-thatched circles of poles which serve as huts for them may be often seen as the steamer slowly sails up the coast, and the natives, who seem an athletic if somewhat villainous-looking set of individuals, may be seen lolling about in front of their huts; or, if the vessel halts, coming off in their rude "dug-outs," laden with fruits, shells, monkeys, parrots, and other bright-plumaged birds, inhabitants of the glorious tropics in which their lot has been cast. Yet they are by no means a very mild race, and though now almost all nominally converts to the Catholic religion, and citizens of the republic in which they live, they resisted the Spaniards long and manfully. Rumours even yet speak of large and powerful tribes of disciplined Indians existing in the interior, but I am not aware that anybody has ever yet visited them, though I have frequently met in my journeys across Nicaragua and New Granada with people who declared that they knew somebody else who was well acquainted with another *caballero*—a most perfect gentleman, who wouldn't lie (unless under great provocation), who had heard that the facts were so (p. 243). We have devoted so much space already to the Indians, that if we are to say anything at all about those of South America, we must spend no more time in inquiring into these little bits of Central American romance, with which we are favoured by Señor Don Guzman Miguel Pedrillo, as we lie swinging in *dolce far niente* languor in a grass hammock under tamarind-trees in San Juan del Sur. A very few words upon the aboriginal inhabitants of Central America must therefore suffice.

The Indians in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are by far the most numerous portion of the inhabitants, and are not without intelligence, though only partially civilised. They are very fond of music, every village possessing a musical band. When absolutely forced to work they are capable of enduring great fatigue, but under ordinary circumstances are like all their kinsmen, north and south, lazy and indolent. They are peaceful in disposition,

and give little trouble to the Government of Mexico, which has on its hands all-sufficient dolours from within and from without, without being pestered by the "Indian Question." They are very dark in complexion, though well formed. Most of them dress somewhat after the European fashion, but either go barefooted or wear sandals. The women, however, in many cases wear a more national costume, viz., plaiting their hair in two folds and winding it round the head, often decked with flowers after the ancient Greek fashion. From the back of the head descends a white flowing robe reaching to the shoulders, and called *guaypul*. Around the chest they throw a slight garment called *guaypilote*, which reveals the well-moulded arms and bosom. Around the waist is wrapped a piece of home-made cotton-stuff, called *inagua*, fastened with a girdle and reaching to the feet. They are fond of jewellery. Their bearing is stately and composed, but their morals will not bear criticism. They are lazy, not over cleanly in their habits; they eat insects from the bushy heads of their children and other kindred, and their ideas of good housekeeping are limited to preparing the dish of black beans which form the staple food of the country. The universal cakes of maize called *tortillas* are also their bread.

The Indians of the Mosquito Territory do not exceed 10,000 or 15,000, the majority of whom are Waiknas or Mosquitoes. They are a fine athletic set of men, full of intelligence, liveliness, and high spirits, but corrupted much from their association with English and American sailors. They are violent and quarrelsome, terrible drunkards, addicted to plundering and ill-using the neighbouring tribes, and though kindly to strangers, are avaricious and grasping in their intercourse with one another, often exacting a debt even though two generations have passed since it was contracted. Nothing can induce them to work steadily for any length of time, the leisure saved from the slight work required to provide them with the necessaries of life being devoted to sleeping in their hammocks. Yet though they will scarcely take the trouble to clear away the weeds which choke up their houses, they will make a tedious voyage of a hundred miles in a small canoe to sell a couple of turtles worth two dollars. They are full of contradictions. War and sickness they dread, yet they will not hesitate to face the jaguar in the woods, go through the wildest surf, over the most dangerous rapids, and swim in places swarming with sharks and alligators. Grossly superstitious, they are yet deficient in veneration. Though the duty of chastity is almost unknown, the wives are affectionate and kind, often in spite of the worst treatment. Truthfulness and honesty are at a discount among them. They are excellent canoemen, and cultivate a little cassada* and plantains along the beach and river-side. Those in the interior also raise Indian corn and plantains, sugar-cane and tobacco, and a few of them chocolate, which they drink mixed with Chili pepper. They plant cotton round their houses, and manufacture coarse cloth dyed with various bright colours. They trade with the interior tribes for articles which they cannot produce themselves, getting in this manner their rough canoes, paddles, gourds, &c. &c., for English goods, salt, turtle-meat, &c. In the month of May a large fleet of canoes proceed to the hawk's-bill turtle fishery on the coast southwards of Greytown in Nicaragua, when some watch the beach at night and catch the turtles as they crawl up to lay their eggs, while others spear them at sea with a heavy palm-wood staff, at the end of which is a notched iron peg, with twenty fathoms of strong silk-grass line attached. Shooting them with

* The Spanish name for the bread made from the root of the cassava plant (*Jatropha manihot*).

arrows is also occasionally practised by some tribes. The bows are made from the soupapalm (*Guilielma speciosa*), and the shafts of the arrows from the dry stalks of the cane (*Saccharum officinarum*) tipped with hard wood, though more frequently with iron. Others resort to the mahogany works of Honduras for employment. During these temporary absences the villages are often left without a single man, except such as are too old to travel; and as they rear no stock, the women and children are often sorely pressed for food,

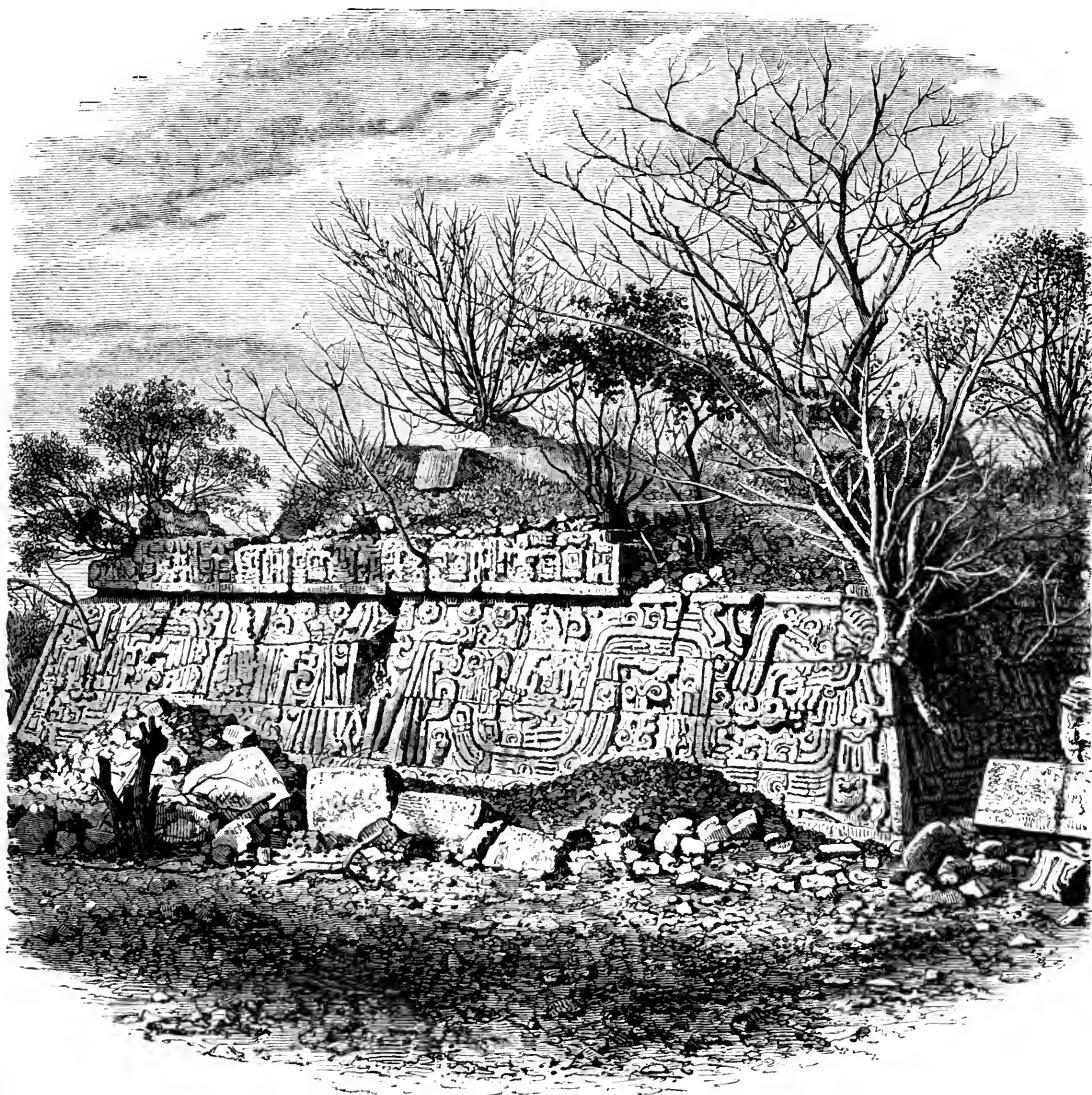


RACE TYPES OF YUCATAN, MEXICO.

but they eke out their fare with crabs, oysters, a few fish caught with the line, alligator and tortoise eggs, till their natural protectors return, when they are regaled to surfeiting with dried turtle meat and abundance of turtle eggs.

It is said, with what truth I cannot learn, by those long resident in the country, that they neither practise nor profess any religion, though they have a general idea of a great presiding spirit, or god, and a vague belief in a future state; but regarding the duties required in order to attain future happiness they have no clear idea. Beyond some observances in honour of the dead and other superstitious ceremonies, they observe no religious rites of any sort. Like all the Indians, however, they believe in the medicine-men and medicine-women, who are here known as *sookias*. The devices adopted by the *sookias* to drive away the evil spirits, to

which they attribute sickness, are much the same as those we have described amongst other tribes. In addition, they fence round the sick person whom they are called in to attend to with charmed and painted sticks, and forbid the approach of any woman with child, and on no



AZTEC (OR TOLTEC) RUIN IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

condition permit any person to pass to windward. The breach of these injunctions is often accepted as a convenient loophole to escape the consequence of a failure to cure, which, as might be expected, occurs very often. "For a long time after the recovery of the patient his food is brought to the *sookias*, who whistle for about twenty minutes some plaintive strains, with incoherent mutterings over it, till it is purged from the influence of the spirits. If a village is attacked by sickness, a consultation of *sookias* is called, who, having maturely con-

sidered the matter, and after having slept a night in order to inform themselves of the nature and disposition of the spirits, erect each a little hut removed from the village, and there sit up the greater part of the night, muttering their incantations and invoking all sorts of terrible animals, real and fabulous. After they have performed these and various other ceremonies, they plant a lot of painted sticks, with grotesque little figures in wood or wax on each, round the windward side of the village, and announce the expulsion of the spirits. But should the sickness be very obstinate, the *sookias*, after a consultation, inform the people that the spirits are not to be expelled, whereupon the inhabitants remove immediately, burning the infected village to the ground. The Indians believe that all game and several birds have an owner, and several *sookias* pretend to have seen the master of the warree, as he is called, whom they describe as a little man, not taller than a child, but terribly strong. He superintends and directs the various droves, drives them to their feeding-grounds, and if they are much disturbed leads them to remote parts of the forest. He lives in a large cave in the side of a mountain, and is attended by a guard of *white* warree, which cannot be approached within hearing, on account of their excessive fierceness. Living in dark and gloomy forests, of which they do not know the extent, the ideas of the Indians naturally turn towards the mysterious and wonderful, and for want of any known inhabitants they people these unexplored tracts with fabulous monsters. The heads of several dark and shady creeks, blocked up by a mass of fallen trees and bamboos, are regarded as the abode of the great *wowlos* (a huge species of serpent). On paddling some distance up these creeks, presently a rumbling as of thunder is heard at the head, and, strange to say, the stream immediately begins to flow upward with irresistible force; a fierce wind tears through the trees, and the unhappy victims are carried without hope of rescue to the terrible jaws that await them."

Up some of the streams nothing will induce the Indians to go, though they are said to swarm with the fattest game, the private preserves of the spirits and monsters. In like manner several mountain ridges are the dwelling-places of a terrible monster called a *wihwin*, like a horse, but with "jaws fenced round with horrid teeth," whose native place is the sea, whence he issues from time to time to his summer residence in the hills, and at night roams through the forest in search of human or other prey. The Indians sit round the fire at night, listening to tales of the dreadful havoc this monster made in villages long ago; for curiously enough—fortunately too—these occurrences never happened in the lifetime of the narrator. Not content with the real horrors of the rivers, in the shape of alligators and sharks, they assign to various circling eddies and dark pools a not less formidable tenant, whom they call *leewa* (or water spirit), which sucks down the unlucky bather and devours him unseen. This spirit also inhabits the sea, and occasions waterspouts and hurricanes.* If even space permitted, it would be tedious to go at any great length into a description of their customs. A

* Bell: *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XXXII., p. 254; "Countries of the World," Vol. III., pp. 39—46; Von Reden: "Das Mosquito-Gebiet" (Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen* (1856), p. 250 *et seq.*); Scherzer: "Wanderungen durch Nicaragua, Honduras, und San Salvador" (1857); Levy: "Notas Geograficas y Economicas sobre la Republica de Nicaragua" (1873); Wickham: "Rough Notes of a Journey through the Wilderness" (1877); and *Times*, Oct. 17th and 21st, 1879. In the Parliamentary "Papers respecting the Interpretation of Certain Articles of the Treaty of Managua, signed on the 28th of January, 1860" (No. 1, 1881), will be found an exact statement of the political relations of the Mosquitoes and their "King" to the Nicaraguan Republic. In this document their numbers are under-estimated at 6,000.

few of the more remarkable may, however, be noted. Among the Mosquito Indians we find the separation of the women at child-birth, already observed so frequently among other Indian tribes; and on many other occasions if unwell this exclusion is insisted on. At such times a small hut is built for the invalid in the outskirts of the village, a few hundred yards in the woods, and usually one or more girls will go and sleep with her to keep her company; or if the nights are dark, and jaguars are known to be about, the husband will take his gun and bow and sleep in a hammock near at hand, so as to be ready to guard his property if necessary. When a child is born the *sookia*-ties a *pew* (or charm) around its neck. This charm consists of a little bag containing some small seeds, which are intended to be used as payment to the Charon who ferries the souls of the dead over a certain river which separates this world from the next. When a person dies they bury along with the body a calabash and various other implements, and erect over the grave a little hut, which is always kept in repair. Here are also deposited from time to time various little offerings, such as a yard or two of cloth, a bottle of rum, &c. Like the northern Indians, they also have the custom of destroying all property belonging to the deceased, even cutting down his fruit-trees; and no greater offence can be given than to mention the name of the dead. The women at the season of mourning cut off their long tresses, dash themselves on the ground until they are covered with blood, cast themselves into the river, or the fire, and not unfrequently in the depth of their grief will go into the dark recesses of the wood and hang themselves. In their attachments they are also very passionate, and suicide from jealousy or disappointment is by no means unfrequent. Unfortunately, becoming a wife does not by any means confine their errant affections, but often still further complicates matters.

At their drinking bouts of fermented cassava, sugar-cane, or pineapple juice, which, especially at Christmas, are often prolonged to a frightful extent, one family often preparing six or eight casks of this liquor, the young men will dispute who is the strongest, and therefore most worthy of the regard of the fair sex. Unlike some of the Indians already described, or even some semi-civilised people, instead of settling this point by a fight or wrestling match, they try which can endure most pain. In order to put this to the test, one of them stands exactly as an English boy does in playing at leap-frog, when his challenger strikes him on the back with his fist or elbow with all his might, and it is considered a mark of bravery and endurance never to utter a groan or sigh during this "punishment," which is sometimes so severe that death will ensue from it. Sad to relate, during this torture, endured on account of the fair sex, the men are not even inspirited by their presence, but must trust entirely to what uncertain rumours may reach their ears respecting their doughty deeds. So inherent in this people is the desire to test their manhood in this manner, that men long past middle life, and who could have no stimulus to do so, being already in possession of "the persons if not the affections" of a harem of women, enter into the strife with great gusto, and return therefrom covered with glory—and bruises. This trial they call *Iowta*, and no young man is considered worthy of a wife until he has subjected himself to the ordeal without evincing the slightest sign of pain. To emulate each other in enduring torture seems characteristic of this people, for little boys may be seen sitting round the fire and trying which can longest endure the application of small lighted sticks on the arms and legs. They are very much addicted to drunkenness, especially at high feasts and festivals. Their drinks are generally prepared from

the cassava in the following fashion. The *mishla* (or cassada mixture) is prepared "by boiling a quantity of the roots, of which about a third is chewed by the women and spat into the casks, the rest is pounded in a mortar and mixed with the chewed part. Ripe plantains, pineapples, and cocoa-nuts are sometimes added, and some cane-juice and hot-water poured



INDIAN WOMAN OF THE TIERRA CALIENTE, MEXICO.

into it. It is then covered with leaves, and left to ferment for two days, when nearly all the neighbours are invited to come and partake, and the entertainment generally lasts two or three days. As fast as it is finished in one house the company adjourn to another, till they have made the round of the village. The guests are sometimes invited from a distance of sixty miles, and in their turn they invite their hosts. The drink resembles buttermilk; it is sour, and very strong. The other drinks, made of fermented cane juice or pineapple juice, are delicious, and make those who indulge too freely furiously drunk. The drinking scenes never

pass off quietly; as soon as the Indians get excited old quarrels are renewed, old grievances raked up, and very soon high words are followed by blows. The women fly to hide all the weapons they can find, and then lend their kindly aid to separate the combatants; but in the state in which the men are their mediation is too often repaid by savage blows; yet the devoted creatures pay little heed to their own wounds so long as any one dear to them is in danger, and they generally succeed in restoring peace, which is again and again interrupted until their most potent enemy—drink—has laid them all in the dust together. In these brutal exhibitions all the bad propensities of the Indians are displayed in their worst lights, and it is not till their own healths are on the point of giving way that they cease from their wild debauch and resume the quiet possession of their faculties.

Their religion chiefly consists in efforts to propitiate an evil spirit—Wulashi—and a water



INDIAN OF THE MEXICAN COAST.

sprite—Liwaia—both of whom are continually warring against them. They seem to have little idea of a beneficent being.

The Smoo Indians are, next to the Mosquitoes, the most numerous tribe in the territory, and are distinguished from them by a custom we have already noted as existing in some northern tribes, viz., that of flattening the foreheads of the children. They are a simple, good-natured people, easily imposed on, and held on that account in great contempt by the coast Indians, than whom they are very much fairer in complexion. In their customs they are similar to the tribe already described. They also observe the same rights in honour of the dead, and on this latter occasion especially the men paint their faces most elaborately with red and black paint, though otherwise they dress themselves with a gaudy elaboration not common on ordinary occasions, when a waist-cloth of their own manufacture, bright with many colours, and interwoven with snowy down of the muscovy duck and eagle, constitutes the sum total of their wardrobe. The women are industrious and ingenious in the manufacture of india-rubber cloth, yarn, hammocks, bead-ornaments, &c.; while the men are skilful and

laborious hunters, pursuing the game—chiefly with the bow and arrow—through the tangled tropical jungle by signs unrecognisable to the white man's eye, and amid the myriad noises ever resounding through these great primeval forests, distinguishing the sound of the particular animal they may be following up.

Polygamy prevails amongst them, as among all the other uncivilised Central American tribes, though few of them have more than two or three wives. A man whom I heard of as living some years ago had no less than twenty-two, an amount of matrimonial happiness, however, unprecedented. This Mosquito potentate might well say, with honest Launcelot, "Alas! fifteen wives is nothing."

Among them there is no marriage custom, nor indeed anything approaching to it. A man takes a fancy to a girl, and goes to her father and proposes. If his suit is agreeable, the girl is never consulted, but is sent off with her limited wardrobe to the palm-thatch cabin of her future husband. She does not often resist, but even if she did it would not make much difference, for her opposition is only looked upon as a device of the evil one, to be cast out by a few words and many blows of a pimento stick. The price is paid for the wife, but the widow is looked upon by the relatives of her husband as part of his property, and accordingly she is not allowed to marry again until she has paid over to them a sort of ransom fee, or as they call it *piarka-mana* (or widow-money).

In addition to the two tribes named, and some West Indian Caribs in the Mosquito Territory, there are the Towkas, Toonglas, Poyas, Ramas, and Cookras. The Ramas are very wild, living secluded from all mankind in the depth of the forest, or on the banks of the Rio Frio, Susannah, Rama, &c. They bear the reputation of being cannibals, a mistaken opinion, probably originating in the terror which they inspired in the minds of the whites and the other Indian tribes. The Cookras are most likely now extinct. They lived perhaps in a lower state of savagery than any other Central American tribe. Their axes and other weapons were of stone; their bed a few leaves, and their only shelter from the tropical rains the leaves of a palm piled on leaning branches. With the exception of a little maize and plantains, which they raise, after tilling the ground by thrashing down and pulling up the long grass on the banks of the creeks and rivers, they derive most of their subsistence from the game which they killed with their flint-headed arrows; though now and then a few eboc-nuts, bread-nuts, and mountain-cabbage (the terminal bud of the mountain-cabbage palm)* eked out their miserable existence. Their only clothing was the inner bark of the india-rubber tree, and their utensils pots of clay and calabashes. Canoes they had none. Among this tribe a woman might not speak to any one out of the tribe.

In the town of Blewfields, and in the forest around, are numbers of huge mounds, containing thousands of tons of shell-fish, mixed with broken implements and bones of edible animals, which are the refuse heaps of these Cookras, who once lived here; it must have taken centuries to accumulate such mounds. The roads in the vicinity of Blewfields are "metalled" with the shells from these heaps, which are identical in their nature with those found on various portions of the American and other coasts, and which are known on the coasts of Northern Europe as *kjökken-möddings*, or "kitchen refuse heaps." Though in the neighbourhood of Spanish States—but particularly in that contiguous to Honduras—ruins of towns

* *Enterpe montana*.

showing a former high state of civilisation have been found, nothing has been seen in the Mosquito Territory to show that the native tribes had ever attained a higher civilisation than now. They were ever savage marauders, plundering the settlements of Nicaragua and Honduras, just as nowadays the Tehuantepec barbarians make inroads on the British settlements of Honduras. All these tribes are rapidly dying off, children are fewer than formerly, and sickness is more prevalent. "The land," say the *sookias*, "is possessed by legions of evil spirits," which they have not the power to resist as their fathers had, and they are not perhaps far wrong when they say that the day will come when there will not be a native inhabitant in all the land. The tribes mentioned all belong to the group speaking dialects of the tongue called "Melchora," who from time to time have received emigrant Carib elements from the West Indian Islands, and in 1796 a large number of this race were forcibly removed from St. Vincent by the British Government.* Up to the year 1860 Mosquitia was an independent territory, ruled by a king under the protectorate of Great Britain, though his authority was denied by the Nicaraguan Government. But at that date the country was made over to the latter, and though the Indian sovereign still maintains a semblance of authority, any influence of his, either for evil or for good, has long ago fled. During the system of the semi-independent kingdom it was under the supervision of the British Consul, and it is extremely to be regretted, for the sake of the natives themselves, that their country was with such scant justice bestowed on Nicaragua. Mosquitia has always been the prey of adventurers. There was a certain "M'Gregor, Cazique of Poyais," whose history may be found elsewhere,† and during the short-lived Indian monarchy all kinds of adventurers flocked to the new El Dorado, and to this day behind tavern bars all along the Pacific coast may be seen posted up commissions as captains in the militia, justices of the peace, and so on, signed by "We, George, by the Grace of God, King of Mosquitia and its Dependencies," &c. &c. The real king was understood to be the British Consul. What is the character of his present majesty I cannot say, but a former one I had the pleasure of meeting on one of his many visits to Greytown—in Nicaragua—and he seemed an affable, if somewhat dusky individual, in no way disinclined to vinous hospitality. Indeed, it was hinted, this was his Majesty's weak point. "George," an American friend of his once remarked to me, "George wouldn't be a bad sort of a fellow if only he didn't labour under the idea *that white-faced rum is good both for meat and drink!*"

The foregoing description may, with some modification, apply to the Indians of the Isthmus generally, those in most cases having felt the iron rule of the Spaniards, they are either more broken in spirit or more civilised. In some cases the inaccessibility of their country has kept them more in their pristine condition than when an open country has allowed the conqueror to reach them. Between San Salvador and Honduras are the Laconda Indians, who have maintained a perfect independence. The mountain tribes of Nicaragua, as described by Mr. Squier, are also partially independent. On the shores of the lake of Nicaragua once existed a Mexican settlement, and to this day a remnant of the old Aztec language lingers among the Indians in the vicinity. "In Costa Rica and Veragua we have the Indians of the Isthmus—Western Veragua being the country of the ancient Dorachos, which is rich in

* "Countries of the World," Vol. III., pp. 60, 72; *Times*, Oct. 17th and 21st, 1879.

† "Countries of the World," Vol. III., p. 39; and Mulhall: "English in America," p. 277.

archæological remains. The tombs are of two kinds; one consists of flat stones, put together in the fashion of coffins, and covered with soil, the contents being earthen vases, rounded agates, and small images of birds in stone—eagles most probably—such as are found in Mexico and on the Mosquito shore. It seems to have been the custom to wear them round the neck as ornaments. The more frequent form, however, of tomb is the cairn, a rude heap of pebbles, in which we find no eagle, no ornaments, but only one or more stones used for grinding corn. At Caldera is a rock covered with figures. One represents a radiant sun: it is followed by a series of heads, all with some variation, scorpions and fantastic figures. The top and other sides have signs of a circular and oval form, crossed by birds. The Dorachos are extinct, accordingly it is only in Northern Veragua that Indian tribes still exist. There are the Savanerias, who are most numerous near the village of Las Palmas. One of their chiefs considers himself the descendant of Montezuma, and to a certain extent his successor and representative, since he sends every year a legate to Santiago to protest against the occupancy of the Spaniards and to assert his own territorial right. They hunt and fish—at least they poison the water with the pounded leaves of the barbasco. When a dead body is to be disposed of, it is wrapped in bandages, dried over a fire, laid on a scaffold, with meat and drink beside it, and when dry interred.”*

The Indians of the Isthmus of Panama or Darien furnish examples of both the dependent and unsubdued races. On the discovery of the country it was well peopled, and had numerous villages belonging to the Indians of the Carib race, who stoutly resisted the Spaniards, but in most cases had to succumb, except where they took refuge in the Choco Mountains. As far as the Indians are concerned, they may repeat, *mutatis mutandis*, the Eastern proverb in reference to the Turks: “Grass never grows where the *Spaniard's* foot has touched.” Most of the remnants of the tribes on the Pacific slope are of mixed race, either mestizoes (issue of whites and Indians) or zambos (issue of Indians and negroes), and here Spanish is the only language spoken. They carry on a little trade with Panama in indiarubber, *tajua* (or vegetable ivory), bananas, pineapples, timber, dried meat, vanilla, balsam of Tolu, sarsaparilla, &c.; but are so insufferably lazy that they prefer to be robbed and swindled in every way by middlemen, rather than exert themselves sufficiently to take the trade into their own hands. Still they are frequently in debt, and their ankles are not unfamiliar with the *cepo* (or stocks), which, in this primitive portion of the world, are the very convenient instruments for the punishment of defaulters. Their dwellings, which are unclean, are constructed of trunks of trees connected by bamboo, either planted in the earth or placed crosswise; the roof being thatched with leaves of the macaw-tree. In them pigs, poultry, dogs, and naked children roll about pell-mell on the damp ground. The game afford abundance of food, and in addition they have rice, potatoes, and fruits of various kinds. They have firearms now, and have lost the art of using the bow and arrow. Catholicism is their religion, but only nominally; so far as my observation went—and I regret to say that it is confirmed by every traveller—the examples set them in the matter of morals is such that it would have been a matter of indifference whether they still remained in savagedom. To eliminate from an Indian every

* Seemann's “Voyage of the *Herald*,” vol. i., p. 313; for the Arhuaco, Mutilones, Goajira, and other warlike tribes of Colombia, see Simons: *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* (1881), p. 705.

trace of independence, all the savage virtues of courage, hospitality, and frankness, and cause the residuum to wear a tin cross, put on a tolerably clean waist-cloth, and go to a whitewashed



MEXICAN INDIANS WORKING IN A SILVER MINE AT SAN PEDRO.

chapel in the evening to listen to what he cannot understand, but knows well enough in the persons of his own family that the teacher does not live up to, is not highly conducive to the improvement of the species, either in Central America or elsewhere.

Beyond the Cordilleras is the territory of the Caribbees-Cuna, who have not subjected

themselves to the foreign yoke, and possess an organisation entitled the "Confederation of the Indians of the San Blas Coast," which is recognised by the Republic of the United States of Colombia. They are governed by a cazique, or great captain, whose word is law. Under him are village caziques, whom he summons in council when required. They know nothing of the foreign government of the country in which they live, and beyond the remembrances of Bolivar, under whom they fought in the War of Independence, the only recollection of their former subjection is their traditional hatred of the Spaniards. The people are robust and well made, the men wearing their hair long and the women short, thus reversing what we see in civilised life, though the fashion mentioned generally prevails among savages. They are a patient, industrious, faithful, and courageous people, and remarkably sober, indulging in no intoxicants except *chicha*, which is made from maize-seed and the juice of the sugar-cane. Perhaps the reader would like to know how it is made? A number of *old* women squat round an empty gourd, munch and chew with their half-toothless gums the maize-seed, and expectorate the result into the vessel in their midst until it is filled. The product is left to ferment, and is used as the chief ingredient of *chicha*! Theft is unknown among the Cunas, but taught by long oppression to refuse assistance to any one entering their country, you can adopt no surer way of getting *no* information than by asking for it, particularly with eagerness. They have various "association" signs, by which the Indians of one village will know those of another, and also a peculiar kind of tattooing. Despite their many good qualities, they are deadly enemies, and skilful at using their weapons—viz., the lance, bows and arrows, and a heavy sort of knife (or *machete*), which serves the purposes of a hatchet, tomahawk, or sabre. Their lances are either of cut flint or of iron. They are said not to poison their arrows.

Their laws are Spartan. For instance, a case is related by M. De Puydt in which a man was put to death for assisting at the accouchement of a woman whose life was in imminent danger. On another occasion a female who became insane was hung from a tree and burned, and the Indian who acted as M. De Puydt's interpreter was likely to suffer the same penalty for having taken service in that capacity without the permission of the cazique.

Most of them dress in a pair of drawers reaching to the knee, and leave the rest of the body exposed. Some, however, wear a kind of loose smock-frock or shirt of European shape. The head is generally bare, but at times enveloped in a narrow girth made of the fibres or bark of plants. Some of the women wear broad gold or silver rings through the septum of the nose; some are pretty, and all are beautifully formed. On high holidays men wear girdles of the plumage of birds, and a sort of cap covered with plumage and surmounted by long red, blue, green, or yellow feathers plucked from the tail of the arras bird. Polygamy is followed by them—a man's wives being only limited by the number of plantations which he may require them to superintend. There is a division of labour among them; one superintends household affairs, cooks, and attends to the children; another looks to the banana and maize cultivation; a third sees to the cocoa-nut trees; and so on. Four is, however, about the limit of wifely bliss to which any of them attain. The Christian religion is unknown among them. They believe in the supernatural potency of grotesque fetiches which are suspended in their houses, and worship trees, though also acknowledging a supreme celestial being. They are very hospitable. When the cazique, Nus-alileli, of Tanela, was offered payment in return for his kindness he instantly refused it, and exclaimed reverentially, "The Great God on high commands his children to

receive kindly the guests he sends to them." They are unacquainted with Spanish, and speak a language of their own—the Cuna—which is soft and sonorous.

Looking back in memory over a hurried visit to the Isthmus of Panama, apart from our notes there hangs about it a hazy dream of the exuberance of a tropical life—the odour of spices wafted off the shore, the dank atmosphere, the hum of life, the wave after wave of blossoms borne on the surface of a sea of rich vegetation which stretches far as the eye can see, from the top of the Cerro de los Buecaneros. There steals over one a sleepy remembrance of hammock-swinging idleness—a vision of bright-coloured birds screaming through the groves of indiarubber and cocoa-nut trees—of bananas, and guavas, and pineapples, and monkeys, and parrots, and all the other things pertaining to the land of the sun; and ever starts up before one a green savannah, with leaf-thatched hut, where Indians, shy of the stranger, seem ever washing their scanty wardrobe by beating it between two stones, or where tall, sinewy boatmen are launching their "dug-outs" to sail to the Pearl Islands. Here is a land where men speak softly and move quietly, because it is too great an exertion to do anything else; where in somnolent villages the sigh of the fresh, boisterous, loud-laughing stranger is as refreshing to his expatriated countryman as is the sea-breeze which at midnight we drink in on the walls of Panama. When I desire the peace which is found in an absence of energy or action—utter unmoving stagnation, in which years roll on without varying, and almost without note—where the water-melon breakfast is only varied by the banana and pineapple dinner—where the only wish which shall disturb my passionless life is the languid desire for a little—just a very little—more air, and a little—just a little—less heat, I shall seek it in a Central American hamlet which I know of. But as I am not just yet ready to flee to this pictured Elysium, I shall be selfish enough to keep the name of it to myself, and for the time being bid good-bye to the Central Americans.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS: CARIÉS; ARAWÂKS; WARAUS; ACAWOIOS.

THE reader need not, of course, be told that between the South and Central American Indians there is no hard-and-fast line of demarcation; the division is only one of convenience. Still between the Indians of North and South America, the traveller, passing from one to the other, can never fail to notice some marked differences. The South American Indians are more olive or yellowish than reddish in complexion than the northern ones. Their face is usually heavier, and their nose not so prominent, while their heads are also of less length than those of North America, and though the eyes of the Pacific coast tribes are sometimes inclined to slope, this peculiarity is by no means common in the North, while in the South it is almost the rule among many families. To enumerate all the South American tribes—even supposing this possible—would not be a task for the performance of which the reader would be inclined to

thank the author. Page after page could be filled with more or less unpronounceable names—names and nothing more—which, while it might give a semblance of learning where instruction is the object, would assuredly convey no information whatever. Take every river in that river-intersected continent of South America, and multiply each by from five up to one hundred and fifty, according to its length and breadth, and you might arrive at something like an approximate idea of the seemingly almost endless subdivisions among the American races, a contrast



CONIBO INDIAN (MALE).

to the compact character of the political organisation of some other races we shall have occasionally to touch upon. We cannot enter into such lengthened details regarding the South Americans as we have respecting those of the northern part of the continent; nor, even did space admit, would this be advisable, these tribes being in general of less interest to Europeans than those which daily come in contact with the whites in North America. We shall, however, present some particulars in regard to the chief families of the aborigines of that section of America, classifying them, by means of their language and other characteristics, into certain broadly-marked divisions (pp. 248, 249, &c.).

CARIBS.

Suppose we take our stand in some shady place in Georgetown, Demerara, and watch the people as they move along the street, cautiously and lazily, in the coolest possible attire, and in the place least affected by the scorching sun overhead, as is the manner of the tropics. The steam-ship has brought hither men of all nations, intent on gain, and active in the pursuit of the commerce which the rich lands of the sun afford. Here are Anglo-Saxons, ruddy in complexion, pushing, loud-talking, and energetic; *dolce far niente* Portuguese and Spaniards,



CONIBO INDIAN (FEMALE).

lounging about in cigarette-smoking listlessness; and coolies from Calcutta and Madras, distinguished by the graceful turban and robes which they have brought from the East, and the dark, polished skins, and bright, snaky eyes which gleam from beneath their suspicious eyebrows. Chinese, sloping-eyed, industrious, and patient like all their race, and, so long as dollars are to be got, careless of the abuse which the overbearing European thinks fit to inflict on this yellow-skinned representative of a worn-out civilisation, trip along at their silent trot, with their bamboo pole, on which is suspended on either end a laden basket. Among these and other nationalities are mingled the negroes and mongrel creoles who form the great body of the population. But before all these varied nationalities which we have mentioned, the ethnologist will at once

be arrested by another group, smaller in number and less pretentious in appearance, but still strikingly different in many respects from any of those by whom they are shouldered in the streets of this intertropical town. They are shy-faced and seemingly bewildered. At a glance you see the strangers are from the rural districts, and that everything they perceive around them is unfamiliar to them. "By the bright copper tint of their skins, their long, glossy, straight, black hair, and too frequently by their very scanty clothing, may be recognised the aborigines of the country. They usually bear in their hands little articles of their own manufacture for sale, such as baskets of various shapes, bows and arrows, models of canoes, Indian houses, &c.; frequently parrots, monkeys, and other animals are added to their stock, the price of which will supply the family with axes, cutlasses, hoes, and other necessary implements, with perhaps a gun, and a few other articles of European manufacture for the ensuing year;" perhaps—indeed most likely—with more than the proper quantity of the rum which is the bane of their race, and under the influence of which some of these children of the forest most decidedly are. They have only visited the city and the coast for the purpose of obtaining such articles as we have mentioned. Their homes are in the vast forests and on the banks of some of the rivers which intersect the country. Hither let us follow them. We are now in what, nearly 300 years ago, Sir Walter Raleigh called "that mighty, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana," but now divided by political exigencies into Venezuela—drained by the great Orinoco—Dutch Guiana (Surinam), French Guiana (Cayenne), and British Guiana, which we shall more especially take as the type of the region, a sketch of the aborigines of which we propose to give in the few pages which follow. Over a vast portion of the country, the gorgeous tropical jungle spreads its leafy shade, full of all the wondrous and beautiful things which the sunlight of equatorial lands brings forth. As we stand on an eminence and look forth over the large expanse of country, our eye is charmed, yet after a time almost wearied with the various objects which call for its attention. Trees of varied foliage and species, laden with gorgeous flowers and fruit such as only these lands produce, are on every side; the ground is carpeted by under-brush scarcely less lovely in its clothing, while from tree to tree climb and interlace an inextricable network of orchids, *lianas* (climbing shrubs), and an endless variety of twining plants, which intermingle their foliage and blossoms with those of the trees which they embrace in their leafy folds. As we look out on the endless undulation of forest country, we seem but to behold a sea of vegetation, the waves of which are crested with flowers.* Our ears, hitherto accustomed to the solitude of the pine forests of the North, are dinned by the many sounds which assail them on all sides. Birds of gay plumage dart, screaming, from the bushes, where we have surprised them devouring the luscious fruit; the long-tailed monkeys swing themselves from branch to branch as if to survey their degenerate descendant, who is doomed to walk on *terra firma*, and chatter to themselves as they pitch a nut or two at the object of their study. Towards nightfall the jaguars come out of their lairs, and their cry may be heard in the wood mingled with affrighted

* It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the tropics are distinguished by an exuberance of flowers. On the contrary, the heat and moistness of the air are especially conducive to the production of foliage, while flowers are accordingly rather rare. This mistaken idea regarding the floral richness of the tropics has arisen from seeing tropical flowers gathered from every region grouped side by side in our conservatories. Though the tropics are rich in fine flowers, yet in the number of *individuals* which the observer sees at one place, an English meadow is more abundantly supplied.

beasts alarmed by the dreaded cry; screams of birds of names unknown to us resound, and around us and over all is the ceaseless sound of the myriad insect life, ever singing a pæan of praise unto its Creator. Reptiles—slimy, many-coloured creatures—crawl away as our feet disturb the fallen leaves, and leave us shuddering at the unseen terrors which this fair scene hides in its sickly recesses. The dank air of the tropics is over all, the beautiful something which words cannot express, the fragrance which the evening breeze wafts seaward, laden with spices and odours, with which in our mind are associated things fair and pleasant, yet in sad remembrance, completes the picture which the name of Guiana calls up. Suddenly the sun goes down, and all is darkness; here twilight is unknown, and we swing into our hammock, suspended between two cocoa-nut trees, wearied it may be with the endless objects we have examined in our day's journey, or simply as a "diversion from the listless watching of the tide ebbing and flowing past the open door; or listening to the parrots flying high overhead in pairs to their nests, and telling by their cries that another weary day is drawing to a close." Happy even then if we see the sun rising without being disturbed by the many creatures whose deeds love the darkness. Yet, after all, these glorious forests, beautiful rivers, and green savannahs go to form "enchanted scenes" which made Charles Waterton, whose name is so enduringly bracketed with that of Schomburgk in the exploration of the natural history of this country, "overflow with joy, and roam in fancy through fairy-land," as it has that of many subsequent explorers.

The aboriginal inhabitants of this wide area are now only the feeble remnants of what were once powerful tribes before the whites supplanted them in their fair heritage.* They early came into contact with Europeans. For here, in the sixteenth century, rumour located the famous land of "El Dorado," whose riches exceeded those of Peru. "A branch of the royal race of the Incas, flying from their conquered country with as much wealth as could be saved from the Spanish invaders, was said to have established in Guiana a new empire. As Manco Ccapac, the founder of that dynasty, had first reigned on the shores of Lake Titicaca, so his exiled descendants were believed to have fixed their abode near a lake named Parima, the sands of which contained immense quantities of gold. The city of Manoa, on its banks, had houses covered with plates of that precious metal; and not only were all the vessels in the royal palace made of the same, but gold-dust was so abundant that the natives often sprinkled it over their bodies, which they first anointed with a glutinous substance that it might stick to them. Especially was the person of their sovereign thus adorned by his chamberlain." Oviedo, an old Spanish writer, whose work, however, *Las Casas* is compli-

* The origin of the Caribs is a question regarding which we are never likely to be able to furnish a satisfactory answer, though numerous theories have at different times been propounded. A view held by some American ethnographers is that their original home was the ancient Province of Contachiqui, in the north of Florida, and that after a long war with the Apalachites, the latter yielded a fertile district to and coalesced with the fierce conquerors. After a time the two peoples fell out, and the Caribs migrated to the South, overrunning the West Indian Islands, then inhabited by Arawaks, and finally penetrating to the mainland, where the principal remnants of their race now exist. The Caribs themselves declare that they came from the Orinoco River—an idea probably more correct than any other. Humboldt relates that the Caribs of South America call themselves Carin(y)a, Calina, Callinago, Caribi, and that the word "Carib" is derived from Calini and Carifoona. Mr. Ober mentions that the term Carifoona is the one given him both by the St. Vincent and Dominican Caribs, as the ancient name of the tribe. Mr. im Thurm considers that there are four groups of languages spoken in British Guiana, viz., (1) The Warau and Arawak, (2) Wapiana, (3) Atores (Atures), (4) Carib, the first being confined to the coast region, the second and third to the Savannah country, while the fourth is widely scattered over the whole country.

mentary enough to hint in the broadest manner contains as many fictions as pages, even goes the length of saying that "as this kind of garment would be uneasy to him while he slept, the prince washes himself every evening, and is gilded anew in the morning, *which proves* that the empire of *El Dorado* is infinitely rich in mines." This absurd story probably originated with the fact that on the banks of the Caura and other wild parts of Guiana the natives anoint themselves with turtle fat, and stick spangles of mica on the skin.* At all events, there were few sceptics as to *El Dorado* at the time when Queen Bess reigned over England, and many of those who made her reign, and those of her contemporary sovereigns, so glorious, but once or oftener tried their skill at the discovery of this fairy-land, with which the delightful pages of Charles Kingsley's "*Westward Ho!*" have familiarised many a reader. What a long list we could make of them! Prominently there stand before us the conquistadores Belalcazar, Queseda, and Federmann; Orellana, Ordaz, and Herrera, Philip von Hutten, and a score more—first and most famous of all of whom was Walter Raleigh. None of them ever found it, but all of them met with many a misfortune. Some of the adventurers had been companions of Cortes in Mexico, or of Pizarro in Peru, and "great must have been their disappointment on finding that they had exchanged regions of wealth and comparative civilisation, where fair cities, surrounded by beautiful gardens and fruitful fields, abounded, for wild interminable forests, swamps or plains; where only assemblages of rude huts were to be met with, and they few and far between. Nor could it have been more gratifying to those veterans to have exchanged, as antagonists, the bold and gorgeously equipped Aztec warriors, who met them in the open field, each chief—

‘In golden glitt’rance, and the feathered mail
More gay than glitt’ring gold,’

for the naked, spangled savages whom they encountered in Guiana. Some of the latter, especially those of the Carib race, were indeed formidable from their headlong ferocity; while the others, launching their poisoned missiles from the shelter of trees or rocks, have been, as enemies, equally dangerous and still more unsatisfactory." (Brett.)

Herrera, indeed, went mad from the effect of a wound with a poisoned arrow, and though Raleigh escaped, yet scarcely less fortunate, he here laid the foundation for those charges which in after years brought him to the scaffold. Everywhere the searchers for *El Dorado* felt the power of the natives, in the determined courage with which they attacked the mail-clad invader. Disappointed in their efforts to discover the land they were in search of, the adventurers established a settlement in the country, which proved too formidable for the brave Guianaans, who were gradually reduced in numbers and power until they were in a perfect state of slavery. The natives were encouraged to capture each other in war, as from time immemorial they had been in the habit of doing, but instead of keeping their captives in slavery themselves, selling them to the whites. Francis Sparrow, whom Raleigh left to explore the country, bought, we are told, "to the southward of the Orinoco, eight beautiful young women, the eldest not eighteen years of age, for a red-handled knife, the value of which was in England, at that time, but one halfpenny." In these more enlightened times, the Indians are

* Humboldt's "*Personal Narrative*," chap. xxv.



HALT OF INDIANS AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE FOREST.

in no way oppressed, but they are only a fragment of the people as they once existed. In the region described there are several tribes, the chief of whom are the Carib, Arawâk, and Warau. The Acauoio is another important tribe, and the Macusi, little seen by the whites, inhabit, to the number of about 3,000, the distant interior. The Caribs, once held in such awe by the surrounding tribes, are now verging on extinction, only a few hundreds maintaining an existence. At one time Trinidad and the Antilles, in part at least, were overrun by this now feeble race, and on every coast, north and south, for several hundred miles, their savage cannibalistic expeditions were the terror of their less warlike neighbours.

The Indian in the forest is a very different being from what we have seen in the streets of Georgetown. He is no longer stupid with amazement, bewilderment, and possibly rum. He is, in his native forest, the superior of the white man; his "foot is on his native heath." The white man stumbling, over fallen logs or slipping as he makes his way across a tangled swamp, must appear to him an individual awkward and stupid in the extreme.

In stature the Guianaian is not over five and a half feet in height, and many are much shorter, but they are stout in proportion. His skin is of a copper tint, a little darker than that of the natives of the South of Europe. A cloth round his loins, and in which he carries his knife, is his only dress. A necklace of beads, peccary teeth &c., is superadded. Some of them wear a small cord around their waists and ankles. They also make tiaras of the feathers of parrots, macaws, and other birds, set off with the scarlet breast of the toucan, and surmounted by the scarlet and purple tail feathers of the macaw. These head-dresses are, however, only worn on very festive occasions.* The dress of the women in their primitive condition consists simply of a beaded apron, and necklace of beads, silver coins, teeth of the jaguar, shells, &c. Their houses are built near the water when the soil is fit for the growth of cassava and other vegetables. The Indian is very shy, and, like the wild animals around him, will soon desert his particular portion of the country if he is much disturbed. His dwelling is a very primitive structure, consisting as it does of a few posts driven into the ground, the roof thatched with palm leaves or other foliage, and the sides partially open. The women and children live and conduct the cooking operations in a small hut apart from that in which the men live. One or two hammocks are the chief articles of furniture, and in these at all hours of the day there is sure to be somebody lolling, half or wholly asleep. A few rough baskets, pottery, arms, and a few domestic trifles, make up the sum total of the Carib's wealth. Many years ago Dr. Pinckard gave such a graphic sketch of a Carib family in a canoe on the Berbice river that it is worth quoting. "The canoe was large, and loaded with cedar, or other kinds of wood for sale or barter. On the top appeared a ferocious-looking animal, setting up his bristles like the quills of a porcupine.† A small monkey was also skipping about the canoe. On one side sat two very fine parrots, and on the other was a very large and beautiful macaw, exhibiting all the splendour of his gay plumage. On the canoe arriving at the landing-place, the bow and arrows, clay cooking vessels, calabashes, and crab baskets were all brought into view, forming a very complete and striking specimen of original equipage and accommodation. The whole family, with the apparatus, furniture, and implements for cooking, sleeping, shooting, fishing, and travelling, were here moved in one

* The Caribs are said to flatten their heads, but on what ground this statement is made I have been unable to learn. It was, however, a practice among those of the West Indies.

† Probably a young peccary—a pet of the family.

complete body." The Guianaian Indian, like his brothers elsewhere, seems untamable, at least so far as his vagabond instincts are concerned. Take one in early youth, bring him (or her) up as carefully as possible, until all the savage seems to have been effaced; give your *protégé* a chance to take to savage ways, and speedily you will find the semi-civilised Indian squatted, half naked, in his native forest—Carib of the Caribs, Indian of the Indians. I could quote a dozen instances of this which have come within my own knowledge. Cases indeed are not wanting where a half-breed has been highly educated, and yet the mother's blood was too powerful for the education of his father's race. Little by little they have relapsed, until, in a case I have at present in my mind's eye, they have sunk into barbarism, and have even become more ruthless against the whites than the Indians themselves. Renegades are almost always the most bitter enemies of their race, as is proved by the white men who at different times have been known to join the Indians. Most of the Guianaian tribes have a vague idea of a God, but their religion deals more with evil spirits, to guard against whom, their sorcerers or medicine-men are implicitly believed in.

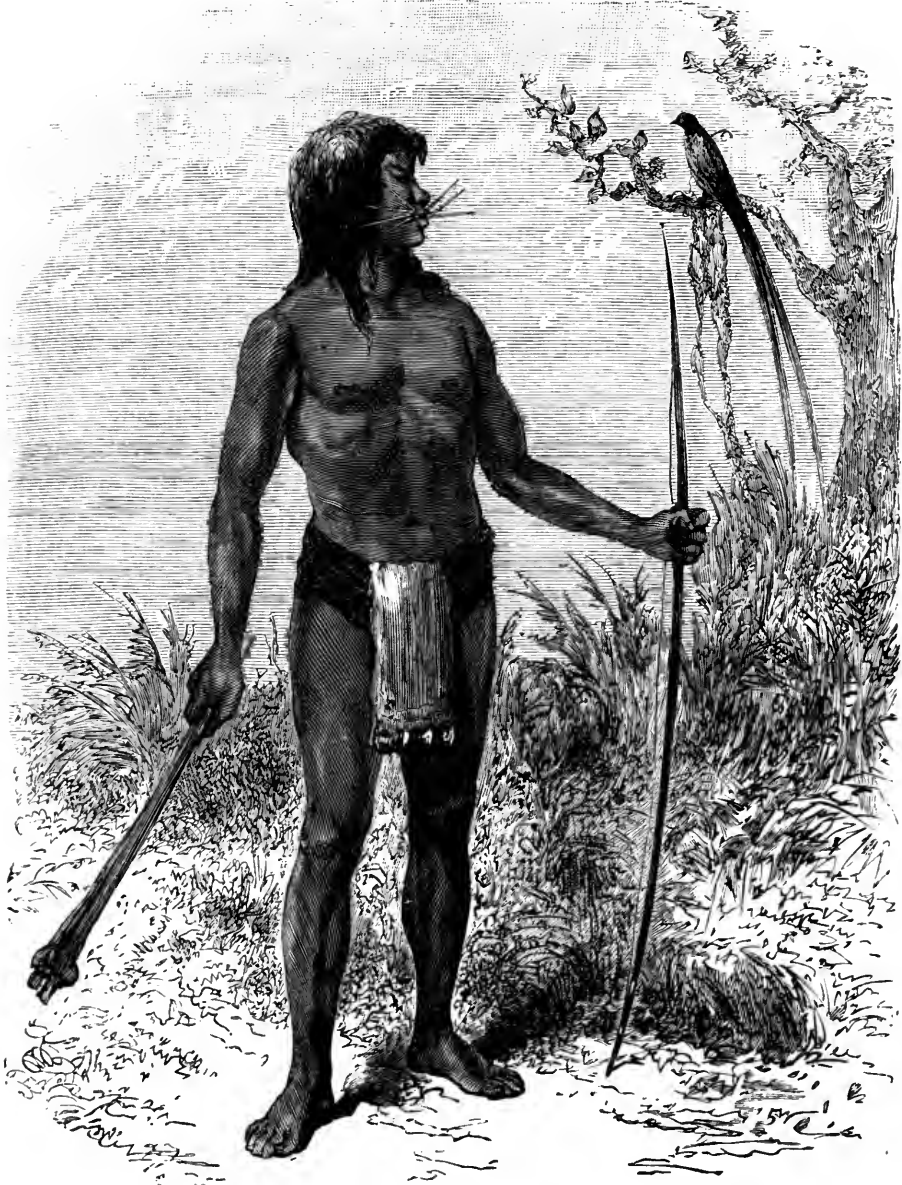
The Caribs, or Carinya, are a wild people, painted a bright vermilion colour with arnotto. The women have a custom—probably peculiar to those of this tribe—"of wearing round each leg, just above the knee, a light strap of cotton, painted red, and another above each ankle. They are fastened on while the girl is young, and hinder the growth of the parts by their compression, while the calf, which is unconfined, appears in consequence unusually large. All the Carib women wear these, which they call *sapuru*, and consider as a great addition to their beauty. But the most singular part of their appearance is presented by the lower lip, which they perforate, and wear one, two, or three pins sticking through the hole, with the points outwards. Before they procured pins, thorns or other similar substances were thus worn. Should they wish to use the pin, they will take it out, and again replace it in the lip when its services are no longer required." The cloth round the waist of the men is sometimes sufficiently long to allow of it being disposed in a graceful manner over the shoulders, "so that part of it falls on the bosom, while the end hangs down the back." It is often ornamented with tassels, and when the owner mounts his coronal of feathers, and gets his body painted in various patterns with vermilion, they are, if not elegant after our ideas of beauty, yet sufficiently picturesque—as savage picturesqueness goes.

They are obstinate and fearless, and proud in the remembrance of their former deeds; when they were probably the most warlike and powerful of Indian nations. Endurance has been held in high respect amongst them. In former times a chief who aspired to the honour of commanding his brethren was, in order to test his power of enduring torture and fatigue, exposed to the biting of ants for a certain time. If he sustained this ordeal without flinching, he was chosen as captain, and the bows and arrows of his tribesmen laid at his feet in token of obedience to his orders.

Their method of disposing of their dead is peculiar. If the deceased has been a person of consequence, or held in great regard, his bones, after a certain period, are dug up and carefully cleaned by the women, or the body is sunk in the river until the fishes have performed that office; after this they are tinted pink with arnotto and carefully preserved, suspended to the roof of the huts.

The chieftainships are now considered of small value, but at one time this was very

different—when the Caribs were a numerous and aggressive race. It is said that the war-councils of the island Caribs were held in a secret dialect known only to the chiefs and elders

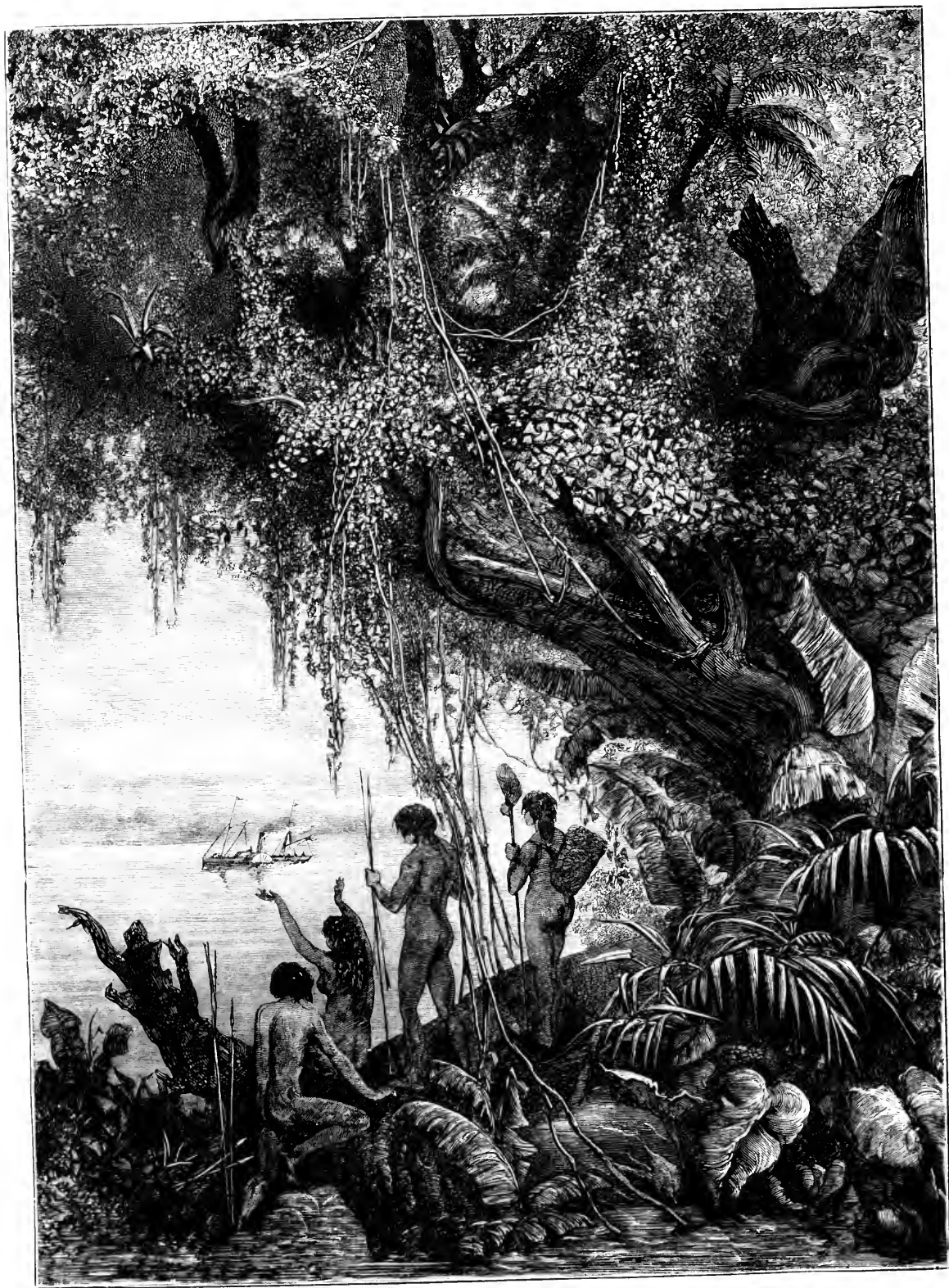


MESAYA INDIAN OF THE RIVER JAPURA, ONE OF THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE AMAZON.

of the tribes, and warriors who were initiated into it, but the women were also always kept ignorant of it, the woman's language being probably the traditional tongue of the Arawâks, who originally occupied the islands.

In my opinion, there can be no possible doubt that, though the people themselves do not care nowadays to talk on the subject, the evidence is conclusive as to the fact of the Caribs

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being cannibals of the deepest dye and eating their enemies, whose flesh they tore and devoured, to use the language of an old writer, "with the avidity of wolves." The same author (Stedman) mentions obtaining a flute from them, which he figures in his work, made of the thigh-bone of one of their victims. They do not now enslave each other as at one time they did, and it is said that the discontinuance of this traffic was chiefly owing to the discountenance which the British Government gave to the traffic. "A Carib chief, indignant at the refusal of the Governor to accept of a fine slave, immediately dashed out the brains of the slave, and declared that for the future his nation should never give quarter." This cruel act was done



MIRANHAS INDIANS, FROM THE RIO NEGRO.

with one of the huge short-handled clubs, called *potu*, a single blow from which was sufficient to scatter the brains of the person struck. A stone was sometimes fastened in it, by being fixed in the tree when growing; after which the club, with the stone firmly imbedded in the end of it, was fashioned as the designer thought fit.

ARAWÂKS.

The Arawâks—or, as they call themselves, Lokono, *the people**—are now the most peaceful and civilised of all the Guianaian tribes. It is probable that they originally came from Florida long anterior to the Conquest. They are very different in language and general character from the Caribs, who have a tradition that when they first conquered the West India Islands these islands were inhabited by Arawâks. If this were so, then the Guianaian branch is the chief remnant of the race, those who formerly inhabited the islands having been long ago exterminated.

* In the same way the Caribs call themselves "Carinya," *the people*.

nated by the Spaniards. We are told by Mr. Brett, who has given us the most perfect history of these tribes which we possess, that they still have indistinct remembrances of the cruelties perpetrated by the Spaniards, clothed, and armed with *sipari* (or iron), who hunted their forefathers through the forests with ferocious dogs. The language of the Arawâks is soft and their manner timid. Yet, they are sometimes compelled to take up arms against the bush negroes and aggressive Indian tribes. Their weapons are chiefly the bow and arrows, but one weapon which they still make more as a curiosity than for use is sufficiently formidable. In its construction the hardest and heaviest wood is used; it has a broad blade, thick in the middle, but with sharp edges. The handle is covered with cotton, wound tightly round it to prevent the hands from slipping. It has also a loop of the same material which is placed round the wrist. This weapon they call *sapakana*, and some were at one time made so large that both hands were required to wield them. Their dress does not differ from that already described, except that the women decorate their heads with the glittering elytra, or wing-cases, of various beetles. The tribe is divided into families, and—as in many other tribes—relationship goes with the mother. When the children are young they show little filial regard, but when they grow up they are almost invariably very kind to the aged parents, who have shown such affection for them. They are betrothed by their parents in infancy, and the contract is binding. The young couple often remain with the father-in-law until the increase of the family compels them to set up house for themselves; but the wife's father expects the son-in-law to assist him in clearing ground, &c., a service always cheerfully rendered.

A curious custom prevails amongst these tribes, and indeed is more or less common among the Abipones, Brazilian Coroados, Kamschatkadales, Koravans, Yunnan Chinese, Dyaks, and people of the North of Spain; it also prevailed at one time in Greenland, and does at the present time in the South of France. In the latter country the custom is called *faire la courade*. It consists in either the husband undergoing medical treatment, special nursing, or in his taking to bed when the wife is delivered of a child. Among the Arawâks the father takes to his hammock after the child's birth, and remains some days as if he were sick, and then receives the congratulations and condolence of his friends. "An instance of this custom," Mr. Brett says, "came under my own observation: where the man, in robust health and excellent condition, without a single bodily ailment, was lying in his hammock in the most provoking manner, and carefully and respectfully attended by the women, while the mother of the new-born infant was cooking—none apparently regarding her!" Various reasons for this extraordinary custom have been given, but at all events the true one, so far as the Indian is concerned, is that given by the Caribs and Abipones themselves to Lafitau, who, however, rejected this explanation, and believed that it arose from a dim recollection of original sin. "The Indians say that the reason of their adopting it is, if the father engaged at that time in any rough work or was careless in his diet, the child would participate in all the natural defects of the animals which the father had eaten.* We have already noticed the superstition about the father abstaining from particular food at the same period. Were it not for drunkenness, the Arawâks would lead a simple life, but their knowledge of the preparation of *pawari*, the native intoxicating drink, from cassava (in much the same manner as we have already

* "Mœurs des Sauvages Américains," i. p. 259; Lubbock: "Origin of Civilisation," pp. 10—13; Tylor: "Early History of Man," p. 296; Orton: "The Andes and the Amazon" (1871); Gamilla: "El Orinoco ilustrado," &c.

described the preparation of a similiar liquor among the Mosquito Indians, p. 240) in no way conduces to their moral or physical elevation. The chiefs are now appointed by the Government, but offences are still punished after their own customs. The law of retaliation thoroughly prevails among them. If any one is killed, his nearest relative takes upon himself the duty of vengeance, and sooner or later the murderer pays with his life for his crime. With them it is blood for blood.

Mr. Brett gives us an account of their astronomical views. They have some rude knowledge of the stars, which was probably acquired by the experience of their ancestors on former voyages. One of the constellations they called *Camudi*, from the fancied resemblance to that snake. They call the Milky Way by two names, one of which signifies "the path of the tapir;" and the other is *waiè onnakici abonaha* (the path of the bearers of *waiè*)—a species of whitish clay, of which their vessels are made. The nebulous spots are supposed to be the track of spirits whose feet were smeared with that material. Venus is distinguished by the name of "Warakoma," and Jupiter is generally called "Wiwakalimero" (the star of brightness). The compass they believe to be alive, but a comet, which terrified the negroes on the coast and the Indians in the interior,* they did not think anything more portentous than simply "a star with a tail." They knew nothing of geography or history before the whites arrived. The only name of European fame which had ever reached their ears was that of the first Napoleon.

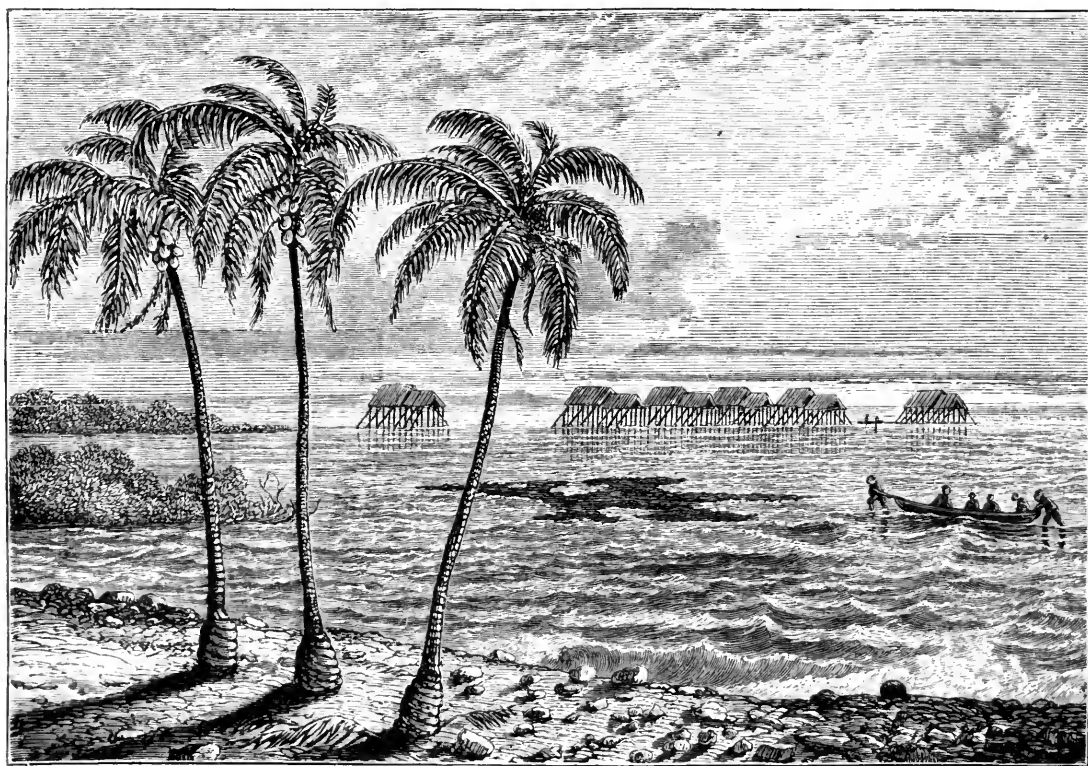
The only other custom among these people which I shall notice is the maquarri dance, generally given in honour of a dead relative. At these festivals old and young vie with each other in standing up in pairs and lashing each other over the legs with heavy whips more than three feet in length, until their limbs are bleeding. Yet, all is conducted in perfect good humour, each being anxious to show no sign of pain while the eyes of the women are bent on them.

WARAUS OR GUARANIS.

This tribe is the lowest of the Guianians in point of civilisation, yet they are a hardy race; dirty and slovenly in everything, but merry and cheerful, though reckless and improvident. They are stoutly built, but so careless about clothing that "even the females frequently content themselves with a small piece of the bark of a tree, or the net-like covering of the young leaf of the cocoa-nut, or cabbage palm." Their appearance is squalid and filthy to a proverb. They cultivate a few vegetables, but chiefly depend on what they can obtain by fishing in the sea, their home being in the swampy region close to the coast. In times of scarcity they betake themselves to the ita palm (*Mauritia*), which, in addition to supplying them with planks, used for various purposes, affords, in its starchy central portion, a nutritious material for bread. The "Mauritia palm," wrote Humboldt, many years ago, "yields numerous articles of food. Before the tender spathe unfolds its blossoms on the male palm, and only at that particular period of vegetable metamorphosis, the medullary portion of the trunk is found to contain a sago-like meal, which (like cassava root) is dried in thin bread-like slices. The sap of the tree, when fermented, constitutes the sweet inebriating palm wine of the Waraus. The

* Sir Robert Schomburgk tells us that his Indians, when they witnessed the comet as they were encamped on an island in the Essequibo, called it, in terror, "the spirit of the stars," a "fiery cloud," or in the language of the Macusis, "*wæ inopsa*" (a sun casting its light behind).

narrow-scaled fruit, which resembles reddish pine cones, yields different articles of food, according to the period at which it is gathered, whether its saccharine properties are fully matured, or whether it is still in a farinaceous condition. Thus in the lowest grades of man's development we find an entire race dependent upon almost a single tree, like certain insects which are confined to particular portions of a flower." They are not, however, deficient in art, and are celebrated for their huge canoes, or *woibakas*, which they supply, not only to the settlers, but to all the neighbouring tribes; some of them are fifty feet long and six feet broad,



PILE VILLAGE OF MARACAIBO.

and will hold fifty persons, and are made either of the *Cedrela odorata*, or of a tree called *bisi*. The gain, however, made by them is soon squandered in gluttony and dissipation, until hunger again compels them to exertion. It is, however, on the Delta of the Orinoco, which must be considered the proper territory of these people, that Warau life is to be seen to the greatest perfection—in all its peculiarities and rudeness. In this region the lands are annually inundated by the overflowing of the river,* and, accordingly, for some months in the year the Warau has to construct his hut above the level of the flood among the trees from which a large portion of his food is derived. He uses, when possible, upright trunks as posts; thatches the roof beneath their leafy crowns, previously docketed to the requisite height,

* To the height of from three to five feet, according to Schomburgk; but other travellers declare that twenty-five to thirty feet is nearer the mark. It is different in various localities.

with the fronds of the *Manicaria* palm; fixes the lower beams a few feet above the highest level of the water, and lays thereon the split ita or maneca-tree trunks for flooring. Clay is laid on the floor, and a fire kept burning in the day. Here the culinary operations go on, while from the upper beams the hammocks are slung. The ever-ready canoe enables the men to move about from hut to hut, or to fish, until the land again appears above the water. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his famous El Dorado expeditions, came in contact with the Waraus, whom he describes under the name of *Tivitavas*—"a goodly people, and very valiant. In summer they have houses on the ground, and other places. In winter they dwell up in the



MARACAIBO INDIANS EMBARKING.

trees, where they build very artificial towns and houses; for between May and September the river of Orinoco riseth twenty foot upright, and then these islands are overflown twenty feet high above the level of the ground, saving some few raised grounds in the middle of them: and for this cause they are enforced to live in this manner." The Warau has even been described as an *arboreal man*, living by choice in trees! He is very migratory in his disposition, building a temporary hut wherever he finds a tree to suit him, and then floating it off when the rainy season floods the low grounds. Pile dwellings, we shall find, before we have concluded our survey of the human family, are by no means confined to the Waraus. Even in the same region—on a large shallow lake* off the Gulf of Maracaibo, in Venezuela, are a tribe of Indians who, to avoid the mosquito, dwell in several villages built on iron-wood piles (*Guaiacum arboreum*).

* Wild fowl abound on this lake, but naturally, owing to its human occupants, are very shy. The Indians, however, adopt an ingenious method of capturing them. A number of large hollowed gourds are set afloat on

Hence the Spaniards applied the name of Venezuela (or Little Venice) to the whole country. They are pagans, pure and simple, and believe that all men were created exactly as they are now—black, red, and white—that each man is best in the state in which he was created—a philosophically simple creed. The white men's religion is good enough, they say, for *white* men, but *not* for the *red*, otherwise they would have followed it from the beginning—the truth or error of which piece of sophistry does not, as Sir Thomas Browne would have said, “admit of a reasonable solution.” Polygamy is universal among them, but, curiously enough, here for the first time we find a faint trace of the institution of *polyandry*, or a woman with more than one husband, an institution which we shall find, by-and-by, is of common occurrence among certain nations, and is even more remarkable than polygamy, the explanation of which does not require to be sought very far afield. A Warau man on being asked why a man should have two wives, and a woman not be allowed two husbands, replied, that for his part, he did not consider either practice bad, for he knew a Warau woman who had *three*. Still the custom is exceptional; but I am not aware that it is found, even in this slight and exceptional form, among any other American tribe.

The Waraus are very dark skinned, and might even be taken for negroes. Their language is different from that of all the surrounding peoples, but it is not isolated, for the Guarani have many connections all through Brazil and the neighbouring regions. Indeed, if Dr. Latham's opinion, founded on philological grounds, is correct, the greater number of the Brazilian inland tribes of Entre Rios, Corrientes, Paraguay, La Plata, part of Peru (Santa Cruz Province), including the Mundrucu of the Amazons, are all Guaranis. In a word, they extend north to the Island of Marajo, south to Monte Video, and westward to the headwaters of the Amazon—all speaking dialects of what has been called the *Tupi* language. The Botoeudo, the Caneeran, Coroado, the Coropo, the Machacari, the Pamacan, Penhami, Kiriri, Sabuja, the Gran, Goya, the Timbryra, and an immense number of other Brazilians, are not *Tupi*-speaking people.

ACAWOIOS, OR KAPOLIN.*

Mr. Brett, from whom we take our description of this tribe, describes the Acawoios as having grave, even melancholy, though not unpleasing features. They paint themselves with the arnotto dye, but at the same time they take great delight in streaking their bodies and faces with blue lines. “They wear a piece of wood, or a quill, stuck through the cartilage of the nose, and some individuals have similar ornaments through the lobe of the ear. They formerly distinguished themselves by a circular hole, about half an inch in diameter, made in the lower part of the under lip, in which was inserted a piece of wood of equal size with the hole, which was cut off even with the outer skin, the inner end pressing against the roots of their teeth. The latter ornament is now but seldom seen, but the others are general.” In the engraving on p. 92 these peculiar ornaments, to which the reader will have become somewhat

the lake until the wild fowl become accustomed to their presence. The hunter then covers his head with one, which has had holes for seeing and breathing made in it, wades into the shallow lake, his head only appearing above the water, and, unsuspected by the birds, grasps one by its legs, twists its neck, and silently fastening it in his girdle, repeats the process until he has obtained all he can carry.

* Literally, *the* people; the Carib name for themselves (Carinya) signifies the same.

accustomed, are shown, and on pp. 256 and 272 the usual feather ear and nose appendages are portrayed.

The Arecunas, of the Orinoco, also wear long sticks through the cartilage of the nostrils, and still larger ones, ornamented with tufts of black feathers at the extremity, through their ears. These Indians are also exceedingly fond of tattooing, especially of drawing a broad line around the mouth, so wide that each lip looks as if an inch broader than it really is, giving the appearance of an enormous mouth—possibly a mark of extreme good looks among those primitive people. None of the North American tribes can, however, equal the Mundrucus, whom we shall have occasion to touch upon by-and-by, in their extraordinary patterns of painting and tattooing. What, however, is most remarkable about the Acawoios is the use—in common with the other interior tribes—of the ourali poison and blow-pipe, which we have used with some success, though not in Guiana. The best description of these instruments is that given by Mr. Brett:—The ourali* poison is now well known. The arrows or spikes anointed with it are made of the cocorite palm. They are usually about one foot in length, and very slender. One end is sharpened and envenomed with ourali, and around the other is wound a ball or tuft of fleecy wild cotton (*Bombax ceiba*), adapted to the size of the cavity of the blow-pipe, through which it is to be discharged. To preserve these delicate and dangerous spikes, and to guard himself from the death which a slight prick from one of them would convey, the Indian hunter makes a small quiver of bamboo, which he covers with deer-skin and ornaments with cotton strings. To this is usually attached the under jaw-bone of a fish called *pirai* (*Serrasalmus piraya*). That is used for partly cutting off the poisoned part of the arrow, which is done by rapidly turning it between the teeth of the fish jaw, so that when the game is struck, the envenomed point may break off in the wound, while the shaft, which falls on the ground, can be recovered by the Indian, and sharpened and poisoned for further use. The blow-pipe is a reed or small palm, about nine inches in length, which is hollowed and lined by another smooth reed.† The Indians are very careful of them, and frequently turn them when placed in their houses, lest they should become in the slightest degree bent or warped by remaining in one position. They sometimes even cover them with handsome *pegall* work and sell them as curiosities to the colonists. There are several varieties of these blow-tubes. The small poisoned arrows are, by a single blast from the lungs, sent through the cavity of the reed, and fly for some distance with great swiftness and accuracy of aim, conveying speedy and certain death. The tribes which use these weapons are accustomed to them from their infancy, and by long practice they acquire a degree of dexterity which is inimitable by strangers, and would be incredible were it not for the fact that they depend upon them for most of their animal food. An Indian said to one of our countrymen: “The blow-pipe is our gun, and the poisoned arrow is to us powder and shot.” The poison is fatal when mixed with the blood in the smallest degree, but has no effect on an unbroken skin. The blow-tube is only used to kill small animals, or their enemies when silence is necessary, but for the slaughter of the larger animals, a bow and long poison-tipped arrows, made of a reed (*Gynecium saccharinum*) six feet long, are used. The animals killed with it suffer no great pain, though they die in convul-

* Written, also, “wourali,” “urali,” “urari,” “curare,” &c., according to the pronunciation of the various tribes.

† The *Arundinaria Schomburgkii*, a single joint (internode) of which is sometimes sixteen feet in length.

sions. Ourali does not belong to the class of tetanic poisons: therefore it is difficult to understand how the juices of different species of strychnine plants (*Strychnos toxifera*, &c.) are its chief ingredients. It produces a cessation of the voluntary muscular movements, while the functions of the involuntary muscles, as the heart and intestines, remain unimpaired.

"I know," said an Indian to Humboldt, "that you whites can make soap, and prepare the black powder which has the effect of making a noise while killing animals; but this poison is superior to anything you can make. It kills silently, so that no one knows where the stroke comes from." The same celebrated savant and traveller tells us that the Otomacs on the Orinoco frequently poison their thumb-nails with the ourali. The mere impress of the nail proves fatal should the poison mix with the blood. In its composition, the Macusis use more than a dozen different plants, but the active ones, according to Sir Robert and Dr. Richard Schomburgk, are several species of the nux-vomica plant, the bark of which is boiled down until the juice gets thick. From the Rio Negro, the Orinoco, and even from Amazon, troops of Indians come to buy the powerful Macusi ourali. An arrow-poison is also prepared in Chili and Peru.* The Acawoios also poison fish with the liavarri-root, a custom common to various South American tribes. Some of the pieces of the root are bruised, and then washed in an enclosed water, or in a stream at the turn of the tide, when there is little or no current. In a few minutes the fish will float, belly up, perfectly intoxicated, when they are shot with barbed arrows, or struck with knives. Fish so poisoned are perfectly wholesome, as is also the case with the flesh of animals killed with the ourali poison. The Acawoios, in addition to their various other indifferently good qualities, are great vagabonds, peddlers, rovers, and newsmongers, and combine with these traits a propensity to live upon their more honest (?) neighbours' portable effects—which they acquire in a manner which is usually styled robbery—but, perhaps, with such independent individuals, had better be styled marauding. They are not, however, altogether given over unto loot, for they practise a little agriculture, and make a few of the rough-and-ready canoes which are known to the Demerara colonists as "wood-skins." A wood-skin is made as follows:—The bark of the *maripayani*, or purple heart, is peeled off in one large piece, "forcing it open in the middle, and fixing sticks across it, downward slits being near the extremities, which are supported on beams till the bark be dry, to give them a slight spring above the surface of the water." Yet in these frail crafts, the bold canoemen of South America will descend and ascend thousands of miles of great rivers and their tributaries. The Acawoios are scarcely entitled to be styled a very amiable race. They have, doubtless, quite as many bad qualities as most of their kinsmen in red skins, but, unlike many of these, they have some admirable qualities to counterbalance their dubious ones. Polygamy is unknown among them; early marriages are forbidden; the women are virtuous; old age is respected, and sick people are attended to. They are quiet, orderly (after a sort), little addicted to intoxication, though not particularly honest, if they can get a good opportunity to be the contrary. (They are not singular in this.) They have good teeth, which are preserved in fine condition, and hunger allayed at the same time, by keeping in the mouth a quid of tobacco, prepared by baking green tobacco-leaves with alternate layers of salt. They are fond of animals, and have many pets. Indeed, these Indians seem to have a peculiar aptitude for attracting and taming wild animals, a trait in which they entirely differ from some of their northern brethren, who abuse every domestic animal within reach.

* Richard Schomburgk: "On the Urari, the deadly arrow-poison of the Macusis" (Adelaide, 1879).



"YAHUA INDIANS," OR BUSH NEGROES.

their worst trait is their implacable vengeance. *Kanaima* is with them a religion. Natives have been observed in the streets of a Demerara town watching with keen, treacherous eyes some other natives, who would soon after depart for their native wilds. Hundreds of miles from the busy scenes of civilisation the vengeance-hunter would be seen, bent like a sleuth-hound on the track of the fugitives, deterred by no toil, no danger, no obstacle, until his deadly ourali-tipped arrow, club, or knife tasted the blood of the victim of *kanaima*.

In addition to the tribes enumerated, there are many other smaller tribes scattered through the forests of the region the ethnology of which we have been describing. The names of these, Kamarokotos, Quatimko, Yaramuna, Etocko, Passonko, Komarani, Koukokinko, Skamana, Wabean, Atorais, Kenons, Mianko, Maionkonges, Roucouyennes, Emerillons, Aramisas, Oyampis, Wapisianas, Tarumas, Woyawais, and so on, convey no idea to the reader, and indeed little more information than this can be given about them. In general habits and character they differ but slightly from those we have already described. More romantic, but with an airier foundation, is the oft-repeated tale of the nation of the Amazons, or women living separate from men, "though receiving their visits at certain seasons, and only rearing female children." Many an old traveller, and not a few modern ones, and all the Indians, repeat this tale, though no two agree as to the exact locality of this wondrous female community, where women's rights are so full-fledged; but all agree that to reach it the adventurous knight-errant must pass through the land where the wild mountaineers guard the passes of land and river, armed with the deadly blow-pipe and ourali-poisoned arrow, which speeds so certain but so silent a death.

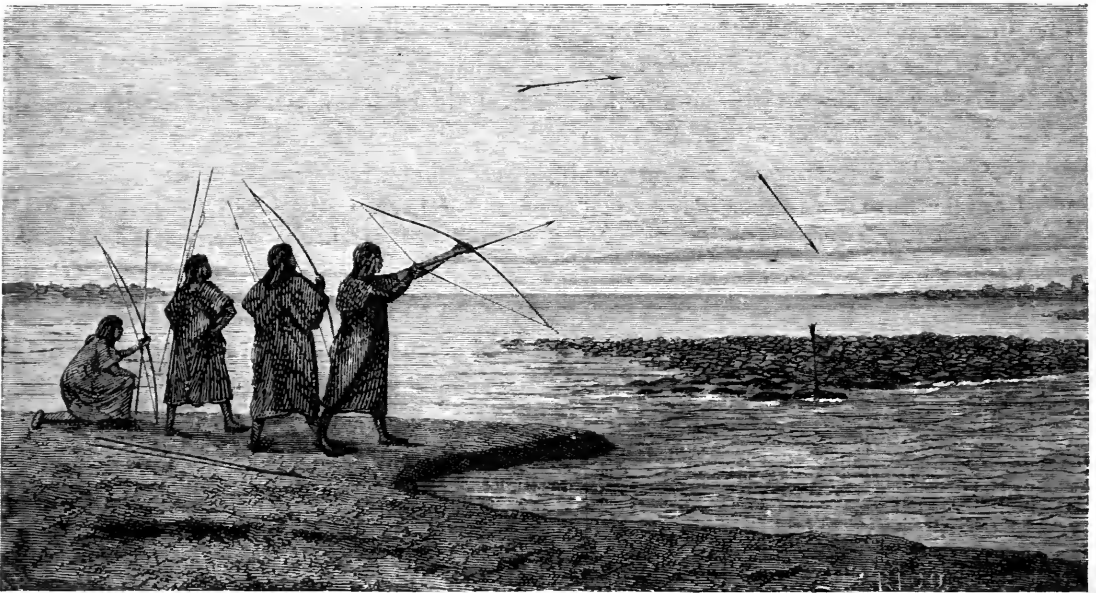
From time to time negroes, during the old days of slavery, and subsequently of their own accord, have taken to the bush, and established themselves in communities, which have relapsed into nearly all the pristine ferocity and barbarism of their African brethren, mingled with something copied from the Indians by whom they are surrounded, and many of whose habits, as well as dress and ornamentation, they have adopted. Under the name of Yahuas, Bonis, &c., these "bush negroes" have established strongholds in various parts of the country, and carry on pillage and rapine whenever they have an opportunity. With many of the Indian tribes they are frequently at war, but their numbers being continually recruited by negroes from Demerara and elsewhere, they are enabled to increase, while the Indian, feebler in his vitality, decreases so rapidly that of late years many tribes have become extinct, or have merged in others more powerful. The plantation negroes they regard with immense contempt, and the "Massa Buckra" (white man) is in his eyes scarcely less despicable. They are all pagans. M. Leprieur, a French naturalist, who explored this region in 1836, fell in with a party of these bush negroes near the Aroua, who compelled him to mingle his blood with theirs, and to drink the mixture as a covenant of peace, after which they stoutly defended his person against another party of their countrymen, who, however, pillaged the traveller's baggage. Offering to tutelary deities in the shape of rocks, fetichism in all its hideous African forms, &c., prevail among these negroes, who have from comparative civilisation, again degenerated into barbarism. Two of these "bosch negurs," as the Dutch call them, are figured on p. 265.

In concluding our remarks upon these Indians, we may briefly summarise a few points of character and custom common to all of them. In intellect they are sharp, and reason acutely, and their senses are trained by their forest life to a degree rarely, if ever, found among civilised

rares. They are conservative in politics and in religion. To the missionary the cry always is, "My father knew not your book, and my grandfather knew not your book; they were wiser than we. We do not wish to learn anything which they did not know." Naturally indolent, a bountiful country, in which life can be sustained with the least possible exertion, goes far to nurture this weakness. "They will spend hours in their hammocks, picking their teeth, or meditating some new and striking pattern in daubing their faces with arnotto; at other times they may be seen eradicating the hairs of their beards and eyebrows, in room of which some tribes tattoo lines, according to their own ideas of beauty."

The Guianaian Indian is hospitable according to his means; every visitor gets the best he has in his house. In his turn he is fond of paying visits; indeed, a full fourth of the year is occupied in gadding about, so that in course of time he gets well acquainted with the country. Time to him is nothing; such a commodity was "made for slaves," or white men; like Falstaff, to the Indian it is "superfluous to demand the time of the day." Yet, though punctuality is with him a virtue so minute as scarcely to be taken count of, yet when he goes off on a journey, and requires to be at home on a certain date, he will leave a kind of calendar with his friends, consisting of a knotted string, each knot representing a day. A knot is untied on the morning of each day he is absent, and if he is well he will arrive on the day the last knot is untied. Theft is unusual among themselves, though each tribe accuses the other of being addicted to pilfering. It is a will-o'-the-wisp kind of peccadillo which flits always ahead of the traveller; it is unknown in the tribe he is in, but obtains in full perfection in the very next one he will come to. They are fond of liberty and independence; slavery has never been brooked by them as by the Africans. They are all addicted to fearful outbursts of drunkenness, though systematic dram-drinking is unknown amongst them. Wild dances of all sorts are very popular with them, while at their great merrymakings and feasts wrestling and trials of strength are popular amusements of the younger men. A favourite feat is for two men to put a kind of shield in front of them, and then to push each with all his might against the other shield, so as to endeavour to overturn his opponent. This is known by the Warau as the game of *isahi*. Polygamy is common in most of the tribes, and it is very usual for a man to bring up a young girl from childhood to be one of his wives in due course. The first wife by no means approves of this *too much marrying*, and not unfrequently she rebels, and wins the day, against any rival being introduced into the family lodge. The woman is not a free agent in marriage, and if a man elopes with her, the betrothed or the husband can demand payment from the seducer for the loss of the wife, and even for the loss of the children which may hereafter be born to his rival, an amusing instance of which Mr. Brett gives. Among the Macusi, in the distant interior, Dr. Hancock tells us that "when a man dies his wife and children are at the disposal of his eldest surviving brother, who may sell or kill them at pleasure." Some of the tribes bury their dead in a standing or sitting posture, and if the death of the deceased is supposed to have been brought about by unfair means, his knife is buried with him, in order that he may have an opportunity of avenging his death in the land of spirits; and many tribes bury the dead man's bow and arrows with him, in order that he may be able to ward off malignant fiends in the land of the dead. If a person dies by foul play, the avenger of his death works himself, by fasting and privation to such a state that he supposes himself to be possessed of an evil spirit. He then starts out in search of his victim, approaching him cautiously and

unawares, when the blow-pipe and arrow do their silent but sure work, or he is struck down by a violent blow across the neck. As he lies insensible, the fangs of a poisonous serpent are forced through his tongue; or, according to other accounts, a poison prepared from a plant called *urupa*, and which the avenger carries in the bone of a *pouri* concealed in his hair, is forced down the victim's throat. In either case he dies in great agony.* If the relatives of the slain man find him he is buried, but even then the *kanaima* (avenger) must keep near to discover where he is laid. Knowing this, the friends of the victim bury him in some secret place silently at night, but their vigilance rarely escapes the sharp-witted Indian trailer. He discovers the grave; then follow some horrible ceremonies, about the nature of which authorities,



CONIBOS SHOOTING TURTLE.

aboriginal and foreign, differ. Most probably the truth is, that when he finds the grave, he pushes down into it, and into the body, a long, sharp-pointed stick, that he may taste the victim's blood. After this the evil spirit, with which the avenger is possessed, is allayed, and the *kanaima* may return home again. If the friends of the murdered man find that, notwithstanding all their care, the grave has been violated, then it is opened, and a red-hot axe placed over the liver. The grave is then closed, and the friends go off satisfied that, as the hot axe burns into the vitals of the dead man, so will the entrails of the murderer be tortured and destroyed, and he, in due course, die (p. 112). This system of revenge, with all its horrible rites of pursuit, &c., is reduced to a perfect system; taught by sire to son, as part of his national education. Their religious beliefs centre in a fear of evil spirits, and a continual desire to allay them, by means of the powers of sorcerers or medicine-men, who obtain their powers by fasting

* Bernau's "Missionary Labours," p. 58.

and dreaming, and abstaining from certain kinds of food, especially foods not indigenous to the country. The chief tool of the medicine-man is a red-painted calabash, in which are a few stones. This is regarded with extreme awe by the Indians. Another duty of the sorcerer is to confer names on the children. They believe also in water-fiends, and, in addition to their own superstitions, have derived several of African origin from the negroes with whom they have come in contact. Tales—like the *loup garou* ones of France (p. 118)—prevail



CONIBOS PREPARING TURTLES' EGGS.

among them; stories of how certain animals are possessed by the spirits of men devoted to cruelty and bloodshed, and their mythology abounds with legendary tales both of mirth and superstition, while others are "myths of observation," apparently invented to account for natural phenomena. That men were converted into rocks for their evil deeds is among the Guianaians, as among other Indian tribes, a general article of belief, and many rocks are pointed out as having had such an origin. The Haytians—Carib tribes now extinct—believed that their island was the first created land, and that the sun came out from one cave while the men came from another; but the Guianaian tribes acknowledge the work of a Creative

Being. All created things, according to them, came from the branch of a silk-cotton tree, cut down by the Great Creator, but the white men sprung from the chips of a tree, which is notoriously of very little value! All beasts were once endowed with the spirits of men—an apparently widespread belief among the Indian tribes (p. 102). All the different plants on the earth sprang from one tree, on which grew all the different kinds of flowers and fruit. In the centre of this great tree was a huge reservoir of water, in which were the fishes. This water was let loose by the monkey, and drowned the world.

The Macusis believe that the world was peopled by converting stones into men and women, while the Tamaneas of the Orinoco declare that the world was, somewhat after the Thessalian tale (p. 113), peopled by the only survivors, a man and a woman, throwing over their heads the stones of the ita (*Mauritia*) palm, which sprang into human beings. All through this great region, away to the swamps of the Amazon and Orinoco, and even down to La Plata, such tales circulate, though the young people now affect to despise them. It is curious, as Mr. Brett has pointed out, that in many of their traditions, as well as in those of other races of Americans—past and present—there ever figure personages, lawgiving founders of institutions and benefactors of their species, who are said to have disappeared in some mysterious way. Among these we may mention the various Hiawatha traditions (p. 103); Quetzalcoatl, famous among the ancient Aztecs of Mexico; Nemterequeteba, “the Messenger of God,” of the Muiscas of New Granada; Amalivaca, once venerated throughout the broad lands drained by the Orinoco; and others.

The occupation of these people we have already sufficiently described—canoe-making, a little agriculture, and a great deal of hunting and fishing. Cassava bread is their staple farinaceous food. The juice of this plant, when unboiled, is a deadly poison, but when boiled it becomes a deep brown colour, wholesome and nutritious, and is well known as the sauce called casareep, which is the chief ingredient in the famous tropical pepper-pot. Sugar is made by compressing the cane in a primitive but efficient press, of their own manufacture, and canoes are made either by being hollowed out of the solid tree, or, like “wood-skins,” out of bark, while the paddles are made of the fluted stems of the yaruris-tree. Turtle is shot on the coast with peculiar, heavy-pointed, barbed arrows, the points of which can “unship” from the shaft. So skilful are they at this work, that the arrows are discharged upwards in such a manner that they descend in a straight line on the turtle, while, if shot directly, they would most likely glance over its horny covering. Turtle eggs are among their peculiar delicacies. The great shell mounds scattered over certain portions of Guiana are not, as has been supposed, remains of a race anterior to the present inhabitants of the country, but are, most probably, only analogous to the *kjökken-möddings* of the Danish coast, and the shell mounds found on the American and other shores, the refuse-heaps of long generations of defunct mollusk-eating aborigines. Once great nations, the Guianaians have sunk into comparative insignificance, and will before long become extinct. The cruelties of the French and the Spaniards were the first commencement of their decimation. “Extermination” was their watchword, and on the islands this was soon accomplished. The natives would leap into the sea, preferring death by their own hand to slavery or Spanish bullets, until Dominica and St. Vincent were the last islands retained by them. There, secluded and harmless, the remnant of the race still live, though, owing to marriages with the negroes and the whites, the Carib type

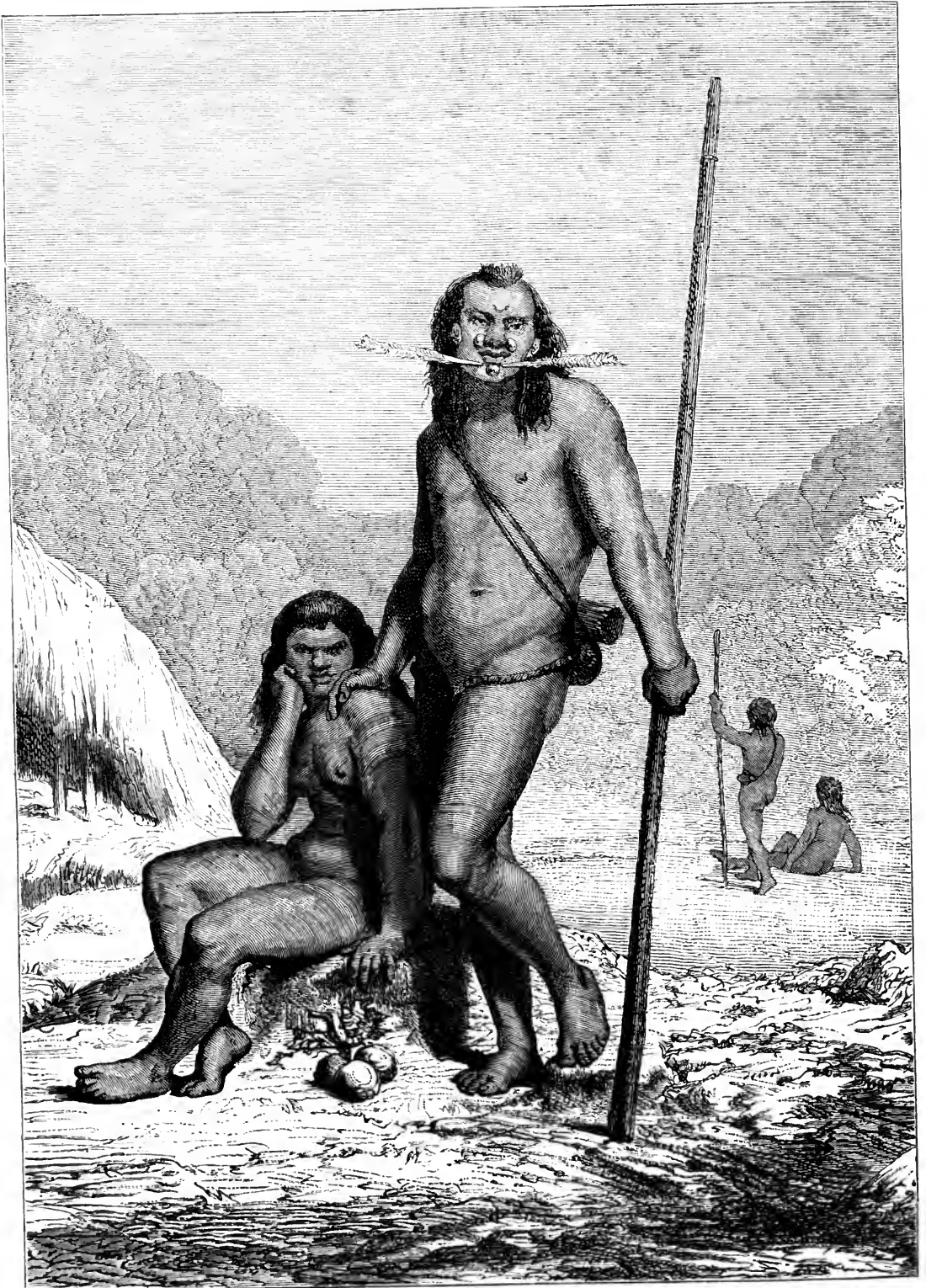
is rapidly disappearing. Their colour is almost yellow, and their long purple-black hair finer and more beautiful than that of the North American tribesmen. They do not now flatten the forehead by compression as was at one time their practice. Hospitality is of the most marked of Carib virtues, though, as Mr. Ober remarks, in making you free of his house he takes it for granted that you will be equally obliging. Formerly they buried their dead in a sitting position, so as to be "ready to jump when the spirit came for them," but since they have adopted Roman Catholicism in Dominica, and Protestantism in St. Vincent, such customs have been abandoned. In the former island they talk a corrupt French; in the latter an equally corrupt English. In Dominica there are twenty families of pure Caribs, and in St. Vincent six; but few of these can speak their original tongue, which differs in the two islands. The islands, when the Caribs first burst into them, were probably inhabited by Arawâks: hence to this day the women speak a dialect somewhat different from the men, owing to the conquerors having intermarried with the females of the vanquished race, who used a different tongue, which fashion has led them to perpetuate. It may be interesting to remember, as a bit of literary history, that Robinson Crusoe's man "Friday" must have been a Carib, for the reader does not require to be informed that the famous isle described by De Foe was not Juan Fernandez, but one of the Caribbean group, probably Tobago.*

In French Guiana the Caribs are represented by the Galibis, a feeble folk scattered among the various rivers, by Emerillons who live between the Arouague and the Oyapok, the Aramisas at the head of the Aroua, the Oyampis of the Upper Oyapok, the Nurague and the Rucuyennes of both sides of the mountain range of Tumue-Humac. In Dutch Guiana (Surinam) there are also numerous tribes, but like their kinsmen in Venezuela, and in the neighbouring parts of Brazil, their habits are much the same as those described. More than twenty tribes mentioned by the early explorers of Cayenne (French Guiana) cannot now be traced, and in British Guiana, among others, the Maopityans and Amariipas have entirely perished.

In contact with the Carib area, on the line of the drainage of the Orinoco, are the Maypuris, the Saliva, the Achagua, the Taruma, and Otomaca divisions, all of which are again subdivided into numerous tribes, or subdivisions (see pp. 273, 276, &c.)† Some of these tribes are now extinct. The familiar story of Humboldt finding a parrot among the Maypuris, which spoke the language of an extinct tribe, the Aturis, and was unintelligible to anybody, may be quoted as an example of the decay of these races. The same illustrious traveller describes a burial-cavern belonging to a Saliva tribe, which he observed at Ataruipi, near the cataract of the Aturis, on the Orinoco. The cavern was a natural excavation, and was filled with nearly 600 prepared bodies, well preserved and regularly arranged, each in a basket made of the leaf-stalks of the palm-tree. These baskets were each in the form of a bag, somewhat less than the size of the body which they enveloped. Accordingly, some were only ten inches long, others three feet, according as they held infants or adults. The bones, more or less bent, were so carefully placed inside them that not a rib, or even any of the smaller bones, was wanting. "The first step in the process of preparation was to scrape the flesh from the bones

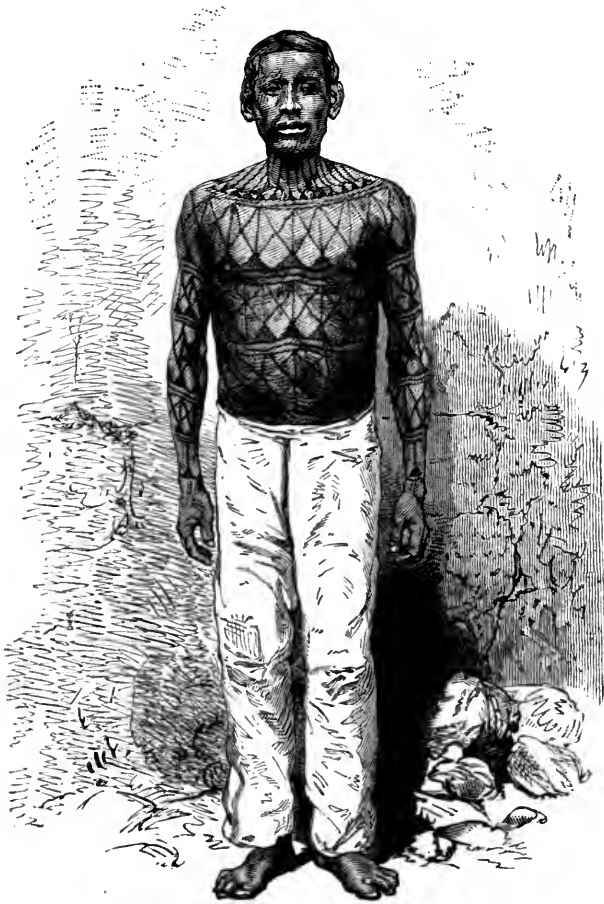
* Ober: "Camps in the Caribbees" 1880, pp. 90—111; Brown: "Life in British Guiana," p. 78.

† Wallace: "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," p. 481; Spence: "Land of Bolivar," vol. i., p. 92, &c.



MAYORUNAS INDIANS, FROM THE UPPER AMAZON.

with sharp stones; the second, to prepare the bones themselves. There were three ways of doing this. One was, simply to dry and whiten them by exposure to the sun and air; another, to stain them with arnotto, or the *Bixa orellana*; a third, to varnish them with odoriferous resins. Besides these bags (or baskets), there were found in the cavern earthen vases, half baked, containing bones. These vases were greenish-grey in colour, oval in form,



MUNDRUCU INDIAN FROM THE AMAZON.

and as much as three feet in height and four in breadth. The handles were made in the shape of crocodiles or serpents, the edges bordered with meanders, labyrinths, and real *grecques*, in straight lines, variously combined."

Some of the Orinoco tribes (Ottomacs) have a custom, in time of scarcity, of stopping the pangs of hunger with a greasy earth, which can give no nourishment—unless, indeed, some is derived from the infusoria, which Ehrenberg declares are found in it. Probably it is only the development of a depraved appetite, not uncommon among these Indians. Still we must remember that this strange habit is not peculiar to the Ottomacs; the Indians of the Amazon eat a kind of loam even when other food is abundant. The Peruvians eat a sweet-

smelling clay ; and in the markets of Bolivia is regularly sold a mixture of talc and mica as an article of diet. In Guiana, even, the Indians mix clay with their bread, and the Jamaica negroes devour earth when other food is deficient or not procurable. The inhabitants of New Caledonia also appease the pangs of hunger with a white friable clay, composed of magnesia, silica, oxide of iron, and chalk ; and in Java a cake of ferruginous clay is eaten by women in pregnancy. Siam, Kamschatka, and Siberia may also be mentioned as countries where clay-eating is not unknown.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE BRAZILIAN, BOLIVIAN, AND PAMPEAN INDIANS.

To enumerate all the tribes of Brazil would be a task beyond our power, even were it desirable. They must number hundreds, but their general character and habits are not dissimilar to those we have described in the preceding chapter, though their languages are very multifarious, as the large work of their best historian, the late celebrated botanist, Carl Philip von Martius, shows. The races inhabiting the Upper Amazon are but little known, while those of the lower reaches of that great river and its tributaries are semi-civilised. They are generally known under the name of Tapuyas, from a nation of that name which, in former times, is said to have inhabited the coast, from whence they were driven westward by the interior tribes, more savage than themselves. A late writer remarks that, regarding these tribes terrible accounts have been handed down to us. "They have been represented as devouring every prisoner they could capture, as a sacred duty, and a sacrifice acceptable to the manes of their fallen brethren. They are also said to have practised a refined cruelty, similar to that of the Aztecs of ancient Mexico (p. 227), in cherishing and fattening their victim, giving him wives, &c., until an appointed day, when, after many tedious and revolting ceremonies, in which old women were the chief actors, he was put to death—not, however, with the prolonged tortures inflicted by the North American tribes, but by a single blow of a sacred club. The offspring of such captives, without regard to the mother's feelings, are said to have been inexorably reared for a similar fate. The ancient Tapuyas are reported to have been less cruel, sparing the captives' lives, and selling them for slaves. A strange custom of eating a portion of their dead relatives, as the last mark of affection, is said, however, to have existed among them in their former wild condition." The Jesuits, who early laboured among them, took the Tupi-Guarani (or *lingoa geral*) and made it the common language of the missions. The Indians of the more central districts of Brazil are protected by special laws, made in their favour, but the remote tribes lead an independent life ; and when not strong enough to resist, are terribly oppressed, and hunted down in the barbarous *descimentos* of unprincipled Brazilian traders and others. The remote tribes still retain all their former ferocity, resolutely defend their territories, and allow no strangers to enter them, under pain of being made a meal of—cannibalism being still found in

* Burdach : "Traité de Physiologie," t. ix., p. 260.

all its former vigour. Altogether, in Brazil, there are about 240 tribes, most of whom belong to the widespread Guarani-Tupi family. A few of these septs may be noticed.

The Botocudos are at once the most savage tribe in Brazil, and, probably, one of the most repulsive looking on the American continent. Naturally hideously ugly, they seem absolutely to revel in "improving nature," in the direction of imparting additional ugliness to themselves. Their under-lips and ears are slit to allow of the insertion of pieces of wood, which render the men of this tribe even more hideous than the Queen Charlotte Islands women (p. 90), who are naturally pretty. M. Beard, a French traveller, mentions a novel use made of the tablet of wood inserted in the lower lip. He noticed a Botocudo take a knife and cut a piece of meat on it, and then tumble the meat into his mouth. The reader will remember a somewhat similar use made of the lip-ornament of the Hydah women. Mr. Bigg-Wither also figures a Botocudo lip appendage shaped like a fir-cone.

Under the name of the Warau, or *Guarani* family, we have already mentioned that there are numerous tribes scattered from River Plate to the Caribbean Sea, comprising most of the tribes of the great region drained by the Amazons. All of them speak dialects of the same language. The Guarani family embraces a few of the most civilised, and some of the most utterly savage tribes of South America. Take, for example, the *Mundrucu*, of the Middle Amazon. This powerful tribe is noted for the elaborate tattooing in which they indulge, the whole of the body, both of men and women, being covered with it (pp. 273 and 276) in peculiar checkwork patterns. Feathers and paint are also greatly in favour with them as ornaments. In feather-work they are particularly skilful. Like all the American savages, more particularly those of South America, they set great stress on the power of enduring pain, and no man can attain to the dignity of a warrior before giving proof of his manhood by suffering the most excruciating tortures. One method of testing this is to put on the hands of the aspirant two instruments like gauntlets or gloves, made of the joints of a bamboo, and in which a number of the fiercest biting ants of the country are confined. The bite of these venomous insects has been described as like putting a red-hot needle into the skin; but the warrior bravely endures, and joins with drum and song in the dance made in his honour. Like the Antis, the Mundrucu take snuff made of the powdered seeds of a species of *Inga*, by an apparatus almost exactly the same as that used by the men of that tribe (p. 280). But the most extraordinary custom of the Mundrucu is one in regard to their dead. When a Mundrucu has killed his enemy, he cuts off the head, extracts the brain through the *foramen magnum*, at the base of the skull, and filling the skull with cotton, preserves it in a mummified condition outside of his hut. On high occasions he elevates it on the top of a pole or spear. The heads of friends and relations are preserved in the same manner, though with some differences of detail. Thus on certain days a widow will produce the head of her deceased husband, and sit before it, talking to it in tones of melancholy lamentation, or indulging in encomiums of his greatness and his goodness. Meanwhile, her sympathising friends are dancing wildly around her. Yet, from the description given by Bates, Clough, Smith, Martius, and other explorers of the Amazons, the Mundrucu are not a people deficient in intelligent curiosity, and a certain amount of courtesy among themselves.

The Paraguayans, who have established a regular government, and under the command of the late President Lopez so heroically defended their country against fearful odds, until it

has been reduced to a state of almost complete prostration, are Guaranis. All of them, however, are not civilised, for in this country various tribes, who have buried themselves in the woods, still exist in a more or less perfectly savage condition. These are known as the *Payaguas*, from which, probably, the name of the country, Paraguay, has been derived. At one time they stoutly resisted the conquerors, but cannot now number more than 200 men. Even they are, however, now beginning to experience the universal spread of civilisation, and are abandoning many of their old customs. For instance, you now rarely see either the lip-ornament or the little silver rod through the lower lip which these tribes use, in common with



MUNDRUCU INDIAN WOMAN.

the Hydahs, whom we have already described. Only in this case it is not the women alone, but the men also who adopted these hideous *barbelles*. On festive occasions they still paint their bodies in fanciful patterns, and ornament their heads with long tufts of feathers. They are skilful canoemen and fishers, and are not less fierce in war against their hereditary enemies, the athletic Indians of the Gran Chaco. They are entirely independent of the Paraguayan Government, which attempts to exercise no control over them. The Paraguayan country supplies many rich commodities, but none so celebrated as the famous *yerba*, or *maté*, which yields the "Paraguayan tea," extensively drunk among much of uncivilised and all civilised South America, and even in Europe. It is derived from *Ilex Paraguayensis*, various other species of the same genus yielding a similar beverage. Among others, the Chilians are

passionately fond of it. "Before infusion the yerba has a yellow colour, and appears partly ground, and partly chopped: the flavour resembles that of fine tea—to which, indeed, many



MACHICÚY INDIAN OF THE GRAN CHACO.

people prefer it. The maté is made in an oval-shaped metal pot, about twice as large as an egg-cup, placed, nearly full of water, on the hot embers of the brazier, which always stands in the middle of the parlour, and, when the water begins to boil, a lump of sugar burnt on the outside is added. The pot is next removed to a filigree silver stand, on which it is handed to

the guest, who draws the maté into his mouth through a silver pipe, seven or eight inches in length, furnished at the lower extremity with a bulb pierced with small holes. The natives drink maté almost boiling hot, and it costs a stranger many a tear before he can imitate them in this practice. However numerous the company be, or however often the maté-pot be replenished, the tube is never changed; and to refuse taking maté because the tube had been previously used, would be thought the height of rudeness."

PAMPEAN AND BOLIVIAN INDIANS.

In the great Pampean family are included the Tobas, Lenguas, and Machicuyts, who are known as the Gran Chaco, or Great Desert Indians. They are, however, by no means on very good terms with each other. The Lenguas live north of the Pilcomayo River, amalgamated with the Emmegees and Machicuyts, but are much harassed by the Tobas, in alliance with the Pitiligas, Chunipis, and Agulots, who live on the other side of the same river. Among other customs found amongst them, which we have not as yet noticed as being common to other tribes, may be mentioned the custom, common, though not general, of girls tattooing themselves, with immense rejoicing, not without intoxication, on attaining the years of womanhood. Piercing the ears for the insertion of pieces of wood is an invariable practice. These holes are constantly enlarged for the admission of larger and larger pieces of wood, until they will sometimes attain a diameter of two inches and a half, if not more. Sometimes, by this means, the ears will reach down as far as the collar-bone. Their desire for personal adornment seems to end here; for they are said—and the phrase must express superlative unwashedness—to be about the filthiest of the Indian race. They are all excellent horsemen, a man, his wife, and children, if the family are not too numerous, all riding one animal, and all, males and females, sitting in the same way. The Tobas, physically and otherwise, do not differ widely from the Lenguas. The Machicuyts, though speaking a different language from the Tobas, are only a tribe of them. They have, like many of the American tribes, both north and south, the unsightly *barbette*, or under-lip ornament (?), though this is now being rapidly abandoned by most of the tribes that have come into contact with the whites. Even the Brazilian Botocudos, who, in repulsive attachment to this are only equalled by the Hydahs, are gradually giving up its use. This ornament, it may be remarked, is not peculiar to the American tribes, but is used, among others, by some of the African tribes—the Nuehrs, for example—a nation inhabiting the Sobat, a tributary of the Nile, who insert in the lower lip a piece of crystal about an inch in length.

The Moxos and Chiquitos are inhabitants of the central regions of South America, lying north of the Chaco; hence these tracts are known to the Bolivians as the "Provinces of the Moxos and Chiquitos." They are nominally Christian, and all partially civilised—though the men have a somewhat inconvenient habit of going stark naked; but to make up for this offence against social prejudices the women clothe themselves in a flowing ornamented cotton garment. They are a cheerful, happy race, devoted to fiddling and dancing, but not unendowed with intellectual qualities. Their heads are large and rounded, their eyes full of merriness and vivacity, and their hair does not whiten with age, but is said to grow yellow. Before their conversion to Christianity the Moxos were addicted to some horrible customs. If his wife miscarried, the husband sacrificed her; and if twins were born to him, the two infants were

slain. Parental affection was no barrier to a mother killing her offspring, if she was wearied with nursing it; while polygamy was permitted, and marriage only binding so long as it suited the convenience of both parties. Add to all this that they were cannibals, and a not very inviting picture is presented of them before the Spanish friars first penetrated into their country.

The *Puelches* south of the River Plate, the *Charruas* of Uruguay, the *Metaguayos*, and the *Abipones* are all close allies of the tribes we have mentioned; we must, however, pass them over without more than naming them. The *Charruas* only now exist as fragments. Up to the year 1831 they were the Ishmaels of the race inhabiting the great pampas. Their hostility was as determined against the other aborigines as against the Spaniards, until, in the year mentioned, Rivera, the President of Uruguay, destroyed them root and branch. At the present time only a few individuals exist in an enslaved condition. They were an heroic, independent race, and their character is that of the Araucanians, Patagonians, and Gran Chaco Indians. So fierce are the latter people that no civilised nation has succeeded in seizing any of their territory. The Portuguese and Spaniards have attempted it, but have only been able to hold an uncertain tenure on the extreme western frontier. But east—the Paraguay River forming the boundary—no white man has ever attempted to molest them in their native wilds. To use the graphic words of a writer—in this case as graphic as truthful—"On its eastern side, coinciding almost with a meridian of longitude, the Indian of the Gran Chaco does not roam; the well-settled provinces of Corrientes and the dictatorial Government of Paraguay presenting a firmer front of resistance. But neither does the colonist of these countries think of crossing to the western bank of the boundary river to form an establishment there. He dares not even set his foot on the Chaco. For a thousand miles, up and down, the two races—European and American—hold the opposite banks of this great stream. They gaze across at each other, the one from the portico of his well-built mansion, or perhaps from the street of his town, the other standing by his humble *toldo* (or mat-covered tent), more probably on the back of his half-wild horse, reined up for a moment on some projecting promontory, that commands a view of the river. And thus have these two races gazed at each other for three centuries, with little other intercourse passing between them than that of a deadly hostility." The Gran Chaco Indian is a freeman on a broad land, for his territory is about three times the size of Great Britain, and the tribes which inhabit it are different in some respects from each other. He pulls out his eyebrows and eyelashes, as well as every scanty vestige of facial hair, and shaves his hair from the front portion of his head. In complexion he is fairer than most of the American tribes, and eschews entirely any of the hideous nose or ear ornaments so common with the tribes in his immediate neighbourhood. Unlike other American Indians, they wear (when fighting with each other) a kind of defensive mail, made of the skin of the jaguar and the tapir placed over one another, but it is clumsy, and though proof against arrows, is no protection against bullets. In attacking a village they shoot at it arrows, to which are attached lighted tufts of cotton, the result of which is that the village is soon in flames. Retaliation is what such a roaming, homeless vagabond least fears. He has no domestic animal except dogs and horses, and though he takes plunder, does not incommode himself with slaves. Any prisoners which he takes are adopted into the tribe and treated kindly.

Under the name of *Antis* are comprised a variety of tribes, who find their home in

the valleys, and along the river-courses of the Bolivian Alps. M. "Marcoy," who visited these people, describes them as being stout in person, though less bulky than some of the Peruvian tribes, lightish in complexion, and rather effeminate in the face. Not, however, content with the complexion which Nature has given to them, they paint the cheeks and the circle round the eyes red, and the other parts of the body exposed to the air black, the colours being



ANTIS SNUFF-TAKERS.

in both cases derived from the juices of plants. They dress in a loose shirt-like garment, and are assiduous—beyond aboriginal wont—in combing their hair, which they cut short in front, and wear in long tresses on either cheek, and down their back. The Antis Indian is moreover somewhat of a fop. His toilet requisites he never parts with, but carries in a bag slung over his back. Here is an inventory of them:—A comb made of the thorns of the chonta palm; the paste (*rocou*) with which he paints his dusky cheeks; half of a gempá apple, which supplies the dark pigment for his limbs; a bit of looking-glass; a ball of thread; a little bit of wax; two mussel-shells, which he uses as pincers to extract any unruly sign of beard or whiskers which makes its appearance (like all Indians, he looks upon facial hair

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ANTIS INDIANS OF EASTERN BOLIVIA.

as a disfigurement); his snuff-box, composed of a snail's shell; an apparatus for taking the snuff, made of the ends of reeds, or two of the arm-bones of a monkey, fastened together with black wax at an acute angle, and used in the manner shown on the preceding page, with a few other trifles, probably of European manufacture, such as scissors, knife, needles, &c. A silver coin suspended through the septum of the nose, a necklace of beads or berries, the skins of bright-plumaged birds, the claws of birds or wild animals, and such like, go to make up the Antis Indian's personal ornamentation. They are savages of the ordinary American type—hunters and fishers—living in open sheds in the summer, and in closed huts, almost hid by vegetation, and built on the banks of streams, in the winter. Both kinds of houses are



ANTIS INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.

equally filthy, and, when the air cannot circulate through them, smell like the dens of wild beasts (Plate 9, and pp. 280, 281).

The Antis Indians are skilful with the bow and arrow, which they use as shown above. They also poison the stream with the *Menispermum cocculus*, which speedily intoxicates the fishes, when they float belly up and are easily captured. In social position these Antis are very low, having absolutely no organisation into societies, but live separately or in companies, just as it suits their own convenience. They have no chiefs, but elect one if they require to go to war. The wife, in addition to all the hard work which invariably falls to the lot of the Indian woman, must follow her lord to the chase and to battle, picking up the arrows which he shoots, and sharing in all his triumphs and his perils. They are, however, so far advanced in the arts as to make a rude kind of earthenware, painted and glazed. Yet their method of treating the dead—generally a test of the character and civilisation of the nation—is barbarous in the extreme. When an Antis Indian dies one of

his nearest relatives, in the presence of the assembled people, seizes the body, attired only in the ordinary frock which the deceased wore during life, and tosses it into the nearest river, where the fishes and other water denizens soon make short work of it. These are caught and feasted on, so that the dead are not altogether lost, but only transformed, in a sort of roundabout way, into the bone and muscle of the survivors. After this summary mode of sepulture, the dwelling of the dead man, with his weapons and domestic utensils, is destroyed, his crops are devastated, his fruit-trees cut down, and, finally, the whole consumed by fire. The place is henceforward shunned as impure and unholy, the rank vegetation of the tropics soon reconquers its former sway over the cleared ground, and in the depth of the forest the home of the dead Indian is forgotten, and his name blotted out from the memory of man. The aged are also cruelly treated, receiving only the refuse of the food and the worst places at the fireside, covering their nakedness with a few rags which their children have cast off.*

CHAPTER XVI.

CHILENO-PATAGONIANS : ARAUCANIANS ; PATAGONIANS ; TIERRA DEL FUEGIANS.

UNDER this title we include a variety of people, differing from those which have preceded as well as those which are to follow. They extend over Chili, the country south of the Rio Negro, the islands of the Chiloe Archipelago, and Tierra del Fuego. They comprise the following subdivisions : (*a*) the Chileno (or Araucanian) Indian ; (*b*) the Patagonians ; (*c*) the Fuegians. Perhaps it might be proper to include under Chileno-Patagonians the Pampa Indians, whom we have already noticed as living on the frontier of the Patagonians, and with whom they intermarry and intermix on their respective southern and northern frontiers. But it is doubtful whether they are of the same origin. Indeed, even as it is, it is not without hesitation that races so dissimilar as the Patagonians and their near neighbours, the wretched Fuegians, are classed under one division. We have, however, ethnological authority for it, and the reader being already apprised of the author's doubts, is in a position to share with him his appreciation of the convenience of the classification, which is probably its main recommendation.

ARAUCANIANS.

The Araucanians, or as they call themselves collectively the Alapuché, or "people of the country,"† though divided into various tribes, are yet a very homogeneous race, speaking one language and having much the same customs over a great portion of Southern Chili, or rather Araucania, for they claim to be independent of any civilised government, and are a wild and

* Bigg-Wither : "Pioncering in South Brazil" (1878) ; Matthews : "Up the Amazon and Madeira Rivers" (1879), &c. ; "Paul Marcoy" (Lorenzo St. Crieg) : "Voyage à Travers L'Amerique du Sud ;" Burton : "Highlands of Brazil ;" Clough : "The Amazons," (1872) ; Bates : "The Naturalist on the Amazons ;" Keller : "The Amazon and Madeira" (1874), &c.

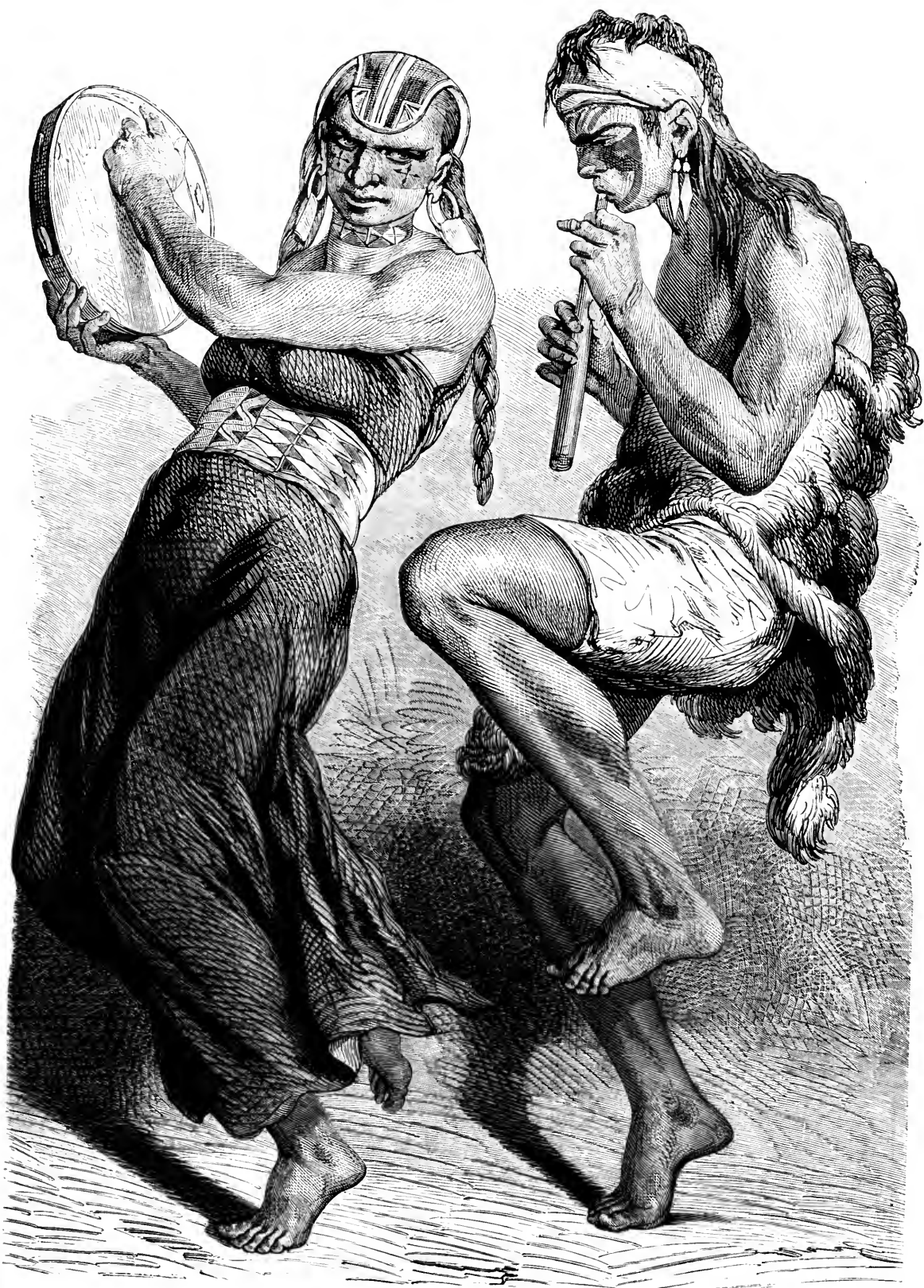
† The Patagonians call them the warriors (or *chenna*). They are also known as Manzaneros, from their head-quarters, Las Manzanos, so named from the groves of apple-trees. It was once a station of the early Jesuit missionaries, whose customary success in taming the savage soul having failed them, they left it in disgust.

warlike people, provided with abundance of horses, originally, of course, obtained from the Spaniards. The dress of the men consists of an under garment—half-breeches, half-frock, called the *cheripa*, and the *poncho*, an elegant garment, extensively used by the Hispano-Americans—consisting of a blanket or a piece of their own home-manufactured cloth, with a hole in the centre through which the head is thrust; the rest of the material falling in folds over the shoulders. They also possess boots of horsehide, and the “upper ten” among them are distinguished by bracelets of coloured wool. The dress of the women does not very materially differ from that of the men—the poncho in their case being replaced by a kind of cloth mantle. Red and black paint, in various patterns, is the universal skin ornamentation of both sexes. The children go naked, and in infancy are bandaged in little cradles, which are carried behind the mother on horseback, or hung to the branch of a tree or a lodge-pole, until such time as the children can walk. These people are magnificent riders—the females, who ride after the male fashion, like the female Indians of all horse-tribes, being quite equal to the men in this respect. Their houses are mere frames of wicker-work, plastered with clay, and are uncomfortable dens—crammed at night and in bad weather with an odorous litter of men, women, children, and dogs. Polygamy is common amongst them, and as each wife has her own fire, their wifely wealth is enumerated by the number of *fires* which a man possesses. They are full of politeness, and value etiquette highly. Forms they are very particular about, especially in exacting tribute, no matter how small, from travellers passing through their territory. Oratory, as among most Indians, is held in high repute by them. Their government is by chiefs, whose power is absolute, in so far that they can demand the services of any one in time of war, but in ordinary affairs of state, such as in matters of life and death, their power is *nil*. A council of superior chiefs is selected from the subordinate chiefs, and these again select one of their number to be “Grand Toquin,” who presides over the council, and in cases of emergency can sometimes act without it. His power only lasts, however, in times of peace; for during war another Grand Toquin is elected, who has absolute power under a sort of martial law as long as the war lasts, after which he retires, and the Peace Toquin again resumes power. The Araucanian is a skilful mechanician, and all his horse and other accoutrements are manufactured by himself in a solid, workmanlike manner, for the Araucanian despises all “make-believes” of every type, including electro-plated spurs, bit, or saddle accoutrements. Nothing but solid iron or silver pleases him; he even despises gold—a useful metal to procure rum or other necessities of life with, but valueless for any really industrial purpose.

His chief weapons are the *bolas*, *lazo*, and long lance. The *bolas* is a peculiar South American weapon, used universally over the pampas. It consists of a ball of iron, stone, or copper, about the size of a cricket-ball, covered with hide, and attached to a plaited rope of raw hide. These are either used singly in hand-to-hand combats, after the fashion of the American “slung-shot,” or united into twos or threes, when, in the latter case, they are flung at the game with such force that they whirl through the air, and either brain the animal on the spot, or twine themselves around its body until it is strangled or disabled. So skilful are they with this weapon, that to be aimed at with it at from thirty or forty yards is certain death. It is said that with it they can fasten the rider to his horse. The *lazo*—or, as it is usually written in English, lasso, we have already mentioned as being used in North America, and, indeed, in all the open prairie or pampas country of the continent—is also of Spanish origin, and in

skilful hands is scarcely second to the *bolos* in importance. The name signifies a slip-knot or noose. "It consists of a rope made of twisted strips of untanned hide, varying in length, from fifteen to twenty yards, and is about as thick as the little finger. It has a noose or running-knot at one end, the other extremity being fastened by an eye and button to a ring in a strong hide belt or surangle bound tightly round the horse. This coil is grasped by the horseman's left hand, while the noose, which is held in the right, trails along the ground, except when in use, and then it is whirled round the head with considerable velocity, during which, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, it is made to assume a circular form; so that, when delivered from the hand, the noose preserves itself open till it falls over the object at which it has been aimed. The unerring precision with which the *lazo* is thrown is perfectly astonishing, and to one who sees it for the first time has a magical effect. Even when standing still it is by no means an easy thing to throw the lasso; but the difficulty is vastly increased when it comes to be thrown from horseback and at a gallop, and when, in addition, the rider is obliged to pass over uneven ground, and to leap hedges and ditches in his course. Yet such is the dexterity of the *gauchos* (or countrymen), that they are not only sure of catching the animal they are in chase of, but can fix, or as they term it, *place* their thin *lazo* on any particular part they please, either over the horns or the neck, or around the body, or they can include all four legs, or two, or any one of the four; and the whole with such ease and certainty, that it is necessary to witness the feat to have a just conception of the skill displayed. It is like the dexterity of the savage Indian in the use of the bow and arrow, and can only be acquired by the arduous practice of many years. It is, in fact, the earliest amusement of these people, for I have often seen little boys, just beginning to run about, actively employed in lassoing cats, and entangling the legs of every dog that was unfortunate enough to pass within reach. In due season they become very expert in their attacks on poultry, and afterwards in catching wild birds; so that, by the time they are mounted on horseback, which is always at an early age, they begin to acquire that matchless skill, from which no animal of less speed than a horse has the slightest chance of escaping." I quote this description of the late Captain Basil Hall for the sake of its graphic truthfulness; but, at the same time, I am able from personal observation to confirm to the fullest extent his testimony as to the skill which the American Indians and Hispano-American population have attained in the use of the *lazo*. I have seen a man send coil after coil around a grizzly bear—perhaps the fiercest animal on the American continent—until the powerful brute was swaddled in ropes, and as helpless as a mummy. Supposing that the creature had the ability to roar, even that was denied it by an adroit coil of the *lazo* round its jaws.

The eighteen feet lances of these people are powerful weapons. To place one against a lodge is looked upon as a declaration of war. When not carried, they must be laid on the ground. The Araucanians are of the boldest and most untamed of all the aborigines of America. For three centuries, under their own leaders, they fought, often with signal success, against the Spaniards. Lautano, a youth of seventeen, who became their Grand War Toquin for two years, held at bay, or defeated, the picked soldiers of Spain, and only fell at last through being surprised by his enemies. Strange to say, however, after contending so long against Spain, they have—probably unable to distinguish between them by their acts—fought quite as bitterly against free Chili, either under their own leaders, or under renegade leaders like Benavides, of



PATAGONIAN WOMAN AND MAN DANCING.

whose villainous career Basil Hall gives such a striking account, or lately, under a Perigord attorney, who claimed to be monarch of the Araucanians, and, indeed, visited Europe with a view to having his authority in this capacity recognised by the civilised powers. The very name of Spaniard they hold in abhorrence; and these *Christianos*, as they call them, are enslaved whenever an opportunity offers. They are passionately fond of freedom, and jealous of any one "prospecting," writing, sketching, or even picking up stones in their country.

Marriage amongst them is a very primitive ordinance. The bridegroom, after bargaining with the bride's father as to a *quid pro quo*, accompanied by several of his friends, seizes the bride, and throws her on his horse. The girl, perhaps only for form's sake, screams lustily, and her relatives mount and pursue in hot haste, the bridegroom's friends endeavouring to keep them back. Meanwhile the bridegroom, having gained the nearest wood, is supposed, by etiquette, to have won his wife, and is free from further annoyance. After a couple of days the happy pair emerge from the wood, make over the necessary presents to the father, and are henceforward looked upon as husband and wife. The mother-in-law, however, makes a show of keeping her resentment, and will sometimes not address her son-in-law for years; all of which must, if Araucanian sons-in-law are like those of more easterly longitudes, be a source of poignant anguish to the unfortunate man.

This running away with the bride is one of the most primitive forms of marriage, and is practised by many tribes. It is said that the daughters of Araucanian chiefs are not, however, wedded after this rough fashion. Polygamy is allowed and practised. Mutton, of which they have abundance, is their chief article of food, and, in addition to water, *chica* and *midai* are their drinks. The former is a kind of cider, and the latter is made from fermenting wheat or maize meal. They are also said to brew an intoxicating liquor from the beans of the *algarroba*. It is neither very nice to look at it, nor delicious to drink. Nothing has ever illustrated the maxims, that "taste is everything," and that "one man's meat (or drink) is another man's poison," more than the intoxicating drinks of different races. Small plots of wheat are gathered, by the hand, the reapers going in pairs—a young man and a young girl together—and rubbing out the heads of grain as they pluck them. Large quantities of corn are, however, thrashed out, after the Eastern fashion, by trampling it on the granary floor under the hoofs of a number of mounted horses, ridden round and round in a circle, after which the unthreshed ears get a further manipulation by hand. They are a merry race, but excessively superstitious, and on the slightest provocation from such a motive, undergoing the rite of *Laen*, or exchange of names. Like the Arabians, they have a great belief in omens, and, though they have some skill in medicine and surgery—like all their race—place great confidence in the *machi* (or medicine-men), and in the power of people to "bewitch" them. Like many of the northern Indians, they have an antipathy to tell a stranger their names, supposing that if this is known, they may be bewitched by them. Of books and writings they have also an immense fear. They have, however, no regular priests, no temples, and no religious ceremonies, but have a vague belief in good and bad deities; to propitiate the one, and guard against the other, they sacrifice animals, and occasionally a prisoner taken in war. When taking food or drink they always throw a small piece of the one or a few drops of the other on the ground, as a meat offering, or drink offering, to propitiate the *gualichu* (or evil spirit). Their dead are buried by being borne on a stretcher, accompanied by shouting horsemen, and weeping and howling

women, to their last resting-place. The knees of the dead are tied up to the chest, a lance is placed over the grave, a horse is sacrificed, its flesh eaten, and its skin laid over the place, and a few weapons deposited along with the body. The same rites are observed over the body of a woman (if she is of high rank), but instead of weapons, cooking utensils are placed in the grave along with the body. Over the grave of the common people no horse is sacrificed. They believe that the dead can come to life again, and when they see the thunder-clouds they think that the spirits of their dead countrymen are trying to keep off the enemies of their country, in the shape of evil spirits. It is said that no division of the Araucanians put wooden figures over their graves. On the whole, looking at the Araucanians as a nation, from their courage, their intellect, their mechanical skill, and their partial progress in the arts of peace, there seems some hope they will survive, and that in time better things may be expected of such a people, who still number 24,000.

PATAGONIANS.

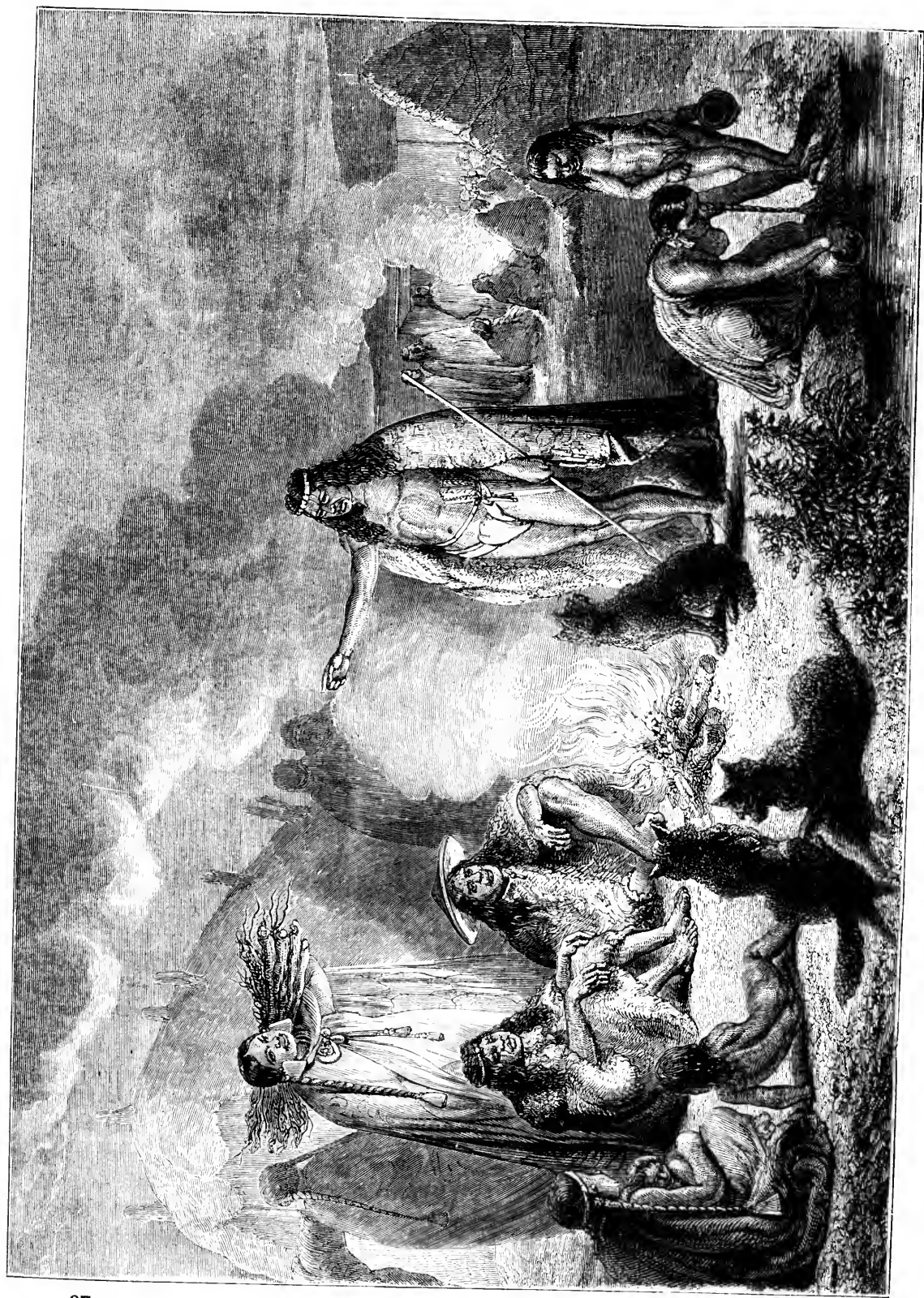
On the other side of the Strait of Magellan lies a wide-stretching country, very different in many respects from dreary Tierra del Fuego, to which our attention will soon be directed. The so-called pampas of the region, to the inhabitants of which we propose to direct the reader's attention, are in several points different from those great grassy plains of the Argentine Republic to which the term pampas is properly applied. Though in places there is a tolerably even succession of rolling plains covered with coarse grass, the surface is more frequently broken by hills and yawning ravines, and is sterile, with a sparse vegetation of round thistle clumps and stunted bushes, or even bare patches of clay and gravel, or is strewn with huge boulders, or rugged, confused heaps and ridges of bare, sharp-edged rocks, many of volcanic origin. Over all this sweep biting, cutting winds, which blow unimpeded from the ice-fields of the Antarctic region, while in winter all the country is enveloped in one broad sheet of snow. In 1520 Magellan first saw the inhabitants of this land—"larger and taller than the stoutest men of Castile;" and from the fact of their having shoes of guanaco-hide, which made huge footmarks, they were nicknamed by the Spaniards "Patagones" (or large feet); whence the name Patagonia has to this day been applied to their country. They call themselves Tsonecas, though the name Tehuelches is commonly applied to them by the Araucanians. The Patagonians have been described by the old navigators—and the idea has descended in popular literature to this day—as a gigantic race of men. The truth is that, though they are taller than the surrounding races, and very much so compared with their neighbours the Fuegians, yet their average height is not over 5 feet 10 inches, though individuals measuring 6 feet 4 inches have been seen, both by Dr. Cunningham and by Captain Musters, who has furnished us with the best account we have of these people. Their instep is high, but their feet are naturally rather smaller than those of the average European. Though essentially horsemen, on occasion they can prove themselves admirable pedestrians, and their power of abstaining from food is also remarkable; forty-eight hours' abstinence seems to inconvenience them but little. Their strength of arm and leg is great, and their faces are ordinarily bright and good humoured, though in the presence of strangers, or in the settlements, they assume a sober and even a sullen demeanour. Their teeth are excellent, the pearly white being due to the gum of the incense bush which they are always chewing. Their long, coarse hair is confined by a strip of guanaco-skin, and their

clothing consists of a mantle of the same fur, confined at the middle by a strap, so that when riding, or engaged in any other active exercise, the upper portion can be thrown off, so as to leave the arms unimpeded. The hair of the women is hardly so long as that of the men, but on gala-days the two plaits into which it is divided are artificially lengthened and garnished with silver pendants; this practice, however, is almost entirely confined to the married women. Their boots are made from the raw hide of the guanaco, or sometimes from the skin of a large puma's leg, and is worn in the soft condition until it has taken the shape of the leg, after which it is sewn up. Soles are not always worn, though sometimes in snowy weather hide overshoes are put on—thus conveying the idea of “large feet,” and hence the name the Spaniards applied to them. The women wear a mantle similar to that of the men, but secured at the throat by a very broad-headed silver pin, the whole garment displaying a little more ornamentation than that of the men.

Paint is worn both on the face and on the body, as a protection against the effects of the wind and sun, and on high occasions the men adorn themselves with white paint, made from pounded gypsum and marrow. They are, however, cleanly in their person, bathing every morning, men and women apart, the men's hair being afterwards carefully brushed by their wives, daughters, or sweethearts, great care being taken to burn any which may be combed out, in case evilly-disposed persons might work spells on the original proprietor of the hair. For the same reason, the parings of the nails are carefully burnt.* Their *toldos*, or houses made of guanaco-hides stretched on poles, are scrupulously clean, as are also their domestic utensils—something very different from what is the case with most other Indians. Yet, as Captain Musters tells us, owing to their mode of life, food, and materials of clothing, they are usually afflicted with vermin, to which, however, in time—*experto crede*—they became accustomed. “Lice never sleep,” was the philosophical remark of a Patagonian chief, after a thoughtful scratch to which he had treated himself.

Like the Araucanians, they use the *bolas* and lance to capture animals, chief of which are the guanaco, a kind of llama, and the ostrich (*Rhea Darwinii*). It is doubtful whether even before the introduction of the horse they used the bow and arrow, the *bola perdida*—or single-stringed “slung-shot” *bola*—being the weapon which in all probability they used to kill animals. The introduction of the horse has, however, added immensely to their comfort. Without it, it would be only rarely that they could approach the timid and swift guanaco. The introduction of firearms has also to a great extent superseded the use of defensive mail, but still occasionally hide and chain surcoats, thickly studded with silver, are seen amongst them. War is, however, rare nowadays, territory being no object, and, unlike nearly all Indians, military renown is scarcely at all valued by them. Their skirmishes are only for the sake of plunder, and on these occasions they will sometimes put on “their coats of mail,” or pad themselves like cricketers, or German student duellists, with *corconillas* (or saddle-cloths) and ponchos, the folds of which turn a sword or lance thrust aside. Their saddles are very slim, and made of two bits of wood; but a Patagonian can just as easily ride barebacked. “The stirrups are suspended by straps of hide from holes bored in the foremost saddle-tree; they are generally made of a piece

* Such superstitions are by no means confined to Patagonia. A great many people in Europe, who ought to know better, burn the parings of nails, and throw a tooth which has come out into the fire with some salt, repeating at the same time some mummerly, &c. &c.



A PATAGONIAN ENCAMPMENT.

of hard wood, fixed in a raw hide thong, or sometimes of wood bent into a triangular shape. The 'swells,' of course, sport silver stirrups, but they are frequently not used at all. . . . The spurs are made of two hard pieces of wood, with nails filed to a sharp point fixed in their ends, and secured to the heels by thongs." Their pipes are made of wood or stone, fitted with a silver or metal tube, and frequently ornamented with silver, and great care is taken to keep them free from tobacco oil or juice by constantly cleaning them with an ostrich feather. The women are industrious, and all are fond of music, the natives possessing several musical instruments. At one time the men were in the habit of singing the traditions of the tribe, but this custom has, to the regret of the white men, fallen into disuse. They have few traditions at all about their ancestors, and can scarcely realise the time when they had no horses. They never eat except when hunger warns them of the necessity for food; and Captain Musters denies that they are gluttonous; on the contrary, he believes that they are rather abstemious. Tobacco they are very fond of, but always mix it with *yerba* or *matè*—the Paraguayan tea—but never with dung, as has been asserted by M. Guinnard, who professes to have passed three years in slavery amongst them.* The women, and even the children, are as great smokers as the men. Gambling, with dice, cards, &c., and various games and dances, are their chief amusements. Great rejoicings are always held at the birth of a child, to which, in its very infancy, horses and horse-gear are allotted. These are henceforth looked upon as the exclusive property of the boy or girl, and can never be resumed or disposed of by the parents. The names applied to the children are usually taken from their places of birth, and patronymics are unknown among the Patagonians. "Nicknames are, however, universal, and parents are frequently known by the name of a child, which usurps the place of their own." Marriage by force is unknown, the ceremony consisting in the interchange of presents of equal value on either side. In case of separation (a rare event), the wife's property is restored to her. The consent of the damsel having been secured, "the bride is escorted by the bridegroom to his *toldo*, amid the cheers of his friends and the singing of the women. Mares are usually slaughtered on the spot, great care being taken that the dogs do not touch any of the meat or offal, as it is considered unlucky. The head, back-bone, tail, together with the heart and liver, are taken up to the top of a neighbouring hill, as an offering to the Gualichu, or evil spirit." A curious bit of etiquette is that a man is not allowed to look at his father-in-law when in conversation with him. Polygamy is allowed; the women are chaste, and the race, as a rule, good-natured, gentle, and hospitable.

On the death of a Patagonian all his horses, dogs, clothes, *bolas*, and other implements are gathered in a heap and burned, after which his body, wrapped in guanaco-skins, or in his coat of mail, if he has one, is buried in a sitting posture, looking to the east, and the whole covered with a cairn of stones large in proportion to the dignity of the deceased. Captain Musters never saw the graves surrounded with horses' hides, and other remembrances of the deceased, such as are sometimes figured in books, and doubts much whether such a mode of sepulture is ever practised among these people, as their great desire is to forget the dead, and

* The title of this gentleman's book is an entire misnomer. It contains internal evidence, of the most conclusive description, that he was never among the Patagonians at all, and that his experience was entirely confined to the pampas north of the Rio Negro, which he rightly enough defines to be the northern boundary of Patagonia.

to destroy all memorials which might bring them to their recollection. In the case of the death of a child, the horse he has been accustomed to ride, instead of being knocked on the head, is strangled by means of a lasso, and his property is burnt by the women, who are allowed, as a reward for their services, to snatch out of the burning mass what they can get. Sometimes a great amount of property and several horses are, in addition to those belonging to the deceased, slaughtered on his death, as in the case of the northern Indians.

The Patagonians, like most of the neighbouring tribes, believe in a Supreme Being who originally formed them, and in a multiplicity of demons of greater or less power. They think, however, that the Good Spirit is rather careless of mankind.* They have no idols or objects of worship, and it is most probable that they have no periodical religious festivals. Spirits of malicious intent inhabit all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and produce disease and death: to propitiate these is the work of the medicine-men, whose office is not hereditary, but, as in other tribes, is acquired after certain ceremonies. Men and women are equally eligible for this office. They are always in fear of being bewitched, and murders, in retaliation for this, are of common occurrence. They have some knowledge of medicine and surgery; bleeding at stated seasons is regularly practised amongst them; they also understand, and sometimes employ, poisons, but do not poison their weapons.

The number of pure Patagonians does not exceed 900 souls, and beyond assortment into Northern and Southern Tehuelches, there is no subdivision into tribes; the so-called tribes into which they are frequently divided being purely imaginary, or arising out of the names of temporary leaders. Disease and rum are, as elsewhere, rapidly decimating these people. Their political organisation is very loose, they having no alliance with neighbouring people, and, even among themselves, owing allegiance to no head chief, though they may voluntarily agree to obey one; with them "one man is as good as another." A Patagonian, when dying, exclaimed, "I die as I have lived; no caeique orders me." On the march they are, however, under the command of a head man, and among the northern tribes there are several petty chiefs, whose office is often, but not invariably, hereditary. In regard to the chase, the division of the prey, and all other points, they have set laws, which are always kept, and so well devised that no disputes arise on these questions. They are very formal and full of etiquette in their dealings with each other, and, contrary to what is usual among the Indians, food is never set before a stranger until he has been questioned about everything on which they are curious. Speaking of the character of the Patagonians, Musters—and his opinion is supported by Mr. Beerbohm and Lady Florence Dixie—asserts that they are neither ferocious brigands, nor the savages of the vile type commonly ascribed to them by ignorant or unthinking travellers. They are kindly, good-tempered, and impulsive; full of likes and dislikes; good friends and bad enemies. They are suspicious of strangers, especially if of Spanish origin—as they have good reason to be. They are honest among themselves, but when in the settlements will steal whatever they can lay their hands on. In small matters they will lie almost unconsciously, and will often invent the grossest falsehood,

* Pigafetta, who wrote the narrative of Magellan's voyage, mentions their god Setebos, which Shakespeare refers to in *The Tempest*, when Caliban says he could "command my dam's god, Setebos." I can find no mention of it in later narratives. Gualichu, the "Bad Spirit," is a most accommodating devil, now courted, anon ignored.

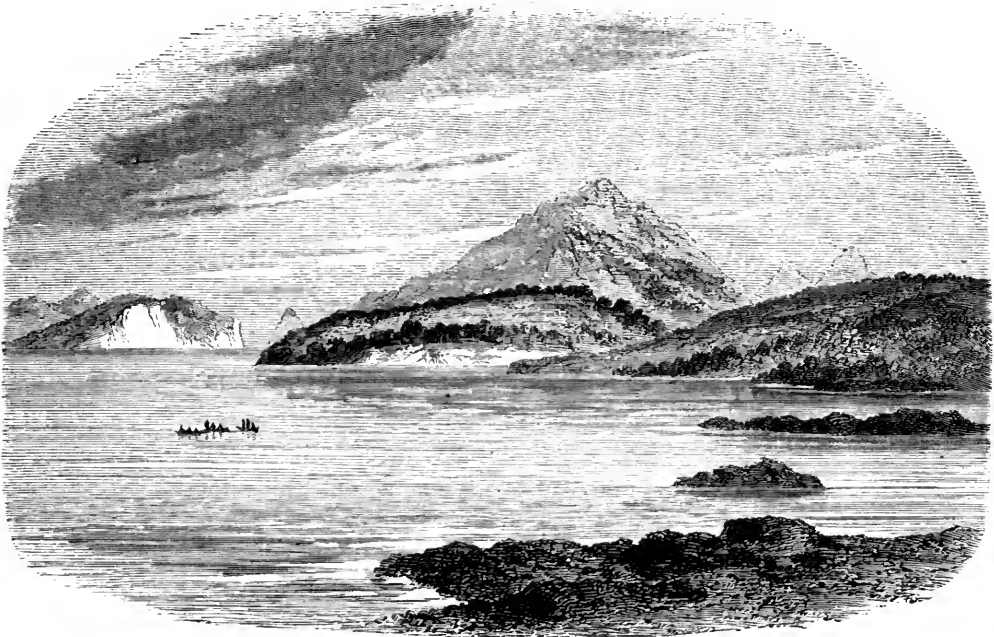
simply "for fun." It is looked upon as an excellent joke to report the death of a person, when he is only slightly ill, and so on. They are fond of their children and wives, and display real



PARAGUAYAN WITH HIS MATÉ-POT.

grief at their loss. They are far from unintelligent, and naturally moral, though when under the influence of rum, to which they are very much addicted when in the settlements, they are loose and depraved in their ideas and acts. We may conclude this brief account of this interesting

people with the following remarks by Captain Musters on their extent and tribal relations:—
 “In the various maps and accounts of Patagonia extant, numerous tribes, with different names, are marked and recorded. These accounts, so far as my observations enabled me to judge, have arisen from the custom of parties of the tribe combining to travel or fight under the leadership of a particular chief, and being described by themselves when met by his name. The Northern and Southern Tehuelches speak the same language, but are distinguishable by difference of accent, and the Southern ones appear to be, on an average, taller and finer men, and more expert hunters with the *bolos*. The Northern range over the district between the Cordilleras and the sea; from the Rio Negro on the north to the Chupat, occasionally



THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

descending as far as the Santa Cruz river. The Southern occupy the country south of the Santa Cruz, and migrate as far as Punta Arenas. The two divisions, however, are much intermixed, and frequently intermarry, always, notwithstanding, preserving their clannish divisions, and taking opposite sides in the frequent quarrels. From the Rio Negro as far as the Chupat another tribe, speaking a different language, is met with, having their head-quarters on the Pampas north of the Rio Negro. These are the Pampa Indians, called by the Tehuelches ‘Penek,’ whence, I believe, the name Pehueleche has been corrupted. Several clans of these natives extend over the plains of the Rio Negro, and make frequent inroads into the Argentine settlements as far as the province of Santa Fé, and even, I believe, to Cordova and Mendoza. The Pamperos of the north of Patagonia sometimes keep sheep and cattle, but generally subsist by the chase.”*

* “At Home with the Patagonians” (1871), p. 188; Beerbohm: “Wanderings in Patagonia” (1879), p. 84 *et seq.*; Lady F. Dixie: “Across Patagonia” (1880), p. 62; Weissbach: “Zeitschrift für Ethnologie,” 1877, p. 8, &c.

TIERRA DEL FUEGIANS.

At the extreme point of South America, on the shores of the islands which form the famous Cape Horn, are, probably—take them all in all—the most miserable race in South America. Between them and the Digger Indians of the North there is indeed such a narrow difference in the degree of wretchedness to which they have attained, that they may be bracketed ethnologically with that degraded race. The people now under consideration are known as the Picherays, or, from the name of their country, more commonly the *Tierra del Fuegians*, and are doubtfully allied to the Araucanians described. The country which they inhabit is wretched and bleak in the extreme; but unlike the Eskimo land of the North, a few dwarf trees and bushes enable the inhabitants to obtain some shelter from the storm, materials to warm themselves, and means of building a canoe. Yet notwithstanding the superior advantages in natural resources of country which the *Tierra del Fuegian* possesses over the Eskimo, in comfort and physical and intellectual character he is not comparable to the fur-clad denizen of the snow lands on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In stature the Fuegian is stunted; his lower jaw projecting, and with long straight black hair hanging down his back and cheeks. For this hair he has a superstitious veneration, and conceives that the possession of a scrap of it by any one else will entail all manner of disaster on the original owner. Everything about the Fuegian is disgusting, animal, and almost brute-like. The spectator turns away from him in the belief that surely now man, created in the image of his Maker, has reached the lowest type, or brute ascended to the highest stage. He moves about in a crouching, stooping posture, his person is covered with the filth of generations, and his long mane-like locks, which his vanity or superstition induces him now and then to rake out with a comb made of a porpoise jaw, almost without any alteration, are crawling with a detestable insect, which though it has family relations in the locks of people all over the world, is yet said to be of a species peculiar to this race. Though living in a country where sleet, snow, rain, and frost are of almost every-day occurrence, the male Fuegian wears no clothing, except a small piece of sealskin thrown over his shoulders, and moved now and then so as to shelter his person in the direction from whence the blast may be blowing. When in his canoe, or engaged in any active exercise, he considers even this limited amount of wardrobe altogether superfluous, and tosses it aside. The women have quite as little clothing, the claims of modesty being satisfied by the presence of an apron of sealskin. Yet the country supplies abundance of the fur-seal and various land animals, the hides of which would supply excellent materials for clothing. The skins of this race seem, however, to be almost insensible to cold, and though they seem to strangers to be always shivering and chilly, yet this must have become a second nature with them, for they may be seen moving about from place to place, or sitting in their canoes, with the whirling snow beating against their naked persons, or gathering about their limbs, seemingly without caring about it, or even being conscious of it. Boots of sealskin cover their feet, but hat of any description neither sex has ever found the necessity of. Their huts are on a par with their wardrobe, being merely a rude shelter of bent boughs covered with grass, the hole at the side which supplies the place of entrance being unclosed by anything in the shape of a door, the only deference shown to the weather being to make this opening on the side from whence the prevailing winds do not usually come. Yet vanity is not frozen

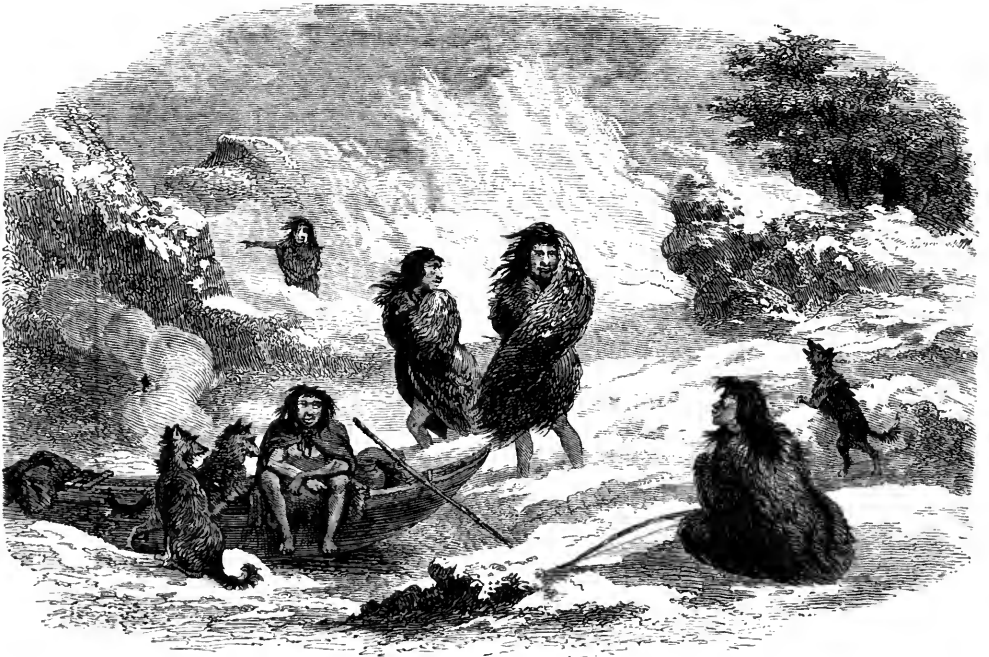
out of even the Tierra del Fuegian, as the rude necklaces of fish or seal teeth, and the patterns in which he paints his body with earth, demonstrate. White paint denotes war, especially if accompanied with white feathers on the head; black, as all over the world, denotes mourning; while, contrary to the usual custom, red is the sign of peace. The "struggle for existence" does not seem to altogether monopolise their limited energies, for the petty septs into which they are divided are continually at feud with each other for the possession of the valleys and pieces of sea-coast which each inhabits. Both men and women are very strong—the women quite as strong, if not stronger, than the men; and all are exceedingly skilful with their favourite weapon, the sling, with which, or with the hand, they can hurl stones with great precision. They are skilful fishermen, jerking the fish out of the water without the aid of a hook, by means of the bait and line alone. It is at once killed and disembowelled in an expeditious manner by the fisherman biting a piece out of the belly with his teeth. Their rude tools are made of shell, and shell-fish supply a large portion of their food; but notwithstanding this fact we do not find on the Fuegian coast any of those shell mounds so common elsewhere, where the savages live on the same kind of food. The reason of this is that the Fuegian, afraid of offending the shell-fish and thus causing them to desert the coast for ever, carefully throws the empty shells into the sea again. A still more extraordinary method of fishing is adopted by these savages. Dogs are not usually addicted to a fish diet, yet the Fuegians have trained their bushy-tailed, prick-eared, fox-looking dogs to dive in the sea and capture fish, or to aid their masters by driving shoals of fish into creeks and bays. After having done a fair amount of work, they are humoured by being allowed to do a little on their own account. The Fuegians do not eat their food raw, and are accordingly very careful to carry fire about with them on all occasions. They even have it with them, built on a hearth of clay, in their canoes, so that they can cook a meal without returning to land. Unlike the Eskimo and other tribes, they do not produce fire by rubbing two pieces of stick rapidly together in the manner which we shall have occasion to hereafter describe; on the contrary, they produce it in a more direct manner by striking sparks by means of a pebble and a piece of the iron pyrites (which is found in their country) into some dry fungus powder and moss.

They resemble the Eskimo in this respect, that they are excellent imitators, and can mimic the voice and gesture of any one to perfection. Two of them, of whom Mr. Darwin gave an interesting account more than forty years ago,* were brought to England by the late Admiral Fitzroy, and though they readily picked up English phrases and customs, yet, from what Captain Snow and others who subsequently visited them tell us, they soon relapsed into barbarism, and were speedily lightened by their countrymen of all the presents which they had brought with them from England.

They are said to be a good-humoured race, but I cannot find that this reputation rests on any surer foundation than that a meaningless grin is for ever playing about the angles of their capacious mouths: the hyæna has a smile of about a similar character. On the contrary, experience has shown them to be savage and deceitful in the extreme, and they are well known to have murdered the crews of several vessels which had been so unfortunate as to come within their power. Cannibalism—a crime never imputed to the Eskimo—is also found

* "A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World," pp. 213, 220.

amongst them. In times of scarcity they will dine off their aged relatives—in preference to their fish-hunting dogs—reasoning very logically, if somewhat cold-bloodedly, that the one is only an encumbrance to them, while the latter can at worst provide for their own maintenance. Yet they only eat the extremities, and, unless very hard run for food, will throw the trunk into the sea, owing to some superstitious idea attaching to it. Cannibalism, we have seen, is unknown among the most miserable nations of the North; even the despised Digger, to whose larder nothing edible comes wrong, has never been accused of this propensity. No doubt the “first instinct of savage man is not to love his brother, but to eat him;” but, curiously



FUEGIANS.

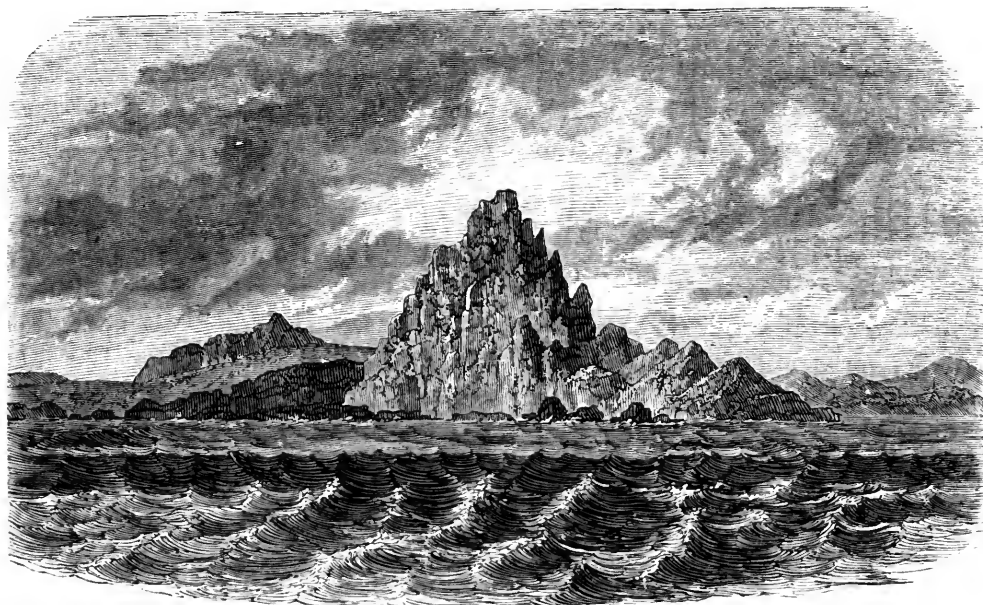
enough, this instinct is mostly displayed in the tropics, or in countries where there is an abundance of food—not, as we might expect to find, in a land of starvation—for the Fuegian only resorts to cannibalism in times of extreme want.

The social organisation of the Pickerays is of the lowest type. They can scarcely be said to have a form of government, and their possession of a religion is equally dubious; if they have any (Mr. Darwin denies that they have), it is only of the lowest form of fetichism, or a grovelling belief in and dread of evil spirits. Marriage is with them reduced to about its most primitive elements. As soon as a youth is able to maintain a wife by his exertions in fishing or bird-catching, he obtains the consent of her relatives, and having built (or stolen) a canoe for himself, he watches for an opportunity and carries off the bride. If she is unwilling, she hides herself in the woods until her admirer is heartily tired of looking for her,*

* Fitzroy's "*Voyage of the Adventure and Beagle*," vol. ii., p. 182.

and has given up the pursuit; but this seldom happens. This system of marriage by force obtains among many American, Polynesian, and Asiatic tribes.

The women lead a hard life, assisting in every labour, and even plunging into the cold sea after sea-urchins and other shell-fish. For them there is no season of rest, for, unlike the Eskimo, their labour in procuring food is continued summer and winter without intermission. Such are the inhabitants of that country which, from the fires which the famous explorer, Magellan, saw lit on the shore, he so inappropriately named "Tierra del Fuego" (the land of fire), but which the inhabitants believe to be the finest country on the face of the earth.



CAPE HORN.

During the surveying voyage of H.M.S. *Alert* in 1878 very little was seen of the Fuegians in the vicinity of the Strait of Magellan until January and February, when they returned from their fishing grounds on the western rocks to the inner channels, and followed the *Alert* from port to port with a view of obtaining provisions from her. The officers characterise them as "quiet, but rather intrusive; one party, consisting of three families, attaching themselves to the ship and congregating at meal-times round the sailors in what, considering the odours their skins emitted, was unpleasant proximity." This latest account describes the men as ugly, the women uglier than the men, and both copper-coloured, with matted black hair and huge shark-like mouths. Considering the struggles they have for existence, and the humidity of the atmosphere they live in, they were more fully fleshed than was anticipated; but, like the trees of their forests, they do not appear long-lived, no old individuals being seen among them. For some time the manner of disposing of their dead remained a puzzle, but by dint of search a female was found buried in a chink in a rock, from which they inferred that the dead are placed in splits or caverns in rocks and covered with stones. Efforts were made to ascertain where they made

their canoes, but they were unsuccessful. "Corderoy portages" of trees were found, however, over which it was evident canoes had been carried, and it was supposed that the canoes were made in the interior and carried to the sea-shore. Those who followed the ship did so in bark canoes, and, as each successive port was reached, went ashore, where they erected for themselves huts of boughs with skins laid roughly over them. The huts are too low for a person to stand upright in, and, like those occupied by Eskimo, are semi-globular. In spite of the coldness of the climate, the natives remain almost nude, even during the winter months, though occasionally some throw sealskins over their shoulders. They rely upon coatings of dirt for warmth apart from that they obtain by crouching over fires, but are always shivering with cold outside their wigwams. So long as they were supplied from the ship with provisions—and these frequently disagreed with them—they would not fish, neither would they work, being in this respect closely akin to the Australian aborigines. Though they have fires, they were too indolent to cook much, and frequently eat their seal flesh *au naturel*, even though it was decomposed. Those on board the vessel were mild-mannered, but given to annexing articles belonging to the sailors, and on this account a close watch was kept upon them. "Generally the race are suspicious of strangers, and until their confidence in them is thoroughly established the women are always sent inland. When their suspicions are dispelled they mingle with Europeans freely enough, but do not attempt to converse much with them. The white sealers they regard as enemies who rob them of their livelihood, and when the two races meet on the same hunting-ground a collision generally takes place." The Fuegians are armed with well-made spears and light bows and arrows. The shafts of the spears are eight feet long; the heads are of bone, and inserted into them in such a manner that they become loose when they enter a body, though they remain connected with the shaft by means of thongs of sealskin, made pliable by being drawn by the women between their teeth. The bows are small and light, being made of the native beech, and their strings are also of sealskin. The arrows are neatly and curiously fashioned. They consist of smooth shafts, the thickness of ordinary penholders, tipped with feathers, armed with glass heads, and are each about two feet long. Their peculiarity consists in their heads. These were formerly made from obsidian or volcanic glass; but civilisation having advanced in the peculiar form of whisky, which the sealers took to these low latitudes, in this shape it was quickly adopted by the natives, who not only enjoyed the contents of the bottles, but ingeniously utilised the glass out of which they were blown for making arrow-heads. For a long time it was a mystery how they could be so well formed, but at length the secret was revealed by a Fuegian, who took a piece of broken glass, laid it on a cloth in his hand, and, with a nail, pressed pieces out of the glass until he had not only made the edges as sharp as razors, but produced a head similar in form to that which painters place on the shafts of Cupid. The butts of the heads are placed in slits in the shafts, and secured in them by means of light strips of sealskin. Although in these arrows and spears the men have very fair implements for hunting, they seem to suffer from the want of food. They hunt seals when the weather permits them, and they also catch cormorants, by taking hold of their legs when the birds are asleep in trees; and they also pursue fish in shallow waters, their dogs, trained for the purpose, assisting them. The Fuegians, as we have seen, are mimetic to a degree, which makes it difficult for a stranger to acquire a knowledge of their language. Their powers in this

direction are quite equal to those attributed to the Patagonians. For instance, if a white man desires to learn what is Fuegian for nose, he will touch his own nose, perhaps, and utter its name. The Fuegian will copy him in every particular, but will not attempt to pronounce the name in his native tongue. It was in the hope of surmounting this difficulty, and with the hope also of his acquiring a knowledge of English, and becoming useful as an interpreter, a Fuegian was induced to reside on board the *Alert*. A suitable subject was found in Pieton Channel, who was christened Tommy Pieton, and ranked on board as cook's mate. The man was dressed and fed as a seaman, and worked like one, and hopes were entertained that in a short time he would be enabled to provide the officers with useful information concerning the channels. But civilisation did not agree with the barbarian. His constitution shrank before it, as do the constitutions of the Maoris or the Indians. A high diet of biscuit and salt junk brought on repeated attacks of indigestion, and clothing resulted in bronchitis, and after three months' battle with the combined influences of the two maladies, and just as he was commencing to be useful, Tommy died.* For the last thirty years the South American Missionary Society has succeeded in establishing mission settlements among this dwindling people, with some success, though the lowness of the Fuegian intelligence is a great obstacle in the way of their civilisation.† D'Orbigny's assertion that the Fuegian tongue, though resembling the Patagonian and Araucanian in sound, approximates in structure to the latter, has been doubted by the missionaries best acquainted with it, though probably, nevertheless, the Fuegians are Patagonians or Araucanians, who at some remote period have been driven to these dreary isles, and been compelled to take to a new mode of life.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PERUVIANS: THEIR ANCIENT CIVILISATION; THEIR PRESENT CONDITION AND CHARACTER.

IN Peru, as in Mexico, there was at the time of the conquest—and how long before cannot be accurately ascertained—a high though barbaric culture, which closely corresponded to the Aztec civilisation of Mexico. This was the Empire of the Incas,‡ the gorgeous magnificence of which dazzles the imagination of the reader, though sickened by the enormities which Pizarro and his followers enacted in the country, the result of which was the utter wrecking of

* *Sydney Morning Herald*, Feb. 14th, 1879.

† "Countries of the World," Vol. III., p. 267.

‡ Or properly, *Yncas*—said to be founded by a mysterious being, named Manco Ccapac, some 400 or 500 years before the arrival of Pizarro, and about 200 years before the foundation of the city of Mexico (Tenochtitlan). There is, however, some belief that Manco Ccapac was a son of Kublai Khan, the Asiatic conqueror, and arrived on the American coast about the year 1280. Montezuma is thought to have come from Assam about the same period. But this is mere hypothesis. (Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" and "Conquest of Peru," &c.)

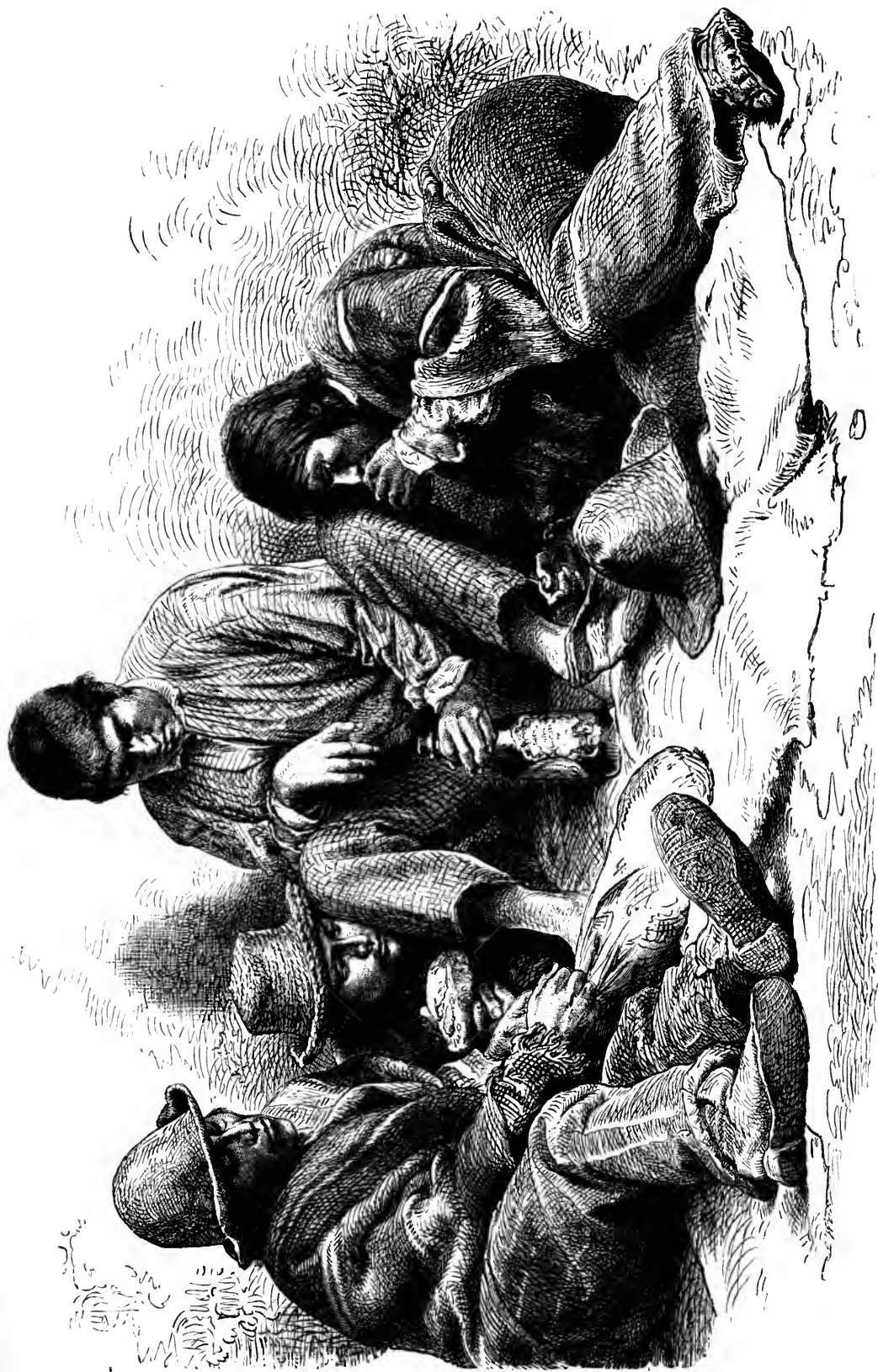
this aboriginal commonwealth, and the scattering of the varied tribes which the Empire of the Incas had welded together. Nothing but a name, or a ruined building, remains, to attest the greatness of this extraordinary civilisation, in such contrast with the surrounding barbarism. "The aboriginal races composing the empire were the Yncas, Canas, Quichuas, Chancas, Huancas, and Rucanas, inhabiting the regions from the water partings between the basins at the Huallaga and Ucayali at Cerro Pasco, to that between the basins of the Ucayali and Lake Titicaca, at the base of the famous peak of Vilcañota, a distance of 380 miles."*. All of them were closely united, and seem to have had a common origin. The Quichuas constituted, however, the bulk of the people of this ancient empire, and they still constitute a large portion of the population of Peru and its borders. Alcide d'Orbigny, an eminent naturalist who travelled in this country, describes them as a shade between olive and brown, and of a rather diminutive size, their head, in shape and general characteristics, bearing no resemblance to that of the Mexicans, who, Yucatecanos and Chibchas excepted, were the only civilised people on the American continent. The forehead of the Incas, as usually figured, is slightly rounded; but is low, and somewhat retreating. The skull, however, in accordance with the former high intelligence of this people, is often capacious, showing the large brain which is possessed by them. The countenance of the men is serious, sad, and thoughtful, and with that habitual suspicion engendered by the remembrance of the terrible wrongs their race has suffered, and that even in recent times, and from conquerors inferior in worth to themselves. Even the faces of the women are not pleasing, and a pretty face is rarely seen among them. The portrait of Coya Cahuana, wife of Huascar, the thirteenth Emperor of the Incas, shows a gentle but not a handsome countenance. The Aymaras spread over a wide extent of country, and, though separated from the Quichuas in language, bear a close physical resemblance to them, and appear also to have been once possessed of a high civilisation. They are probably the descendants of that race which in remote times built the strange monuments of Tiahuanuco, and thickly inhabited the borders of Lake Titicaca. Perhaps my friend, Mr. Clements R. Markham, the well-known Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, is the most learned authority we possess in regard to these nations.† Volumes have been written on, and volumes would be required to describe, the wonders of this ancient aboriginal civilisation of America—the ruins of beautiful baths, roads paved with flat stones, extending for hundreds of miles, furnished with resting-places, and pillars to mark the distances at regular intervals, great aqueducts, bridges, &c. All these paths were intended for the armies of the Incas, and all lead to Cuzco, the central point and capital of the ancient Peruvian Empire (lat 13° 31' S., 11,378 feet above the sea). The ancient Peruvians had no wheeled carriages, and accordingly their roads were only constructed for footmen, and flocks of lightly-laden llamas. On the sides of steep mountains are seen remains of long flights of steps to assist the soldiers in climbing, and though the conquerors used these tracks, they found the steps a great hindrance to their cavalry. On these wonderful highways the national energy of the Peruvians seems to have expended itself, just as that of the Egyptians did on pyramids, the Chinese and Japanese on pagodas, &c.

* Markham: *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XLI. (1871), pp. 281—333.

† See his "Travels in Peru and India," and various detached memoirs in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, The Hakluyt Society's publications, and Squier's "Peru," pp. 6, 568 *et seq.*



CONIBOS, FROM THE RIVER UCAYALI, A TRIBUTARY OF THE AMAZON.



GROUP OF "INDIOS MANSOS," OR DOMESTICATED PERUVIAN INDIANS FROM CUZCO.

These roads, and other public works of the Incas, the work of a people unacquainted with iron, excited the wonder of the Spanish conquerors. "There are no such roads in Christendom," wrote Hernando Pizarro. Yet they did not preserve them, but even destroyed them for the sake of the dressed stones. The wealth of the Emperor of the Incas was great. On the ruins of his palace is still shown the traditionary mark which the Inca Atahualpa drew to show to what height he would heap the room with gold, on the condition of being free from the cruel victors, who afterwards strangled him. "Gold in bars, plates, and vessels should be piled up," he said, "as high as he could reach with his hand." The Indians still have wild traditions and tales of the buried riches underneath these old ruins. They say that the golden sedan chair of the Inca was sunk in the baths at Pultamarac, and that underground are yet concealed gardens with artificial trees of the purest gold (which were affirmed to exist by many of the earlier historians of the conquest), beneath the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco—and so on. Yet in all their poverty they will not search for them; for they say the Inca will yet come back. And even if they had the gold, as a poor lad, descendant of one of the Incas, told Humboldt, it would not only be sinful, but their "white neighbours would hate and injure them. We have a little field, and good wheat." And so the descendant of an emperor was content with his lot.

The court of the Incas was upheld with great grandeur and much absurd etiquette. The Inca—who was the personification of a centralising despot—spat, not on the ground, we are told, *but into the hand of a lady!* Of this we may read in the remarkable commentaries of Garcilasso de la Vega, and many other historians. All is of the past: the Inca empire was destroyed, and the remnants of their descendants and subjects are now as nobody in the land. That the natives were crushed under the oppression of the Spaniards during three centuries admits of no doubt; but it is equally true that this was not due to any harsh legislation on the part of the King or the Council of the Indies. Their decrees in reference to the aborigines were generally distinguished by the mildness and humanity of their tenor; indeed, as Mr. Merivale has truly remarked, "had the legislation of Spain in other respects been as well conceived as that respecting the Indians, the loss of the Western Empire would have been an unmerited visitation." But it was impossible for the viceroys, even when, as rarely happened, they were men of high principles and kindness, to restrain or check the avarice and extortion of their subordinates. Yet had it not been for the exertions of the viceroys, the native population would have been either exterminated or reduced to a condition to which African slavery would have been preferable. It was only after repeated rebellions against the followers of Pizarro, who had parcelled out the native lands amongst them, that the life of the descendants of the Incas became tolerable. Under the rule of Francisco de Toledo, whose reign as Viceroy of Peru commenced in 1568, the chiefs called *curacas*, in the time of the Incas, were ordered by Toledo to be called *caciques*, a word brought from the West India Islands,* and under them were two other native officials—the *pichea-pachucas*, placed over 500 Indians, and the *pachacas*, over 100. These offices descended from father to son, and their possessors enjoyed several privileges, such as exemption from arrest, except for grave offences, and a fixed salary. The native caciques were often men of considerable wealth; some of them were members of the

* Others say that the word *cacique* was brought from the Old World by the Spaniards, and that it is a corruption of the Arabic *sheikh*.

royal family of the Incas; they were free from the payment of tribute and from personal service; and they occupied positions of importance amongst their countrymen. They wore the same dress which distinguished the nobles of the court, consisting of a tunic called *nucu*, a rich mantle or cloak of black velvet, called *yacolla*, intended as mourning for the fall of their ancient rulers; and those of the family of the Incas added a sort of coronet, whence a red fringe of alpaca wool descended as an emblem of nobility. The head-dress was called *mascapaycha*. They had pictures of the Incas in their houses, and encouraged the periodical festivals in memory of their beloved sovereigns, when plays were enacted and mournful music produced from the national instruments, drums, trumpets, clarions, and *putatus*, or sea-shells. All these customs were left unchanged by Toledo, and the system so far resembles that which now prevails in the Dutch colony of Java. But in addition to the tribute, the amount of which was established by Toledo was not excessive, and which was rendered still less objectionable to the Indians from being collected by native chiefs, there was the *mita* (or forced labour in mines, manufactories, and farms), which became the instrument of fearful oppression and cruelty. Toledo enacted that a seventh part of the adult male population should be subject to the *mita*, and ordered that the caciques should send these *mitayos*, as they were called, to the public squares of the nearest Spanish towns, where they might be hired by those who required their services; and laws were enacted to regulate the distance they might be taken from their homes, and their payment. It appears, however, that this seventh part of the working men who were told off for forced labour was exclusive of those employed in the mines, so that, even in theory, the *mita* condemned a large fraction of the population to slavery.*

In matters of religion no tolerance was allowed them by the conquerors. Every trace of paganism was ordered to be effaced under heavy penalties. An Indian who married an idolatrous woman, it was even ordained, was to receive 100 stripes, "because that is the punishment they dislike most." But all these good intentions for the benefit of the Indians—temporal and spiritual—were set at nought by the conduct of the *corregidores*, or officers charged with their execution. When the *mita* proved insufficient for working the mines of Potosi, labourers were kidnapped, when and how they best could, until the wretched people groaned under an oppression they could not bear. Mothers maimed their children, so that they might thus be delivered from a slavery which they abhorred, and while the land resounded with the melancholy song of the women bewailing the sad fate of their husbands and brothers toiling in the silver mines, the females were obliged to work in the fields like men. "They declared," Don Juan de Padilla tells us, in 1657, "that when once a man was taken for the *mita*, his wife seldom or never saw him again, unless she went herself to the place of his torments." The woollen manufactories were as much instruments of oppression as the mines. "If they could not find the particular men they were in search of, they took their children, wives, and nearest neighbours, robbed them of all they possessed, and frequently violated the women and young girls." Once in their clutches, the pretence of being in debt to them enabled the manufacturer to keep the wretched labourers in perpetual bondage. Under such oppression, the country rapidly got depopulated, but the tyranny grew more shameless and cruel than ever, until not even a semblance of justice remained, neither with the subordinate officers of the Government, nor with the Royal Audience at Lima—the highest court of justice in the country.

* Markham: "Travels in Peru and India," p. 121.

After one or two partial rebellions, the Indians, in 1781, rose as one man in revolt, under one of the descendants of the Incas, Tupac Amaru. After a bitter resistance, they were defeated, and punishment meted out to the vanquished with a savage cruelty, which is probably unequalled in the annals of Spanish abomination in the New World. The Inca "was condemned to behold the execution of his wife, his son, his uncle, his brother-in-law, Antonio Bastidas, and of his captains; to have his tongue cut out, and afterwards to have his limbs secured to the girths of four horses dragging different ways, and thus be torn in pieces. His body was to be burnt on the heights of Picchu; his head to be stuck on a pole at Tinta; one arm at Tangasuca, the other at Carabaya; a leg in Chumbivilcas, and another in Lampa. His



HUASCAR, THIRTEENTH EMPEROR OF THE INCAS.

houses were to be demolished, their sites strewn with salt; all his goods to be confiscated; all his relations declared infamous; all documents relating to his descent to be burnt by the common hangman; all dresses used by the Incas or caciques to be prohibited; all pictures of the Incas to be seized and burnt; the representation of Quichua dramas to be forbidden; all signs of mourning for the Incas to be forbidden; all Indians to give up their national costumes, and dress henceforth in the Spanish fashion; and the use of the Quichua language to be prohibited.”*

This hideous sentence was literally carried into effect. We need not give the horrid details, or add a single comment, except to remind the reader, as an aid to the formation of an opinion regarding the nature of Spanish character, at least as developed in the New World, that this doom was devised, pronounced, and religiously executed only a century ago. A war of extermination on the other side followed; no quarter was asked—certainly none was ever given. This bloodshed continued almost without intermission up to the period

* Markham : *Lib. cit.*, p. 123. See also his "Cuzco and Lima" (1856).

of the War of Independence (1815-1825), when the Indians received greater justice under the more enlightened principles which then began to permeate the country. Yet their lot is still to be pitied. The Republic of Peru is not more admirable in its nature than similar Hispano-American institutions. It has an immense liking for playing at the ugly game of war, and the Indian population have to a great extent to supply the rank and file of the army. Villages are surrounded, and all the able-bodied men caught are driven off to serve in the ranks; yet, notwithstanding all, their condition is immeasurably better than ever it was under the rule of His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. We need not enter upon the history of the condition of the Indians of the other Spanish Republics; without any material changes, the above description sufficiently describes their social and political status. Spanish-American governments have the habit of going in one groove. *Arcades omnes* is the verdict which might be written in



COYA CAHUANA, EMPRESS OF THE INCAS.

regard to them, and is indelibly engraved on the memory of any one who has ever lived under their rule, or who has ever been unfortunate enough to have the most remote dealings with them. I may conclude these remarks on the Indian population of America by the eloquent and on the whole just conclusions which Mr. Clements Markham draws from his intercourse with them. "I was thrown," he writes in 1862, "a great deal among the Indians, and at one time I had most excellent opportunities of judging their character, and I was certainly most favourably impressed. They have now many vices engendered by centuries of oppression and evil example, from which their ancestors were probably free. They are fond of *chicha* and *aquardiente*, and are very suspicious; but I found that this feeling disappears when the occasion for it is found not to exist. They have but too good reason for their suspicion generally. On the other hand, they are intelligent, patient, obedient, loving amongst each other, and particularly kind to animals. Crimes of any magnitude are hardly ever heard of amongst them, and I am sure there is no safer region in the world for the traveller than the plateaux of the Peruvian Cordillera. That the Indians are not cowardly or mean-spirited when once aroused was proved in the battles which they fought under the banner of the Tupac Amaru in 1781, and a people who could produce men capable of such heroic constancy as was

displayed by the mutilated heroes of Asillo, should not be accused of want of courage. When well led they make excellent soldiers. Although there is so large a proportion of mestizos (or half-castes) in Peru, it is very remarkable how isolated the Indians still remain. They have their separate language and traditions and feelings apart from their neighbours of Spanish origin; and it is even said that there are secret modes of intercourse, and even secret designs amongst them, the knowledge of which is guarded with jealous care. In 1841, when General Gamavia was at Pucara, on his way towards Bolivia, it was reported that certain influential Indians from all parts of the country were about to assemble on the hills near Azangaro for the discussion of some grave business, and that they were in the habit of assembling in the same way, though in different localities, every five years. The object of these assemblies was unknown; it may have been merely to converse over their ancient traditions, but it was feared at the time that it was for some far deeper and more momentous purpose. It is believed that similar meetings have since taken place near Chayanta, in Bolivia, near Quito, and in other parts, but the strictest secrecy is preserved by the Indians themselves. The abolition of the tribute has probably had the effect of separating the Indians still more from the white and the mixed races, for they used to have constant intercourse, connected with the payments to the authorities, which brought them into the towns, while now they live apart in their solitary huts in the mountain fastnesses or in distant villages. It may be that this unhappy people, descendants of the once mighty race which, in the glorious days of the Incas, conquered and civilised half a continent, is marching slowly down the gloomy and dark road to extinction—the fading remains of a society sinking amid storms, overthrown and shattered by overwhelming catastrophes. But I trust that this may not be so, and that a fate less sad is still reserved for the long-suffering, gentle Children of the Sun.”

The Inca Empire never stretched much beyond the uplands of the Andes. Many a time and often the warriors of Cuzco looked with longing eyes at the great forests which clothed the eastern slopes of the mountains, and stretched, as they stretch in our days, in an almost unbroken sea of trees, far away to the lowlands through which the Amazon pours its waters into the Atlantic. But, with all their skill, the Incas never invented an implement so powerful for the subjugation of continents as the little American axe; and so the wild tribes of Eastern Peru, or what we now know as Bolivia, were permitted to remain in their pristine state of savagery. It is true that the Peruvians waged perpetual warfare with them, but even in the plenitude of their power they were unable to carry their conquest much more than sixty miles to the eastward of their capital. In these savage forests they encountered, as the traveller of to-day encounters, the fierce “Antis” creeping through the dense thickets, and launching unseen their poisoned arrows against the Children of the Sun, who protected themselves by the massive fortresses of Paucartambo, Pisac, and Ollantaytambo, from an enemy whom they could not see, and whom it would be vain to pursue. “They nevertheless succeeded in securing the upper portions of some of these valleys, with their wealth of tropical products, the cocoa and cotton, the skins of wild beasts, the gorgeous feathers of the birds, and many other articles of use, luxury, or beauty, which rigorous nature denied them in their native eyries.”*

* Squier: “Peru, Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas” (1877), p. 13.

Of these wild tribes we know very little, even at this day, as indeed we do of the wild people of Bolivia (p. 278), who for ethnic purposes must, with Ecuador, be classed as part of Peru. In Ecuador, at the period of the conquest, there were said to exist forty nations speaking 300 dialects and languages. Of these, the remnants linger on the head waters of the North-Western Amazon under the names of Jivaros, Zaparos, Anguteras, Orejones, Colorados, Capanes, and Capayas. The eastern slopes of the Bolivian Alps are occupied by the Yuracares, Mocetenes, Tacanas, Maropas, and Apolistas, who are generally known under the collective name of Antis (pp. 280, 281), though, as Mr. Keane very justly points out, these tribes have no distinct unity, and must be regarded as simply a geographical grouping. As we descend the Bolivian Lowlands we come among a vast conglomeration of the fragments of tribes, and of the names of tribes who have disappeared in comparatively recent times.* But with the barren names of these septs, many of whom, along the highways of the Amazon and Madeira, have adopted a kind of Christianity and a veneer of civilisation, it is not necessary to weary the reader. Dr. E. R. Heath, who succeeded the late Professor Orton in his self-imposed task of exploring the little-known Beni River, reports that in the course of his journey he met with "a white race, but possessing the Indian physiognomy. A tribe of cannibals occupies a portion of the Beni valley, and makes yearly incursions into the neighbouring districts for human flesh. Many of the tribes of this section are entirely nude, while others are provided with but little clothing. Traces of former occupancy are numerous in many places, and hieroglyphics are abundant along the rocky walls of some portions of the river, and in some places he observed that certain characters occurred at high-water-mark, showing when it was dangerous to navigate the river. Among these devices, of which drawings were made, are a number strongly resembling anchors, though the general character of them is the same as the ancient picture writings found on the rocks in some sections of the western United States. Ruined stone structures are abundant at many points." In that portion of Bolivia which until recently intersected Chili to the Pacific live the remnants of a fast decaying tribe, the Atacamenos, of the Atacama desert.† There is, perhaps, no drearier spot on the face of the earth than this dry, nitrate-covered waste, which, within late years, has attracted so much attention owing to its having proved rich in mines. A very recent traveller, Dr. Aquinas Reid, attached to the army during the Chileno-Peruvian War, describes it as an "extensive plain where you see no vestige of life—where you see neither birds nor insects, where no plant grows, where the silence of the grave is disturbed only by the roar of the wind; where the face of the land is lime and the fine dust and the always bright sun pain the wearied eyes; and where, lastly, you see the skeleton of a quadruped and often the remains of a human being. Four days' travel from Cobija brings us to Calama, a little village situated in the centre of a great marsh, and where the traveller rests his beast and also his wearied bones, and gives the animals water. This village must be seen to form an idea of what it is; one can imagine nothing more sad and desolate. The village is surrounded by great ponds, and the water one gets has nothing in common with running water than that of being liquid, and its taste is very disagreeable to the palate, but it must be drunk. It causes attacks of diarrhoea, especially in strangers. This marsh forms to the coast what

* Matthews: "Up the Amazon and Madeira" (1879). † Philippi: "Reise durch die Wüste Atacama" (1860).

is called the River Loa, which is the boundary between Peru and Bolivia. Two days more bring us to Chiuchiu, an ancient Peruvian cemetery, it is said. Here 500 to 600 bodies of men, women, and children are crouched in a half-moon, most of them in the same attitude, that of sitting, with the eyes fixed on space. Many have fallen and are covered with sand. We feel transported to another world, and imagine that these fantastic figures are looking at the traveller and saying, 'What do you seek here?' The general opinion is that these beings were buried alive, but my opinion is that they buried themselves, because there is no settlement in the neighbourhood where they could have lived, because many of the women have their children at the breast, and because in the disfigured faces there is still to be observed the sad expression of terrible sufferings, as though, pursued by some terrible enemy, they had preferred to die together rather than yield their bodies up to the conqueror."*

In Bolivia and in Peru, Captain Musters remarks that the races are distributed more or less according to the climate. For example, in the valleys there is a large admixture of negro blood, mixed descendants of Indians and slaves liberated at the establishment of independence. In the temperate regions Quichua Indians appear to predominate, and Aymaras in the frigid zones. It is, however, only partially true that the Quichuas inhabit the south of the Republic and the Aymaras the north, for the races are very widely scattered. The Atacamenos constitute a large proportion of the muleteers whose long trains of pack animals cover the road between Potosi and Calama. The Quichuas and Aymaras have many habits in common. For instance, they both chew the coca-leaf for support,† both weave ponchos and coarse cloths, and both are equally fanatical and superstitious. They are, however, when they cannot obtain liquor, a hard-working race, and either bury their earnings or spend them in religious feasts, which are always an excuse for a debauch. In some of the retired communities the "Quipos," or language of Knots used by the old Incas, is still understood. They are, as might be expected, very reticent regarding their traditions, as well as to showing mines, although undoubtedly possessed of the secret of very rich deposits.‡ So much might be said regarding these people, both in ancient and modern times, that it is impossible, within the space at our disposal, to record one tithe of what is extremely interesting in the habits and condition. It may, however, be noted in conclusion, as possessing some bearing on the origin of these people, that the American Consul in Canton asserts positively that the Quichua method of opening cotton and hemp, so extensively practised throughout the region of the Andes, is identical with that in use in the interior districts of China. A small tapering spindle with a large rim or stay, which is likewise the balance-wheel, is the only machinery used. The motive power is the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, the other hand being the distaff. The Indian woman of the plateaux will thus spin and reel her household fabrics as she trips along, barefoot and merrily, to some neighbouring parish or market town. Yet it is well known that the aborigines of the Andes did not get this from the Spanish conquerors.§

* *Anglo-Brazilian Times*, Nov. 1, 1879.

† "Countries of the World," Vol. III., pp. 187, 188.

‡ *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XLVII. (1877), p. 212.

§ "Reports of the United States Consuls," No. 9, July, 1881, p. 13; Orton: "The Andes and the Amazon" (1876); Stübel: "Peruvian Antiquities" (1880); Tschudi: "Antigüedades peruanas" (1851); Tschudi: "Travels in the Andes" (1860); references in "Countries of the World," Vol. III., &c.

Finally, we may remark that both in the northern and the southern regions of the Continent the civilised races are found on the western slopes. This must be greatly, if not entirely, owing to the dense forests which cover so much of the eastern declivities of the Andes, and clothe most of the Eastern States and Canada. For while the former tribes, with the exception of those of Eastern North America, knew of no cultivated plant, the South-Western Indians cultivated that beneficent cereal the maize, which played so remarkable a part in the civilising influences of both the Mexicans and the Peruvians.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HISPANO-AMERICAN LIFE: THE MIXTURE OF THE CONQUEROR AND THE CONQUERED; THE RESULT.

THE sketch in the preceding chapter will have shown what monstrous abuses prevailed in Peru during the Spanish occupation; how the conquistadores destroyed a nobler civilisation than their own; how a people who commanded their respect were, for the lust of gold, oppressed, massacred, and degraded. But the same is true of all the other Spanish-American colonies. They were governed by the same laws, and by men with similar ideas, so that what was true of one of the provinces of "the Indies" was true of the whole. In every one the Indians were equally oppressed, though in some they were more warlike than in others, and therefore managed to defend their rights a little better than the weaker races could. But if the officials in America oppressed the Indians, the Government in Spain equally oppressed the colonists in their turn. I have called them colonists, but in reality the American provinces were looked upon as integral parts of the Spanish Empire, and were ruled by the King, aided by the "Council of the Indies," under a separate code of laws. Their direct government was by means of viceroys and various other minor officials, who soon multiplied to a prodigious extent; the system being that each official was checked by several other officials—in fact, it was a system of espionage, so that whenever a new office was created a dozen more were instituted in order to watch it. This abominable system prevailed from the viceroy downwards, but the former official had practically inordinate powers, subject to really very little check. The result of this was that in course of time the Government machine became so unwieldy as to be beyond all control; it was clogged with placemen. Every office was publicly sold in Madrid; worth and talent were items that had no place in the reasons for a man being appointed to the most responsible post in the gift of His Catholic Majesty and the Council of the Indies; doubloons alone were the recommendation, and accordingly every official did his best to get good interest for his investment in American official stock. What was more—no native American could hold an office in America. Everything was reserved for men born in Spain. There were exceptions, but these exceptions were so rare that they only proved the rule. Out of a list of 180 viceroys, captains, generals, and governors of the American provinces, only eighteen were born in the country. Even the humblest clerkship was denied an American. The moral effect of this was deplorable. Forced to be idle, denied every stimulus to exertion, and with the social ban

of inferiority ever placed upon him, the Creole-Spaniard grew apathetic, dispirited, and useless to himself and the country he lived in. He was even shut out as much from participating in commercial as he was from literary or political pursuits. He was not allowed, under pain of death, to trade with any foreigner. No Spaniard was even allowed to set foot in the country without special permission, and others only for a time, unless they had bought the right to reside there in an official capacity. Intercourse between the different colonies was even stopped as far as possible, in case intercourse should lead to enlightenment and discontent. Any foreigner who entered the country committed a capital crime. Nor was this law a dead letter, as any one may see who reads—and it will be with boiling indignation—of the cruelties exercised towards unfortunate foreigners, Englishmen in many cases, who were caught contravening this law.* Torture, chains, and a convict's fate, if not death itself, were the penalties they paid for their enterprise. The object was simply that the colonies should be solely reserved for the enrichment of Spain and her sons. The increase of the population by natural means was even discouraged, while every obstacle was put in the way of agriculture, and indeed everything but the search for the precious metals. In 1803 the vines were ordered to be rooted up in Mexico, because, forsooth, the Cadiz merchants complained that the consumption of Spanish wines had been lessened by the manufacture of American ones. The cultivation of flax, hemp, saffron, tobacco, olives, and other vegetable products, was at different times prohibited for similar reasons. Colleges, and even schools, were discouraged; "reading and writing are enough for an American" was the opinion of one of the viceroys of that period. The importation of books was forbidden.

In addition to all this, taxes the most iniquitous and grievous crushed the people. "Bulls" of all sorts were sold at high prices to the people, who were forced to buy them. Take, for instance, the *Bula de Confesion*. Any person not in possession of this expensive luxury, in the shape of a Papal scroll, lost all rights as a citizen, in so far that without it he could not obtain absolution; his will was null and void, and his property was confiscated. The administration of the laws was cumbersome and expensive, and justice as venal as justice in Spanish America is to this day. The highest bidder had the justest case, and the man with most family influence was sure to win his suit before a "righteous judge," to whom the sneering Castilian proverb, "He whose father is alcalde† need have no fear about his trial," applied only too correctly. A man who had no money was thrown into prison—prisons the most horrible that the "bloody Spaniard" of the English schoolboy of eighty years ago could devise. The door was shut upon the wretched being—he was forgotten for ever. When the revolution opened the doors of the dungeons in Lima, men were found there against whom no crime could be imputed or found charged on the record. "Among us," writes a Chilian author soon after this period, "a man was imprisoned, not that he might be improved, but that he might be made to suffer; not that he should work, but that he should learn idleness; not as a useful warning to others, but to shock their feelings. On visiting a prison, we beheld several hundreds of men in rags, or entirely naked, their countenances withered away, so that they were more like spectres in chains than men. They trembled at the presence of the insolent alguazils, who struck and insulted them. We examined the food of these miserable wretches, worn to skeletons, and it proved such as the lowest beggar in the streets would have rejected with scorn." The prisons were crowded, and

* Robinson: "Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution," vol. i., p. 313, &c.

† A judge corresponding somewhat to the stipendiary magistrate in England.

the miseries of the captives aggravated beyond all conception. But the ordinary prisons were not the worst. Under the rule of a viceroy named Abascal, something more horrible still was devised. "These were subterranean dungeons, constructed in such a manner that a man could not place himself in any natural position whatever. Many persons, victims of despotism, were confined in these holes for years; and when at length let out, it was only to bewail their own existence, being rendered useless and helpless for the rest of their lives, crippled and liable to acute pains and diseases of an incurable nature." No wonder that the people of Lima styled these dens of torture *infernillos* (little hells); yet they were allowed to exist for more than a year after Spanish authority fell—a fact which speaks volumes for the state of demoralisation which had overtaken the people.

No foreign ships could trade with the colonies, and vessels in distress were even seized as prizes, the crews thrown into prison, and the ship and cargo confiscated as if it had been a capture from an armed enemy. Need it be said that in the hands of daring men of all nations, but chiefly English, and afterwards Americans, a lively contraband trade was carried on, even under the eye of corrupt officials, who winked at the colours of the ship as their palms felt the touch of that magic something which threw a daze between their eyes and the laws of the Council of the Indies? Everywhere there was bribery, everywhere oppression, everywhere injustice and unwisdom indescribable. Under such a system need it be related that a priesthood of the most iniquitous type flourished? Religion was in their hands only a system of debasement, moral and physical, and the priests were only too admirable tools in the hands of the civil functionaries. The Inquisition was in full working order, and many a seaman, in those helpless days of England, after being imprisoned, and probably tortured as a punishment for having been wrecked on the sacred shores of America—or navigating her waters—was put on the fiery rack, or bound with the red-hot chain of the Chief Inquisitor in Lima.

Such a system could only last for a time; the cup of misery by-and-by became full, and overflowed in one general revolution from Mexico to Chili. Long and bloody was the struggle, but freedom came at last, and at the present day, with the exception of Cuba and Porto Rico—even now falling from her nerveless hands—the once-powerful Hispano-American empire is broken up into half a score of so-called republics, represented, in the case of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, by exactly what constituted the former vice-royalties of Spain—living by the sufferance of their neighbours, and with scarcely an exception the continual scene of anarchy, revolution, civil war, or petty quarrels with their petty republican neighbours. The revolution, no doubt, did something for Spanish America. It swept away some of the more crying abuses, but still it kept up much of what was most objectionable both in the spirit and letter of the old Spanish institutions. The result disappointed many *doctrinaires*; it disappointed nobody who knew the state to which the "laws of the Indies" had brought the population of the Spanish colonies in America. The people had been too long debased to rise at once to the level of free men and free institutions—which even at the best were foreign to the feelings of the race. Public spirit is unknown, justice is venal, politicians frothy, unstable, and corrupt. Slavery was, certainly, abolished, but the bull-fights, which degraded and demoralised the people, and probably for this very reason were encouraged by the viceroys, though stopped by some States, in many Spanish-American towns can still be seen in all their worst features, even more grossly brutal than in Old Spain.

Private morality is as low as public—education is at zero, while public improvements and the introduction of foreign capital are prevented, or at least much impeded, by the endless revolutions. Don Jose Maria del Grandes Dolores finds his promotion in the army too slow for his soaring ambition. There has been absolutely a government in power for a year; the thing is preposterous, a revolution is needed; the land is groaning under a despotism. Don Jose knows his country. In any Spanish colony there are always a sufficiency of men



NEGRO HALF-CASTE GIRL.

much in fear—as they are much in need—of axe and rope, and ready to join anything which sets order at defiance, or in which there is a chance of plunder. He issues a *pronunciamento*, a frothy proclamation full of fine phrases about the freedom of man, enslaved peoples, iron heels of tyrants, &c., and the shirtless flock to his standard; the army (a cut-throat crew to whom Falstaff's mob was the impersonation of discipline, virtue, and *clothing**) fraternises with “the

* In most of the Central American States cotton trousers, a shirt of the same material (very dirty), a straw hat, and a flint-lock musket form the very common accoutrements of a soldier—a uniform of which the “blue tie and pair of spurs”—in proverbial language said to be the full dress of certain Hispano-American regiments—is a modification.

people," a weak government is overthrown, and another weak one takes its place. The land is free once more, *viva libertad!* His Excellency the new President, having a lively sense of the value of coins, and sufficiently sensible of the propensities of the mongrel crew who are his ministers and aides, as a precaution, confiscates the treasury—if unluckily his predecessor before going out of office has not done so—for his own behoof (and that of liberty), puts on a few new taxes, issues another fresh proclamation or two, and winds up by confiscating the property of all who opposed him (under the belief that he would be unsuccessful); shooting half-a-dozen prominent men of the last government, including the ex-President if he can lay hands on him, though the probability is that this wily official has taken care to early retreat across the frontier with his



YOUNG MESTIZA WOMAN.

plunder, and there he will remain until *he* in *his* turn can issue a *pronunciamento*, and play the old, old game over again. If Don Jose is unsuccessful, the chances are that nothing will be done to him; he will at worst retain his new title of "General," and will most likely be bought up by the Government as a dangerous man useful to be out of harm's way. In this way a premium is offered to revolution. The only obstacle to the trade of government in Spanish America is that the new President has a nasty habit of shooting the old one. This, it must be confessed, is a drawback; otherwise, I know of no region where a gentleman cunning of speech, liberally imaginative in promises, skilful with the knife, and with just about the statesman-like capacity of a member of the common council of an English provincial town, has a finer career before him. "It's a lively country," a shrewd "Yankee" once remarked to me of a Spanish American republic which may be nameless, as the remark applies equally well to all of them; "it's a lively country, but if you trust to their promises you will most certainly come out at the small end of the horn!" Chili is the best. In 1880 it was at war with Peru, though in 1866 it

and Peru, not satisfied with leaving well alone, had to be ambitious enough to go to war with Spain, as if to mark their superiority over their sister republics, which can only afford to knife and lasso, under the name of "war," the citizens of a neighbouring republic. Under these governments, black, white, and red,* all are alike free and equal, but these races hate each other, and are the antipodes of each other in nearly every respect.

In some of the Central American States revolutions go by blood. At one time it is the negroes, another time the Indians, a third the Spaniards along with the priests, who aim at power. In a certain Central American town the writer was one evening roused out of bed by the firing of musketry. Next morning, on inquiring the cause of the unusual disturbance, he was informed that there had been an unsuccessful attempt at revolution on the part of the negroes. We found that they had divided the offices as well as the fair ladies of the city amongst them. Among other offices was that of Minister of War, which, had the revolution been successful, was to have fallen to the black cook at the hotel. Beyond a few scratches, and a perpetual "chaff" whenever he made his appearance, I could never learn that anything was ever done to his sable excellency.

In addition, there is a vast amount of mixed bloods; indeed, purity of blood is the exception, mongrel the rule, the "cholos," or those in whom the blood is mixed in more complicated proportions,† generally combining as mixed breeds do all over the American continent, the bad qualities of all the races which contribute to form the man in his *l'ensemble*.

Among this conglomeration of nationalities, during these long centuries of oppression, a race has arisen and a set of manners which, though with the air of the Prado of Madrid about

* The late President Juarez of Mexico was a pure or almost pure Indian, though a man of good education and immense knowledge of the art of government *à la Américaine*.

† Nothing could perhaps better illustrate the mongrel character of the Spanish-American population than by saying that twenty-three crosses can be determined, and have received names. They are as follows:—

PARENTS.				CHILDREN.	
White	father	and	negro	mother	mulatto.
"	"	"	Indian	"	mestiza.
Indian	"	"	negro	"	chino.
White	"	"	mulatto	"	cuarteron.
"	"	"	mestiza	"	creole (pale-brownish complexion).
"	"	"	chino	"	chino-blanco.
"	"	"	cuarterona	"	quintero.
"	"	"	quintera	"	white.
Negro	"	"	Indian	"	zambo.
"	"	"	mulatto	"	zambo-negro.
"	"	"	mestiza	"	mulatto-oscuro.
"	"	"	chino	"	zambo-chiuo.
"	"	"	zamba	"	zambo negro (perfectly black).

PARENTS.				CHILDREN.	
Negro	father	and	quintera	mother	mulatto (rather dark).
Indian	"	"	mulatto	"	chino-oscuro.
"	"	"	mestiza	"	mestizo-claro (frequently very beautiful).
"	"	"	chino	"	chino-cola.
"	"	"	zamba	"	zambo-claro.
"	"	"	chino-cola	"	Indian (with frizzly hair).
"	"	"	quintera	"	mestizo (rather brown).
Mulatto	"	"	zamba	"	zambo (a miserable race).
"	"	"	mestiza	"	chino (rather clear complexion).
"	"	"	chino	"	chino (rather dark).

In America the terms mulatto, quadroon, and octoroon are commonly used to express the possession of a half, a fourth, or an eighth of black blood, and the nomenclature goes no further, but experienced observers can detect much more minute quantities. A person with one half of Indian blood is usually styled a half-caste, or more commonly a half-breed. The term is used, however, very vaguely to denote the presence of a greater or less amount of white blood. The subject is fully discussed in Nott and Gliddon's "Types of Mankind."

them, are yet something peculiar—something essentially Spanish-American. A few salient features strike the stranger. One is the listlessness and indolence of the people. With them it is always *mañana* (to-morrow). To-morrow is always better than to-day; it is better to walk than to run; better to sit than to walk, and to lie on your back swinging in a grass hammock, lazily smoking cigarettes, is much better than either. Everybody must take his or her siesta in the middle of the day, and nothing annoys a Spanish-American so much as to be disturbed in this midday sleep. Villages, or even towns like Panama or Bogota, seem asleep, as in reality the inhabitants are at this time of the day. A shopkeeper will hiss a *carambo* through his teeth if he is asked for anything at this unseasonable hour; and if the order is small the likelihood is that he will turn on the other side and leave to his own devices a contemptible *gringo* who can be so foolish as to want anything at the hour of siesta. A passion for gambling, cock-fighting, bull-fighting (when they can raise enough to buy a bull and the State will permit it), and a general readiness to put a knife under the rib of another *caballero* who has offended his dignity, are the chief characteristics of a Hispano-American gentleman of modern times. What is his ambition beyond the particulars aforesaid it would be difficult to say. Perhaps it consists in a general desire to appear as white as possible. The possession of a little of the gentleman in red or in black is the *bête noir* of the Hispano-American's existence. A photographer who has lately established himself in Panama with a patent which gives a very pale photograph is, I am told, doing a fine business among a population not blessed with a great deal of *sangre azul*. Lima society is probably the most peculiar of all in Castilian America, as Lima was, probably, originally the centre of the greatest pomp and magnificence during the Spanish rule, of any part of "the Indies." "Instead of meeting at balls, concerts, *tertulias* (or parties), as in Chili, the women associate very little with one another. There are few dances, very little music, and except at the bull-fights and the play, and sometimes in the country, the ladies seldom assemble together. But they are all extremely regular in their attendance upon mass; indeed, the women in these countries form the congregation almost exclusively. At the houses where we called in the morning, we usually found the ladies dressed very gaily to receive visitors—that is, male visitors, for we seldom met any but the ladies of the house on these occasions. In the evening, the same thing generally takes place; and our chance of meeting the gentlemen of the house, had we wished it, was always least at their own home. In the cool part of the day, for about an hour and a half before sunset, the ladies walk abroad, dressed in a manner, so far as I know, unique, and certainly highly characteristic of the spot. This dress consists of two parts, one called the *saya*, the other the *manta*. The first is a petticoat made to fit so tightly that, being at the same time quite elastic, the form of the limbs is rendered distinctly visible. The *manta* (or cloak) is also a petticoat, but instead of hanging about the heels, as all honest petticoats ought to do, it is drawn over the head, breast, and face; and is kept so close by the hands, which it also conceals, that no part of the body, except one eye, and sometimes only a small portion of one eye, is perceptible. A rich-coloured handkerchief or a silk band and tassel are frequently tied round the waist, and hang nearly to the ground in front. A rosary, also, made of beads of ebony, with a small gold cross, is often fastened to the girdle, a little on one side, though in general it is also suspended from the neck. The effect of the whole is exceedingly striking; but whether its gracefulness—for with the fine figure of the Lima women and their beautiful style of walking this dress is eminently graceful.

—be sufficient to compensate for its indelicacy to a European eye, will depend much upon the stranger's tastes and his habits of judging of what he sees in foreign countries. To us, who took all things as we found them, the *saya* and the *manta* afforded much amusement, and



LIMENO "SWELL."

sometimes not a little vexation. It happened occasionally that we were spoken to in the street by ladies, who appeared to know us well, but whom we could not discover, till some apparently trivial remark in company long afterwards betrayed the *Tapadas*, as they called themselves. Ladies of the first rank indulge in this amusement, and will wear the meanest *saya* or stoop to

any contrivance to effect a thorough disguise. I myself knew two young ladies who completely deceived their brother and me, though we were aware of their fondness for such pranks, and I had even some suspicions of them at the very moment. Their superior dexterity, however, was



LIMENA BELLE.

more than a match for his discernment or my suspicions, and so completely did they deceive our eyes and mislead our thoughts, that we could scarcely believe our senses, when they at length chose to discover themselves."

It is now about sixty years since Basil Hall wrote this description, and with the exception

of the fact that the fair Limenâs are now rather more fond of French millinery than in his day, yet the description generally holds good of female society in the city which has been styled "the heaven of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of jackasses." The *saya* and *manta* still as before hold sway to the annoyance of husbands, who sometimes bargain before marriage that they are to be laid aside. The promise, however, if given, is often broken, and the morality of "the City of Kings," at no time very high, is not thereby a gainer in any respect. The *manta* and *saya* no man dare profane by his touch. He may follow if he likes the muffled-up figure, but woe to the rash wight who dares to pull aside the *manta* of a gay *intrigante*, even though she should be his own wife. The gallant crowd would assuredly resent the affront on the fair Limenâs, and he would be the laughing-stock of all his acquaintances. If the Lima lady is remarkable, the Lima male "swell" is a wondrous creature to behold. We could never think of describing him; our artist will sketch him (p. 316) in all his grandeur of cloak, long hair, and general *tout-ensemble*—a widely different being from his forefather, the swarthy mail-clad *conquistador* of Pizarro, A.D. 1534.* Yet the Spanish-American has many good qualities. He is polite as any gentleman of Castile, and hospitable far beyond his inhospitable ancestors of Old Spain. Passing by an open door in a Spanish-American village, especially in Central America, you have only to peep in at the snug family party swinging in hammocks. You bow and say *bonos días*, or *nuchos*, as the case may be, and without a thought of your having infringed any rule of etiquette, you can walk in, exchange cigarettes, and soon be on terms the intimacy of which would require at least a year, and in some places a good many years, to cultivate to the same extent in Europe. The olive black-eyed señoritas at first modestly look down, but soon they lose their reserve and laugh merrily at the broken Spanish of *señores los extranjeros Ingleses*. Most likely they will present you with a flower at parting—a gift valueless in itself, but as a courteous expression of kindly good-will exceedingly appropriate. The Spaniards are of all the races of Europe the most ceremonious—absurdly ceremonious, yet Spanish-America is one of the pleasantest countries for a nicely-mannered Englishman to pass a *short* time in; when he is longer there the sleepiness of the country is apt to affect him as the novelty wears off. In that country a man's house is scarcely his own. A family may be at dinner, when a loud-talking, impudent fellow will enter, nod all round, and, seating himself unceremoniously at a vacant corner of the table, will pull out a handful of *charqué* (or jerked beef) and a great lump of cheese. The beef he will send out to be pounded between two stones in the road, and while the meat is undergoing this primitive cookery, he will hand round the cheese with the air of a man at his own table. He is only exercising the privileges of all travellers, to associate with and assist each other on the road without regard to distinction or rank. If you hinted that he was not a *caballero* of the purest Castilian water, the likelihood is that with the most "stately Spanish air" he would introduce to you, *vid* your intercostal muscles, that glittering knife of his which he carries in his prunella leather leggings. It is a pleasant country, but it has its drawbacks. Like Hudibras, we must say in reference to this matter of edged lethal weapons—

"Ay me! what troubles do environ The man that meddles with cold iron."

Yet such a life suits the people infinitely better than the more active existence of the

* "Illustrated Travels," Part XXVIII.; Gallenga: "South America" (1881); Duffield: "Peru" (1877); Squier: "Peru" (1877); Spix u. Martius: "Beiträge zur Ethnographie Amerikas" (1867); D'Orbigny: "L'Homme Américain" (1839); Burton: "Paraguay" (1870); &c.

English-speaking race. It had its charms even in Anglo-Saxon eyes, as the writer ought to be the last man to deny. In California, for instance—California of days gone by, before a Philistinish race overspread it, eating up every green thing, biped or otherwise—the people led a simple life, but a quiet, peaceful, and pleasant one. There was a good deal of sleepy ease and barbaric plenty; not a little guitar twanging, and a vast amount of fiddling and dancing. There was the grizzly bear to be hunted by the bold *caballero*; the buried fowl to be plucked out of the sand on the many feast days, in honour of a favoured señorita; and the royal elk to be hamstrung by the *luna* in the joyous chase. Then there was the yearly *rodeos*, when the swift *vaqueros* (or cattle-herds) gathered in the stock—which the *rancheros* enumerated by thousands—to be separated from that of their neighbours, when

“Yearly down the hillside sweeping, came the stately cavalcade
Bringing revel to *vaquero*, joy and comfort to each maid;
Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport,
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.”

When the Spanish *ranchero* remembers the days of old when he was somebody, he sighs—curses the *gringos*, and would go to war with them if he thought there was the remotest chance of winning.

I might have spoken of Mexico, and the people of the *Tierra Caliente*, in this brief sketch of Spanish-America, but I should have been simply going over the same ground again. With, perhaps, the exception of Chili, they are all much the same. In Mexico are the same pleasant people, probably a trifle more hopelessly miscegenated than in South America, and with a rather larger *percentage* of irreclaimable scoundrels, whose countenances, as they walked in the chain-gangs in Acapulco, were ever to me a physiognomical study. Official corruption, and want of all public spirit, are even more apparent. A man who had the honour of knowing General Santa Anna, Liberator, Dictator (and more) of Mexico, may perhaps speak with knowledge on such a subject. A Mexican colonel is in the habit of drawing stores for a battalion—no matter how small may be his ragamuffin following; it is the custom of the country—has been, is, and will be to the end of Mexico, which is not far off. Her custom-house officers are notoriously open to bribes, and the duties are so enormously high that no merchant paying them can thrive. The result is that they compromise, by *not* paying them, but make arrangements with the officials of the government. An officer will sell the stores in his charge, and regard the proceeds as perquisites of office. A mining superintendent was accosted in the street by an officer with whom he was intimately acquainted, and upbraided with ingratitude and unfriendliness. The man was astonished, and begged to know wherein it lay. “Why, in not buying your powder from me. I have plenty in the arsenal, when a friend wants to buy; I would have sold it to you at half price.” And the soldier walked off, leaving the mining superintendent under the belief that in Mexico there were more things than had been dreamt of even in his philosophy. A governor of a place on the coast actually offered to sell to the master of a merchant ship the brass guns of the fortress which he commanded. But why multiply examples? We have said enough to show that the result of blood mixture in Spanish America is not more favourable than an ethnologist would suppose it would be; or than the latest observer—Signor Gallenga—declares it is.

We have concluded what we can find room for regarding the aborigines of America, and that race which first displaced them from their fair heritage. Much more could have been said in regard to them, but to obtain sufficient space for the races yet to be described we must be brief, even though we have spent on them more than we can in proportion devote to the other divisions of the human family. The American races are, however, peculiar and interesting in many respects. On their borders are crowding great civilised nations, and even yet many of the tribes retain their pristine freedom. Nearly every footbreadth of their land is fit for the white man's occupation in one way or another, and it is only a question of time when the aborigines of this great continent shall become extinct. For the writer of these pages they have an interest so keen that he may be excused if he has dwelt at some length upon them, for among them some of the brightest and earliest years of his life were spent, and with them is associated many things of fair and good report—days of freedom and independence—mingled with anxieties and dangers, which only brought out the joys in bolder relief. He lived and travelled amongst them in friendship and peace, when others were less fortunate; and though his connection with them was not always one of quietude, yet he hopes that *Yakapis* is still remembered in many a wigwam of the Western land now so strangely revolutionised since he first penetrated so many of its silent seas of forest.

THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD.

THE
PEOPLES OF THE WORLD:

BEING

*A Popular Description of the Characteristics, Condition, and Customs
of the Human Family.*

BY

ROBERT BROWN, M.A., PH.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD," ETC. ETC.

Illustrated.

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A TRIBAL FIGHT ON THE RIVER OF THE PONÉRIHOUEENS (NEW CALEDONIA).

THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE OCEANIC GROUP: THEIR GENERAL DISTRIBUTION; ORIGIN; LANGUAGES, ETC.



SAILING westward from the great American Continent, with its numerous tribes, we come to a group of islands situated in mid ocean; and with little interval these islands continue, singly, in twos and threes, or in groups, until we approach the Asiatic shore, and even the desolate Antarctic regions, or the opposite coast of Africa. Widely separated as these islands are from one another, their inhabitants have yet much in common, and, accordingly, for convenience sake, they may be styled, distinctively, "the Oceanic group" of peoples. Their language is agglutinate rather than monosyllabic (Vol. I., p. 10), and they are—nine hundred and ninety out of a thousand— Islanders. Their distribution is most remarkable. Take, for instance, the peninsula of Malacca. Geographically, it is a continuation of Siam; but ethnologically it is very different, viz., Malayan, or, in other words, the people belong to the Oceanic group. Indeed, with the exception of a small patch of country on the coast of Cambodia, this is the only continental portion of the "Oceanians" which belongs to Asia. When we cross over to Madagascar, we find that the people of that island (p. 9), though so near to the Mozambique shores of Africa, are not allied to the negroes, but to the Malays, who might, however, have displaced an aboriginal race, the ruling class, or Hovas, being evidently different from the other tribes of the island. In like manner, Easter Island, now inhabited by Polynesians, bears evidence, in its rude stone monuments, of having been the home of another race anterior to the arrival of the one which now occupies it.* New Zealand, again, is not the home of Tasmanians and Australians, but of a vastly superior race, closely allied in language, customs, and appearance to those of the Sandwich Islands, Tahiti, and neighbouring groups. When we examine the endless archipelagos of the Pacific, the problem of races becomes singularly complex. Black, woolly-headed, negro-looking people, live in close proximity to straight-haired, brown-skinned, or even almost fair-complexioned races, speaking totally different tongues. Again, while the straight-haired people, though different in different islands, are evidently all of one common origin, the black ones are very varied, and speak numerous tongues, showing that they had lived long

* These monuments are figured in "Countries of the World," Vol. IV., p. 44, and Plate 32.

apart, and in the localities they now occupy, while the strangers who possess the other islands came from a part of the world where they had lived in unison until a comparatively recent date, and thus never had time for their language to get broken up into many very distinct dialects. There has no doubt been a mixture of races in many places. For instance, Captain Markham* notes that in the New Hebrides the handsome brown races dovetail among the black ones. Several islands which, according to the maps, sketching in broad outline the distribution of the Pacific nationalities, are assigned to the black (or Papuan) people, are really inhabited by the brown (or Polynesian) races. Cherry Island is one example, Tecopia is another, and the Duff Isles are a third instance. Lom-lom, if not all of the Swallow Islands, is, on the other hand, Papuan, while the late Bishop Patteson describes the inhabitants of Nukapu as speaking a dialect of the Maori language, and, therefore, in tongue at least allied to the New Zealanders, who are Polynesians. Yet people living so closely together are inveterate enemies, and are as different as light is from darkness. However, without vouching for its accuracy in minute details, it may be said in general terms that the Western Islands, from the east end of New Guinea and Australia eastward, including the Fijis, are the home of the nearly black, frizzled-haired tribes, while all the eastern islands, including New Zealand, are inhabited by a large, brown, straight-haired people. Finally, there is a third group, closely allied to, but by most writers treated as distinct from, the latter, who people the western islands north of the Equator. The first group are the Papuans,† or Melanesians, which expresses their complexion, while the more common term takes cognisance of their woolly hair. The second is variously termed Polynesians, Malay-Polynesians, Sawaiori, or Mahori; while the third group are called Micronesians, or Tarapon.‡ In many respects they are so like the Polynesians proper that for the sake of convenience we shall describe in the ensuing chapters the habits of the two groups under that general heading.

The physiognomy of the Papuans is unmistakable, though it varies in different regions of Papua. On some of the islands the men collect their hair into small bunches, and "carefully bind each bunch round with fine vegetable fibre, from the roots up to within two inches from the head," and all of the race have hair more or less frizzly. In other physical features these "Oceanic negroes" approximate to the African stock. Their lips are usually thick (p. 5), and the nose, though often arched and high, broad and coarse. Their stature is usually low, unless when they have mixed with other races; and the projecting jaws, and thin limbs, point to a race intellectually poor and physically weak. Their moral characteristics are cruelty, bloodthirstiness, and inveterate cannibalism. Their isolation has broken them up into a number of tribes, none of them individually powerful, and too jealous of each other to unite for any common enterprise. Mr. Whitmee tells us that in two valleys of the same island two Papuan tribes will sometimes live for ages without having the slightest intercourse with each other, except during their frequent treacherous wars. Women hold humble rank among them. Arts they have few; and in commercial aptitude and domestic polity they cannot be compared with the intellectual Polynesians.

* *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XLII., p. 242; and "The Cruise of the *Rosario*" (1873).

† *Papuiah*, frizzled, woolly-headed (Malay).

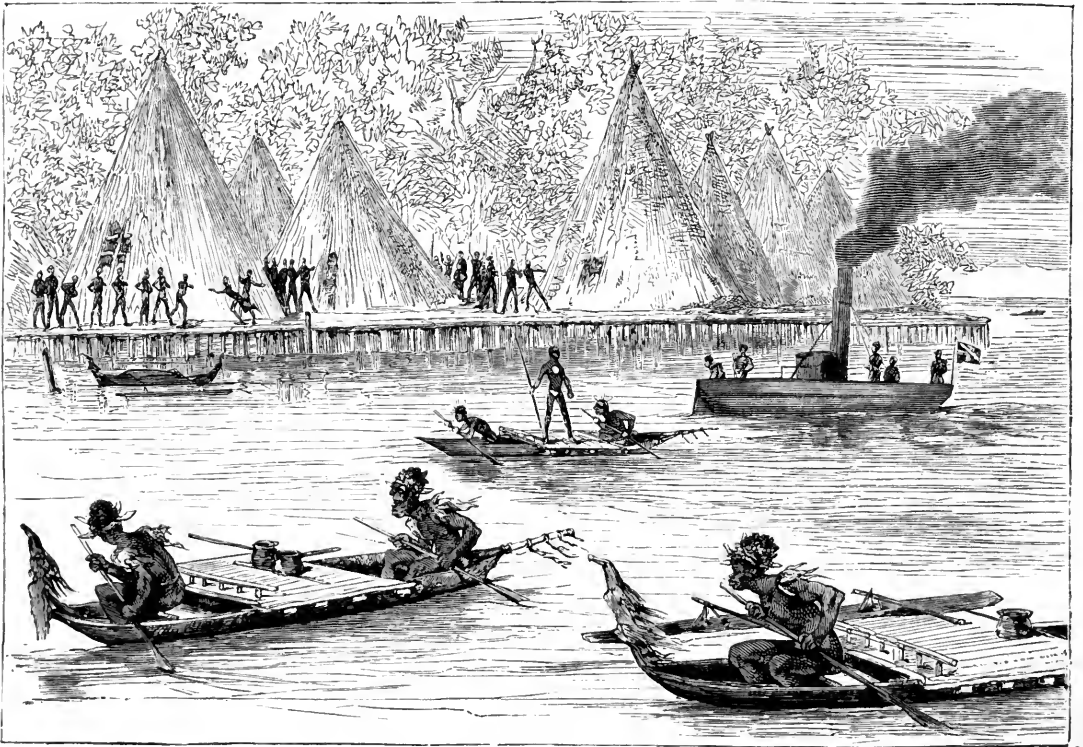
‡ Whitmee: "Ethnological Map of Polynesia" (1873); Cooper: "Coral Islands," vol. i., pp. 1-8.

The head of the Polynesian is brachycephalic, or short and broad; that of the Papuan dolichocephalic, or long (Vol. I., p. 7). The facial angle of the Papuan is more obtuse, *i.e.*, indicative of a lower grade of intellectual development than that of the Polynesian. The Polynesian is undemonstrative, and has some notion of gratitude; the Papuan is an impetuous, noisy, merry, loud-laughing savage, with little idea of the meaning of gratitude or sympathy. Wherever the Polynesian is found, from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand, he speaks a language pretty much the same. For instance, in Samoa a man is *Tangata*, in New Zealand, *Tangata*, in the Friendly Islands *Tangata*, and in the Sandwich Islands *Kanaka*, the name by which the people of that group are generally known. In like manner *Fafine* and *Wahine* are the words for a woman in the respective groups mentioned. On the other hand, the Papuan dialects are very numerous, and contain very few words traceable to the Polynesian.* Mr. Whitmee points out that the chief characteristic of the Papuan language is that consonants are freely used, and that many of the syllables are closed. Except in Fiji, there is no difference between the definite and indefinite article, and nouns are curiously divided into two classes, one of which takes a pronominal affix, while the other never takes an affix, the first division being those which are connected with a person, as the parts of his body, &c. For example, in Fijian the word *lure* means either a son or a daughter, one's child, and it takes the possessive pronoun before it; as *nona ngone*, his child—*i.e.*, his to look after or bring up. "Gender is only sexual. Many words are used indiscriminately as nouns, adjectives, or verbs, without change, but sometimes a noun is indicated by its termination. In most of the languages there are no changes in nouns to form the plural, but a numeral indicates number. Case is shown by particles which precede the nouns. Adjectives follow their substantives. Pronouns are numerous, and the personal pronoun includes four numbers, singular, dual, trinal, and general plural, also exclusive and inclusive. Almost any word may be made into a verb by using it with the verbal particles. The difference in these particles in the various languages is very great. In the verbs there are causative, intensive, frequentative, and reciprocal forms." New Guinea may be regarded as the home of the Papuans. From this centre they have spread over New Ireland, Admiralty Isles, New Britain, the Solomon Islands, Santa Cruz, the New Hebrides, the Loyalty Islands, New Caledonia, and the Fiji group, and may be roughly divided, according to the islands they occupy, into an eastern and a western group. (Plate 11, and pp. 4, 5.)

The Polynesians—to use the familiar term—are markedly different from the Papuans, though in a few places where they have come in contact there is a slight intermixture of the two races. As a rule, they are tall, well-proportioned, and, unless when much exposed to the sun, brown rather than black. Their hair, instead of being frizzly, is straight, or wavy, with an inclination to curl. Their features are tolerably regular, the eyes black and glistening, lips rather thicker than those of European races, foreheads moderately high, but rather narrow, and noses short and somewhat broad at the base (pp. 12, 20). They are a polite, amiable race, and women amongst them occupy a place scarcely inferior to that of men. For instance, in the Sandwich and other islands, rank descends, not through the males, but through the females, and female chieftains are numerous. Queen Emma, at the time when Lunalilo and David Kalakaua were elected kings, was a favourite candidate

* Anderson: "Fiji and New Caledonia" (1880), p. 252.

for the Hawaiian throne, and women still govern some of the islands. The Polynesians are, moreover, very tenacious of rank and hereditary titles, and in addressing people of position a different set of phrases must be used from those employed in speaking to the vulgar herd. In Hawaii a chief's dog is, for example, called by a different name from the same quadruped belonging to a common man; and in Samoa there are four different words appropriated to four grades of people—*sav*, for a member of the proletariat; *malu mai*, for a person of some consequence; *susu mai*, for a titled chief; and *afio mai*, for a member of the royal family.* The Polynesians have an elaborate code of land laws, and hold property

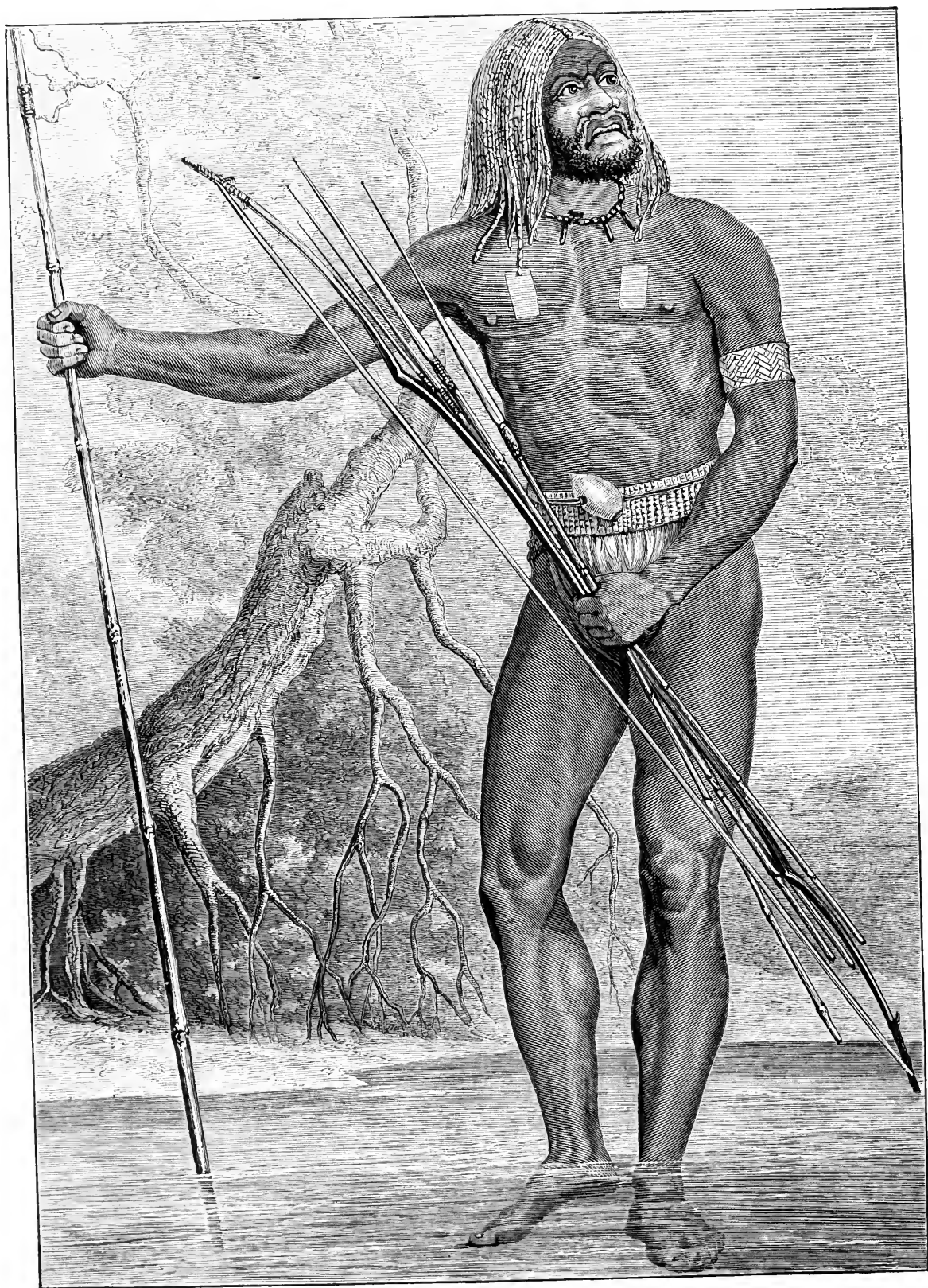


PAPUANS OF HUMBOLDT'S BAY (NEW GUINEA) ALARMED AT THE STEAM LAUNCH OF THE CHALLENGER.

on tenures often as intricately minute, and quite as reasonable, as those prevailing among the most highly civilised nations. Until the whites taught them the use of letters, they were, of course, without literature. But in place of this, all of the islanders possessed elaborate traditions, in prose and poetry, which preserved their history and religion with the greatest accuracy through many centuries. Mentally, the Polynesians are in most respects superior to other savage races. They have a decidedly good opinion of themselves, are religious, but not moral, and have proved to be more easily influenced by Christianity than almost any other people with whom the missionaries have come in contact, so that few of them, nominally at least, retain their primitive pagan faith. The Polynesian islands proper may be considered New Zealand, the Kermadees, Easter Island, Tonga (or Friendly Islands), Samoa

* Cooper: *lib. cit.*, vol. i. p. 4.

41



PAPUAN NATIVE OF NEW GUINEA.

(or Navigator Islands), Phoenix Islands, Cook Islands, Society Islands, Austral Islands, Marquesas and Tuamotu Groups, the Hawaiian, or Sandwich Islands, and a few of the Papuan group, where—*e.g.*, in New Guinea (p. 4) and the New Hebrides—they have managed either to coalesce with the natives, or to inosculate among the blacker race. In the Polynesian tongue, with one exception, all the sounds found in them may be expressed by the Roman letters, with their ordinary values. The exception pointed out by Mr. Whitmee is the sound which he calls a break—"a kind of pause in the breath, which is between an aspirate and a *k*."



NATIVE OF THE ADMIRALTY ISLES (PAPUAN).

This sound is usually represented by an inverted comma, as in Hawai'i, if properly written. Every syllable is open, and so soft is the tongue that some words are entirely made up of vowels.

The people known as Micronesians, or Tarapons, are found in the Gilbert or Kingsmill Islands, the Marshall Islands, the Caroline Islands, and the Marianne, or Ladrone group, in the western portion of Polynesia, north of the Equator, their home being chiefly atoll or lagoon islands. In colour and general appearance they resemble the people just described, but, as a rule, they are smaller and less robust. But, unlike the Polynesians, the Micronesians differ considerably in different islands. Mr. Cooper—who has written one of the latest and best general accounts of the Pacific coral islands—notes that the natives of the Carolines are larger and finer men than those of the Gilbert group, and are yellower in colour. There are

good grounds for believing that the Micronesians are a mixed race, in many respects resembling more the Malays than the races to whom they are akin in manners and customs. Their language—to draw again on Mr. Whitmee's admirable account of Polynesian linguistics—is distinguished by the use of more consonants than that of the people last described, and in some points of construction resembles the Papuan. In some of the dialects there is no true article; gender is sexual only, and number in the noun is either gathered from the requirements of the sense, or is marked by pronominal words or numerals.* And here, before leaving the subject of languages, which it is beside the object of this work to discuss, except in the briefest manner, and then only as bearing on the classification of the tribes described, it may be again remarked how numerous are the tongues spoken in the Papuan islands compared with those in use in the Polynesian groups. The Fijians on the sixty islands of the archipelago speak closely-allied dialects, mixed with Polynesian words, learned either from the Tongans, with whom they have come in contact by conquest, or owing to some earlier and now unknown miscegenation. But in New Caledonia, Mr. Anderson, who has written so valuable an account of these islands, notes that in each day's march a fresh vocabulary was required to make himself understood. In the little volcanic island of Tanna, in the New Hebrides, at least six languages, all mutually unintelligible, are spoken.† In like manner the Polynesians closely resemble each other. But there is never any difficulty for any one very moderately acquainted with the Papuan race to decide at a glance whether a particular "boy" among a crowd of labourers on a Fiji plantation has been imported from the Solomon Islands, from Ambrym, Mallicollo, Tanna, Api, or any other of the New Hebrides group. The shade of colour, the shape of the head, the character of the hair, and the physical build, are all so distinct that they mark races of this widespread and ancient family of mankind.

The Malays and Australians, whom we have included as the other members of the Oceanic group, need not be further alluded to in this place, as they will be sufficiently described in subsequent chapters. Neither need we venture into the wide field of speculation regarding the origin of the Polynesians and Papuans, over which alluring subject such floods of ink have been shed. A common belief among ethnographers—and there is nothing serious to be said against it—is, that all the brown Oceanic people, including the Malagasy of Madagascar, who are undoubtedly Malays, are of common origin, and that the country from which they poured forth to overrun the Papuan and other islands, inhabited and vacant, was the region of the Indian Archipelago. Doubtless, there have been several successive waves of emigration, and it is not at all impossible, as ingeniously argued by D'Urville, and latterly by Mr. Anderson, that the migration from island to island took place over land now submerged, though we may dismiss, as altogether out of unison with geological and physico-geographical facts, the hypothesis of the Africans having peopled the Papuan islands, by roaming over a lost continent at one time extending between these two widely dissevered parts of the world.‡ It is also

* For a fairly complete bibliography of Papuan Island tongues, see Cooper: *lib. cit.*, vol. ii., pp. 334—353; Anderson: *lib. cit.*, pp. 250—288.

† Gabelentz: "Die Melanesischen Sprachen nach ihren Grammatischen Bau und Polynesischen Sprachen" (1860—1873).

‡ The whole subject is fully discussed by Fornander in his work on the "Origin of the Hawaiians" (1870—75); by Jarvis in "History of the Sandwich Islands" (1873); and in other works on Polynesia.

not improbable that on many of the Polynesian islands, where there is at present no sign of unmixed Papuans, an extinct aboriginal people existed when the Polynesians arrived, or had left before they landed. At Ponape, in the Caroline group, in the Marianne Islands, and at Malden Island, are wonderful ruins, the nature of which is still a mystery, while the extraordinary sculptures of Easter Island, already referred to, attest the long residence on this isolated spot of a race very different from the one which now occupies it. It is even affirmed that on Paumotu, the most south-easterly of the Pacific Islands, is spoken a language which seems to be different from any other in the world. Yet, in the course of half a century, the Polynesians and Papuans have altered more strangely than they did in as many previous centuries. Scarcely one of the islands has not been reached by the missionary and civilisation of some kind. The Fijis constitute an English colony, New Caledonia is a French penal settlement, Tahiti has been formally annexed by France after having been long a Protectorate of that country, the Sandwich Islands is one of the most civilised of monarchies, and the sovereigns of Tonga and Samoa (who appear in the "Almanach de Gotha"), are so thoroughly inoculated with advanced ideas of their kingly rank, that the former potentate considered it proper, on the outbreak of the Franco-German war, to issue a proclamation of "strict neutrality." It must, therefore, necessarily follow that in the ensuing pages we shall describe manners and customs which once existed, or which are now rapidly disappearing. That the Polynesians have been and are a nation of roamers we know.* Indeed, all the Oceanic people seem to have been great navigators, as they are at the present day, moving about from island to island, occasionally blown by the winds or by storms to the distant groups which they inhabit, there either to miscegenate with the aborigines or dispossess them, or, when the islands were uninhabited, to colonise them in due course, until in time their appearance and habits get somewhat altered from those of the mother country whence they came. The Maoris of New Zealand migrated from a country known in their traditions as Hawaiki, a name which occurs in the Hervey and Marquesas Islands legends also, and means "the region below." Probably in this case it may be identified with Savai, in Samoa, 1,000 miles away, whence they brought the sweet potato, the taro, and the yam, or with Raratonga, as Sir George Grey argues. In New Guinea Moresby found an isolated Polynesian colony, and, according to De Roehas, the Polynesian element of the Loyalty Islands is due to an emigration passing, in 1776, from Wall's Island to New Caledonia. If we are to accept the data to which various students of Polynesian mythology attach importance, the Tongas arrived at Marquesas Island about the year 417 of our era, the Tahitians in their country about 701, while Raratonga was colonised about 1207, and the Gambier Islands in 1270. The Maori chiefs have preserved their genealogy with such care, that from the verbal narrations of the "Arepos," or Keepers of the Archives, Sir George Grey was able to fix the date of the migration to New Zealand as happening about 1480.

We have seen that the great group of people which we have included under the Oceanic group are in complexion either black or brown. The black division has frizzly hair, and appears to have been the first to spread from the mainland, or elsewhere, over these islands, while the brown or higher race seems to have come afterwards as conquerors: for,

* Numerous facts bearing on this subject have been accumulated by Quatrefages, in his treatise on the Polynesians and their migrations, and in his lectures on the "Human Species," pp. 185—198.

wherever we find the black and the brown races of Oceanica together, we are sure to find the former occupying the interior, to which they have been driven by the more powerful or warlike brown people. This is the case, for example, in Borneo. On the Kingsmill Islands we find an admixture of the black or Papuan blood; yet the points of resemblance in customs among the different people are so striking that one can scarcely doubt but that originally the Oceanians were of one stock. For instance, as Mr. Ellis points out, men and women among the Battas, of Sumatra, eat separately, as do the Polynesians proper (Tahitians, &c.). Cannibalism prevails in both groups, and divination on the entrails of animals (unknown among the Americans) prevails all over the isles of the Pacific. In many widely-separated islands the chief portion of the marriage ceremony consists in the bridegroom throwing a piece of cloth over the bride, or the friends throwing it over both. The bodies of the dead are kept by the inhabitants of the Caroline Islands in a similar manner to the same rite among the Tahitians; and in the Ladrones, as in the South Sea Islands, they feast around the tomb, offer food, &c. The legends of the Ladrones and the Tahitians also agree in many particulars. At one time, in the Ladrones, a licentious society existed very similar to that of the Areoi society, which we shall have occasion to speak about as prevalent in the South Sea Islands. The Malays, like the Marquesans, are in the habit of ornamenting the tops of walking-sticks with locks cut off from the heads of dead enemies.

“Between the canoes and the language of these islands and the southern groups there is a more close resemblance. Their language has a remarkable affinity with that of Eastern Polynesia. There are also many points of resemblance in language, manners, and customs between the South Sea Islanders and the inhabitants of Madagasear in the west; the inhabitants of the Aleutian and Kurile Isles in the north, which stretch across the mouth of Behring Strait, and form the chain which connects the Old and New Worlds; and also between the Polynesians and the inhabitants of Mexico, and some part of South America. The general cast of feature and frequent shade of complexion, the practice of tattooing, which prevails among the Aleutians and some parts of America, the process of embalming the dead bodies of their chiefs and preserving them uninterred, the form and structure of their many pyramidal stone temples and places of sepulture, some of the games among the Araucanians, the word for God being *teu* or *ter*, the exposure of their children, their mode of dressing the hair, ornamenting it with feathers, the numerous words in their language resembling those of Tahiti, &c., their dress, especially the *poncho*, and even the legend of the origin of the Incas, bear no rude resemblance to those of *Ti'i* (in the South Sea Islands) who was also descended from the sun.” It is just possible that some of the South Sea Islanders may have originally come from the American continent; or, more probably still, that some of the South Americans are sprung from the crews of Polynesian canoes, cast adrift on the opposite coast, a voyage in length for which we have many parallel instances in the stories of canoes picked up with their living freight far from their homes. Still, the origin of both races is involved in much mystery, which we shall not waste space in speculating over. There is, however, strong evidence to show that the Sandwich Islanders originally came from the Georgian Islanders, and that probably the tribes of most of the Pacific Islands are of Malay origin. “The natives of the eastern part of Australia and the intertropical islands within twenty degrees east, including New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, and the Fijis, appear to be one nation, and in all probability came originally from the Asiatic

islands to the northward, as the skin is black, and their hair woolly or crisped, like the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of several of the Asiatic islands. But the inhabitants of all the islands of the east of the Fijis, including the Friendly Islands and New Zealand,



HOVA SPIES OF THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR (MALAGASY).

though they have many characteristics in common with these, have a number essentially different. The natives of Chatham Island and New Zealand in the south, the Sandwich Islands in the north, the Friendly Islands in the west, and all the intermediate islands as far as Easter Island in the east, are one people. Their mythology, traditions, manners and customs, language and physical appearance, in their main features, are, so far as we have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, identically the same, yet differing in many respects from those

of the islands to the westward of Tongatabu. The dress of the Fijians, &c., is not the same as that of the natives of New Zealand, Tahiti, and the other islands of the Pacific, and they also differ in their mode of war, instruments, gymnastic games, rafts, or canoes, treatment of their children, dressing their hair, feather head-dresses of the chiefs, girdles, and particularly the *tiputa* of the latter, which in shape and use exactly resembles the *poncho* of the Peruvians. Their circumstances seem to favour the conjecture that the inhabitants of the island west of Tongatabu have an Asiatic origin only; but that the natives of the eastern islands may be a mixed race, who have emigrated from the American continent, and from the Asiatic Islands; that the proximity of the Friendly and Fiji Islands may have given both a variety of words and usages in common, while the people to which the former belong may have remained in many respects distinct. The nation inhabiting the eastern parts of the Pacific has spread itself over an immense tract of ocean, extending upwards of seventy degrees north and south from New Zealand and Chatham Islands to the Sandwich group, and between sixty and seventy degrees east and west from Tongatabu to Easter Island. The last is not farther from the islands adjacent to the continent than some of those groups are from any other inhabited island. The Sandwich Islands are above twenty degrees from the Marquesas, and thirty-six from Tahiti, yet inhabited by the same race."*

We may, therefore, for ethnological purposes, divide the Oceanic group into four great families or divisions, the characteristics of which will be described in greater or lesser detail in the chapters which follow. These are, as forming the most widely spread, and in many respects most important race—(1), the Polynesians, comprising also the people of Micronesia, so called.

(2) The Papuans, as already defined, embracing also the now extinct Tasmanians, who were, perhaps, the most widely dissevered of all the component members of the Papuan division.

(3) The Malays, or natives of Borneo, Celebes, Formosa, Madagascar, Malacca, Sumatra, Java, Philippines, and the islands leading to the Philippines, and the chain ending in Timor and Rotti, and the islands between Timor and New Guinea.

(4) The Australians, who constitute one of the most degraded of Oceanic nationalities now existing. Under this head may also be included—though their near relationship is doubtful—the Andaman and Nicobar Islanders.

* Ellis: "Polynesian Researches," vol. iv. p. 315.

CHAPTER II.

THE POLYNESIANS : THEIR ISLANDS ; THEIR CUSTOMS ; THEIR WOMEN ; THE AREOI SOCIETY, ETC.

MOST of the islands inhabited by the Polynesians are small, and, with the exception of New Zealand, scattered in mid ocean, dotting singly or in groups the bosom of the Pacific. They are the familiar "South Sea Islands" of our boyish dreams. Most of them are reared up from the bottom of the ocean by the minute coral animals, and though on some of them there are volcanoes, which pour out huge masses of lava (such as that of Mauna Loa on Hawaii, the chief of the Sandwich group), on the vast number of them there is no stone of any description, except that made from the lime gathered from the sea by the labour of the coral polypes. Indeed, on some of them so scarce were stones, that before the introduction of iron, the pebbles found fixed in the roots of floating trees, which had been wafted to the islands from distant shores, were part of the revenue of the king, and sold at high prices, as materials for knives, spear-points, &c. The climate is warmer than that of Europe, but the cool sea breezes ever wafting around them prevent the air being disagreeably hot, and in some—the Sandwich Islands for instance—the atmospheric conditions are about as near perfection as possible. As we sail along the shore we behold either low islands—just raised above the surface of the water ; green patches of verdure, surrounded by a fringe of cocoa-nut trees, or in the larger ones every diversity of broken mountains and rocky precipices, clothed in a delightful verdure, from "the moss of the jutting promontories on the shore, to the deep and rich foliage of the bread-fruit tree ; the Oriental luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, or the wavy plume of the lofty and graceful cocoa-nut grove. The scene is enlivened by the waterfall on the mountain's side ; the cataract that chafes along its rocky bed in the recesses of the ravine, or the stream that slowly winds its way through the fertile and cultivated valleys, and the whole is surrounded by the white-crested waters of the Pacific, rolling their waves of foam in splendid majesty on the coral reefs, or dashing in spray against its broken strands." Everything is beautiful here—"all save the spirit of man is divine"—and it is with this which, in the majority of cases, is rather the antipodes of divine, that we have to deal.

The Polynesians are, at the present day, a people by no means numerous in proportion to the immense area over which they spread, and, like some savage nations, bear every appearance of being a decaying people, soon to be numbered with the past. The monuments on Easter Island point to a race more powerful than those at present inhabiting any of the Pacific islands, if not to a people antecedent to the present, and everywhere the signs of decadence are apparent. Indeed, what with infanticide, the horrible prevalence of war, and human sacrifice, it is probable that, in some of the islands at least, the septs would have become extinct in a few years if the Europeans had not arrived amongst them. But though civilisation has to a great extent stopped this, we must remember that in its train have come diseases and vices unknown before, and a long catalogue of disasters, which are undermining the race so rapidly that before long—as in the Sandwich Islands—the native element will be in a minority to the European.

In appearance the Polynesians, as a whole, are rather pleasing, and in most cases superior to the Indians of America. They are rather above the middle stature, and their limbs are finely formed and muscular. The inhabitants of each group of islands, though agreeing in



MAORI CHIEF "HEKI" AND WIFE, FROM THE BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND.

general with the Polynesian characteristics, have yet minor peculiarities special to themselves. For instance, the "Kanakas" (or Sandwich Islanders) are more muscular in limb than the Tahitians, who, in their turn, are more fleshy than the light and agile Marquesans. In size and power the Tahitians are inferior to the Maoris of New Zealand, resembling in this respect the Friendly Islanders, but possessing neither the gravity of the latter nor the brightness

and vivacity of the Marquesans. They are generally active in their movements, but many of them are inclined to corpulency as years advance, which naturally does not add to their agility. They are stately and lithe in gait, and perfectly frank and unembarrassed in their address—a characteristic which they scarcely share, the reader will remember, with the Americans. The mountaineers, or inhabitants of the interior of the islands, from their constant habit of using their naked feet in climbing precipices and trees, are apt to turn in their toes in walking, so that their movements are scarcely so graceful as those of the coast natives; yet all will acknowledge that in models of perfection of the human figure (presenting all that is beautiful in symmetry and pleasing in action) the sweet South Sea Islands abound to a degree found to the same extent in probably no other part of the world. Some of the men will attain a stature of six feet four inches; six feet is by no means uncommon, though the chiefs are generally the tallest men. Their hair is straight, long, and black—not wiry and lank like that of the Indians, nor, except in a very few instances, woolly like that of the Australians or Papuans generally. It is often soft and curly, especially in the women. The latter are often very beautiful; but, as a rule, like the females of many other savage nations, they do not equal the men in good looks.

The Tongan women have, probably, less physical beauty than their sisters in other parts of Polynesia. The women of these islands (the Friendly Islands) powder their hair with fine lime, made by calcining coral, which has the effect of giving it that reddish-purple hue which the *haut ton* of Tonga consider the perfection of fashion. Among all the Polynesians the hair is an object of assiduous attention, and the modes of dressing it vary in almost every island. The complexion of the Polynesians varies, though in general it is olive or reddish-brown; but a darker shade of complexion is considered by them as a sign of strength and vigour, and accordingly coveted. To accomplish this they are, therefore, fond of exposing their persons to the action of the sun. A fair complexion is looked upon as presaging the exactly opposite. When they searched the battle-field for the bones of the slain, out of which to manufacture chisels, gimlets, or fish-hooks, they always took care to select dark-skinned men—supposing that their bones would be stronger than those of fair-skinned persons. *Taata ra e, te ereere! ivi maitai tona* ("the man how dark! good his bones are") was in former times a common exclamation of the natives when looking at a very dark-skinned man. The most handsome European they look upon as inferior in beauty to themselves, and the utmost extent of praise they can extend to such a one would be—that he would be a fine man if he were only a South Sea Islander. At one time they looked upon the white skin of the European with pity, supposing it to be the effect of a disease with which they are sometimes afflicted—a kind of leprosy, which turns the skin white; and though this idea has now been dissipated after their more familiar acquaintance with Europeans and Americans, their old standard of beauty, which has a black skin for its pivot, is still the same. The New Zealanders (p. 12) are, perhaps, the fairest of all the family under consideration; some of the higher class women who have been less exposed to the action of the weather being quite as fair as Spaniards. In New Zealand, however, there appear to be two varieties, the one darker than the other; probably the darker variety may be the remains of the aborigines of the islands before the Maoris conquered them. The toes and fingers are in all of them wonderfully elastic; the two classes of digits being able to be used with almost equal facility. In mental capacity the Polynesians are far from con-

temptible. They have an elaborate mythology, which in itself is a sign of a certain vigour of imagination: some of the songs and legends, of which they have an infinite variety, are very beautiful. Their civil polity shows forms of government far removed from the rude or primitive systems prevalent among most of the Indians, or even among the Africans. Their religious rites, if horrible in their cruelty, are yet arranged in all their details with a precision and elaborateness that strike the inquirer with astonishment. No Indian or African can tell anything of his pedigree, and would, in most cases, grin with scorn at the idle question of who was his grandfather. But the Polynesian chiefs have kept traditionary narratives of their genealogy, mythical in some respects they may be, but still not more so than some in the British peerage, extending back from long periods. They are all fond of figures, and unlike some rude tribes which cannot count more than five, or at the outside more than twenty, the collective number of their toes and fingers, the Polynesian can enumerate to an extent as great, or greater, than an uneducated European. The Sandwich Islanders, like the Mexicans, reckon by fives, but the Tahitians have a decimal method of calculation. The precision and regularity of their arithmetical calculations were the astonishment of the early missionaries who visited these people. They are full of inquisitiveness, and, therefore, soon acquire information on many points which the stolid Indian cares nothing whatever about, and accordingly remains ignorant of. All of them excel in wood-carving, their primitive tools being mere stones and sharks' teeth. Some of the New Zealand carving is especially remarkable for its careful and intricately beautiful execution, but all of that done by the Polynesians has a character of its own which enables the ethnologist to at once recognise it (p. 21). There is some proof to show that the original idea of it was obtained from the sculpture of the ancient Mexican Aztecs. Strange to say, however, though their houses, their weapons, and even the most common of their domestic utensils, are carved in the most laboured manner, the figures of their gods are among the least artistic of those of savage races, being throughout most of the Polynesian isles little more than rudely-shaped blocks of wood.

Their hospitality is great to strangers as well as to friends. A Polynesian will divide everything among a lot of strangers who visit his hut, and leave himself foodless and chattelless. Yet, on the other hand, the stranger is not fed all the time he remains among them, but is given a quantity of food, which he can eat up all at once or husband as he thinks fit, for he will get no more, no matter how long he stays. After this he must provide for himself. I am inclined to look upon the Polynesian's hospitality as consisting more in keeping up an old custom than proceeding from any innate generosity. It must also be remembered that for every such entertainment the host expects to be reimbursed in kind whenever he visits the abode of his guest. Their ancient laws also commanded them to bring forth the produce of their fields and gardens to entertain the chiefs and the licentious Areoi society whenever they halted at their residences. A refusal to do so was a frequent cause of banishment or death, by the person neglecting this duty being selected at a future time as a sacrifice to the gods. To withhold food from the king or his servants was ranked in iniquity as next to resisting the royal authority, or even declaring war against the sovereign. In this manner the people got accustomed, almost by second nature, to provide supplies for any one who might come along. On the contrary, the inhabitants of many islands—more particularly the Tahitians—extended their hospitality to the friendless wanderers either landing by choice or by necessity on their shores, to such an extent that they

literally and physically *ate them!* Indeed, the Tongans are about the only islanders who are free from suspicion of dining upon the stranger who attempted to sojourn within their gates, or even upon their own countrymen who had been sufficiently long from home to have acquired a sort of brevet rank of foreigner.

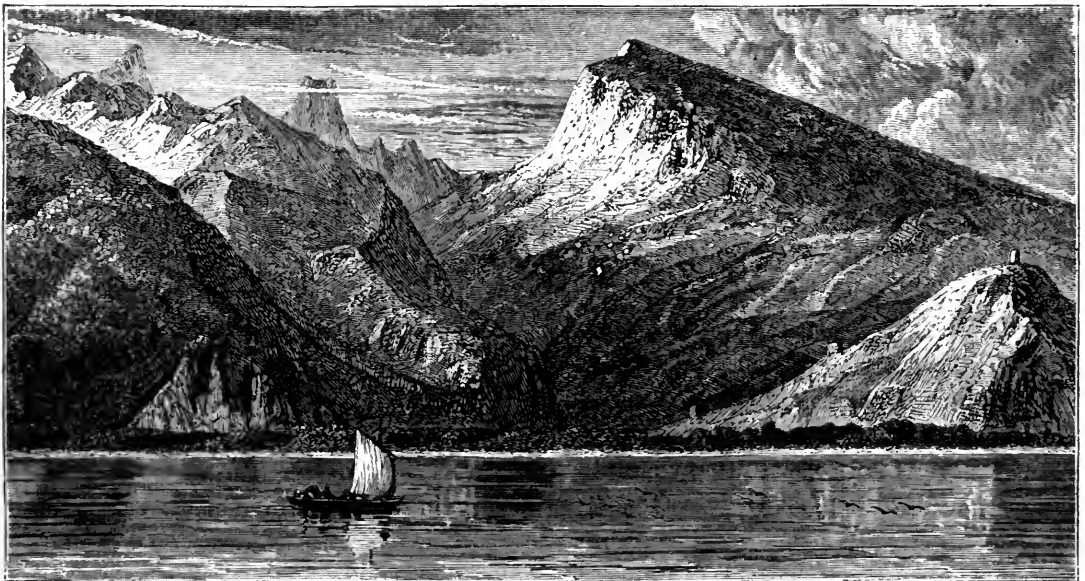
In disposition, for a race addicted to such questionable victuals as nearly all the Polynesians were at former times, and many of them, as well as the other Oceanic families, are still, they bear the reputation of being a cheerful, good-natured people in their hours of ease, though demons when the spirit of revenge or slaughter is upon them. They are full of humour, and fond of their little joke.

Their raillery is not limited to individuals, but extends to whole neighbourhoods. The inhabitants of Tahaa, one of the Leeward Islands, were, especially among the Tahitians, a subject of great mirth, because one of these people supposed that the first European he ever saw with long boots on had *iron legs*. The inhabitants of Huaheine were generally known as the people who *baked the scissors*—a simple-minded aborigine of that island having taken this method to sharpen a pair of scissors which had come into his possession. The Huaheineans, in their turn, ridicule the Tahitians as the *feia numi honu*—(the people that strangled the turtle), a party of Tahitians from the interior having once on a time attempted to kill a turtle by pinching its throat, or strangling it, when the neck was drawn into the shell, on which they were surprised to find they could make no impression with their fingers.

The morals of all this race hardly allow, however, of an adjective sufficiently expressive of the utter state of degradation into which they have fallen, if, indeed, they were ever anything else. The seventh commandment, in all its phases, connections, and relations, is in letter and precept an unknown order. Among themselves their conversation is licentious in the extreme, and filthy to an extent which cannot be described. Their self-esteem is immense, especially among the New Zealanders. A Maori will kill himself rather than suffer disgrace. Perhaps there is no more fertile cause of war than hurt vanity and wounded feelings. In addition, they are all fickle and revengeful, though affectionate in their family relations. They are strange contradictions. For instance, though hospitable, they are very covetous. To keep a secret is an utter impossibility with a Polynesian, even should death to himself or anybody else connected with him be the consequence. All of them have very retentive memories. The Samoans bear the reputation of being the most gentle and—if we can use the expression—refined of the Polynesians, and next to them would rank the Tongans; though the New Zealanders are perhaps the noblest and most intellectual of them all.

We have already spoken about their hospitality being, to a great extent, only habit and custom. Their great feasts are equally so, tinctured, doubtless, with a large portion of vanity and love of ostentation. Compared with those the grandest Indian *pollatch* (Vol. I., p. 76) on record sinks to insignificance. The New Zealander's feasts will be given on such a scale of magnificence that the potatoes to be eaten are specially planted a year in advance. Provisions for these great feasts are collected from far and near, and while writing I have before me notes of a feast in which the provisions were built up in the form of a wall a mile in length and seven feet high, this extraordinary sideboard being surmounted at intervals with roast swine! It is, however, at the great *kava*-drinking feasts of the South Sea Islanders that the pomp and circumstance of the Oceanic people come out in their brightest colours. This *kava* is made from the roots of a

variety of *Macropiper methysticum*, and at the stated feasts at which it is drunk the people are set in circles according to their rank, the chiefs and other high dignitaries being in front, and the rest graduating away behind according to their social position. The king or head chief, with a councillor on either side, presides over this high ceremonial. The *kava* is brewed with an amount of fuss and deep consultation regarding the proportions—the amount of squeezes of the material, the proper quantum of water—and so on, that would be ludicrous were it not for the extreme solemnity with which it is gone about. The whole affair is under the direction of careful and experienced masters of the ceremonies, who are familiar with all the etiquette to be observed on the occasion, the relative rank and status of every man in the nation, and consequently the position which he should occupy at the feast. The chiefs are, of



VIEW ON THE SHORES OF TAHITI.

course, in the front rank, but should the master of the ceremonies observe an elder relative of a young chief in the front rank, it is a part of the rigid etiquette observed on the occasion that, though otherwise his position would have entitled him to such a place, he must, under the circumstances, take a position in a row behind.

The Samoans have the credit of being, perhaps, the most rigidly courteous of all the Polynesians. A Samoan would be shocked beyond measure if he did not address his nearest neighbour even by a title of courtesy; and as a German considers it only etiquette to address people by a title higher than they have a right to, so is there also in Samoa an exactly identical custom. The smallest shopkeeper in Germany expects to be addressed as "Mr. Court-Councillor," though he and everybody else know that the Court never troubles him for his counsel; so the Samoan, if he does not know the title of a stranger whom he is addressing will, as a safe course, style him "chief." These Samoans are in every respect the best of the Polynesians, in so far that they are honest and cleanly, graceful in costume, tall of stature, and

so polished in manners that etiquette seems not, as it too often is, a mere ornament, but an essential of life. Nearly all the Polynesians are fond of their children, and some are



A VALLEY IN THE INTERIOR OF TAHITI.

not inimical to their neighbours' offspring as articles of diet; but the Samoan carries this pretty passion almost to excess, playing with them and petting them on all occasions. The contrast between the Polynesians and the Papuan race, their near neighbours, is shown by the way the Tongans use the Fijians, or, at least, did so in former days.

The Tongans, though so courteous to strangers, are a warlike race, and treat their black Papuan neighbours of the Fiji Islands as a conquered tribe. There is generally a small colony of Tongans in these islands. Indeed, to make a voyage to the Fijis in search of fortune or an easy life is looked upon as quite legitimate amongst them. The superior race bullies and orders about the inferior in every way. One will enter a house, take up the best position, and order and superintend—for which he considers that he has peculiar talents—the Fijians who are building him a house or a canoe, and altogether behave after the manner with which we have already been familiar in the “big Injun” of the western continent.

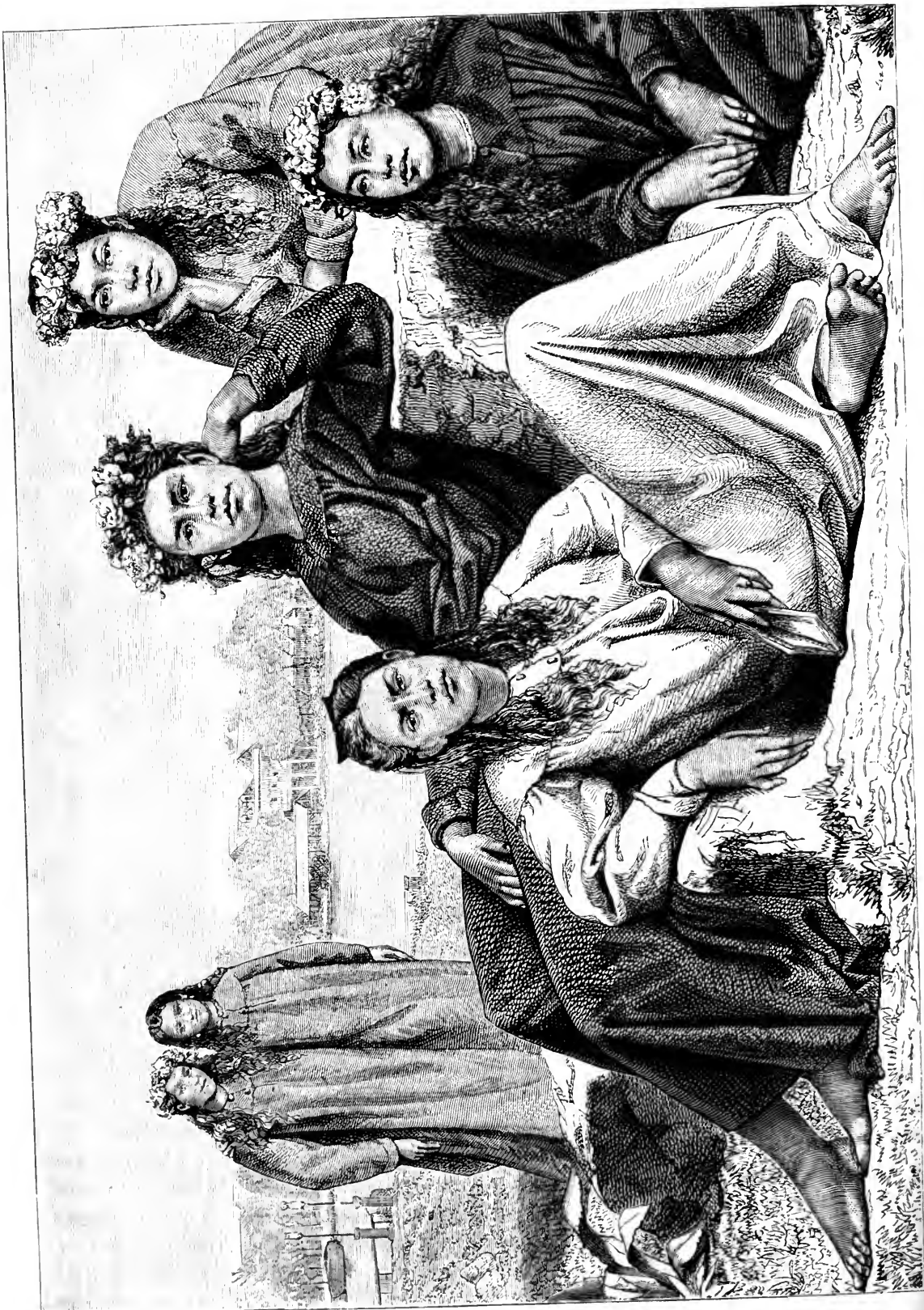
Among a people so widely scattered as the Polynesians we need not be surprised to find a great variety in the style of dress. Indeed, nothing varies so greatly among the tribes of men as this, even in a limited area, as witness the multiplicity of costumes in Europe and in the Russian Empire. One thing is, however, remarkable in the clothing of the Polynesians, and that is that, like everything else found among them, their dress, though varied in form, colour, and texture, is always light and loose, and often even elegant. Until the introduction of European civilisation, wool, cotton, and silk were equally unknown amongst them, and all classes, from the highest to the lowest, were clad in one fabric, hammered ingeniously out of the bark of trees. The head was uncovered, except when adorned with flowers, and the brow was occasionally shaded by a wreath of cocoa-nut leaves. Both sexes wore folds of cloth round the waist, but the dress of the men differed from that of the females in the fact that the former wore the *moro* (or girdle) and the *tiputa* (or poncho), while the females wore over their shoulders a loose, light scarf or shawl called the *aahupu*, or *ahut iapono*. The *tiputa* of the Tahitians to which we have referred was a peculiar garment, differing little (if anything) from the poncho of South America. It is rather longer than that garment, but is worn in the same manner. A hole is cut in the centre, through which the head is passed; the garment then depends in graceful folds over the shoulders, breast, and back, and reaching down as low as the knees. The *ahufura* is another article of dress almost as common as the *tiputa*. It is larger than the *tiputa*, and is more like a counterpane than a shawl. It is always splendid in a variety of colours. This native cloth, made by beating the bark of certain trees with wooden mallets, constitutes in some of the islands the wealth of the chiefs, many of whom owned at one time numerous large bales of it. Of late years, however, little of it has been made, the imported calicoes of Europe and America having almost entirely taken its place. It was dyed by the women in elegant patterns, in the execution of which every Polynesian woman, from the queen downward, strove to excel. All the cloth, as well as the sleeping-mats, the pillows of hard wood, the cups of cocoa-nut, and the quaintly-carved wooden dishes are made by the women. In New Zealand the universal upper garment of all classes and both sexes is a square mat made from the fibres of the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*, p. 19), which it will sometimes take a woman eighteen months or often two years to weave. These mats are of different qualities and kinds, and there are also others made of the hair of dogs and other domestic animals. The New Zealanders are also fond of earrings, which are not in great favour with all the Polynesians. These earrings are sometimes of the most peculiar character,—even the skins of small birds stuffed, or the tail-feathers of larger birds, particularly the *e-elia* (*Neomorpha Gouldii*), which, when not in use, are kept in elaborately carved boxes. They are also fond

of ornaments of the green jade, out of which they make their clubs, and look upon an earring consisting of the tooth of a tiger-shark as a mark of rank; but take him all in all, the Maori has rather a weakness for earrings, and is not particular what object is employed to constitute these. The *gnatoo* of the Tongans is also made of beaten-out bark (as is the cloth, indeed, of all the South Sea Islanders), and is equally worn by men and women, the men



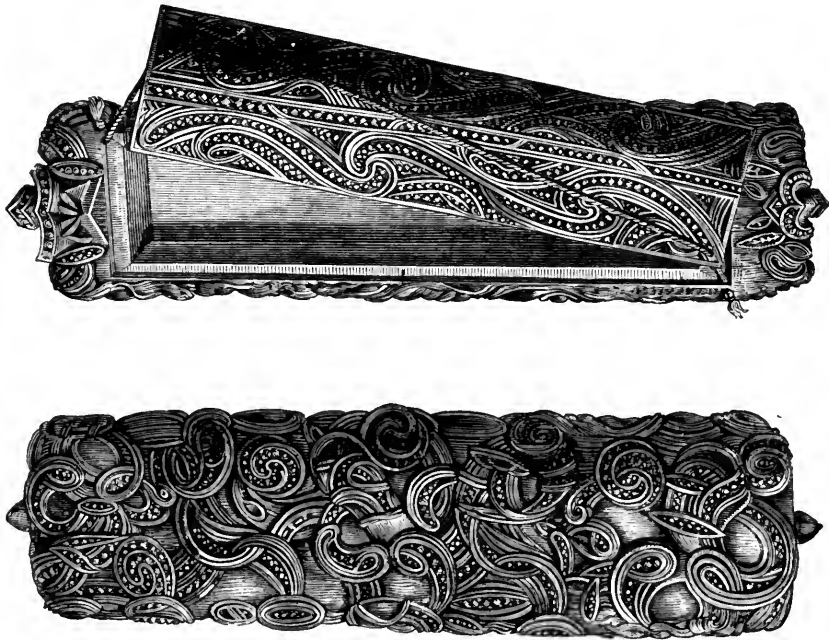
THE "FLAX PLANT" OF NEW ZEALAND.

usually folding it round the waist, and tucking the ends into a belt of the same material, so as to be easily detached and thrown over the head and shoulders, while that of the women is arranged about their persons in graceful folds. There are, however, an infinite number of ways in which the *gnatoo* is worn, and we accordingly find that though high and low, rich and poor, must wear clothing made of the same fabrics, there are peculiar ways of putting it on, which, in the eyes of the initiated, denote the rank of the wearer. Among the Tongans, as among most of the Polynesians, ornaments made of the sperm whale's teeth are valued at more than



YOUNG WOMEN OF TAHITI

their weight in gold is with us ; but by far the most graceful of these ornaments is a flowering creeping plant, which is twined round the neck or waist of both the men and women, and has an exceedingly pretty effect. Though the Tongan children run naked until they are two or three years old, the grown-up people are not only exceedingly fastidious about their dress and the arrangement of every fold, but are morbidly particular in regard to the nudity of their person on every occasion. When bathing, they even go aside and put on a kind of apron in place of the ordinary robe, and even to such an extent is this delicacy carried, that it is the custom of the men, if they should be obliged to undress near the burial-place of a chief, to save exposing themselves by putting on this apron already spoken of.



ENGRAVED CHESTS OF THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND (After Cook.)

The ordinary dress of the Samoan men is only a small apron, but on state occasions they wear a loose flowing robe gathered round the loins, and reaching down to their ankles. The dress, however, varied according to the rank of the wearer ; but the elaborate care with which a Samoan is tattooed will not allow of anything but a very scanty wardrobe, in case the artificial charms of his person should be concealed from the admiring eyes of his countrymen. It is, however, in the head-dresses worn on state occasions that the Samoan chiefly excels. In addition to their own hair they construct of their cut hair huge wigs, frizzed out and dressed, which they ornament with plumes of feathers two feet or more in length, so that when the whole of this towering superstructure is *in situ*, the wearer has a most martial and dignified appearance. The women, on the contrary, wear their hair rather short, and as red is the fashionable colour in Samoa, they stain it as near that colour as they can with powdered lime, made by burning coral, after which flowers are twined in it.

In the Kingsmill Islands the chiefs wear in battle a cap made of the spiny skin of the

Diodon, or porcupine fish, ornamented with a goodly bunch of feathers. The Marquesan Islanders wear their hair in a great variety of fashions, a very common method being to shave it all off except a lock at either side of the forehead, which is brushed in the form of what looks like little horns. The resemblance is, however, purely accidental, as these islanders were, until the advent of the whites, entirely unacquainted with any horned animal. Among the Marquesans a peculiar trade—profession shall we call it?—prevails, viz., cultivating ringlets and long white beards *for sale*. The ringlets are used for ornamenting spears, clubs, and the ankles; while the beards, valued at a very high price, are looked upon as one of the most graceful ornaments imaginable for the head, or for the shell trumpet. For earrings the same islanders use an ornament not unlike a large-headed nail, made of a section of a long spiral shell, filled with a kind of cement, through the midst of which a carved ivory stem is passed, the head of this nail-like ornament being worn uppermost. But, perhaps, the most scanty dress worn by any of the Polynesians is that of the Pelew Islanders. Beyond a most elaborate tattoo, which almost looks as if they were covered with some dark, tight-fitting fabric, these primitive folk wear *no* dress. Still the reader must not suppose that on account of their lacking this conventional covering they are deficient in modesty. On the contrary, their laws prohibit men passing the bathing-place of the women; a refinement which one has some difficulty in clearly understanding, unless it is that the women are, when out of the water, possessed of a trifle more wardrobe than their lords. In addition to the tattooing, which we shall have occasion to speak about shortly, the New Zealanders bestow on their persons, as well as on their houses and mats, a plentiful supply of paint; while in the Tonga, Caroline, and other islands, a liberal coat of yellow turmeric is looked upon with especial favour.

The Polynesians, owing to the absence of wild animals on their islands, are essentially a race of fishermen, or, on a small scale, agriculturists. Their cultivation is of the most primitive type; but, thanks to the richness of the soil and the splendid climate, the scratchings with a pointed stick which their little patches receive are sufficient to produce crops abundant enough for their simple wants. The bread-fruit tree, the taro, the sweet potato, the fern root, and a hundred other wild plants, enable them to eke out the supplies of vegetable food which their agricultural labours enable them to raise. Pigs have now been introduced in nearly all the islands, and have increased so abundantly as to supply plenty of fresh pork for their owners. • Shell-fish, fish, and other products of the sea, are found plentifully around these shores; so that want is almost unknown in these fortunate isles of the South Sea. But, perhaps, the most extraordinary article of diet used by the South Sea Islanders is the marine worm, called *palolo*, and known to naturalists as *Palolo viridis*,* used by the Samoans. Mr. Consul Pritchard, who resided so many years on these islands, thus describes it, and the method of cooking it:—"It appears only in certain strictly defined and very limited localities in each group (*i.e.*, in Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa); a month earlier, about the first week in November, in Samoa, than in the two other groups. It rises directly from the bottom of the sea to the surface, appearing about four o'clock in the morning, and continuing to increase in number until about half an hour after sunrise, when it begins to dissolve, and gradually disappears. By eight o'clock not a trace of the *palolo* remains in the sea. They look just like

* *Transactions of the Linnean Society*, vol. xxii., p. 237.

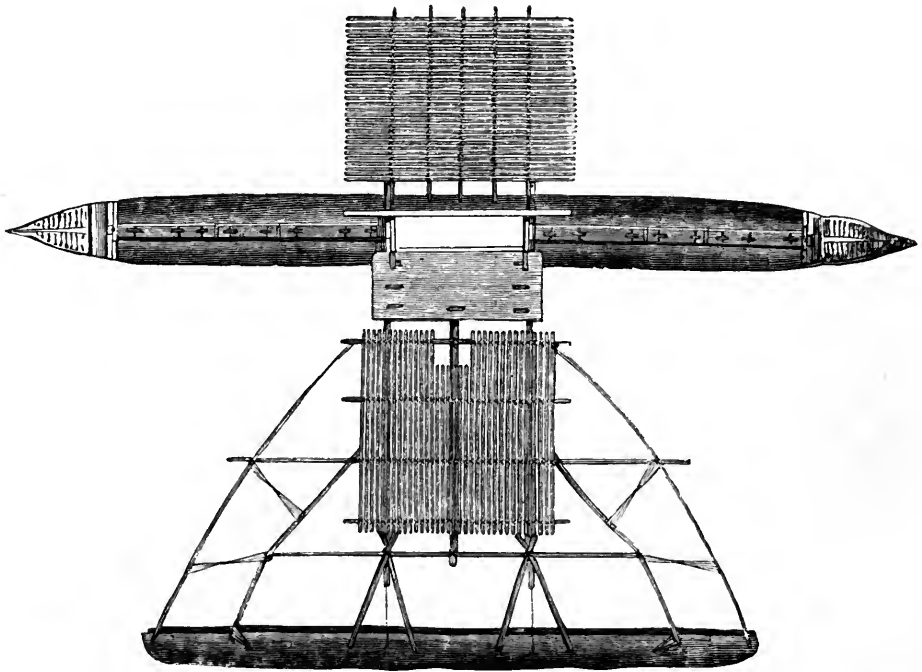
so many worms, from an inch to a yard in length, showing every conceivable colour as they wriggle about, and are soft to the touch. The time of their appearance is calculated by the old men of the various tribes, and is known by the sun, moon, and stars having a particular bearing towards each other. A month before the great appearance, a few are found in each of the localities where they rise. Parties go out in their canoes to watch for this first appearance, for by it the calculation as to the second and great appearance is verified. When that comes, whole villages—men, women, and children—crowd the scene; by two o'clock the sea is covered with canoes, the outriggers getting foul and breaking adrift without distracting the attention; as by four o'clock all are busied scooping up the *palolos*, and pouring them into baskets made for the occasion. The noise and excitement from four to six o'clock is something astonishing, and the scrambling most amusing. And when, with canoes loaded, the crowd disperses, the next thing is to prepare the ovens to cook the *palolos*, which are merely wrapped in bread-fruit leaves. They are sent round with much formality to friends at a distance, and sometimes kept three or four weeks, by being occasionally warmed in an oven." So regularly does this little annelid make its appearance, that the Fiji Islanders know October and November by the term of the "Little Palolo" and "Great Palolo." In appearance it is repulsive, but it is greatly relished by the South Sea Islanders, and even by Europeans—one of whom, a lady, Dr. Seeman tells us, devoured the *palolo* with extreme gusto.

Among a people so dependent for animal food on the sea, and so ingenious in many arts, there is, as might be imagined, many methods of capturing fish. Perhaps the most interesting is that adopted for capturing them in enclosures in the inland lakes. The enclosure is used for taking a number of small and middling-sized fish, and is called by the Fijians *ana ia* (or fish-fence). Mr. Ellis describes it as a circular space, nine or twelve feet in diameter, enclosed with a stone wall, built up from the bottom of the lake to the edge of the water; an opening four or six inches deep and a foot or two wide is left in the upper part of the wall. From each side of this opening a stone wall is raised to the edge of the water, extending fifty or a hundred yards, and diverging from the aperture, so that the wall leaves a space of water within of the shape of a wedge, the point of which terminates in the circular enclosure. These walls diverge in a direction from the sea, so that the fish which enter the lake are intercepted only in their return. They are so numerous through the whole extent of the shallow parts of the lake, that it seems scarcely possible for a fish to escape. These enclosures are valuable; fish are usually found in them every morning, which furnish a means of subsistence to the proprietors, who have no other trouble than simply to take them out with a hand-net. They are also excellent preserves in which fish may be kept securely till wanted for use. Each enclosure has a distinct owner, whose right to the fish enclosed is always respected. Most of the fish from the lakes are taken in this way.* They have also a singularly ingenious way of capturing a needle-shaped fish called *au*. They surround a moderately-sized space with large rafts, round each of which is a fence of poles four or five feet in height. The fish are then driven by other natives in canoes towards the rafts, by drawing long white sticks with great noise through the water. In attempting to spring over the raft, the *au* strikes against the raised fence on the outer side, and falls on the surface of the horizontal part, from which they

* "Polynesian Researches," vol. i., p. 117 (American edition).

are gathered into baskets or canoes on the outside. Not only is this fish taken in this manner, but many others also which are in the habit of springing out of the water when alarmed. Among the reefs on shore many fish are taken by impregnating the water with an intoxicating mixture made from the nuts of the *hora*, or of the *hula* (*Betonia splendida*).

The nets used in capturing fish are of many varieties, and numerous ceremonies are used in making them as well as in the first wetting of them, so that the gods who preside over the finny tribes may be propitiated. To make nets is, among the South Sea Islanders, an honourable occupation. Even the chiefs make their own nets. "As is customary on all occasions of public work, the proprietor of the net required the other chiefs to assist in its preparation.

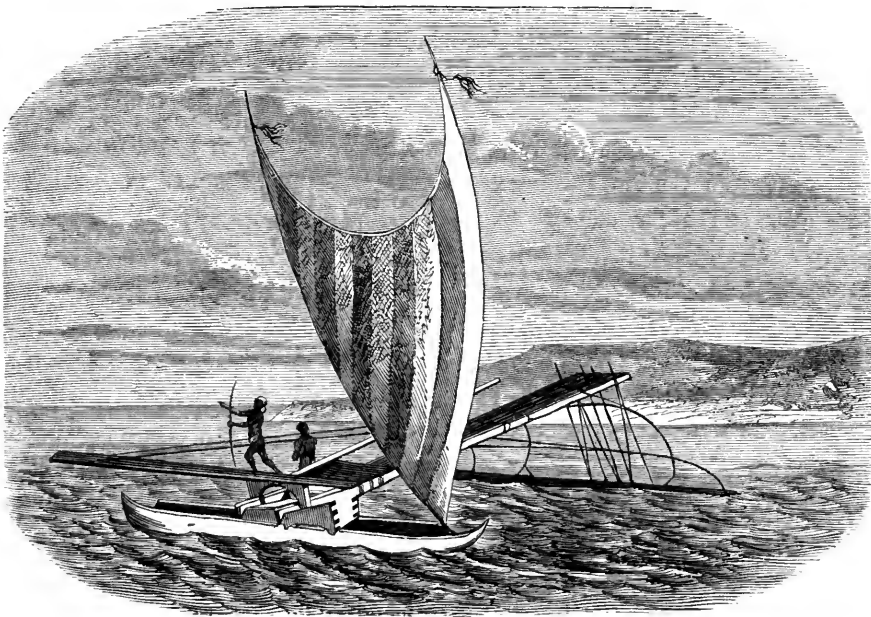


PLAN OF A GREAT CANOE, OR "OUTRIGGER," OF ARCHIPELAGO OF SANTA CRUZ. (After Labillardière.)

Before he began, two large pigs were killed and baked. When taken from the oven they were cut up, and the governor's messenger sent with a piece to every chief. On delivering, the quantity was stated which each was desired to prepare towards the projected net. If the piece of pig was received, it was considered as an agreement to furnish it; but to return it was in effect to refuse compliance with the requisition." Fishing in the South Sea Islands is not only an occupation for all classes, but is also eagerly followed as an amusement by the great chiefs, who strive to excel each other in this pursuit. Fish are also speared, and caught with hooks made by these people out of shell, which they much prefer to the imported European manufactured article.

Most of the nails which they formerly used, and out of which they manufactured hooks and other articles, were procured from the shipping, and highly prized. Perceiving that these nails were shaped somewhat like the shoots of the bread-fruit tree, entirely ignorant as

they were of the nature or even the existence of metal, they at first imagined that such articles must be the shoots of some hard-wooded plant; and accordingly a brilliant idea struck these Polynesian philosophers. The nails were very well, but had the sore fault of being very scarce and dear. Why not increase them by cultivation? No sooner was this happy thought devised than acted upon. Part of a bag of nails was carried to the temple and deposited upon the altar; the rest they actually planted in their garden, and with the highest expectation and hopes of an abundant crop watched their growth, a result in which it is needless to say they were sadly disappointed; but in course of time they learned sounder lessons in metallurgy. They have no domestic animals except dogs, fowls and pigs,



CANOE OF THE BAY OF VANIKORO, SANTA CRUZ.

and these have been introduced by ships within the last century. In the more civilised islands, however, horses and most of the European domestic animals have been naturalised, and are increasing to a great extent. In the Fiji, Sandwich, and other islands wild pigs and cattle are abundant, and a great nuisance to the plantations of the natives.

Many pages would be required to describe, even in outline, the various canoes used by the Polynesians. In navigating their frail craft they have no equals in any part of the world, and their taste for maritime adventure is proved by the long voyages they will make from island to island, and by their wide distribution over such an extent of island-dotted ocean. They are a nation of sailors, and in no part of the civilised world is the *tahua tarai vaa* (or builder of canoes) held in such great respect.* Some of those used by the principal chiefs are

* The word "canoe," now used by the English-speaking nations to designate the boats employed by uncivilised natives in every part of the world, is the name given to their boats by the natives of the Caribbean islands in their intercourse with Columbus, and since then generally adopted.

as much as fifty, sixty, or even seventy feet in length; about two feet wide, and nearly three or four in depth. The sterns are remarkably high, being often raised fifteen or eighteen feet out of the water, and ornamented with carved hollow cylinders, square pieces, or grotesque figures, called *tiis*. The embellishments and size of a canoe in some manner bespeak the dignity of a Polynesian chief, as the elegance of a yacht is a sign of the wealth of a civilised "canoe-man." The stern of the war canoes is low, and covered so as to shield the occupants from the stones and darts of the enemy, and a grotesque carving of the human head, or some such figure, is usually carved on each. The bow, often shaped like the neck of a swan, is terminated by the carved figure of a bird's head (p. 28). The war-canoe is also much more compact and solidly built than those used for fishing and voyaging. At one time all the Polynesian tribes possessed large and magnificent fleets of these canoes, which the diminution or entire discontinuance of war, since the advent of civilisation, has almost entirely caused to disappear in favour of the clumsier but more convenient vessels of Europe. There is another curious arrangement characteristic of the Oceanic canoes. This—which is not found on all of them—is a rude sort of grating, made of the light but tough wood of the bread-fruit tree, covering the hull of the canoe and the intervening space between the sides, and projecting a foot or eighteen inches over the outer edges. On this the paddlers usually sit, and attend to the sails with greater convenience than they could from the narrower edge of the canoe. Sails were early in use among the Sandwich Islanders, even before the arrival of Europeans, but in calms the paddle made of the tough wood of the *Hibiscus* was the universal means of propulsion. When a chief leaves or approaches the shores these paddles are beat against the canoe-side with a sound like the smacking of a whip at the starting of a coach. There is a neat and very safe double canoe in use among them, called *maihi* (or twins), each made out of a single trunk of a tree, and shaped exactly alike. The stem and stern are sharp, though occasionally there is a small board projecting from each bow. The smaller canoes, like those in use among the north-western Indians and other savages, are hollowed out of a single tree, but the larger ones are carefully built of hewn planks, after the civilised fashion. A single canoe is, however, never used without the "outrigger," so associated with the vessels of the Oceanic people. This *ama*, or outrigger, is usually formed by a light spar of the *Hibiscus* or *Erythrina* on account of its combined lightness and strength. It is always fastened to the left side, and fastened to the canoe by two horizontal poles, from five to eight feet long; "the front one is straight and firm, the other curved and elastic. It is so fixed that the canoe, when empty, does not float upright, being rather inclined to the left; but when sunk in the water, on being laden, it is generally erect, while the outrigger, which is firmly and ingeniously fastened to the sides by repeated bands of cinnet, floats on the surface. In addition to this, the island canoes have a strong plank, twelve or fourteen feet long, fastened horizontally across the centre, in an inclined position, one end attached to the outrigger, and the other extending five or six feet over the opposite side, and perhaps elevated four or five feet above the sea. A small railing of rods is fastened along the sides of this plank, and it is designed to assist the navigators in balancing the keel, as a native takes his station on the one side or the other, to counteract the inclination which the wind or sea might give to the vessel. Sometimes they approach the shore with a native standing on the extremity of the plank, and presenting a singular appearance, which it is impossible to behold without expecting every undulation of the

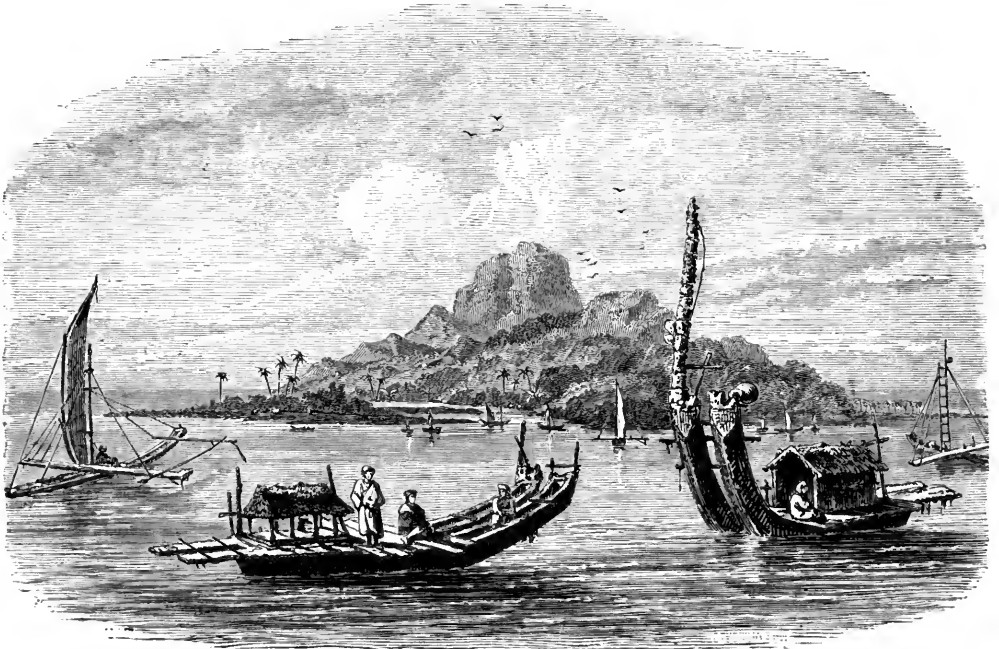
sea to detach him from his apparently insecure situation, and precipitate him into the water" (pp. 24, 25, and 28). This kind of canoe is chiefly used to make voyages to detached islands at some distance. In navigating the double canoe they use two sails, but one only is used with the single canoe. The ropes are not usually fastened, but held in the hands of the natives. The rigging is made from the twisted bark of the *Hibiscus*, or the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, or *coiar*. In building their canoes, not only is care taken to make them strong, safe, and suitable in every part, by their great skill exercised in this branch of architecture, but the blessing of the gods—and especially of Tuaraatai, the Tahitian protector of sailors—was, in former days at least, invoked in this as in every other pursuit of their lives. Costly presents were made at every stage of the manufacture to this "cherub aloft," who "takes care" of the Tahitian Jack. When the keel was laid presents had to be made to the god (or to his priest, which was the same thing), when it was finished douceurs had to be made to win his favour, and when it was launched his countenance had to be secured in a similar manner.

Valuable canoes are among the gifts offered up to the sea-gods, and ever afterwards consecrated to the service of the idols. In their sea voyages sharks are their chief dread, for if they fall into the water there is great risk of these monsters attacking them. If armed with a knife, the Polynesian is often more than a master for the fish, but if unarmed he has little chance of escape. On one occasion some Tahitians were overtaken by a storm while passing from one of the Society Islands to another. As a last resort, they gathered together the fragments of their canoe and bound them into a large raft, on which they set out for their home. Their number, thirty-two, was much too great for the raft, the result of which being that it was under water the whole time. The sharks then gathered around them, and snatched off one after another of their number, until the sea was red with blood, and only a few were left. The raft, now lightened of its load, rose to the surface, and the survivors landed in safety to tell the tale of their terrible passage. The danger is further aggravated by the fact that, though they will eat the flesh of most of these voracious fishes, yet the large blue shark is not only not killed by them, but being defied, its anger is attempted to be appeased by prayers and offerings. Temples are erected in its honour, at which priests officiate, and gifts are offered to the sacred monsters, and where fishermen and others who are much at sea seek its favour. The people thoroughly believed that the shark respected the priests of its temples, and paid them great regard when at sea. These fish-gods are not unknown among other nations, and the reader acquainted with Assyrian history may remember that Dagon—one of whose temples Samson overthrew—was the fish-god whose priests officiated in a dress made of the skin of a fish, and surmounted by its head.

The canoes of the New Zealanders are even larger, more elegant in form, and more elaborately carved than those of the South Sea Islanders. The carving on their vessels is often exceedingly intricate and beautiful. The paddles are of the ordinary shape, but without a "crutch" head formed by a cross-pin, and are used not only to propel, but in the case of the Indians and most other canoe-using people to steer the vessel also.

The *houses* of the Polynesians are often large, and built in the form of a parallelogram, round at either end, and situated in the midst of an enclosure. Those of the New Zealanders are even finer and more ornamented than the dwellings of their cousins in the Pacific.

Everything about the New Zealander's architecture, and even the most common domestic implements, show the same intricate elaborate carving, which is a laborious work at any time, but more especially before the introduction of European tools of iron, when everything was executed by implements of jade. The houses of the Samoans look at a distance, and as they appear in sketches like large mushrooms, consisting simply of a thatch of the leaves of the sugar-cane supported on three or four long upright posts, the place of the walls being supplied by a piece of matting drawn round the posts. The floor is a hard pavement of gravel, and the general apartment is divided into chambers at night by partitions of cloth. The pillow of these people,



VIEW OF THE ISLE OF TAHITI, WITH NATIVE CANOES.

like that of most of the South Sea Islanders, is only a sort of stool, consisting of a carved piece of wood supported on four legs. On this the head is placed when the Samoan retires to rest.

Musical instruments of a rude type are common amongst them, particularly drums and flutes, which are in great request at their high festivals. Trumpets formed of shells (a species of *Murex*) were used to summon the combatants to battle; to blow when a procession walked to the temple; at the inauguration of the king; during worship, or when a *tabu* (or restriction) was imposed in the name of the gods. The sound is loud, but dismal and monotonous beyond imagination. Another noisy instrument was the *ihara* (of the Fijians), which was made of a single joint of the bamboo. In the centre a long aperture was made from one joint to another. The *ihara*, which appears to be almost identical with the *toponaztli* of the ancient Aztecs, when used was placed on the ground and beaten with sticks. Songs, often of a plaintive air and poetical sentiment, are also much in favour with the Polynesians; indeed there are, probably, few nations of uncivilised men that have a more extensive repertory of compositions than the

light-hearted children of the Isles of the Pacific. Freed to a great extent from continued harassing toil to obtain a subsistence, living in a climate which wants nothing to make it perfection, they spend much of their time in committing their traditionary songs to memory, or in composing new ones in celebration of their famous warriors, their lovely isles, the greatness of the gods, or the charms of their swarthy *dulcineas*.

Athletic games are in much favour with them, a skilful wrestler obtaining great honour and renown throughout a long area of islet-dotted sea, though such Polynesian champions are not long permitted to enjoy their honours undisputed, for if it is once known that a chief, who may come to visit another on a distant island, has a celebrated wrestler in his train, numerous challenges to a trial of skill are speedily addressed to him. Boxing was an equally popular amusement in former times; even chiefs and priests were ranked among its most eminent patrons and champions. Foot-races, in which the bodies of the runners were anointed with oil and their heads bound round with garlands of flowers, were also common amusements; while the martial games of throwing the spear or javelin at an opponent, who skilfully caught it in his hand, or parried its thrust with his spear-handle, throwing stones from slings, archery with the bow and arrow, mock naval or military combats, &c., were indulged in by the young and middle-aged men of all classes. Lighter games were football, ball-throwing, and a game very like the English "bandy," or the ball game so common among the North and South American Indians. In all these amusements the women were not neglected; for them there was the game of *haru raa punu*, or "seizing the ball," which was especially consecrated to the fair sex, the men taking no part in it. "An open place was necessary for all their sports, and the sea-beach was usually selected. The boundary mark of each party was fixed by a stone on the beach, or some other object on the shore, having a space of fifty or one hundred yards between. The ball was a large roll or bundle of the tough stalks of the plantain leaves, twisted closely and firmly together. They began in the centre of the space; one party seizing the ball, endeavoured to throw it over the boundary mark of the other. As soon as it was thrown, both parties started after it, and, in stooping to seize it, a scramble often ensued among those who first reached the ball; the numbers increased as the others came up, and they frequently fell one over the other in the greatest confusion. Amid the shouts and din and disorder that followed arms or legs were sometimes broken before the ball was secured. As the pastime was usually followed on the beach the ball was often thrown into the sea; here it was fearlessly followed, and, with all the noise and cheering of the different parties, forty or fifty women might be sometimes seen up to their knees or their waists in the water, splashing and plunging amid the foam and spray after the object of their pursuit." Dances of many kinds, performed in quaint dresses, to the sound of drum and flute, and often—especially in the Sandwich Islands—of the most indecent character, made up the sum of their principal recreations. Many games—such as archery—were held sacred, and before indulging in them the performers repaired to the temple, where they performed several ceremonies to procure the favour of the gods, or which the rites of religion enjoined on such occasions. No sport was held in higher esteem than archery. The king and the great chiefs usually attended to witness it, and as soon as the exercise was over, the bow and the quiver of arrows, which were wrapped in cloth and held sacred, were committed to the charge of the person appointed to keep them. The archers repaired to the temple, and were obliged to change their dress and bathe their

persons before they could take refreshment, or enter their dwellings. The archers had even a god—*Parnatetavae*—for this, like almost every occupation of their lives, was intimately interwoven with their religious beliefs and ceremonies. Curiously enough, however, the bow and arrow were never used by the Society Islanders in war, or for any other purposes except as articles of amusement. Hence the arrows are not barbed or feathered, for they did not shoot at a mark, the only object of competition being how far the arrow could be projected in a straight line.

In the Sandwich Islands rat-shooting was in vogue; but neither the sling nor the bow was among the warlike accoutrements of these islanders. Among the natives of the Papuan Islands—the Fijis—the bow is, however, a regular implement of war. Since the introduction of Christianity, archery and many other similar amusements have fallen into disuse, the natives having an idea that, on account of their former intimate connection with idolatry, they are immoral and ought to be stopped. The substitutes which have taken their place are hardly improvements in any sense of the term.

Take them as a whole the Polynesians are a very ingenious people. A well-known voyager—Dr. Pickering—speaking of the Tahitians, remarked that he had never seen a people so serviceable to the traveller, for they seemed able to command at all times the principal conveniences of life. “Half an hour of daylight was sufficient for building a house of the stems and leaves of the *feki* banana, and fire was produced by rubbing sticks. In one place the running water was deeply sunk among stones, but by working in banana leaves they brought it to the surface. The capture of eels (*Anguilla*), which in these dripping mountains become almost amphibious, offered another instance of their ingenuity. They also tore off with their teeth the fibrous bark of the *purau* (*Hibiscus tiliaceus*), and a moment after applied it to noosing small fish. If one was sent for fruit, he would usually make a basket on the way, by plaiting the segments of a cocoa-nut leaf. A mat was manufactured with almost equal ease. Clothing was always at hand, and a banana leaf served for an umbrella; or, in fine weather, they would weave garlands of flowers. Tumblers and bottles were supplied by single joints of the bamboo, and casks or baskets by the long stems; and whether we asked for a hatchet, knife, spoon, tooth-brush, or wash-basin, we never found our guides at fault.”

Cock-fighting has always been—since the introduction of fowls, which the traditions of the natives say have existed in these islands since they were first colonised, and that the fowls were made by Taaroa, the Polynesian supreme being, at the same time that men were made—a popular amusement among the South Sea people. But aquatic amusements were above all the most generally practised of the sports of these islands. Living all their life in the close vicinity of the sea, and accustomed to be much on it, the Polynesians have a great fondness for the water, and seem indeed to lose all dread of it before the time they are old enough to know the danger to which they expose themselves—at least after our way of thinking.

There is, however, little danger to the South Sea Islander. Men, women, and children are almost amphibious, and spend much of their time in the sea, diving, swimming, bathing, and sporting in the foam of the surf and great breakers which roll in upon the coral strands of these islands. The wilder the sea the more is the South Sea Islander in his element. Many of their sports are connected with the sea. One common amongst the islands is known to the Tahitians as the *horue* or *fuahee*, and is followed by individuals of high rank and of both sexes. The following is a graphic description of their amusements by an eye-witness:—“They

usually select the openings in the reefs or entrances of some of the bays for their sport, where the long, heavy billows of the ocean roll in unbroken majesty upon the reef or the shore. They use a small board, swim from the beach to a considerable distance, sometimes nearly a mile, watch the swell of the wave, and when it reaches them, resting their bosom on the short, flat-pointed board, they mount on its summit, and amid the foam and spray ride on the crest of the wave to the shore; sometimes they halt amid the coral rocks, over which the waves break in splendid confusion. When they approach the shore they slide off the board, which they grasp with the hand, and either fall behind the wave or plunge towards the deep, and allow it to pass over their head. Sometimes they are thrown with violence upon the beach or among the rocks on the edges of the reef. So much at home, however, do they feel in the water, that it is seldom any accident occurs. I have often seen from fifty to a hundred persons, of all ages, sporting like so many porpoises on the surf, sometimes mounted on the top of the wave and almost enveloped in spray; at other times plunging beneath the mass of water that has swept in mountains over them, cheering and animating each other; and by the noise and shouting they make, rendering the roaring of the sea and the dashing of the surf comparatively imperceptible. Their* surf-boards are inferior to those of the Sandwich Islanders, and I do not think swimming in the sea—as an amusement, whatever it might have been formerly—is now so much practised by the natives of the South as by those of the [more] Northern Pacific. Both are exposed in this sport to one common cause of interruption, and this is the entrance of the shark. The cry of a *mao* among the former, and a *mano* among the latter, is one of the most terrific they ever hear; and I am not surprised that such is the effect of the approach of one of these voracious monsters. The great shouting and clamour which they make are principally designed to frighten away such as may approach. Notwithstanding this they are often disturbed, and sometimes meet their death from these formidable enemies.”

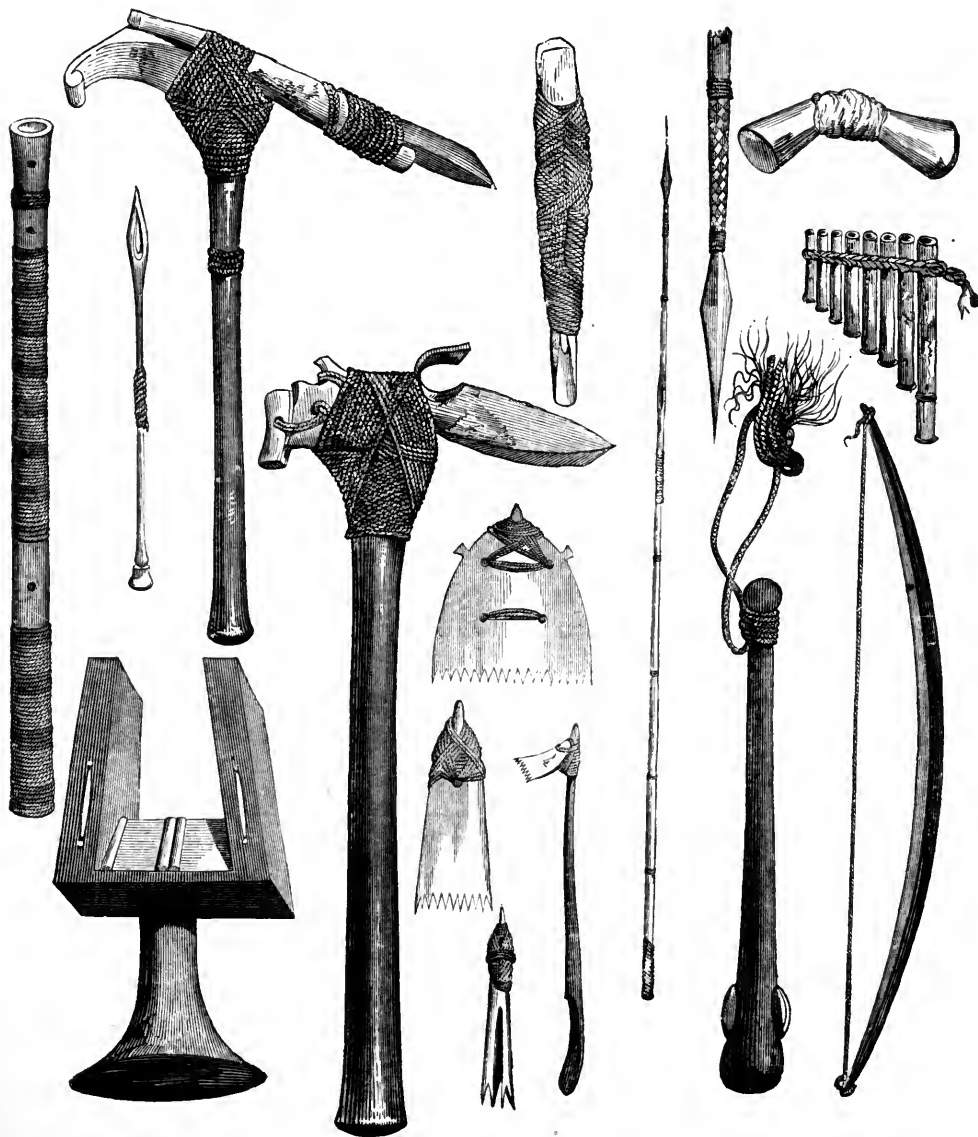
Huarouri was among the Tahitians the god of the *fuahee*, or surf-swimming. In addition, there are various other aquatic sports indulged in even by the children. The children are also fond of swings, a kind of kite flying, and of a singular amusement which consists of stretching open the eyelids by fixing a piece of straw or stiff grass perpendicularly across the eye, so as to force open the lids in a most frightful manner. The earlier voyagers were astonished, and later ones infused with feelings of great amusement, to find the South Sea Island women swimming alongside their ships like so many mermaids, only with this difference, that while the latter aquatic damsels declined the nearer approach of terrestrial bipeds, the Polynesian ladies show a decided desire for further acquaintance by seizing ropes' ends, chains, &c., and climbing on board in a condition as to wardrobe which can only, in the most polite manner, be designated as scanty.

THE POLYNESIAN WOMEN.

Though, perhaps, the hackneyed axiom, that “the condition of a people may be judged by the way the women are treated,” is more trite than true, yet at the same time it cannot be denied that the character of a people is to a great extent displayed by observing the position which the women hold in the community. The Polynesian woman, we find, occupies a higher place in the social scale than the Indian squaw. She is not so hard worked, nor so abused;

* Tahitians.

contempt among most of the Polynesians. The most offensive imprecations which the Tahitians, for instance, could hurl against each other referred to this degraded condition of the women: "Mayest thou become a bottle to hold salt water for thy mother;" "Mayest



ARMS AND OTHER IMPLEMENTS OF THE TAHITIANS.

thou be baked as food for thy mother;" "Take out your eyeball and give it to your mother to eat;" were all phrases by the use of which to an enemy the utmost contempt of him was intended to be expressed. Yet, notwithstanding all this, women can attain to positions of honour among nearly every Polynesian nation. In all the South Sea Islands women can be chiefs equally with the men.

In New Zealand, also, women can become *ariki*s (or chiefs of a district), and are frequently, even when of inferior rank, taken into the husband's council. In some places—in Hawaii and Kingsmill Islands—the women followed the warriors to battle, and shared the savage conflict as wildly as the men. The Samoan women also accompany their lords to war in order to supply them with food, and nursing, if wounded, and are said to be heedless of danger in the discharge of these duties.

Among the same people—Mr. Pritchard informs us—as among the ancient Hebrews, no male captives are taken in fight, the women becoming the property of the conquerors, who generally marry them, but allow them to afterwards visit their relatives, and even in times of war to carry to them intelligence of the movements of their enemies, even though these happen to be their own husbands. Many of the Polynesian women are exquisitely formed, the frequent bathing giving their limbs that beautiful moulding and liveness characteristic of the whole race, and their faces and general forms are often very beautiful. The Tongan women—who are perhaps better treated than any of the Polynesian females—are, however, scarcely equal in good looks to the men; while those of New Zealand are in most cases decidedly inferior in personal attractions to the males.

The South Sea women, it may be remarked, are not tattooed on any portion of the body except the hands and wrists; but in New Zealand their lips are stained blue, rosy lips not being admired by the Maori beaux. In New Zealand the women are early developed, and though after marriage they certainly become faithful wives, up to that period the most unrestrained and licentious intercourse is allowed between the sexes, with a result entirely prejudicial to the physical and moral beauty of the women. Indeed, all over the Pacific Islands the utmost licence prevails, and whatever the introduction of European civilisation may have done for the amelioration of the condition of the lot of the Polynesians, and especially of the women, it has, most assuredly, been unable, however willing, to put any check upon the frailties of the fair Polynesian which may be classed under this head.

In Polynesia marriages are unusually early, especially among the higher class of the people, who are generally betrothed in early life. The passions of the people are strong, and suicides arising out of love disappointments are by no means uncommon. Among the lower and middle classes there is rarely any betrothal, the contracting parties making their own arrangements without the aid of parents or guardians, though perhaps with a result not particularly distinguished in its favour from that made by the elders for the young couple. Unlike marriage among the Indians, there is no buying the wife from her parents. The wife, on the other hand, brings no dowry to her husband, unless indeed she is of much inferior rank to him; and the husband, in a similar case, is usually prudent enough to make a few presents to the parents of the girl, in order to conciliate them. We have already mentioned that the girl is, among the higher classes, as a rule betrothed in early youth—even in childhood. The female thus betrothed is, in Tahiti, called a *vahine pahio*. As she grows up, a railed-in platform of considerable height is erected for her in her parents' home. Here she lives as long as she is within doors. Everything is done for her—her food is brought to her cooked, and if she has occasion to go abroad she is attended by one of her parents, so that she has no chance of being alone until she is married. It is even probable that in earlier times all females, whether contracted for or not, were thus treated until they were married.

When the time for the marriage arrives great rejoicings are made—dances, music, and festive entertainments being the order of the day. Dances, pantomimic exhibitions, and other amusements usually precede the nuptial day. On the morning of the wedding day a temporary altar is erected in the house of the bride's parents. On this altar are displayed relics of her ancestors, such as their weapons, and even their skulls and other bones, and here the bride receives the marriage presents—usually pieces of white cloth—from her parents and other relatives who attend on the occasion. If the parties are connected with the reigning family, the blessing of the gods is asked in the public temple of Oro or Tane—the two chief national idols of the Tahitians. If of inferior rank, this part of the ceremony can be performed in the family *marae*. On entering the temple the bride and bridegroom change their dresses and put on their wedding garments, which ever after are accounted sacred, and take the places assigned to them. Then ensues a ceremony which is very little different from our marriage service—the bridegroom being asked, “Wilt thou cast away your wife?” to which he answers, “No;” and the bride is similarly questioned, and answers in like manner. After this a blessing is given them, and a prayer offered up for the favour of the gods. “The relatives now bring a large piece of white cloth, which they call *ahu vauvau* (‘spreading cloth’); it is spread out on the pavement of the temple. The bridegroom and bride take their stations upon this cloth, and clasp each other by the hand. The skulls of their ancestors, which are carefully preserved by survivors, who consider the spirits of the proprietors of these skulls as the guardian spirits of the family, were sometimes brought out and placed before them. The relatives of the bride then took a piece of sugar-cane, and wrapping it in a branch of the sacred *miro*, placed it on the head of the bridegroom, while the new-married pair stood holding each other's hand. Having placed the sacred branch on the bridegroom's head, they laid it down between them. The husband's relatives then performed the same ceremony towards the bride. On some occasions the female relatives cut their faces and brows with an instrument set with sharks' teeth, receiving the flowing blood on a piece of native cloth, and deposit the cloth, sprinkled with the mingled blood of the mothers of the married pair, at the feet of the bride. By the latter part of the ceremony, any inferiority of rank that might have existed is removed, and they are considered equal. The two families also to which they respectively belong are ever afterwards regarded as one. Another large piece of cloth, called the *tapoi* (covering), is now brought, and the ceremony concluded by the relatives throwing it over the bridegroom and bride. The cloth used on these occasions (as well as the dress) is considered sacred, and is taken to the king, or appropriated to the use of the immoral society called the Areoi. The parties returned to their habitation, where sumptuous feasting followed, the duration of which is according to the rank or means of the families united.” Such is—or was—the marriage ceremony of the South Sea Islanders, which in many points shows a dignity and significance which we could hardly have expected to find among a people rude and uncivilised in many other respects, and which is so infinitely more ceremonious than any similar rite found among the Indians, or any savage race which we will have occasion to speak of.

In the Sandwich Islands the marriage ceremony, before the introduction of civilisation, was much more summary. It consisted principally in the bridegroom casting a piece of native cloth over the bride in the presence of her friends and relatives. This simple ceremony probably refers to the husband endowing the wife with his goods.

In New Zealand, again, contending for a wife by physical force, which in various forms exists among so many savage people, and which was probably one of the most primitive modes of wooing, is found. Among the Maoris it consists in a pulling match, the victor winning the damsel; but this is only put in force when there are two suitors rivals for the girl. Yet, after all this ceremony, the marriage tie is of the loosest and most brittle type imaginable, the wife and husband leaving each other on the slightest cause of quarrel. In most islands the husband has the right of dismissing his wife on any occasion.

The disproportion of sexes is not so great now as in former times; but at the period



A YOUNG TAHITIAN MALE. (After Cook.)



A YOUNG TAHITIAN FEMALE. (After Cook.)

when the whites first visited the South Sea Islands the females were much fewer than the males, owing to the female children being more frequently destroyed in infancy than the males, who were more useful in war, fishing, &c.; but since the abolition of infanticide, the numbers of the sexes are about equal. We must, however, remember that even in Europe there is a natural preponderance of boys over girls in the proportion of about 106 to 100.

Polygamy is only practised—and then in moderation—by the higher chiefs, though strangely enough, such is the power of women among the Polynesians, notwithstanding their social degradation in other respects, and the aristocratic character of the national institutions, that if the rank of the wife be higher than that of her husband, she has—among the Tahitians at least—the power of marrying as many husbands as she pleases. The legends of New Zealand* also hint at polyandry once prevailing there, so that I cannot understand why Sir John Lubbock has doubts that this polyandry, the prevalence of which among many tribes is

* "Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology," p. 81.

well known, exists among the Polynesians.* In Samoa, and to some extent in Tonga also, the chiefs—as was the custom in Europe in former times among similar dignitaries—also wooed by proxy, and after the girl's consent had been obtained by the most elaborate exaltation of the suitor's virtues by his friendly ambassadors, an exchange of presents between the bridegroom and the bride's parents constituted betrothal. On the bridal morn the girl, richly attired, oiled, and painted *yellow*, is led into the open space in the village, escorted by matrons, who chant in lofty cadence her virtues, beauty, and other good qualities. If the multitude judge her fit for a chief's wife, a dance—first by the men, then by the women—concludes the day's ceremonies, and completes the marriage; if a contrary verdict is given—a rather rare occurrence



MALE AND FEMALE OF THE ISLAND OF TANNA, NEW HEBRIDES. (After Cook.)

(my informant never heard of one, the appeal to the *vox populi* being a more courteous ceremony than anything else)—the enraged relatives, often led by her father and brothers, fall upon her and beat her to death with clubs, in expiation of the disgrace brought upon their family.

THE AREOI SOCIETY.

This association is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary social or political features of the South Sea Islands. It is at once a society of actors, public entertainers, and, like everything else, a religious organisation enwrapped with the life of the nation, among whom it has existed from a period so remote that it is said to have been established by their gods. It is one of the most abominably immoral institutions which it is possible to imagine to exist among any people, but does not seem, in modern times at least, to have existed out of the Society Islands. At all events, it is unknown in the Marquesas and Sandwich Islands, though a

* McLennan's "Primitive Marriage," p. 180. He does not, however, give Tahiti, which I have added to the list on Mr. Ellis's authority.

privileged fraternity, whose practices were in many respects similar to those of the Areois of the southern islands, existed at one time in the Ladrone and Caroline Islands. This was called the *Uritoi*, which may only be a variation of the Tahitian *Areoi*. The cardinal rule of the Areoi brotherhood is that they are supposed to remain in a state of celibacy; and as this condition is on their part more theoretical than actual, their devotees are required to destroy their offspring. The founders of the association are supposed to be two brothers of the god Oro, who remained in a state of celibacy, and are ranked with the minor Tahitian deities. The Areois were privileged players and libertines, who wandered from island to island exhibiting their acting, and living bountifully on the industry of the people, among whom they spread an immoral contagion which threatened to ruin the whole national existence. Before they set out on one of their expeditions many religious ceremonies were performed, and great feasting held in their honour or for their own gratification.

In their canoe was erected a miniature temple for the worship of the two brothers—their founders and tutelary deities: they then set sail. How powerful was this fraternity, and how huge these expeditions were, even as late as the days of Captain Cook, may be inferred from the fact that we are informed by that celebrated navigator that on one occasion he witnessed the departure of an Areoi expedition of seventy canoes. On landing at any island where they proposed making a stay, they proceeded to the house of the king and to the temple, at both places making offerings—in the one case to secure the favour of the monarch, in the other of the priests; though the ostensible reason given was a thank-offering to the gods for preservation on the voyage which they had so far concluded. These preliminaries concluded, preparations were made for their dances and other semi-theatrical performances, which consisted of wild, weird dances, or of songs and recitations in honour of their deities, or of some distinguished Areoi. Speeches were also sometimes delivered, accompanied by every variety of gesture, action, and histrionic display; the bodies of the actors being blackened with charcoal, and their faces especially stained with scarlet dye. Sometimes they wore a girdle of yellow leaves, at other times a vest of ripe yellow plantain leaves; while their heads were ornamented with wreaths of the bright yellow and scarlet leaves of the *hutu* (*Barringtonia*). Over all these dances their gods were supposed to preside, and to countenance and patronise every form of vice which was perpetrated during these seasons of festivity. The amusements often continued for several days and nights successively at the same place. The *upaupa* (or performance) then finished, they took their departure to the next village or chief's residence, where the same ceremonies and round of festivities ensued. All through the country are erected spacious and often ornately elegant houses for their accommodation and exhibition of their performances. "Sometimes they performed in their canoes as they approached the shore, especially if they had the king of the island, or any principal chief, on board their fleet. When one of these companies thus advanced towards the land, with their streamers floating in the wind, their drums and flutes sounding, and the Areois, attended by their chief, who acted as their prompter, appeared on a stage erected for the purpose, with their wild distortions of person, antic gestures, painted bodies, and vociferating songs, mingled with the sound of the drum and flute, the dashing of the sea, and the rolling and breaking of the surf on the adjacent reef, the whole must have presented a ludicrously-imposing spectacle; accompanied with a confusion of sight and sound, of which it is not easy to form an adequate idea."

Such were the principal occupations of the Areoi Society, in the performance of which they wandered from island to island, and from the house of one chief to another, who were always glad to see them, and spared nothing—which belonged to their neighbours—to gratify the sensuality and greed of their guests. Messengers were sent out on their arrival to plunder the gardens and plantations in the neighbourhood of the chief's house; and as this method of providing an entertainment was adopted as long as the "strolling players" remained, the neighbourhood soon presented a scene of desolation, for which, but for the immense influence of the chiefs, dire vengeance would have been taken on the perpetrators.

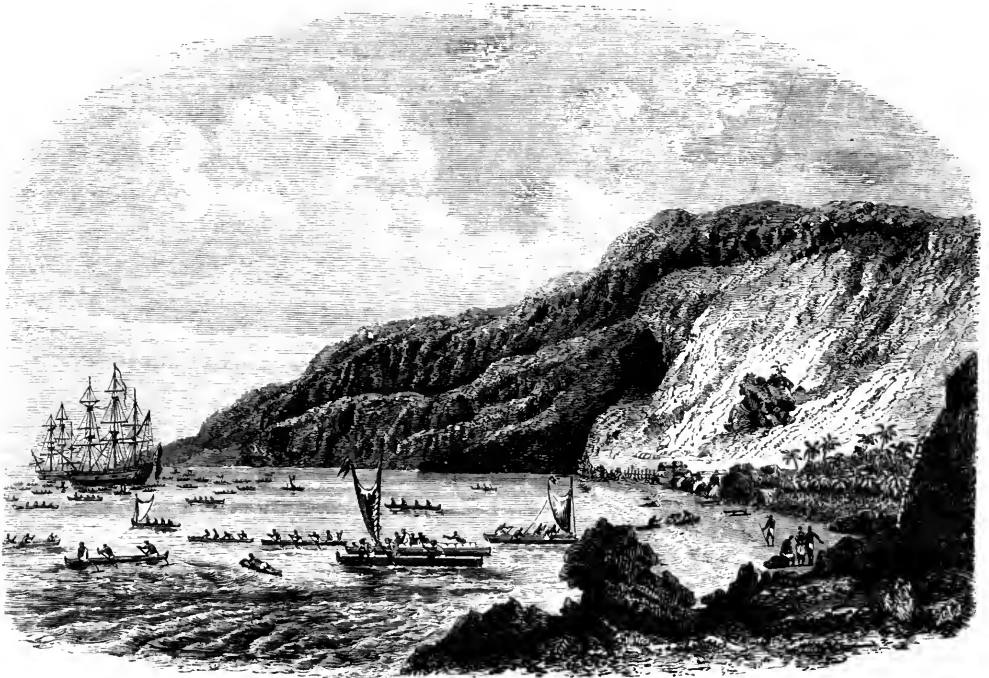
Among these Areois there are seven different grades, distinguished externally by different forms of tattoo or paint upon various parts of their bodies, the laborious work of the dances, &c., generally falling on the lowest grade—viz., those in their novitiate. In addition to these seven classes there were a large number of camp followers, who attended on the Areois, cooked their food, and performed other menial offices, for the sake of witnessing the amusements, or of sharing in the feasts. The Areoi fraternity was made up of members recruited from all ranks of society; their novitiate was attended with many ceremonies, and advancement through the different grades was slow. Admission into the Areoi ranks was eagerly sought, from the fact that the members were held in the greatest respect by all parties; and, though licentious to the last degree, were treated by many of the more ignorant of the people as something more than human.

Mr. Ellis, to whose graphic account we have been indebted for many of the foregoing facts, after recounting the various ceremonies novices had to undergo before being admitted into the brotherhood, or elevated to a higher rank, remarks:—"These, though the general amusements of the Areois, were not the only purposes for which they assembled. They included

‘All monstrous, all prodigious things;’

and these were abominable—unutterable! In some of their meetings they appear to have placed their invention on the rack to discover the worst pollutions of which it was possible for a man to be guilty, and to have striven to outdo each other in the most revolting practices. The mysteries of iniquity, and acts of more than bestial degradation to which they were at times addicted, must remain in the darkness to which even they felt it sometimes expedient to conceal them. I will not do violence to my own feelings, or offend those of my readers, by details of conduct which the mind cannot contemplate without pollution and pain. In these pastimes, in their accompanying abominations, and the often-repeated practices of the most unrelenting cruelty, these wandering Areois passed their lives, esteemed by the people as a superior order of beings, closely allied to the gods, and deriving from them direct sanction, not only for their abominations, but even for their heartless murders. Free from labour or care, they roved from island to island, supported by the chiefs and the priests; and often feasted on plunder from the garden of the industrious husbandman, while his own family was not unfrequently deprived thereby, for a time, of the means of subsistence. Such was their life of luxurious and licentious indolence and crime. And such was the character of their delusive system of superstition, that for them, too, was reserved the elysium which their fabulous mythology taught them to believe was provided, in a future state of existence, for those pre-eminently favoured by the gods."

An Areoi's corpse was received with a ceremony little short of that reserved for a chief, in the precincts of the temple sacred to the dust of kings and nobles. In the other world their glory was not even at an end; a king among the Areois was still a king in the world to which he had gone. There, as on earth, he was employed in an endless succession of amusements and sensualities, and often even perpetrating crimes the most unnatural, under the sanction of their tutelary deities. In this *Noanoa Rohutu*, or "perfumed paradise," the followers of Mahomet might have found themselves at home. Though celibacy was the cardinal rule of their order, yet there is no concealment of the fact that each Areoi had his own wife, of whom



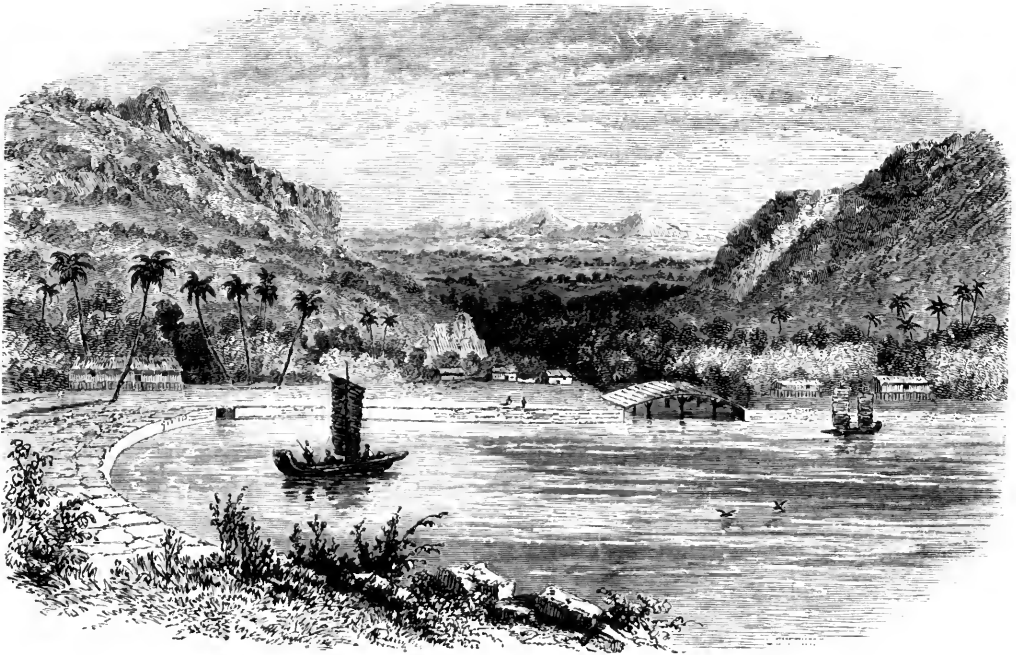
BAY OF KEALAKEAKUA AT OWHYHEE, OR HAWII (HAWAIIAN OR SANDWICH ISLES), WHERE COOK WAS KILLED.

he was exceedingly jealous, improper conduct towards her on the part of any of the brotherhood, or even of members of any other class in the community, being sometimes punished with death. All their offspring were, however, destroyed; the only exception to this rule being in the case of their followers, whose children (not belonging to the order) were permitted to live. There could not, perhaps, be imagined any institution which better bespeaks the licentious, sensual disposition of the South Sea Islanders, and which has done more to degrade them morally, and even physically, than this extraordinary brotherhood of the Areoi, the main features of which we have sketched in the foregoing paragraphs.

INFANTICIDE.

Intimately connected with the Areoi rites, and a natural sequence of their example and teaching, was the horrible practice of child-murder, which, until recently, prevailed to a

frightful extent in the Polynesian Islands. It was practised more or less in all of them, but perhaps nowhere to such an extent as in the Sandwich group. There women would talk calmly and resolutely about their determination to murder their offspring, even before the child was born; and so innately was the custom interwoven with their lives, that they would inform the early missionaries' wives of this intention of theirs without a blush on their countenances—or even an idea that such a sign of shame need present itself. This prevalence of infanticide was not due to want, for this was scarcely known in these bounteously-provided isles; and, even if, as was invariably the case when they heard of such an intention, the missionaries would



VIEW OF A VALLEY IN THE ISLE OF HUAHINE (GEORGIAN ISLANDS).

offer to provide for the infant, its murder would still be persisted in. It was simply one of the strangely horrible customs of the country. Not only would these unnatural mothers—mothers in whom the ordinary maternal love was crushed out by their slavery to custom—persist in their murderous plan, but would often come to the missionaries' houses, almost before their hands were cleansed of their children's blood, speaking about the deed with worse than brutal insensibility, and with exultation at the triumph of their old custom over the new-fangled teachings brought from over the sea. It was not the lowest or any particular class who practised this custom; from the highest chiefs to the humblest Polynesian wife, the mothers' hands were equally imbrued in their infants' blood. When the missionaries first came to Tahiti they calculated that two-thirds of the children were thus sacrificed. The first three born were generally murdered, and if twins, one always fell a victim.* This murder, instead, however, of decreasing the number of children borne by a woman, only increased her offspring, and

* A custom also prevalent among the Vancouver Island Indians

necessitated, in her eyes, the repetition of the crime of infanticide, on account of her not requiring to nurse the murdered children. A woman has been known to murder ten or even a greater number of her own children. At the time we speak of there was probably not one woman in the South Sea Islands who had not committed this appalling crime—if she had been a mother. The reader's feelings need not be outraged by dwelling on this point, or detailing the various ways in which this murder was committed. We have related as much as the ethnological interest of the custom demands. Suffice it to say that in the Sandwich Islands the infant was, immediately after birth, buried in a hole in the floor of the parents' dwelling, a piece of cloth placed over its mouth, and the earth trodden down to the firmness and level of the surrounding floor. This deed was always perpetrated before the child had seen the light, for if it was once allowed to survive for any length of time its existence was assured, and thenceforward it was nursed with all due tenderness. The infants disposed of in the manner described were called *tamarī huihia*, or *tahihia*, children stabbed or pierced with a sharp-pointed piece of bamboo, strangled by placing the thumbs on the throat, or stamped upon. There were still more barbarous methods of taking the child's life than this comparatively mild one—the fact of which need only be mentioned. “The parents themselves, or their nearest relatives, who often attended on the occasion for this express purpose, were the executioners, often almost before the new-born babe could breathe the vital air, gaze upon the light of heaven, or experience the sensation of its new existence, that existence had been extinguished by its cruel mother's hand; and the ‘felon sire,’ instead of welcoming with all a father's joy a daughter or a son, has dug its grave upon the spot, or among the thick-grown bushes a few yards distant. On receiving the warm, palpitating body from its mother's hands, he has, with awful unconcern, deposited the precious charge—not in a father's arms, but in its early sepulchre; and instead of gazing with all that thrilling rapture that a father only knows upon the tender babe, has concealed it from his view by covering its mangled form with the unconscious earth, and to obliterate all traces of the deed has trodden down the yielding soil, and strewn it over with green boughs, or covered it with verdant turf. This is not an exaggerated description, but the narrative of actual fact; other details, more touching and acute, have been repeatedly given to me in the islands by individuals who had been themselves employed in these unnatural deeds.”*

It must, however, be mentioned in justice to the Polynesian mother, that instances are sometimes seen where the agonising struggle of a mother's natural feelings, strong to save her child, and the efforts of the father and the relatives to destroy it, are seen in action; though too often a false pride has smothered her better impulses. To search for the cause of this custom among the Polynesians, we have to enter upon the discussion of a complicated series of psychological and social problems, and to go back to a time when the race was in even a more primitive condition than the time we are speaking of. No doubt the example of the Areoi brotherhood had much to do with it; so had irregular amours, and those where the contracting parties were of unequal rank. Laziness played its part, we may be sure, and we must not forget that for its continuance the natives took still higher ground. “If the population is allowed to increase naturally, by-and-by,” these Polynesian disciples of Malthus argued, “there will come

a time when these small islands will not produce food sufficient for the population on them." It was curious, however, that it was the females who were most often killed; this selection of the woman-child for death may be taken as indicating the long course of debasement to which she was subjected, when she was allowed to survive, all her life long. The result was that in some of the islands where infanticide was much in vogue there would be five men to one woman. In New Zealand slaves often kill their offspring, so that they may not, like their parents, be subject to a life of servitude; and, in the same country, as in many other savage ones, a wife will destroy her offspring in a fit of jealousy and rage with her husband.

Female infanticide is by no means confined to the Polynesians, but is prevalent among nearly all savages; and if we are to look to one broad explanation of its general prevalence, we may see it in the fact that in times of scarcity and war women-children were a nuisance and encumbrance to the tribe. They ate food, and could not take wild animals; they could not fight; but they were a temptation to the tribes in the vicinity to make raids upon the village they were in for the purpose of stealing them for wives.

SOME PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

When a child is born to a chief—if its life is intended to be spared—the parents take it to the public *marae* (or temple), where it remains for five or six days, and undergoes many ceremonies in order that the favour of the gods may be secured. The smaller chiefs are not allowed this favour, but imitate their superiors by performing similar ceremonies in their private family temples, but these rites receive no attention except from their relatives and dependants. At one time various other ceremonies, in addition to those at the temple, were performed on the birth of a child which was intended to live. After the mother had put herself into a profuse perspiration, she bathed in the sea, the infant was taken to the water almost as soon as it was born, and in the Hervey Islands, after the child was taken to the temple, the priest caught the god in a snare made of human hair, so that he could not escape listening to the petitions which were offered to him, praying that the child just born should be an honour to the nation, and be more famous than any of his ancestors. Soon after this, the child was invested with the name and office of its father, who was henceforward considered as its inferior; but during the time the child was in its minority the father exercised his rights as its guardian, and in the name of his son.

We have seen (Vol. I., pp. 87—91) how the custom of deforming the head is common in many American tribes; but we are not prepared to find this habit amidst a people so much higher in the savage scale as the Polynesian. Nevertheless, in Tahiti at least, it was at one time universal among the free males. "The forehead and the back of the head of the boys were pressed upwards, so that the upper part of the skull appeared in the shape of a wedge. This, they said, was done to add to the terror of their aspect, when they should become warriors." Hospitality is not the feature which is least prominent or pleasant in the savage, and we have already intimated that in the Polynesian Islands this virtue is exceedingly marked, though whether from the best of motives, we will not hazard an opinion. At all events, among the people whose habits we are now sketching, hospitality is carried to a great extent, and performed in the most graceful manner. At one time, before the grasping ways of civilisation had entered into their souls, it was the custom when a foreign ship arrived at any of the islands

for each native, so far as the supply of guests would go, to select each a seaman as his friend, and during his stay to attend to all his wants on board and on shore, often refusing to accept anything in return, though in most cases it was expected that on leaving the "friend" would make a present to his attentive entertainer. Among themselves they are equally hospitable. If a man is in want of anything—cloth, a house, a canoe, a net, anything, in fact—all he has to do is to roast a pig, cut it into pieces, and send them round by a messenger to certain of his friends. Each man who accepts a piece is bound to the utmost of his ability to supply the wants of the donor; if he is either unable or unwilling to do



NATIVES OF SANTA CRUZ (PAPUANS), SHOWING THE HEAD-DRESS.

so, he declines the roast pork, which is offered to another, until the messenger effects his purpose. Generally speaking, it is a rather expensive meal which is then eaten.

Tattooing is by no means confined to the Polynesians, but this "dermal art" is certainly carried by them to an extent which is unequalled among any other people. It pervades all the principal groups of islands, and is practised by all classes, though to a greater extent by the Marquesans and New Zealanders than any other. By the vast number of them it is adopted simply as a personal ornament, though there are some grounds for believing that the tattoo may, in a few cases and to a small extent, be looked upon as a badge of mourning, or a memento of a departed friend. Like everything else in Polynesia, its origin is related in a legend, which credits its invention to the gods, and says it was first practised by the children of Taaroa, their principal deity, and for purposes the most immoral. The sons of Taaroa and Apouvaru were the gods of tattooing, and their images were kept in the temples of those who practised the art as a profession, and to them

petitions are offered, that the figures might be handsome, attract attention, and otherwise accomplish the ends for which they submitted themselves to this painful operation. The colouring matter was the charcoal of the candle-nut mixed with oil, and the instrument used was a needle made of fish-bone, and a thread which was drawn through the skin, after which puncturing the black colouring matter was injected with instruments made for the purpose. To show any signs of suffering under the operation is looked upon as disgraceful,



NEW ZEALANDER BEING TATTOOED.

and accordingly, in some of the islands, while the operation is going on the young man undergoing it will lay his head on the lap of his sister, or of some young relation, while a number of female friends will keep up a song, so as to drown the murmuring which the torture may draw from him inadvertently, and that, therefore, he may not be demeaned in the eyes of his countrymen, who are present as spectators.

Tattooing is practised by both sexes, and its performance marks an important era in the life of the youthful Polynesian. The tattoo of the Marquesans and New Zealanders is the most artistic; that of the Sandwich and Palliser Isles the rudest of all. The designs are often very intricate (see the engravings on pp. 48, 49), but they vary immensely. Sometimes figures of animals, plants, and other natural objects are tattooed. A cocoa-nut is a favourite

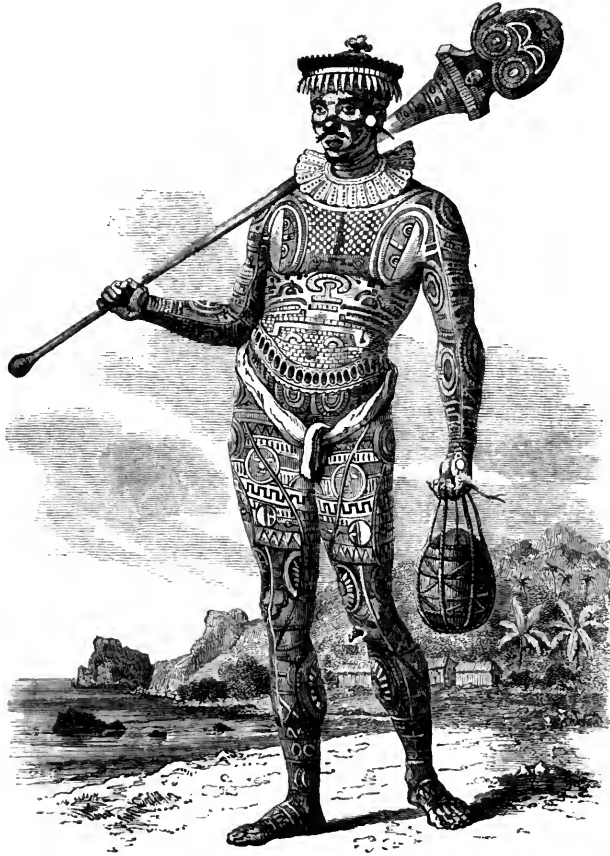
object. "I have often," remarks Mr. Ellis, "seen a cocoa-nut tree correctly and distinctly drawn, its root spreading at the heel, its elastic stalk pencilled, as it were, along the tendon, and its waving plume gracefully spread out in the broad part of the calf. Sometimes a couple of stems would be twined up from the heel, and divided in the calf, each bearing a plume of leaves. The ornaments round the ankle and upon the instep make them often appear as if they wore the elegant Eastern sandal. The sides of the legs are sometimes tattooed from the ankle upwards, which gives the appearance of wearing pantaloons with ornamented seams. From the lower part of the back a number of straight, waved, or zigzag lines run in the direction of the spine, and branch off regularly towards the shoulders; but of the upper part of the body the chest is the most tattooed. Every variety of figure is to be seen—cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, with convolvulus wreaths hanging around them, boys gathering the fruit, men engaged in battle, in the manual exercise, triumphing over a fallen foe; or, as I have frequently seen, they are represented as carrying a human sacrifice to the temple. Every kind of animal—goats, dogs, fowls, and fish—may at times be seen on this part of the body; muskets, swords, pistols, clubs, spears, and other weapons of war are also stamped upon the arms and chest. They are all crowded upon the same person, but each one makes a selection according to his fancy; and I have frequently thought the tattooing on a man's person might serve as an index to his disposition and character. The neck and throat were sometimes singularly marked. The head and the ears were also tattooed, though among the Tahitians this ornament was seldom applied to the face. The females used the tattoo more sparingly than the men, and with greater taste. It was always the custom of the natives to go barefooted, and the feet, to an inch above the ankles of the chief women, were often neatly tattooed, appearing as if they wore a loose sandal or elegant open-worked boot. The arms were frequently marked with circles, their fingers with rings, and their wrists with bracelets. The thin, transparent skin over the black dye often gave to the tattoo a tinge of blue. The females seldom, if ever, marked their faces; the figures on their feet and hands were all the ornaments they exhibited. Many suffered much from the pain occasioned by the operation, and from the swelling and inflammation that followed, which often continued for a long time, and ultimately proved fatal. This, however, seldom deterred others from attempting to secure the badge of distinction, or embellishment of person."

In the South Sea Islands the tattooing is in dotted lines; in New Zealand the lines are continuous, and are made in the most painful manner by driving little chisels through the skin. This operation is even more painful than the corresponding one just described in the South Sea Isles, and will sometimes take years. Especially was it tedious in former years, when the only tools they had were the blunt ones of jade. The tattooer in good practice is generally a wealthy man, for the best paying "patient" gets the best tattoo; and accordingly the person operated on is careful to act liberally to the "dermal artist," in case he inadvertently lets the chisel slip, and so inflicts an indelible disfigurement instead of the elegant pattern desired. Slaves in New Zealand are not allowed the honour of the *moko* (or tattoo)—a right reserved for freemen; and though in our European eyes the custom is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, yet whites long accustomed to see the elegantly-frescoed natives say that an untattooed one looks bare and unnatural to their acquired and perhaps corrupted tastes.

The Marquesans, who are among the most handsome of all the Polynesians, and are distinguished for their liveliness of disposition and the ease and quickness of gait and gestures, especially of the women, also surpass all the South Sea Islanders in the extent and varied character of their tattooing. Many of the men cover the greater part of their bodies, and often they divide their faces into compartments, each of which receives a tattoo of a different hue. At other times it is covered with broad stripes, crossing each other at right angles. Some more artistic still, crowd their countenances with figures of lizards, sharks, and other animals, often with their mouths represented as open, which gives a most hideous and repulsive aspect to the otherwise handsome faces thus tattooed. Among them, formerly, in times of scarcity, the chief, if he was provided with sufficient provisions, would invite a number of poor tattoo artists to a feast, and as long as he kept them they were bound to give, gratuitously, a few strokes of tattoo to all who might seek them. These artists were also bound to support each other, in case one might be short of provisions at any time.

We have a word now thoroughly naturalised in the English language, signifying, when we apply it to a person or a thing, that he, she, or it is ostracised, shunned, "left in the cold," "sat upon," or "sent to Coventry," to use three well-understood "slang" phrases. This is the word *taboo*. It originated about the time when the brilliant discoveries of Cook and the navigators of his period first attracted attention to the Polynesian Islands, and has reference to one of the most peculiar customs of the people we have now under consideration:—viz., the *taboo*, or, as it is properly written, *tabu*, in the South Sea group, and *tapu* in New Zealand. The meaning of the word is really "sacred," though it implies no moral quality in the person or object "tabooed," but only that he, she, or it is set apart from ordinary purposes, and is exclusively appropriated to persons or things considered sacred; sometimes it means devoted, as by a vow. Perhaps nothing in connection with Polynesians has been so long familiar, in name at least, to Europeans as this *tabu*, but few facts of ethnology are less thoroughly understood. It is nothing rare to find the most erroneous descriptions of it in works even authoritative on other points. Therefore, before adding some further remarks on the subject, it may be well to give Mr. Ellis's account of it, even though the passage is long, as it is by far the most trustworthy statement regarding the custom which we possess—a statement for which I have the authority of an intelligent Sandwich Islander, to whom I read it some years ago:—"The *tabu*," this late eminent missionary remarks, "separating whatever it was applied to from common use, though it prevailed with some slight variations in the different groups in the Pacific, has not been met with in any other part of the world. Although employed for civil as well as for sacred purposes, the *tabu* was entirely a religious ceremony, and could be imposed only by the priests. A religious motive was always assigned for laying it on, though it was often at the instance of the civil authorities; and persons called *ki ai moku* (island keepers), a kind of police officers, were always appointed by the king to see that the *tabu* was strictly observed. The antiquity of the *tabu* was equal to the other branches of that superstition of which it formed so component a part, and its application was both general and particular, occasional and permanent. The idols, temples, persons, and names of the king and members of the reigning family—the persons of the priests, canoes belonging to the god, and the heads of men who were devotees of any particular idol, were always *tabu* (or sacred). The flesh of hogs, turtle, and several kinds of fish, cocoa-nuts, and almost everything offered in sacrifice, was *tabu* to the use of the gods and

the men ; hence the women were, except in cases of particular indulgence, restricted from using them. Particular places, as those frequented by the king for bathing, were also rendered permanently *tabu*. Sometimes an island or a district was *tabued*, when no canoe or person was allowed to approach it. Particular fruits, animals, and the fish of certain places were occasionally *tabu* for several months from both men and women. The seasons generally kept *tabu* were—on the approach of some great religious ceremony, immediately before going to



TATTOOED SAVAGE OF THE MARQUESAN ISLANDS.

war, and during the sickness of chiefs. Their duration was various, and much longer in ancient than in modern times. Tradition states that in the days of Umi there was a *tabu* kept thirty years, during which the men were not allowed to trim their beards, &c. Subsequently, there was one kept five years. Before the reign of Kamehameha, forty days was the usual period ; during it ten or five days, and sometimes only one day. In this respect the *tabus* (or seasons of restriction) in the Sandwich Islands appear to have exceeded those in the islands farther south. The longest season of prohibition in Hualine known to the natives was the *tabu* of Mohono, which lasted ten or twelve years. It was during this period that the hogs became so numerous and large that they destroyed all the *fehies* (or mountain plantains) excepting those growing on the summits of the highest mountains.

"The *tabu* seasons were either common or strict. During a common *tabu*, the men were only required to abstain from their ordinary avocations, and attend at the *heiau*, where the prayers were offered every morning and evening. But during the season of strict *tabu*, every fire and light on the island or district must be extinguished; no canoe must be launched on the water, no person must bathe, and except those whose attendance was required at the temple, no individual must be seen out of doors; no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow, or the *tabu* would be broken, and fail to accomplish the object designed. On these occasions they tied up the mouths of the dogs and pigs, and put the fowls under a calabash, or fastened a piece of cloth over their eyes. All the common people prostrated themselves, with their faces



SPECIMENS OF MARQUESAN TATTOOING.

touching the ground, before the sacred chiefs, when they walked out, particularly during the *tabu*; and neither the king nor the priests were allowed to touch anything—even their food was put into their mouths by another person. The *tabu* was imposed either by proclamation, when the crier or herald of the priests went round, generally in the evening, requiring every light to be extinguished, the path by the sea to be left for the king, the paths inland to be left for the gods, and so on. The people, however, were generally prepared, having had previous warning, though this was not always the case. Sometimes it was laid on by fixing certain marks, called *unu unu*, the purport of which was well understood, on the places or things *tabued*. When the fish of a certain part are *tabued*, a small pole is fixed in the rocks on the coast, in the centre of the place, to which is tied a bunch of bamboo leaves, or a piece of white cloth. A cocoa-nut leaf is tied to the stem of a tree when the fruit is *tabued*. The hogs which were *tabued*, having been devoted to the gods, had a piece of cinnet woven through a perforation in one of their ears. The prohibitions and requisitions of the *tabu* were strictly enforced, and every

breach of them punished with death, unless the delinquent had some very powerful friends who were either priests or chiefs. They were generally offered in sacrifice, strangled, or dispatched with a club or a stone within the precincts of the *heiau*, or they were burnt. An institution so universal in its influence, so inflexible in its demands, contributed very materially to the bondage and oppression of the natives in general. The king, sacred chiefs, and priests appear to have been the only persons to whom its application was easy; the great mass of the people were at no period of their existence exempt from its influence, and no circumstance in life could excuse their obedience to its demands. The females in particular felt all its humiliating and degrading force. From its birth the child, if a female, was not allowed to be fed with a particle of food that had been kept in the father's dish, or cooked at his fire; and the little boy, after being weaned, was fed with his father's food, and as soon as he was able sat down to meals with his father, while his mother was not only obliged to take hers in an out-house, but was interdicted from tasting the food which he ate."

The *tabu* was thus a source of great degradation to the women, and oppression to the people; yet it was not an unmitigated evil. In New Zealand, for instance, the *tapu* was, in its influence, more useful and good than evil. It acted as a guardian of property and morals, though it must be confessed that terror and superstition were its principal aids. In that country a woman is *tapu* when she has a child. The man who is tattooing another is *tapu* (a most necessary precaution against disturbing the artist when engaged in such a delicate operation); a field of potatoes is *tapued* by the priest (or *tokunga*); a canoe which has the *tapu* mark on it is safe from injury or disturbance; a tree, if a strip of bark is removed from it, is *tapu* for the purpose of the discoverer of it making a canoe—none else will touch it. A girl as soon as she is betrothed is *tapu*; a married woman is *tapu* to all but her husband, and the breakers of this *tapu* must pay the penalty of the breach. A chief (as well as everything which he possesses) is *tapu*; if his blood falls on anything, it is *tapu*; if a man falls overboard from a canoe, that canoe is *tapu*, and can never be used again; if even a pig touch a piece of ground which has been *tapued*, that pig is *tapu*. Men going into battle are *tapu*; they can do no more work, except what relates to the labours of war, until, with much ceremony and elaborate rites, the *tapu* is taken off them. The house in which a person dies is painted with red ochre and *tapued*; hence every care is taken that a person never dies in a house, for in such a case the house could never be used again. He is accordingly removed for this purpose, if his relatives are sufficiently alive to his speedy dissolution, to some temporary erection, the disuse of which is of little moment. "The *tabu*," to use the words of the celebrated missionary, Williams, "is the secret of power and the strength of despotic rule. It affects things both great and small. Here it is seen tending a brood of chickens, and there it directs the energies of a kingdom. Its influence is variously diffused. Coasts, islands, rivers, and seas; animals, fruit, fish, and vegetables; houses, beds, pots, cups, and dishes; canoes, with all things that belong to them, with their management, dress, ornaments, and arms; things to eat and things to drink; the members of the body; the manners and customs; languages, names, temper, and even the gods also, all come under the influence of the *tabu*. It is put into operation by religious, political, or selfish motives, and idleness lingers for months beneath its sanction. Many are thus forbidden to raise their hands or extend their arms in any useful employment for a long time. In this district it is *tabu* to build canoes; on that island it is *tabu* to erect good houses.

The custom is much in favour among chiefs, who adjust it so that it sits easily on themselves, while they use it to gain influence over those who are nearly their equals; by it they supply many of their wants, and command with it all who are beneath them. *Precedent* is all that need check such a dignitary in getting a *tabu* established; let ancient customs made and provided for be infringed, and he will immediately feel that even his power is in danger."

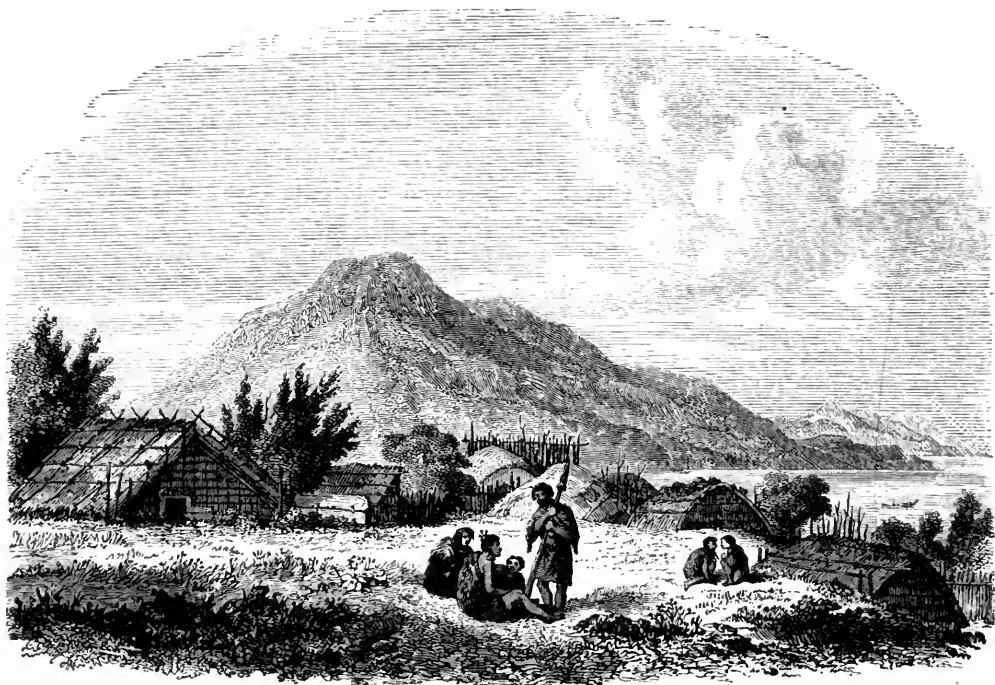
In most of the islands the progress of civilisation has done away with the *tabu*—or at least robbed it of its more prominent characteristics. The missionaries very properly, in this respect at least, exercised on the whole a sound judgment in making the abolition of the *tabu* a necessary accompaniment of the new order of things which they introduced into the islands. The natives, however, still call Sunday *La tabu* (day sacred), and if the attentions of frolicsome mariners, who have just been landed in the latest batch of "liberty men" from Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Pinafore* are not agreeable to the dusky damsels, among whom they have been set ashore, as types of that well-known dignity, politeness to foreigners, modesty, and general amiability characteristic of our nation, an awe-struck whisper of "*tabu*," informs the gallant cap'n of the foretop that his course had better lie in another direction.

CHAPTER III.

THE POLYNESIANS: THEIR WAR CUSTOMS; RITES CONNECTED WITH WARFARE.

THE customs under this heading must always bulk largely in the history of any savage people. But in a people so abominably addicted to war as were the Polynesians before they learned better manners, a volume would scarcely suffice to give a fairly exhaustive account of the various rites and customs which are observed on the occasion of one set of islanders indulging in this "game of kings" with another. They are, however, too important to be altogether passed over in silence. Accordingly let us, as far as space will permit, sketch in outline a few of their more prominent features as regards war. In Tahiti, as, indeed, in all the islands, there were many gods specially presiding over war and fighting men, who, before going to battle, propitiated them by many ceremonies and rites. As the time approached there was much cleaning of weapons (which had, however, rarely opportunity of rusting much), and a human sacrifice was offered up to procure the favour of the gods. War was then declared, councils held, and impassioned, wild, exciting, and withal eloquent addresses, delivered by the principal chiefs or orators. While the men hastened to the field, the women, children, and aged people remained in the village, or were conveyed to some place of safety. Though the warriors, as among the Indians, and indeed most savages, were freemen, and only compelled to follow their leaders as long as they chose, the constitution of their limited society rendered their fidelity almost a matter of course. The summons to war was never disobeyed. Each chief led his own dependents or subordinates, and after arriving at the general encampment of the head chief, reported his presence, and encamped with the rest. If, as was generally the case, the expedition was by sea, the priests

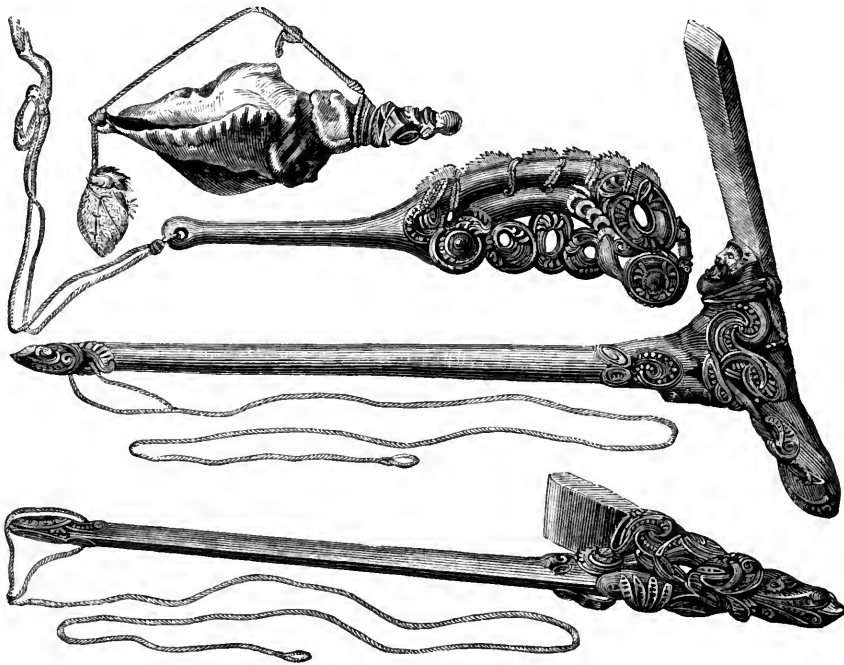
made long and earnest intercessions to the gods to leave their enemies and enter their canoe, and wield the spears and clubs of the nation to which the petitioners belonged. In the sacred canoe a temporary erection, in the shape of a temple for the god to dwell in, was built. Generally, however, only a red feather from the idol was taken into the canoe along with the expedition, and the images of the gods themselves were left in a specially-built house ashore. This house required to be built in one day, and during the time it was being built no one must eat, no canoe must be launched, no fire lighted. All these things were *tabu* for that day. The building of the house of the gods finished, a man was offered in sacrifice, and buried at the foot of the central pillar.



INTERIOR OF A NEW ZEALAND "PAH."

The men marched to battle to the martial sound of conches and drums, with flags flying. But they took good care, after leaving their encampment, to leave no food on the altar, in case the gods whose images they had deposited in the house, instead of coming along with the warriors and assisting them in the fight, should stay behind to enjoy the good things there provided! When the contending armies met there was much bravado, a vast amount of abuse and general swagger—challenges, casual encounters, then a spear or club was thrown, and finally came the savage onset—after which all politeness or insult was equally gone. Death to the most in the shortest space of time, and in the most cruel manner consistent with speed, were the only thoughts of the frenzied combatants. At other times matters were conducted with a dignity which we can hardly believe could be exhibited among a savage people. Before the battle commenced the chiefs of the contending armies walked about arm in arm in sight of both hosts, on, I suppose, the same principle that, as we used to read in the newspapers, gentle-

men of the prize ring used to grimly "shake hands" before they commenced the edifying amusement of battering each other's countenances. After the chiefs had behaved in this polite manner, picked combatants would engage on either side, but as either side began to waver it was reinforced by the onlookers of its nation, who were sitting on the ground watching the combat, after which the contest soon became general. Bards (or *rautis*) also accompanied the troops to battle, and excited the men to valiant deeds by relating in heroic verse the mighty acts of their fathers, the greatness of the chiefs, the weighty issues of the cause they were upholding. Doughty songsters were these *rautis*, for often without intermission, as long as the battle raged, they would continue their lays, and have been known to expire from sheer exhaustion.



WEAPONS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS. (After Cook.)

In Tahiti the men used to carry a red shield or target, and were generally armed with clubs—*vide* every local museum in Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere—which they aimed at the heads of their antagonists. It was supposed that the gods wielded them, though, if so, they always took particular good care to supplement the deities' efforts by using all their *own* muscular power to effect their purpose: a belief in Providence in Tahiti does not differ widely in nature from that entertained in more civilised places. The first warrior who fell was seized on, and offered as a sacrifice to the god. Round his body there was always a terrific combat, and once secured the man was laid, often not quite dead, on a number of spears and bound to the temple, where the priests, from the writhings of his body and other signs, deduced auguries as to victory or defeat. If a chief was slain, a number of his friends and young warriors would make a desperate rush to avenge his death, or, as they called it, *vaere toto* (to clear away the blood). Often brothers fought side by side with a constancy and

affection worthy of better things. If one was killed, the survivor dipped his hands in the blood of his slain relative, and besmeared his person with it to manifest his affection, alleviate his sorrow, or to stimulate his revenge. There was no discipline among these savage warriors, though of late the Tongans fought as united bodies, and hence the victories over the Fijians and neighbouring islanders. With this exception, every man fought to his own hand—like the bandy-legged smith who contributed so materially to the victory in the great clan battle at Perth in 1392, but, unlike that worthy, each was perfectly aware which side he was fighting on. The slingers in all these battles were powerful auxiliaries to the side they were on. When one of them appeared in any of the islands, even in time of peace, he was treated with great respect, and received afar off with cries, “Take care, take care, he is an adhering stone,” and so on. Sometimes quarter would be given, if the vanquished asked it in the king’s name, but more often a cry for mercy was met with an insult and a death-giving blow. We have already mentioned that women in some of the islands attended the men to battle, in the capacity of nurses and *vivandières*, but in Tahiti it not unfrequently happened that the women went into the fight with the men, and fought alongside of them—it is true, not with the same weapons, but with their hands and nails! In many of the islands it was almost as bad to be a friend as a foe during war-time. If you were unfriendly your property would be sure to be wasted; if a friend, then it would be seized or destroyed to prevent it falling into the hands of the other side. Of course the unfortunate neutral was most to be pitied of all, for he was harassed on both sides. The Society Islanders are a milder race than the Tahitians, but the Marquesans, and especially the New Zealanders, are fierce warriors, as the whites knew to their cost in the frequent “Maori wars” in that antipodean dependency of Great Britain. “With all the Polynesians, however, war is a war of passion, in the gratification of which mercy entered not. Their wars were most merciless and destructive. Invention itself was tortured to find out new modes of inflicting suffering, and the total extermination of their enemies, with the desolation of a country, was often the avowed object of the war. The design, horrid as it is, has been literally accomplished; every inhabitant of an island, excepting the few that may have escaped by flight in their canoes, has been slaughtered; the bread-fruit trees have been cut down and the fruit left to rot; the cocoa-nut trees have been killed by cutting off their tops and leaving the stems in desolate leafless ranks, as if they had been shivered by lightning. Their wars were not only sanguinary, but frequent; yet from a variety of ceremonies which preceded the expeditions, they were seldom prompt in commencing hostilities. What they were prior to the first visits of foreigners, we have not the means of correctly ascertaining; but since that time, the only period during which correct dates can be affixed to events in their history, the short and simple annals of Tahiti are principally filled with notices of destructive wars, and the effects of desolation still visible prove that they have been not less frequent in the other islands. The occasions of hostility were also at times remarkably trivial, though not so their consequences. The removal of a boundary mark, the pulling down of the king’s flag, the refusing to acknowledge the king’s son as their future king, speaking disrespectfully of the gods, of the king, or the chiefs, the slightest insult to the king, chiefs, or any in alliance or friendship with them, with a variety of more insignificant causes, were sufficient to justify an appeal to arms, or an invasion of the offender’s territory with fire and spear. Although there were no standing armies or regular troops in the South Sea Islands, nor any class of men exclusively trained and kept for military purposes, war

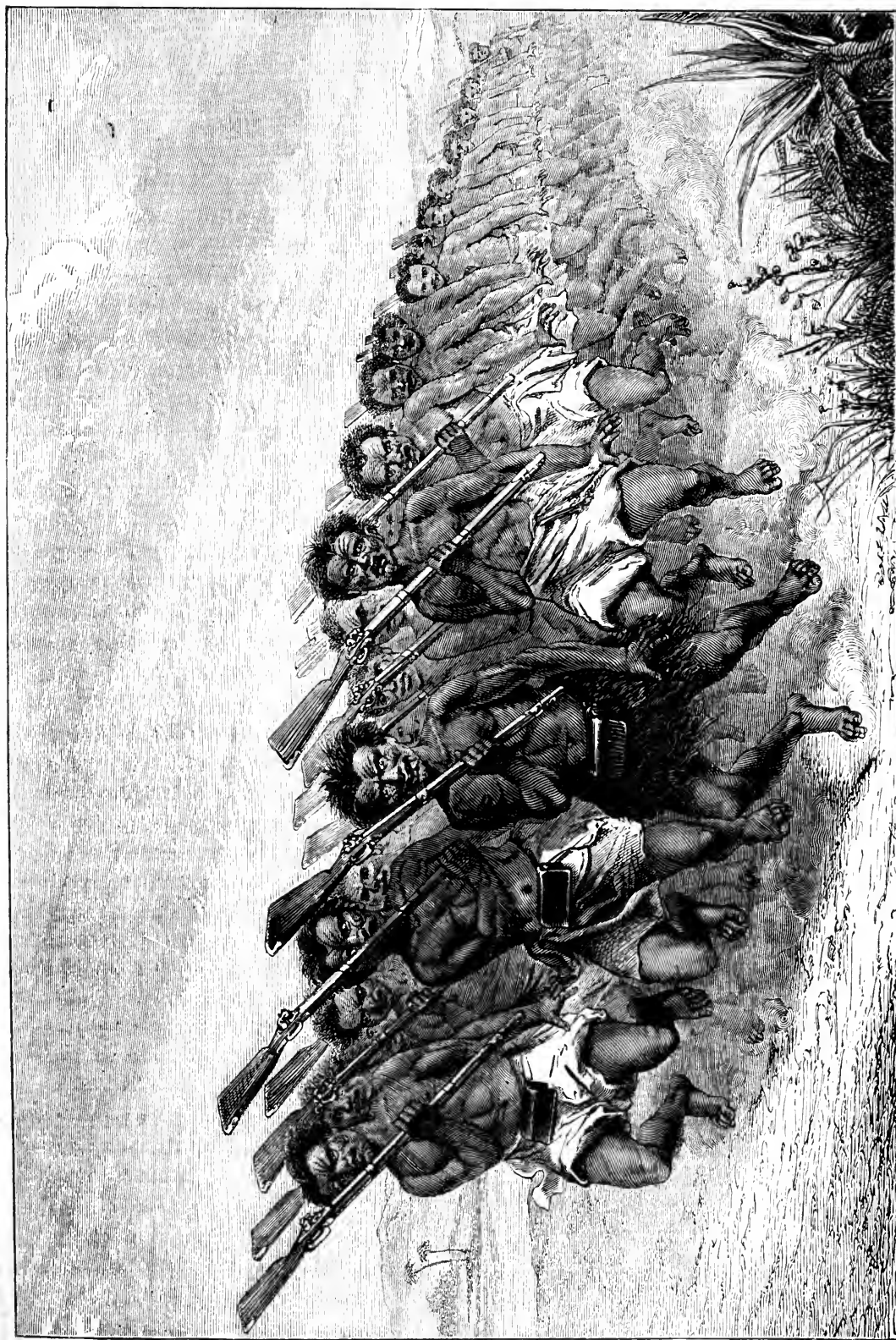
was followed as a profession as much as any other, and considered by many as one to which every other should be rendered subservient"—an opinion in the un wisdom and barbarism of which the Polynesians do not stand alone. Talking of the causes of war, we ought to include in the incentives to war in Polynesia love of power and "glory," disputed succession, abduction of women, and infringement of territory. But a cause no less fertile in war relates to one chief taking the cast-off wives of another. It is in Samoa that this mainly prevails. In this island the lords of creation consider—and law allows them the claim—that they can take as many wives as they please, and turn them off after appropriating any property they may bring to their unworthy spouses. They cannot, however, be divorced, being still his property—in name at least—and if once they marry any one else, it is war to the club with the unfortunate spouse of the "grass widow." The cast-off wife may lead as immoral a life as she likes, and as she in reality does, being usually an attaché of the "stranger's house," the husband is in no way dishonoured or disconcerted thereat. But let her once marry another, and he is in arms at an infringement of the rights of property. The weapons used in war were many, and always terrible instruments, being often set with sharks' teeth, which lacerated the flesh in a horrible manner, and even disembowelled the victim at one blow. In the Sandwich Islands a dagger was in use, and in Tahiti the serrated backbone of the sting-ray took its place. The natives of the Palliser Islands used a javelin, or short spear, and the South Sea Islanders proper a polished dart three feet in length, which was cast from their hands in their naval engagements, but was also occasionally used on land. The instrument used for cutting—or rather sawing off the heads or cutting the throats of their vanquished enemies was, before the introduction of iron, a shell of the pearl oyster. Some of them went into battle bareheaded, but the Hawaiian (Sandwich Islander), wore a slight helmet woven of fibre, and shaped exactly like a Greek helmet. It was worn more as an emblem of rank than for any protection it afforded the head of the warrior. The Tahitians wore a fillet or bandage, and others an immense turban of cloth, which not only served to give an appearance of greater stature to the wearer, but also to turn aside the thrust of a spear or the blow of a club.

In some of the Austral Islands, Tubuai and Rurutu, for example, a more extraordinary head-dress still was worn. In Tubuai, it is like a cocked-hat worn with the ends projecting over each shoulder, the front beautifully ornamented with the green and red wing and tail feathers of a species of parroquet. Other head-dresses are in the form of tight-fitting caps with light plumes depending from their summit. The Rurutuan helmet was more handsome still. It was made of thick native cloth on a framework of cane, and fitted tight to the head, reaching down to the ears; birds' feathers profusely ornamented it, and behind flowed long human hair, said to be from the beard. On each side above the ears, numerous pieces of mother-of-pearl were placed, depending in a bunch, and attached to the helmet by a small strong cord, similar to those passing under the chin, by which the helmet is fastened to the head. The wild waving of the plumes and mass of human hair, combined with the rattling of the shells, as the wearer's head shook about, produced a noise which added fresh horrors to the din of savage warfare. Various other head-dresses were used in different islands, but the above may suffice as types. The Samoans used to wear a sort of coat of mail made from vegetable fibres; other tribes, breast-plates composed of the teeth of fish; both have been long discontinued, being useless against firearms, which have now taken the place of the

original weapons of war, though at first, as might be expected, their introduction to them was productive of sufficient wonder. Ships they thought floating islands, and when they heard the cannon fired, they regarded the reports as the noise of thunder.

When the victory is won, and the vanquished are either slain or have fled in wild disorder, the victors either return home with what prisoners and plunder they have, or they turn to plunder the island, if they have not already had an opportunity of so doing. The vanquished meanwhile seek security in flight, or in the natural strongholds in the mountains, if such exist. Woe betide the helpless aged, the women, and the children, in the savage days of Polynesia. The victors would repair to the villages, and either make them prisoners, or take a merciless pleasure in torturing and slaughtering their victims. Everything valuable was either destroyed or carried off. No age or sex was spared. The females were treated with infinite brutality, and were often murdered, while the aged were happy if once despatched; more often they were disembowelled, and every horrid torture practised on them. "The tenderest infants," writes an eye-witness present in the islands while these atrocities were in full sway, "were perhaps transfixed to the mother's heart by a ruthless weapon—caught up by the ruffian's hands, and dashed against the rocks or the trees, or wantonly thrown up into the air, and caught on the point of the warrior's spear, where it writhed in agony, and died. A spear was sometimes thrust through the infant's head from ear to ear, and a line passed through the aperture, and then the horrid carnage has been applied to the dwellings, while the flames crackled, the dense columns of smoke ascended, and the ashes mingled with the blood from the victims, the cruel warriors had retired with fiendish exultation, some bearing the spoils of plunder, some having two or three infants hanging on to the spear they bore across their shoulders, and others dragging along the sand those that were strung together by a line through their heads, or a cord round their necks. This cruelty was not confined to the slain; the living captives, adults and children, were sometimes thus strung together by cords passed through the head from ear to ear, by holes made with spears." A part of the plunder was given to the priests of Oro, partly in gratitude for his favour in the past, the Rochefoucauldian definition of gratitude being in this case partly applicable—"a sense of favours to come;" last of all, a human sacrifice was offered up.

This system of offering up human sacrifices resulted in the existence of a number of wild men inhabiting the mountain fastnesses of Tahiti, who had in early life fled thither in terror of being seized as a sacrifice to the gods. Several were caught during Mr. Ellis's residence on the island. One that was caught is described as wild and agitated, with his hair and beard uncut for years. Another appeared to have been enfeebled by recent illness, otherwise he could not have been caught or retained. Terror seemed to have dominated every other feeling. No assurances of his safety served to calm him. Wildly he cried, "Ye are murderers! ye are murderers! Do not murder me! do not murder me!" Even after he had been treated kindly, and received food and clothing, the only words he would utter were, "Do not kill me!" Noise distressed him, and though he appeared somewhat interested in what he saw around him, he yet took the earliest opportunity of again fleeing to the mountains. He was under a panic of being sacrificed to the gods. Some of the captives were reserved for slaves, while the dead bodies were left to be devoured by the hogs and crabs. The lower jaws of the most distinguished men were, however, taken away. Often the bones of the arms and legs were also



MAORI WAR-DANCE, NEW ZEALAND.

preserved in order to manufacture out of them tools for making canoes, or as material for fish-hooks. The skulls were made into drinking-cups, or piled in great mounds around the temples. Sometimes they would heap the bodies in rows on the shore, or use them as rollers over which they would launch their canoes into the sea, to save them from grating on the coral beach. An instance is related in which the living captives were used for a similar purpose.

In New Zealand the victors used to (and do still to a small extent) feast on the dead bodies of the vanquished, and a similar disagreeable custom prevailed in the Hervey Islands up to 1823, when it was abandoned, with the abolition of idolatry, and until very recently by the Marquesans and the inhabitants of the Dangerous Archipelago. In New Zealand a warrior, after having killed his foe, would sever the head from the body, and scoop up the warm life blood which was flowing from the dying trunk, and turning to his enemies would, with fiend-like triumph, drink it before them. The Tahitians, though not addicted to this custom of eating their slain enemies, would now and then, out of mere bravado, eat a few mouthfuls of a vanquished foe—generally the fat which lines the ribs. If they did not eat their enemies, the Tahitians practised a custom scarcely less horrible. This was the *tiputa taata*. After a man had slain his enemy he would cut a hole in the body, through this hole he would push his head, and so carry the corpse along in this manner resting on his shoulders, and even again march into battle with his terrific burden! This by no means exhausts the list of brutalities which were practised on their fallen foes. Some were of a still worse kind, but even the necessities of ethnological description does not allow of their being described, especially in a work of this nature.

To be thanked by the chief in public was the greatest honour which a young warrior could attain to. To boast of his deeds, among most of the Polynesians at least, was accounted very contemptible—a contrast to what we find generally in savages, and notably amongst their nearest neighbours—the Papuans—who are braggarts of the vilest type. In a country where war was almost the normal condition of the people, it could not be expected that fortified places—erected to check the progress of an enemy or to prevent surprises—would not be devised. These are found, especially in the Hervey Islands, composed of trees in the form of an enclosure, in the midst of which the village is placed, and called *pahs*. The New Zealand *pah* (pp. 52, 60) is a much more elaborate affair, being, from its natural advantages of position, impregnable on three sides. Since the introduction of firearms, rifle-pits and other civilised modes of defence have been adopted to make the natural strength of the *pahs* still more formidable. How strong they are our troops and the New Zealand volunteers are painfully aware. In the Sandwich Islands, in addition to various naturally strong places, artificial fortifications of a somewhat similar character were erected, until guns, embrasures, and stone walls replaced the old savage fortifications, which, in comparison to the force which they had to resist, were stronger than their modern substitutes, still known by their old name of *pahs*.

With the exceptions mentioned, the courtesies of war were little respected after the passions of the warriors were excited. The battle ended only when the weaker party gave way. In some cases, however, ambassadors were used to arrange a cessation of hostilities by settling the cause of dispute, but these instances were rare, and only when both parties were equally matched. If the enemy surrendered, their lands and property were divided among the conquerors, and the captives either murdered, reserved as slaves, or offered up as sacrifices to the

gods. The bodies of those slain in the forts were treated with equal indignity to those slain in the field. Their bodies were, in part, at least, eaten by the *priests*, and the rest piled up in heaps along the shore, where the odour from their decomposition became so offensive that the natives would forbear to fish on that part of the coast for some time.

In war time the chiefs sat in council under trees, boughs and garlands of flowers acting in Polynesia a very significant part in all negotiations. In New Zealand the head of a fallen foe is taken off and preserved with the skin upon it. These heads were sold to the colonists, or to any other purchaser, so that murder became so rife that these purchases had to be prohibited by the Colonial Government. War was the chief object of a Maori's life, and the club (or *mere*) was his chief weapon, though the rifle has now—as elsewhere—taken the place of the aboriginal weapons. The Maoris are a brave, manly race, so far as the phrase can be applied to a savage who is deficient in so many of the virtues which ought to be associated with true manliness. Even the children have mimic fights among themselves, in which they rehearse the deeds which they hope afterwards to share in, though the 43,000 now remaining are powerless for evil.*

Vengeance is with the New Zealander—as with all the savage or uncivilised world—a sacred duty. Once let the blood of a relation be spilled, and his nearest of kin takes a vow (or rather is bound by law) to take no food except what is indigenous to New Zealand until he has seen the blood of a slain man. He sallies forth from the *pah*—and as he must slay somebody, he would murder his father or mother, supposing either of them was the first person he met. It must be somebody. If a foe, so much the better; but his own relatives and friends are not exempt from danger. If he fails to find anybody, then he must apply to the priest, who, with elaborate ceremonies, acquits him of the necessity of a further effort to satiate his vengeance. The war-dance of New Zealand is one of the wildest which we have yet had occasion to notice. Our illustration of it (p. 57) saves the necessity of a detailed description.

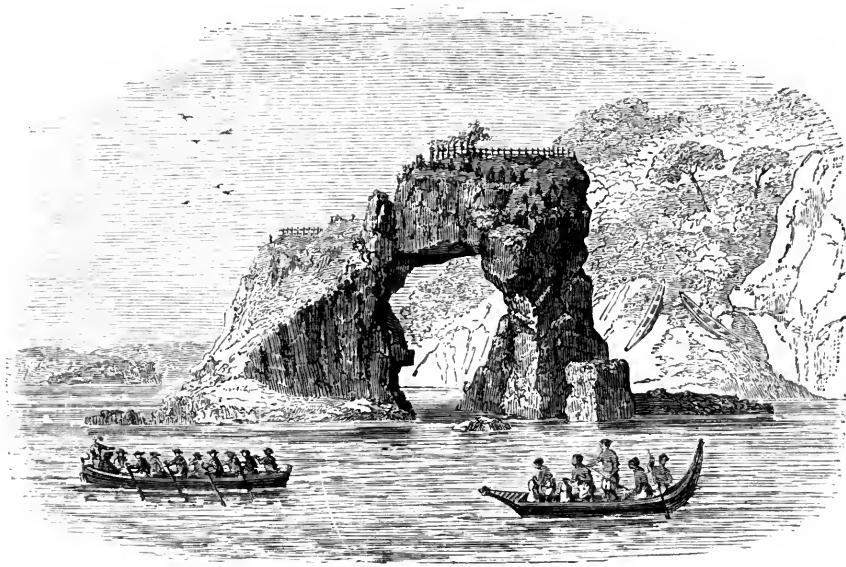
CHAPTER IV.

THE POLYNESIANS: THEIR MYTHOLOGY AND RELIGION.

POLYNESIAN mythology is perhaps one of the most voluminous in the whole range of savagedom. They are a people of fertile and even poetical imagination, and a collection of their tales about their gods and the stories which they have interwoven into their religion would fill a volume; indeed, it has supplied part of several, and has two special ones devoted to it. Most of their tales are confused or childish, and few of them do not exhibit the cruel despotism and low morality of the race. Yet curiously, though they have “gods many and lords many,” few of them—unlike those of Greece and Rome—have immoral attributes attributed to them; a remarkable fact, when the licentious character of the nation is taken into consideration. The

* Hayter: “Australian Statistics” (1881).

ocean had many gods assigned to it, not including the *Dii minores*, there were upwards of twenty chief gods; these were probably originally celebrated seamen, or men who had excelled in nautical pursuits, and from being the subject of many tales in which their deeds were celebrated they became, in course of time, deities. The same process of canonisation and deification can be traced among other nations. We have alluded to the shark-gods. Sharks were not, as is often stated, really worshipped as gods, but only as messengers of the gods, and ministers of their vengeance. They were supposed to recognise a priest in a canoe, and to retire at his bidding, and to spare him in case of a wreck. *Theoretically*, at least, this was so; *practically*, they were in the habit of swallowing the ecclesiastic, if he was so



"PAH," OR FORT, NEW ZEALAND. (After Cook.)

foolish as to endanger the truth of the maxim he taught by putting himself in the shark's way. In one island, only a few years ago, a temple was constructed for a shark, and in the enclosed piece of water inside he was regularly fed by the priests. In other places they used to feed in the bays until they got quite tame.*

There were other aërial gods, who were worshipped under the figures of birds. But these were not the only ones. "By their rude mythology each lovely island was made a sort of fairyland, and the spells of enchantment were thrown over its varied scenes. The sentiment of the poet—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep"

was one familiar to their minds; and it is impossible not to feel interested in a people who

* It is a tradition in naval circles that, in former times, the British Government also used to subsidise a shark in the harbour of Port Royal, but for a very different purpose, "Port Royal Tom" receiving his daily offering of salt junk in order to bribe him to remain in the vicinity of the war-ship, and so frighten the seamen from swimming ashore after nightfall, as they were in the habit of doing.

were accustomed to consider themselves surrounded by invisible intelligences, and who recognised in the rising sun, the mild and silver moon, the shooting star, the meteor's transient flame, the ocean's roar, the tempest's blast, or the evening's breeze, the movements of mighty spirits. The mountain summit and the fleecy mists that hang upon its brow, the rocky defile, the foaming cataract, and the lonely dell, were all regarded as the abode or resort of these invisible beings." The moon in an eclipse was under the control of some evil spirit, and prayers were offered up in the temples for its release. Others—for there are no canons of Polynesian mythology—believed that the moon had been swallowed by the irate god which it had offended. Then so much the worse, and so many more the presents to persuade the angry god to abate his anger and eject the orb of night, or of day (for the same happened with the sun when it was eclipsed), from its stomach. The mechanical arts had their gods; and, while Æsculapius alone presided over the art of the Roman physicians, medicine among the Polynesians had many gods, who saw to its interest and to that of its practitioners.

In addition to all these deities there were certain spirits who also played a part in the religious rites of the islesmen, and were supposed to be intermediate between gods and men. These spirits were, however, mostly demons, to calm the ire of whom the aid of the priests had often to be invoked. The images of the gods were rough, unpolished logs, rudely carved into something like the image of a created being, and wrapped in many cloths, and bound round with cinnet of finely braided network of cocoa-nut work, ornamented with red feathers. Into these images the gods at certain seasons were supposed to enter; and though the images were among their most sacred things, yet after the gods had departed out of them they were comparatively powerless in themselves. There were, in addition to these hideous, inartistic wooden images, others consisting of silicious or calcareous stone, or of rude uncarved angular columns of trap, and only ornamented with native cloth. The idols were in most cases ornamented with feathers; or, if the images were hollow, then the inside was filled with them. These feathers were supposed to possess all the attributes of the gods, who had infused into these objects their supernatural influence.

At one time lizards were held in reverence in the Sandwich Islands, and in one of the temples was the figure of one. The Tahitians, in addition to the respect they paid to certain fish (such as sharks), revered the heron, kingfisher, and other birds. The Sandwich Islanders, like so many other people, regarded the raven with religious, or, at least, superstitious feelings; and the New Zealanders looked upon a species of tree-creeper as a kind of divinity. The Tongans, according to Mariner, respected lizards, porpoises, and a species of water-snake, under the belief that the deities entered the bodies of these animals. The Maoris also believed that the gods selected the bodies of lizards as their favourite abodes.*

The Polynesian temples (or *maraes*) were either national, local, or domestic. On certain days in the year the gods were taken out, painted and "dressed" anew by the priests, who revelled in intoxication during the process, though the women were prohibited under pain of death from witnessing the operation. In New Zealand, anything which a Maori cannot understand is *atua* (a god), to which respect—even though the object is invisible—is paid. In New Zealand it is doubtful whether there are any idols, properly speaking, the carved figures

* Bishop of Wellington, in *Transactions of the Ethnological Society*, 1870, p. 367.

seen in the *pahs* being only works of art, and viewed with no sacred feelings. The priests of the national temples were a distinct class, and the priesthood, in all its departments, was hereditary, while the heads of the families were priests in their own families. The king was sometimes the priest of the whole nation, and, as in the case of Tamatoa, at one time King of Raiatea, the prayers of the people were presented to him, and by him again to the gods direct. It is not true, however, as I have seen it asserted, that Tamatoa was ever deified during his life and worshipped as a god. He was only, at best, the substitute for the god whose high priest he was. It may also be noted, that the highest sacerdotal dignity was not unfrequently held by some member of the reigning family—so intimately blended was the political and religious life of the Polynesians. To avert the anger of the gods, and to secure their sanction in the commission of the grossest crimes, was the only motive or instigating principle in the piety of these people. The priests led no idle life; to the gods they had to offer many prayers, and often many human sacrifices. They were by no means the least intelligent of their class, and in New Zealand, at least, they were among the first to adopt Christianity; hence the travesty of that faith which is now the religion of a large number of the Maoris. Animals, fruits, &c., were all presented to the idol, but these were not the only things.

In the priestly language—apparently intended to shroud the horrible deeds from direct light—there were *fish* presented to the gods. The *fish* were in reality human victims. They were offered upon altars at great national festivals (p. 65), during the illness of their rulers, and on the erection of their temples. “I have been informed,” writes the author whom we have already so frequently referred to, “by several of the inhabitants of Maeva, that the foundations of some of the buildings for the abode of their gods were actually laid in human sacrifices; that at least the central pillar supporting the roof of one of the sacred houses at Maeva was planted upon the body of a man who had been offered as a victim to the sanguinary deity afterwards to be deposited there. The unhappy wretches selected were either captives taken in war, or individuals who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the chiefs or the priests. When they were wanted, at the request of the priest a stone was sent by the king to the chief of the district from which the victims were required. If the stone was received, it was an indication of an intention to comply with the requisition. It is a singular fact, that the cruelty of the practice extended not only to individuals, but to families and districts. When an individual had been taken as a sacrifice, the family to which he belonged was regarded as *tabu* or devoted; and when another was required, it was more frequently taken from that family than from any other, and a district from which sacrifices had been taken was, in the same way, considered as devoted; and hence, when it was known that any ceremonies were near, on which human sacrifices were usually offered, the members of *tabu* families, or others who had reason to fear they were selected, fled to the mountains, and hid themselves in the caverns till the ceremony was over. In general, the victim was unconscious of his doom, until suddenly stunned by a blow from a club or stone, sometimes from the hands of the very chief on whom he was depending as a guest for the rights of hospitality. He was usually murdered on the spot, his body placed in a long basket of cocoa-nut leaves, and carried to the temple. Here it was offered, not by consuming it with fire, but by placing it before the idol. The priest, in dedicating it, took out one of the eyes, placed it on a plantain-leaf, and handed it to the king, who raised it to his mouth, as if desirous to eat it, but passed it on to one of the priests or attendants, stationed near him for

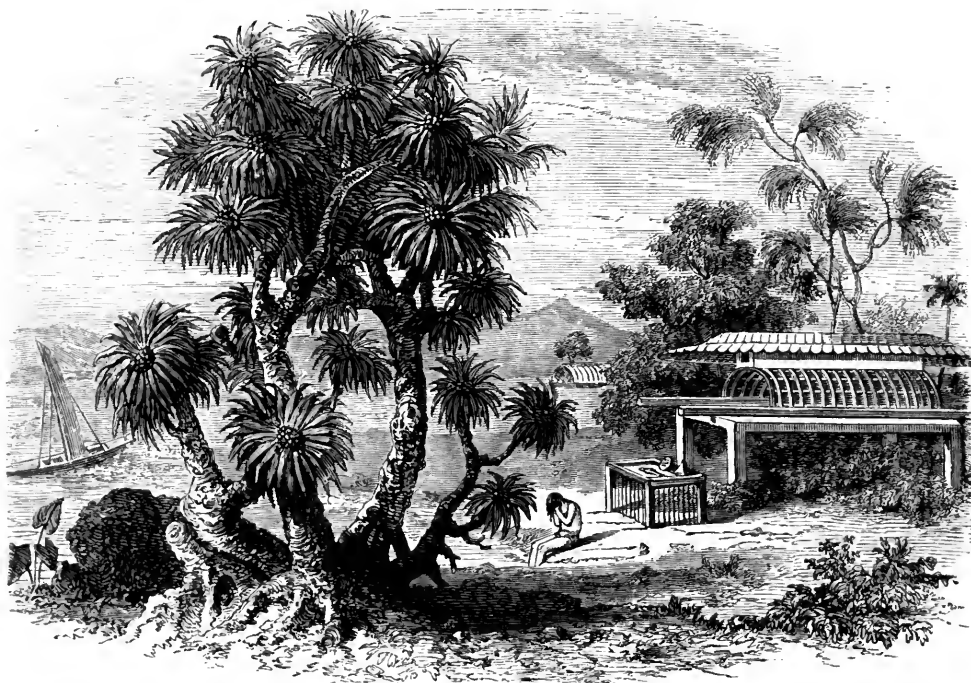
the purpose of receiving it. At intervals during the prayers some of the hair was plucked off, and placed before the god; and when the ceremony was over, the body was wrapped in the basket of cocoa-nut leaves, and frequently deposited on the branches of an adjacent tree. After remaining a considerable time, it was taken down, and the bones were burned beneath the rude pavement of the *marae*. These horrid rites were not unfrequent, and the number offered at their great festivals was truly appalling." A net of cocoa-nut leaves which had been dragged through the sea, was also at certain seasons offered to the gods, along with fragments of coral which had been torn up, so as to induce them to cleanse the land from pollution, and make it as pure as coral. Without this rite having been performed, it would have been unsafe to have remained on the land.

The Polynesians are, or were—for I fancy they do not now go with such fervour into their new faith as they did into the old—an eminently religious people—that is, if we look at religion as something apart from morals, or unconnected with any peculiar belief or dogma. Into every act of life religious observances entered. They prayed before they ate food, tilled the ground, launched their canoes, built their houses, cast their nets, planted their gardens, and commenced or ended a journey. The first fish taken and the first fruits grown were sacred, and these in addition to a number of others regarded as sacred were taken to the altar. The king publicly acknowledged the supremacy of the gods, and celebrated the act with great feasting and rejoicing. In the "ripening of the year," there was also a great thanksgiving to the gods for their favour in the year gone by. They believed in a land of after-bliss, and in New Zealand a tree used to be shown at Cape Maria van Diemen, which was said to be the one by the aid of which the souls of dead men climbed up to heaven.

ANTHROPOPHAGISM.

Perhaps if there is one feature in the history of the Polynesians better known than another, popularly and widely, it is the reputation they have long borne of preferring the human subject as an article of diet to any of the inferior mammalia. In song and story, this culinary weakness of the "king of the Cannibal Islands" and his dusky subjects has been celebrated. "Cannibalism," however, is a word suggestive of feelings intensely disagreeable to people whose tastes are prejudiced on the question of "the food of the people." Accordingly, to cater to the delicate sensibilities of such persons, the objectionable term is commonly eschewed by amiable writers, in favour of the one which heads this paragraph. Modern mildness does not end here. There is nobody too vile not to find by-and-by an apologist for him, or even some one who will undertake to make his hero or heroine of dazzling purity, a wronged and upright individual in the midst of a perverse generation. Richard—he of the crooked back and Bosworth fame—has long ago undergone this whitewashing process; there is also a good deal to be said for Nero and Caligula. Mary of England was an amiable lady, though possibly her *perfidious* piety was disagreeable to Messieurs the Bishops Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, whose followers no doubt maligned her; while all the world knows—though perhaps does not believe—that her namesake the Queen of Scotland was an angel of light and purity. Accordingly, it would be surprising to find that the good services of the literary whitewasher had not been applied also to the Polynesians. Not content with thrusting the ugly word referred to into a corner, and bringing out a genteel one of Greek origin, causing "man-eating,"

under another name, not to “smell as sweet,” but to appear less disagreeable than before, it has even been attempted to affirm that cannibalism never existed among the Polynesians, and that people whose friends underwent that process were prejudiced against the natives, and so traduced them; or, that if the Polynesian did eat his brother instead of loving him, he loved him (gastronomically) not only wisely but well—for the custom was conducive of great good, kept down the price of pork, yams, and fowls, saved funeral expenses, thinned the population of an insular country, &c. &c. &c. Moreover, was it not a religious observance, only allowed to certain individuals of high piety and stout digestion, and therefore to be encouraged and praised, instead of being imprecated in a chorus of seamen’s oaths and



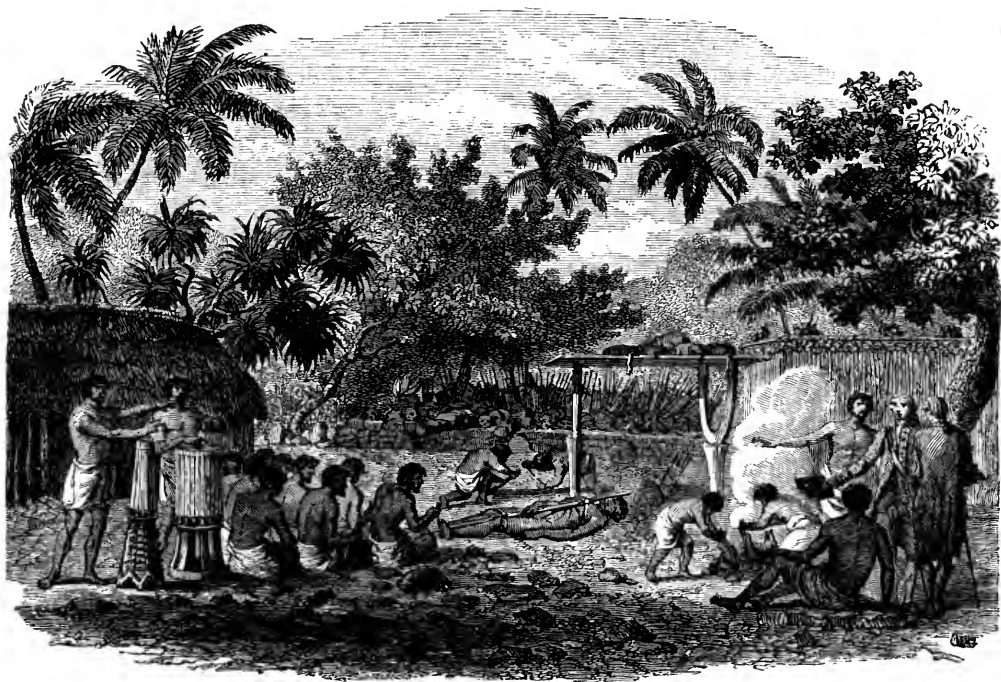
HOUSE OF A GOD AND ALTAR AT HUAHINE, GEORGIAN ISLANDS. (After Cook.)

missionary hymns? It was all very amusing, but jest aside, it is almost too ridiculous to find any one, in the face of the abundant facts to the contrary, gravely asserting that cannibalism never existed among the Polynesians. No doubt their neighbours—the Papuans—are still greater adepts at cooking their fellow-men, but still man-eating—plain, unmistakable, and vile—existed in these islands up to a very late period, though, if the natives are now questioned on the subject, they affect not to believe it. When a man is introduced to you, dressed in such civilised garments as a frock-coat, kid gloves, and a tall hat, it is not, to say the least of it, pleasant for him to be asked if he or his respected father ever “dined off missionary.” Though at no time was cannibalism rampant to anything like the extent it was, and is, among the Papuans, yet it did prevail among the Polynesians, as the most irrefragable facts proved. Even their gods were styled “man-eaters,” and the king, when he personified the god, ate (or pretended to eat) the eye of the victim sacrificed, and the priests part of the body, apparently

in reference to this attribute of their deities. The birds which descended to devour the victims on the open-air altars where human victims were sacrificed were supposed to be the gods in that form, indulging in their love of human flesh.

The Marquesans and Palliser or Pearl Islanders were known to be cannibals, and among other horrible tales of this practice it is related that a captive child, famished with hunger, on begging some food from the savage conquerors of her native isle, received a piece of her father's own flesh!

The Hervey Islanders also ate their enemies in order that they might imbibe part of their courage. And it is probable that some such stimulus as this has led to the practice of man-



HUMAN SACRIFICES AT TAHITI. (*After Cook.*)

eating, rather than simply a desire to feast on human flesh, though a tribe of Papuans, who have been only recently discovered, in the vicinity of Sumatra, absolutely fatten up the captives they have taken in piracy for this purpose—no religious rite being apparently connected with it. It was even looked upon as an honour to be eaten. “Kill and eat!” the chief cried to his men in battle; and the warriors hurled the threat of “Kill and be eaten” at the enemy. When they were preparing for battle the cry always was, “Clear away well, that we may kill and eat, and have a good feast to-day.” In the island of Rarotonga they cut off the heads of the slain, piled them in the temple, and finished by eating the bodies. At other times they would be forced to resort to cannibalism to satisfy hunger. It is known that persons have been stolen at midnight from their homes and killed and eaten before morning. Indeed, in some of the islands in times of scarcity, we are told by Mr. Bourne, who visited Maute and

neighbouring isles in 1825, that members of the same family are scarcely safe from their famished relatives. Instances of depraved appetite are also not uncommon; but both this and the previous cause of cannibalism are not without counterparts in civilised society.

Tradition—lying, let us hope, in this case—relates that in former times if a corpulent man went to the Island of Tapuaemanu, or was seen on the lowland on the reef, *he was seldom or never seen again*. The inference is patent. The Sandwich Islanders never seem to have been particularly addicted to what is politely known as “long pig,” while the Tongans and Savage Islanders (Nuians) are reported never to have indulged in it. In the course of the white-washing process a case of non-cannibalistic propensities has been attempted to be made out for the Marquesans also, but only at the expense of facts. As these respectable islanders have lately awoke to the error of their ways, and discovered that a coat of tattoo and a cotton umbrella is scarcely wardrobe sufficient to satisfy the wants of Trans-Pacific civilisation (especially on Sundays), we have no desire to rake up old failings. Still there is no getting but of the mazes of the fact repeatedly vouched for by natives of other islands, missionaries who have resided amongst them, and voyagers of undoubted veracity—such as the Russian Admiral Krusenstern—who have visited them, who state that in times of famine the men butcher their wives, children, and aged parents, stew their flesh, and devour it with “the greatest satisfaction.” Even females will, if permitted, join in this horrid repast.

Human bones constitute part of the furniture of their houses, and human hair is used as an ornament on most of their implements of war. The European missionaries who have lived on the islands declare that they devoured most of the bodies of the slain, and though we cannot always place implicit dependence on the “fo’e’s’le” tales of seamen, yet it may be noted that Langsdorff was told by a Frenchman who had long resided on one of the islands, that the priests often regaled themselves on human flesh, simply from the delight they took in it. “For this purpose they act as if under the influence of inspiration, and after varied contortions of the body, appear to fall into a deep sleep, before a multitude of spectators. When they awake, they relate what the spirit has said to them in their dream. The communication sometimes is that a woman or a man, a tattooed or untattooed man, a fat or lean man, an old man, or a young man from the next valley, or border of the next stream, must be seized and brought to them. Those to whom this is related immediately conceal themselves near a footpath or river, and the first person that passes that way bearing any resemblance to the description given by the priest, is taken, conveyed to the *marae*, and eaten by the priests. Conduct more diabolical than that here described cannot easily be conceived of. I have always been reluctant to admit the cannibalism of any of the Polynesian tribes, but the concurring testimony of foreigners of every nation by whom the Marquesans have been visited, and of the native teachers from the Society Islands, who have resided for a long time among them, forces upon my mind the belief that they perpetrate this unnatural crime to as great an extent, and under circumstances as aggravating, as has been met with in any age of the world, or among any portion of mankind.” Finally, it may be noted that as an article of apparel necklaces of human teeth were unbecomingly popular in some of the islands. In New Zealand cannibalism has been denied, but I think there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that it existed there at one time—and to some extent still exists—in some of its most horrible features.

I will not disgust the reader with the details, but those curious in this and other equally

repugnant habits of the New Zealander will find them stated with all circumstantiality in various publications.*

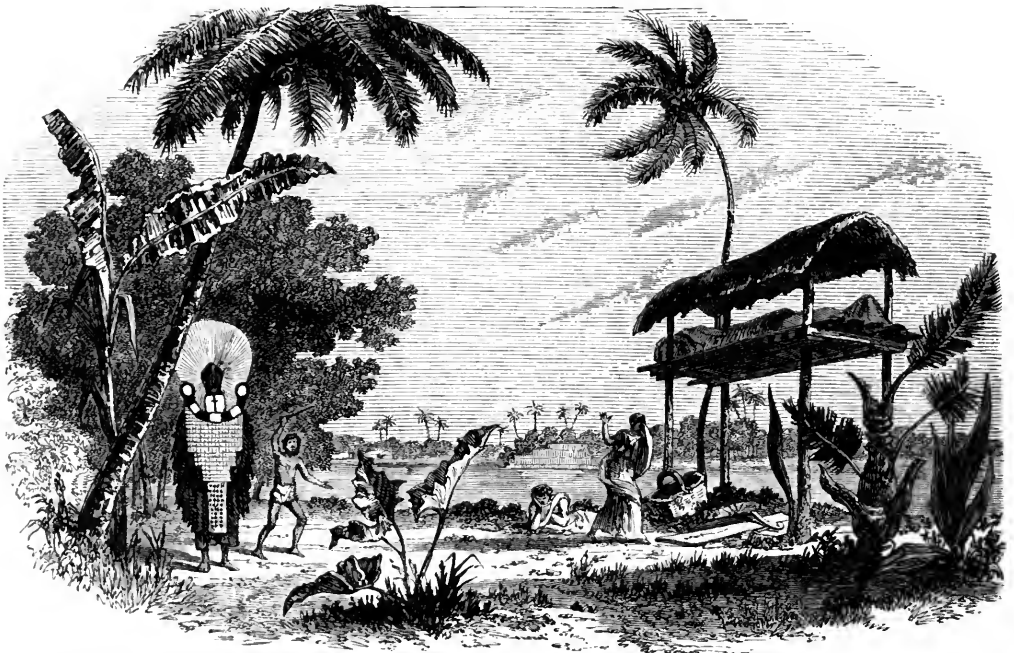
SORCERY, ETC.

"Witchcraft" and "sorcery" were, and are still to a great extent, implicitly believed in in the Polynesian Islands, and are understood to be the province of an inferior order of beings—irritable and implacable in the extreme—who dwelt in the skulls of departed warriors, or the images made from them, but also resorted to various sea-shells, particularly the beautiful *Murex ramocis*. To accomplish their purpose of bewitching the person against whom an evil design was cherished, it was necessary not only to pray and perform certain rites, but to procure something connected with him (or her), such as the parings of the nails, a lock of hair, saliva from the mouth, secretions from the body, or else a portion of the food from which the person was to eat. This was supposed to be the medium through which the demon was to enter the body of the person who was to be bewitched, through means of prayers and incantations offered up at the temple. The fear of any one getting saliva, &c., so as to bewitch another, prevails all over Polynesia, and is the reason why the Sandwich Island chiefs used to have a portable spittoon carried about wherever they went, by a confidential servant, and buried every morning. The Tahitians scrupulously burn the hair which is cut off,† and furnish each person his food in a distinct basket. The power of the sorcerer was implicitly believed in—even by themselves—and the fear of being bewitched often brought on illness, which resulted in death. Even the king was not safe from the sorcerers. "Give up, give up," was the language of Meitia, a celebrated prophet of Oro, on one occasion to his sovereign; "give up, lest I bend my strong bow;" in other words, "lest I use my power as a sorcerer upon you." The same facts are true regarding the whole of Polynesia. Speaking of the district of Urewa, in the northern island of New Zealand, between Taupo and Hawke's Bay, which, like Lapland in Europe, is supposed to be the especial abode of witches, Dr. Dieffenbach has the following remarks in his well-known work on New Zealand:—"They [the inhabitants of Urewa] are much feared, and have little connection with the neighbouring tribes, who avoid them if possible. If they come to the coast, the natives there scarcely venture to refuse them anything for fear of incurring their displeasure. They are said to use the saliva of the people whom they intend to bewitch, and visitors carefully conceal it, to give them no opportunity of working evil. It is a curious fact, that many of the old settlers in the country have become complete converts to the belief in these supernatural powers. . . . Witchcraft has been the cause of many murders. A few days before I arrived at Aotea, on the western coast, three had been committed in consequence of people declaring on their death-bed that they had been bewitched. It is another curious fact, which has been noticed in Tahiti, Hawaii, and the islands inhabited by the great Polynesian race, that their first intercourse with Europeans produces civil wars and social degradation, but that a change of ideas is quickly introduced, and that the most deeply-rooted prejudices soon become a subject of ridicule to the natives, and are abolished at once. The grey priest (or *tohunga*), deeply versed in all the mysteries of witchcraft and native medical treatment, gives

* See, for example, Polack's "New Zealand," pp. 1—18, and "Official Handbook of New Zealand," p. 22.

† In most parts of Great Britain a tooth which is extracted is carefully burnt in the fire along with salt, and the superstition about hair is too well known to need mention.

way in his attendance on the sick to every European who pretends to a knowledge of the science of surgery or medicine, and derides the former credulity of his patients." The Europeans, however, being under the protection of a being more powerful than the spirits over whom the sorcerer had influence, were proof against his incantations, the Polynesian wizards always declared, and accordingly did not attempt to compass their destruction by this means. It is shrewdly suspected that a knowledge of the action of poisons had not a little to do with the power of these Polynesian sorcerers—and the frequent deaths which followed their maledictions. Oracles—as mysterious as that of Delphi—were found in Polynesia, and divination was also practised. On the whole, the more we look at the religious life of the Polynesians, the



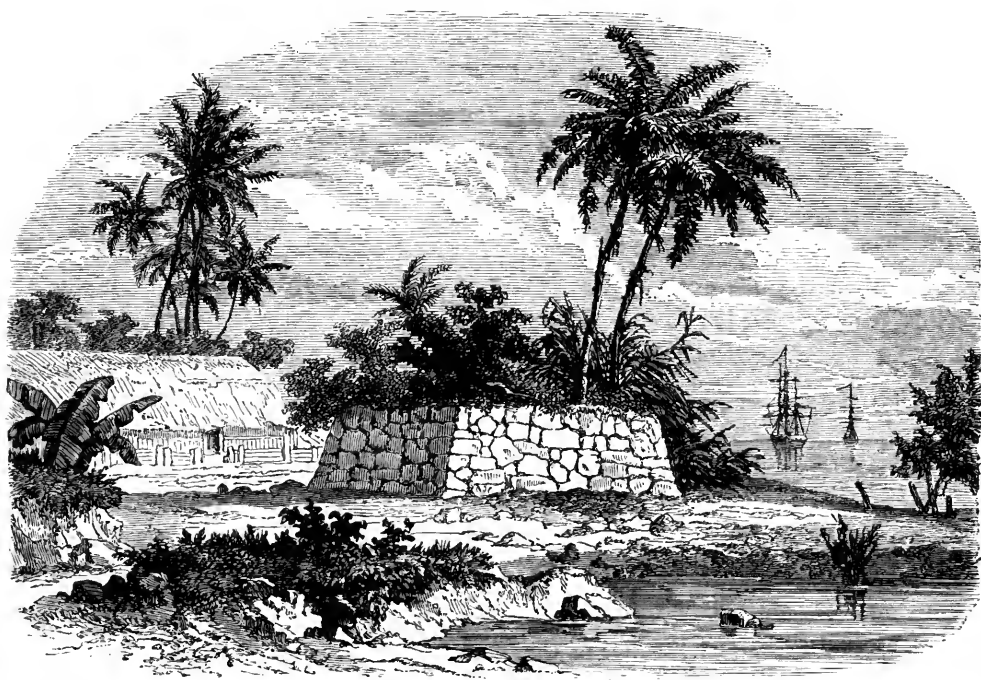
CORPSE AND "CORPSE-PRAYING PRIEST" AT THE FUNERAL OF A CHIEF. (After Cook.)

more are we astonished at the singular complexity and completeness of their mythology and faiths, so high above what we find in any other people destitute of letters, or even hieroglyphics—isolated from all the rest of the world—and in a condition scarcely elevated above the rudest barbarism. They had also prophets who predicted future events. Even before Captain Cook arrived one of these (Maui by name) prophesied that some day there should come from a far-off land an "outriggerless canoe," which appeared to the Polynesians, who are so much accustomed to see the outrigger* attached to all canoes that they could not believe that a canoe could float without it, far less live in a stormy sea, as the height of improbability. To this day, on some of the more remote islands, the greatest wonder is the European boats without outriggers. When Wallis's and Cook's vessels arrived, the prophecy of Maui was supposed to be fulfilled, and long afterwards, as the natives saw vessels sailing in and out of their harbours, they would

* The New Zealanders, probably owing to the rougher Southern Sea, have no outriggers to their canoes.

be heard to say to one another, "*Te vaa a Maui e! Tu vaa ama ore!*" ("Oh, the canoe of Maui! the outriggerless canoe.") Another prediction was the return of Rono—a god who once dwelt in the land, and when Cook appeared, by many he was believed to be Rono. It was the revulsion of feeling on seeing his blood run (and therefore showing that he was no god) that made the natives fall upon him and kill him. Cook, however, like the seamen of his day generally, appears to have been far from blameless in his intercourse with the simple-minded people, who welcomed him as a loved god returned to them.*

In Samoa, and in some of the neighbouring islands, it is believed, by a curious metaphysical reasoning, that to injure a person's property is the same as injuring the person who owns it.



ANCIENT TOMB AT MATAVAI, TAHITI. (After Dumont D'Urville.)

In these islands it is "love me, love my dog" decidedly; to shoot a man's dog is a heinous offence, while to eat it in addition is cannibalism of the vilest type. In Tonga they used to

* It is among the kindlier traits of human nature to hope that the loved are not lost to us for ever. In Scotland, it was long believed that James IV. never fell at Flodden, and in England that Monmouth survived Sedgmoor. In Germany, Barbarossa still sits on his throne in the Kyffhäuser; in Denmark, Holger Danske sleeps—he and all his men in mail—in the vaults of Kronberg Castle, and in Norway popular tradition assigned to King Olaf a less warlike death than being slain in the great sea-fight with Forked-Bearded Svend of Denmark. Charlemagne and his enchanted army slumber in many places—in the Desenberg near Warburg, in the Castle of Herstalla on the Weser, in the Karlsburg on the Spessart, and so forth, and Henry the Fowler is entranced in the Sudemerberg near Goslar. In Portugal, King Sebastian was long firmly believed not to have perished in Africa, and Arthur, when he disappeared with the weird women to the "island-valley of Avalon," promised to return again. Taotl of the Mexicans was one of those departed heroes, whose expected return aided the Spaniards in their designs, and Montezuma is to this day looked for by the Pueblo Indians. Finally—though the list could be much extended—there is the Hiawatha class of Indian legends (Vol. I., p. 270). See also Gill's "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific" (1871).

have a feast called *Inachi* (or the feast of the first-fruits), when on a specified day the people hied from far and near to lay their offerings before the gods, on the grave of the last dead Tooi-tonga, king or representative of the gods. There were also solemn feasts on the death of a king, and in Tonga we are informed by Mariner, who wrote the best account of these islands (indeed, the source of all our information), that there was a sort of thanksgiving for the bounty of the deities during the year. There was also a curious custom of a woman cutting off her little finger, if in a serious illness, probably as an offering to the gods in the light of a minor human sacrifice. This custom is apparently copied from their neighbours the Papuans, but it is curious that among some of the Indian people (in Mysore, and also the Nicobar Islands) a similar custom prevailed. After the birth of the first child the mother amputated the first joint of one of her fingers. All diseases they considered were caused by the direct agency of the gods, and in such case they either neglected to attempt the ordinary means of curing or alleviating them, or consulted the priests with great ceremony, in order that they might alleviate their troubles.

Their ideas of a future state were vague and undefined. In the mysterious land of after-bliss resided the gods and deified spirits. As regards the future life, there was no difference between the good and bad man, but all men did not reach this fairy land. The Tongans, for instance, who called the heavens Bolotoo, believed that it was reserved for the higher classes. The lowest order of the people had no souls, and therefore could not be expected to go there; it was even doubtful whether the middle classes enjoyed the Polynesian elysium.

BURIAL CUSTOMS, ETC.

The modes of disposing of the dead were very elaborate. The bodies of the lower orders were buried with very little more ceremony than a dog would receive, but those of the chiefs and higher orders were ceremoniously preserved. The body was not laid out horizontally, but placed in a sitting posture, the face pressed down between the knees, and the hands tied beneath the legs. The whole was then repeatedly bound round with cord or cinnet, and deposited at a shallow depth in the earth. The bodies of the chiefs were, however, generally preserved above ground, in a temporary shed, and placed on a kind of bier, and carefully embalmed after a process which seems to have been long familiar to them. This process of embalming seems also to have been practised by some of the South American tribes. Special priests, called "the corpse-praying priests," were employed on these occasions, whose duty it was to intercede with the gods, not for the dead man, but for the living, that they might be protected from any anger which the deceased had aroused within the deities for his past sins (p. 68). Those who engaged in the process of embalming, or who had in any way touched the bodies, were carefully avoided by everybody, as the guilt of the deceased, for which it had pleased the gods to cause his death, was supposed in some degree to attach to the person who had touched the body. Their food was brought them by others, who also fed them, for they did not care to touch it with their polluted hands, lest such contact should cause their death. The priest dug a hole in the ground of the hut, where the sins of the deceased person were deposited by him, after which those who had assisted at the ceremony of burial, or who had touched the body or the garments of the deceased (which were buried), fled precipitately into the sea to cleanse themselves, also dashing into the sea the clothes they had worn while employed in

the work. They then gathered pieces of coral, and, returning to the house, addressed the corpse, saying, "With you may the pollution be," and then threw the pieces of coral on the top of the hole that had been dug for the reception of the sins of the deceased, and everything contaminating connected with the dead person. In New Zealand the body was laid in a shed, and there the mourning took place. At one time in some parts of the country the boxes containing the dead were suspended in trees, as is the custom in some parts of America. In some cases the bodies were allowed to decompose, causing a fearful stench, in the midst of the *pah*. After this, the remains were taken out, and deposited in a tomb, often gaily ornamented and carved with that elaborate care for which the Polynesian is so remarkable. In the Kingsmill Islands the skulls of the dead are carefully dried, oiled, and preserved as heirlooms, and at stated seasons taken out, oiled afresh, and ornamented with flowers. These skulls, like the preserved heads of the Mundrucus (Vol. I., p. 275), are looked upon with great pride, and are carried about from place to place with the owners when they have occasion to remove. In another portion of these islands the following extraordinary ceremony prevails:—The body, after being washed and oiled, is laid on a large tray of tortoise plates, and supported on the knees of several persons sitting on the floor of the house. These are relieved by others, and so on, for the space of two years; after which the skull is preserved, as described above, and the rest of the bones buried. All the time a continuous fire is kept burning in the house. In Savage Island, the body is either set adrift in a canoe, and allowed to go wherever the winds and the tides may drift it, or it is laid out in the woods until the flesh has rotted off the bones, after which it is interred in a cave or other burying-place. In many portions of Polynesia, the dead being held in little respect by other tribes, the bodies have to be deposited in secret or almost inaccessible places during war-time, to prevent them being carried off by the enemy. In Tonga, especially, at the death of a chief, and still more of the king, ceremonies very elaborate, often lasting for weeks, are performed.

Their grief—in public at least—is of the usual ceremonious and ostentatious description, prevalent among most savages or barbarous people. In New Zealand, for instance, the women cut themselves with sharp shells, and in Tonga blister their cheeks with hot leaves, after which they rub into the tender places thus caused the pungent juice of a particular plant. In Tahiti also they cut themselves with sharks' teeth or knives, tore their hair and rent their garments. The laceration by cutting instruments was never omitted. Every female provided herself on marriage with such an instrument (a small comb four inches long, with five or six teeth on either side), which on every occasion of death in her family she used unsparingly. Not only did the women cut themselves on these occasions, but the men did so also, and came to the mourning with club and other lethal weapons. The wailing was deafening, and while under the infatuation which the conduct of the others inspired, they tore their hair, lacerated their bodies, or even fought with clubs until some were killed. The scene round the house wherein a dead king or chief lay was something little short of demoniacal. In the Sandwich Islands horrible enormities were practised on these occasions. Nothing was *tabu* then which ought to have been *tabu* on all occasions—and chief of all the king's wives. The curtain may be drawn over this episode in the savage history of the Sandwich Isles. The females, at these seasons of mourning, would sometimes saturate with blood a little apron which they wore, and give it to the nearest relative of the deceased as a proof of the profundity of their grief for him. In addition to

all these manifestations of mourning, ballads laudatory of the numerous virtues of the dead person were related by the comforters for the consolation of the family. Some of those which have been preserved possess considerable merit. They can still be heard occasionally in the island, notwithstanding the introduction of the graver productions of the Reverend Doctor Isaac Watts (which, however, are not so popular as might be wished).

Their medicine and surgery are both somewhat heroic—straightening crooked backs, &c. &c. Abscesses they open with a shark's tooth, and practise the steam-bath, which we have seen is common among the North-West American Indians (Vol. I., p. 145).

Insanity is not uncommon in the islands, and those so afflicted are treated with great



OTOO, KING OF TAHITI. (After Cook.)

respect, as being holy people endued with the spirit of the gods. Sometimes the sick are buried alive, to save their friends the trouble of looking after them.

Their astronomy, as might be expected, is of the rudest description. The stars are children of the sun and moon. The earth is stationary, and is borne on the shoulders of a god fixed on a rock. In the Hervey Islands the god of thunder is worshipped: thunder is produced by the flapping of his wings. The ignis-fatuus, or will-o'-the-wisp, is also looked upon as one of the most popular tutelary deities.

GOVERNMENT.

In all the Polynesian Islands the government was an absolute monarchy—the head of which was a king—whose office was hereditary in his family; but in the Marquesan Islands and New Zealand there was no supreme ruler, each chief governing his own district, and being quite independent of the others. In New Zealand there are twelve main tribes and some

subordinate ones, the head man of each of which is called *ariki*. He is respected by hostile tribes, and, instead of being eaten, is released if captured. The governments of Polynesia, though necessarily rude, are yet arranged with great attention to the forms of statecraft and the mode of controlling and organising men. The religious and civil governments were much interwoven. The high priest was often the king, who again traced his descent from the gods. The person of the ruler was sacred. His authority and that of the gods were identical; it was essentially a "Church and State" government. In the Sandwich Islands, where the sovereign was even more despotic than in any of the other islands, the grades of society were also more distinctly marked out. The higher ranks were exceedingly tenacious of their dignity and



POTATON, A CHIEF OF TAHITI IN COOK'S DAY.

privileges. Taking Tahiti as an example, society was divided into three distinct ranks:—1, the royal family and nobility; 2, the landed proprietors (or gentry) and farmers; and, 3, the common people, each of these again including some minor subdivisions; and beneath all were the slaves, who were captives in battle, or who, in consequence of the defeat of the chiefs to whom they had been attached, had lost their liberty. Slavery existed among them from time immemorial; but there was never any traffic in slaves, and at worst this description of servitude was of a mild type, the captives often regaining their liberty after a short term of slavery. In New Zealand it is of a more oppressive character, the slaves being often very cruelly treated, and even killed and eaten. In all the islands, however, as long as they continued slaves their lot was by no means an enviable one. At any moment they were liable to be sacrificed at the whim of their master, to satiate his revenge, or as an offering to the gods.

In New Zealand especially does slavery reach its maximum. The Maoris are fond of slaves, and many of their intertribal wars arose out of a desire to obtain them. Captives in war were, according to Mr. Ellis, who saw the New Zealanders more than sixty years ago, either sacrificed to satisfy the vengeance of their enemies, or doomed to perpetual slavery. "On these occasions little children, whose feeble hands could scarcely hold the knife or dagger, have been initiated in the dreadful work of death, and have seemed to feel delight in stabbing captive children, thus imbruing their infant hands in the blood of those whom, under other circumstances, they would have hailed as playmates, and have joined in innocent and mirthful pastimes. . . . This revolting manner of destroying, in consequence of being captured, was rendered more horrible from the brutal manner in which it was performed. Sometimes they chopped off the legs and arms, and otherwise mangled the body before they put the captive to death."

The custom of abdicating on the birth of an heir, to which we have already referred, also extended to the king. Henceforward the young prince was treated as ruler, his father only acting as the regent. Perhaps the origin of the custom was in the desire to secure the son undisputed succession to the throne, the lower ranks of the people only adopting it out of imitation. If so, the design was admirably accomplished. The respect shown to the sovereign transcends anything with which we in Europe are familiar, either from observation or from the records of history. In the most abject period of kingly tyranny on the Continent no petty German despot was ever treated with a tithe of the homage which a Polynesian accords, or did accord, to his sovereign. The description of it reads like a fairy tale. "Whether, like the sovereigns of the Sandwich Islands, they were supposed to derive their origin by lineal descent from the gods, or not, their persons were regarded as scarcely less sacred than the personification of their deities. Everything in the least degree connected with the king or queen—the cloth they wore, the houses in which they dwelt, the canoes in which they voyaged, the men by whom they were borne when they journeyed by land, became sacred—and even the sounds in the language composing their names could no longer be appropriated to ordinary significations. Hence the original names of most of the objects with which they were familiar have from time to time undergone considerable modifications. The ground on which they even accidentally trod became sacred; and any dwelling they might enter must for ever afterwards be vacated by its proprietor, and could be appropriated only to the use of these sacred personages. No individual was allowed to touch the body of the king or queen; and every one who should stand over them, or pass the hand over their heads, would be liable to pay for the sacrilegious act with the forfeiture of his life. It was on account of this supposed sacredness of person that they could never enter any dwellings excepting those that were specially dedicated to their use, and prohibited to all others; nor might they tread on the ground in any part of the island but their own hereditary districts. When they appeared in public, they were borne aloft on men's shoulders—their bearers being, on account of their office, viewed also as sacred. On a journey, relays of these bearers relieved one another, and bore along their sacred burden with great swiftness. Their majesties were never allowed to touch the ground, but were adroitly removed from one bearer to another. To the borne this mode of conveyance could not be comfortable, but dignity must be secured at any risk, and there were no other beasts of burden in the islands then. [Horses are now abundant, and pigs, when they were first introduced into some

of the islands, were ridden to death, under the belief that they were a species of horse. So it is said! *Credat* —.] To the bearers it was very laborious, but they were exempt from all other labour, and in honour ranked next to the bearers of the gods."

In Rurutu they have a pleasant custom when a canoe with strangers arrives; every islesman, so far as the supply will allow, endeavours to seize one, and having obtained the object of his emulation, he hoists him on his shoulders, and bears him inland to his residence. When his neighbours see him, a struggle ensues for the possession of the prize. If the man who first obtained possession of the stranger succeeds in retaining him, he is received by his immediate friends and neighbours as a benefactor; if not, a coward's fate is in store for him—viz., contempt. It may be as well to remark, in case the reader, from his knowledge of the *peculiar* propensities of our Polynesian friends in the way of animal food, may suppose that sinister designs are intended to the striven-for guest, that the only object is to entertain him, in accordance with the South Sea Island system of hospitality.

In the Sandwich Islands the people would bend their heads to the ground when the king walked abroad; and in Tahiti, at the approach of the king, the sight of the images of the gods, or equally of the temples, the people bared their shoulders and breast to the waist. If unexpectedly the king came upon any one covered, the garment would be instantly rent asunder, and an atonement made, and if any one objected to remove his or her upper garment, death, or selection as a sacrifice to the gods, would most likely be the result to the unfortunate republican. This mark of respect was even rendered to the king's dwellings, which, with the ground on either side for some distance, were looked upon as sacred. Even his own father and mother were expected to show the same respect, and indeed they were the first to do so. By-and-by he was in his turn superseded by his own son, and when he came of years fit to rule, the old king entirely lost his power. The king can even alter the language spoken as he chooses, and in some of the islands the chiefs were accustomed to speak in a dialect only partially understood by the common people. The king was spoken of as the "rainbow," and his house—differing little from that of the humblest of his subjects—was styled the "cloud of heaven." No one was allowed to stand before him, and when he went from island to island he sailed, not like ordinary people, but was in their metaphorical language said to "fly." In Tahiti he was called "Tamatoa," in Tonga "Finow," and so on, just as in Egypt the hereditary title of the monarch was Pharaoh, and in Rome Cæsar. At the installation of the king there was an immense display of ceremony, feasting, and pageantry. Yet his dress was the same as that of the common people, and he wore no crown. He had certain hereditary estates, but as these were seldom sufficient to supply his wants the deficiency was made up by the chiefs bringing in, generally at stated times, stores of provisions, &c.

In some of the Coral Islands, where there was no stone, we have seen that at one time the chief portion of the king's Civil List was supplied by the pebbles found jammed into the roots of trees drifted up on the shores of the island, being wafted by the current from distant isles, or even from the mainland of America.* In the absence of iron, or any hard substance, these stones supplied the material for knives, and various other tools, and were sold at high prices by their thrifty Polynesian majesties. In addition, the teeth of the sperm whale were valued

* Firs from Oregon are occasionally washed up on the shores of the Sandwich Islands.

at enormous sums, and before the Sandwich Islanders got so civilised, the whalers who visited Honolulu used to pay their expenses by the sale of these whales' teeth to the natives. Finally, the minor chiefs governed districts under a sort of feudal system.

When war was to be declared in Tahiti, the king sent round leaflets of the cocoa-nut to the subordinate chiefs: a symbol of a somewhat similar nature was at one time sent round by the Scottish Highland chiefs in the form of the "fiery cross." To receive it was to bind the receiver to do all he could to advance the king's object, but to refuse it would be a mortal offence. If the king felt himself strong enough he would dispossess the refractory chief of his land—that is, unless he found that the other chiefs agreed with the rebel in his



A NATIVE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

disobedience—in which case, like a prudent ruler, he would compromise matters as best he could, and endeavour not to be so arbitrary or urgent in his demands in future. All rule was despotic, from that of the king over the chiefs to that of the chiefs over the people.

They had no oral laws, but yet certain offences were well understood to have certain punishments due to them. Rebellion in any form against the government, and speaking evil of the king or his administration, were crimes liable not only to punishment and forfeiture of life, but a human sacrifice had to be offered, to avert the anger of the gods from the district in which such heinous iniquity had been committed. Adultery was sometimes punished with death. People of the middle and higher classes in Tahiti who practised polygamy also allowed their wives other husbands, and it is said that "brothers or members of the same family sometimes exchange their wives, while the wife of every individual was also the wife of his *taio* (or friend)", a state of matters to our ideas fearful to contemplate, but which to the ethnologist is

interesting, in its being only a remove from the system of "communal marriage," or wives in common. Yet, notwithstanding this, any—even the slightest—familiarity with the wife, unauthorised by the husband, is viewed with the most furious jealousy.

Theft is more from strangers than from themselves; yet thieves had a god—Horo, a son of Oro. To pilfer from strangers is hardly looked upon in the light of a disgrace; a chief of considerable rank has been known to steal. Among themselves a thief is treated with no mercy; if caught in the act he is often killed on the spot, or towed to sea in an old rotten canoe and set adrift, until he becomes a prey to the sharks. Often retaliation for theft is made by seizing all the property of the delinquent, and the same law prevails in New Zealand.

Public works are made by the whole body of the people. When the king is travelling supplies are brought in to him, but his rapacious followers commit, in addition, many robberies, often perpetrating these thefts in the name of the king under whose protection they are.

Another way the king had of punishing an individual suspected of disaffection to the government or to the chiefs was to get him selected as a victim to be sacrificed to the gods. This always operated as a powerful incentive to obedience on the part of the people.

The eldest son, as with us, inherits the property of his father, but among the New Zealanders if the eldest dies, then the youngest is the heir. A right in land exists all over Polynesia. In New Zealand, especially, every inch is owned by some individual; so that since the country has been settled by Europeans serious disputes have arisen on this point. We are informed by Dr. Dieffenbach that at one time it was common that "the fat of the native rats killed on such lands should be given to the principal proprietor, and in many cases a title to land seems to have been derived from the fact of having killed rats on it. Thus, a chief will say, 'This or that piece of land is mine: I have killed rats on it.' Generally, however, land descends, as with us, by inheritance." In New Zealand, we are told by Mr. Taylor (in general a trustworthy authority), that there are three distinct tenures of land, viz., by the tribe, the family, and the individual, but that the common rights of a tribe were often much complicated by intermarriage; the children had also a right to a share of the family property.* Perhaps in no uncivilised country is the law more favourable to the woman than in New Zealand. Accordingly, though the life of a woman committing adultery is, as well as that of her paramour, at the disposal of her husband, yet, on the other hand, if the husband is the offender, the wife's relatives can, and do, demand that he should be exposed naked in public. This disgrace is so dreaded, that cases are known in which, rather than submit to it, the offenders have committed suicide. In the Kingsmill Islands each chief has a mark (generally of paint on face and forehead) peculiar to himself, and when a stranger is placed under his protection the "brand" is also affixed to the *protégé* as well as to the protector. Another feature in the civil policy of the Polynesians is, that among one section of them—viz., the Pelew Islanders—there is a decoration of rank corresponding to our orders of knighthood. This, in intrinsic value, is nothing more than a bone armlet, fastened tightly around the wrist, and which is conferred by the king. No honour is so highly valued, or has so many privileges, as being a *rupack*—the name applied to the insignium, and also to those so honoured.†

* Taylor: "New Zealand and the New Zealanders," p. 384, quoted in Lubbock, "On the Origin of Civilisation," p. 311; and Thomson's "Story of New Zealand" (1859).

† For the present condition of the Polynesians, see p. 7, and "Countries of the World," Vol. IV., pp. 22—127.

CHAPTER V.

THE PAPUANS: THEIR RANGE; CHARACTERISTICS AND HABITS.

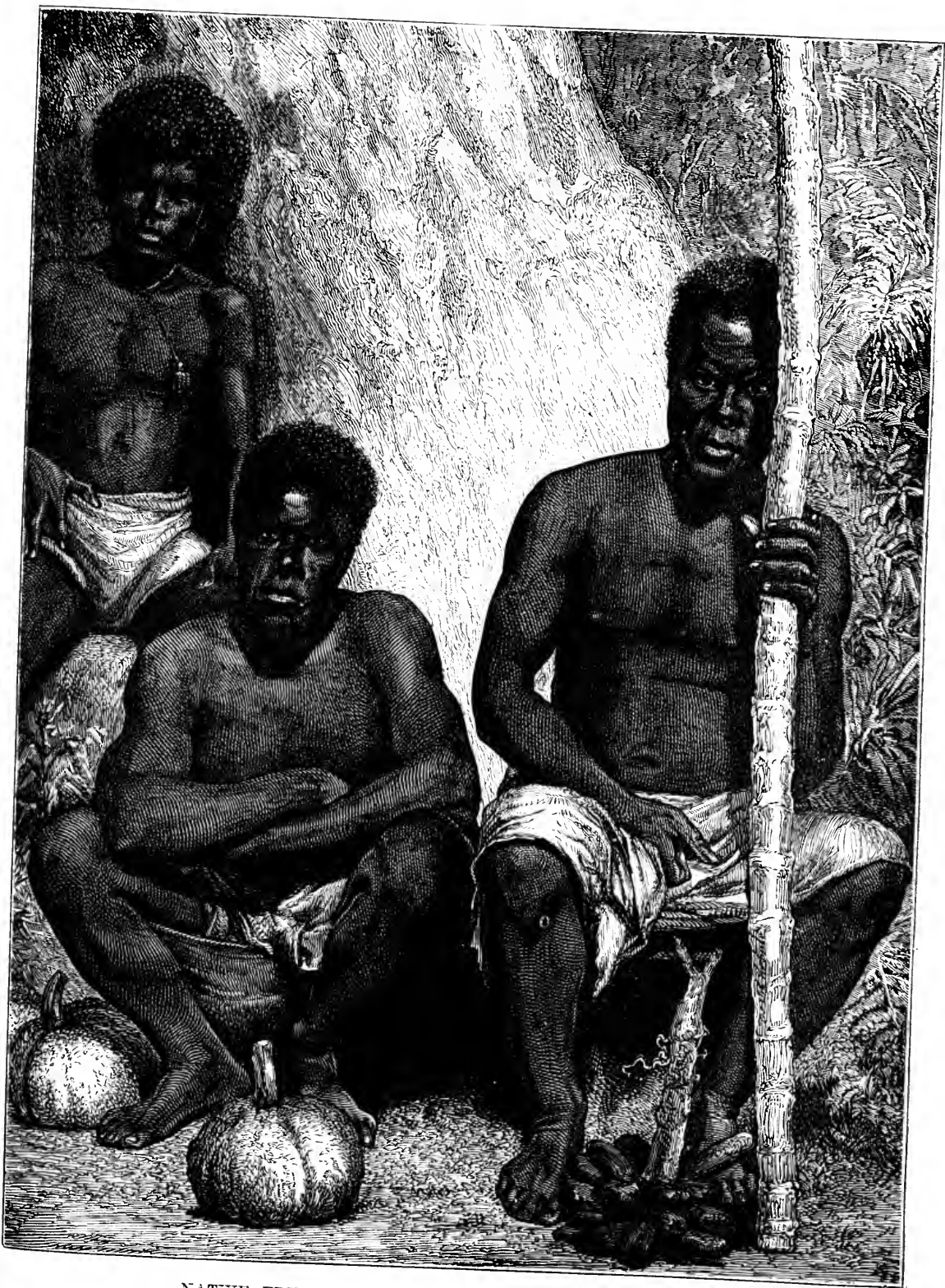
LYING in close proximity to the Polynesians—indeed, their nearest neighbours—and not unfrequently intermingling with them, is another race widely different in personal appearance, in character, and as we have seen (p. 2) in other particulars. These are the Oceanic negroes, or Papuans. It is hardly possible to conceive two people, situated so near to each other, that differ so thoroughly and remarkably. The Fijians, who comprise the section of the Papuans that lies nearest the Polynesians, illustrate this dissimilarity. They are less graceful than this people, their limbs are less rounded and swelling, the neck is too short for due proportion, the skin is harsh to the feeling, and the whole figure wants elegance of outline. The Fijian physiognomy differs from that of the Polynesians, not so much in any particular feature as in a general debasement of the whole, and a decided approximation to the characteristic form of the negro race. The head is usually broad in the occipital region (which they consider a mark of beauty), and narrows towards the top and in front, the forehead, though often of good height, appearing compressed at the sides. The eyes are black, and set rather deep, but never obliquely. The nose is not large, and is generally a good deal flattened; the nostrils are often larger laterally than forward, and the nose is then much depressed at the upper part between the eyes. The mouth is wide, and the lips, particularly the upper one, thick. The chin varies, but is most commonly short and broad. The jaws are large, and the lower part of the face more prominent than in the Malay face. The cheek-bones also project forward as in the negro, but not laterally as in the Mongol variety; notwithstanding which the narrowness of the forehead at the temples gives a greater width to the face at the molar region than elsewhere. The whole face is longer and thinner than among Polynesians. The hair is neither straight nor woolly, but may be properly designated as frizzled. When allowed to grow without interference, it appears in numerous spiral locks, eight or ten inches in length, spreading out on all sides of the head. Sometimes these curls are seen much longer, falling down to the middle of the back. It is, however, very seldom allowed to grow naturally. The young girls have it cut very close, and sometimes shaved to the skin, like the Tahitians. In girls, before marriage, it is allowed to grow long, and is bleached white by washing it with a solution of lime, except a portion round the crown, which is plastered with a black pigment; after marriage, it is either cut to the length of one or two inches, or frizzled out like that of the men; in both cases it is frequently soaked in colouring liquids, either red or black. The men in general have their hair dressed so as to form an immense semi-globular mass, covering the top, back, and sides of the head. The arrangement of this *chevelure* is performed for the chiefs by professional barbers, and is a work of great labour; six hours are sometimes occupied in dressing a head, and the process is repeated at intervals of two or three weeks. It is probably to guard against disarranging this work that the piece of bamboo, which is placed under the neck in sleeping, is employed, instead of the ordinary pillow. For the same purpose, the natives wear during the day a *sala* (or kerechief) of very thin gauze, like paper-cloth, which is thrown over the hair, and tied closely around the head, so as to have much the appearance of a turban.

The colour of the Fijians is a chocolate-brown, or a hue midway between the jet-black of the negro and the brownish-yellow of the Polynesian. There are, however, two shades very distinctly marked, like the blonde and brunette complexions in the white race, beside all the intermediate gradations. In one of these shades the brown predominates, and in the other the copper. They do not belong to different castes or classes, but are found indiscriminately among all ranks and in all tribes. The natives are aware of this distinction, and call the lighter-coloured people *Viti Ndamundanui* (red Fijians), but they do not seem to regard it as anything that requires or admits of explanation. These red-skinned natives must not be confounded with the *Tongaviti*, or individuals of mixed Tongan and Fijian blood, of whom there are many in some parts of the group. So much for the account given by the American Exploring Expedition. Like the Polynesians, the Oceanic negroes are widespread, and may be classed, for the purpose of the somewhat succinct account which we shall give of them, into (1) the Papuans proper, comprising the Fijians already described, inhabiting the islands of the same name; the natives of New Guinea, and islands to the west of it (Louisiane Archipelago); those of New Caledonia, New Hebrides, New Ireland, &c., and chain leading to the Philippines; (2) the Australians; (3) the now extinct Tasmanians, who were closely allied to them; and, perhaps (4) the Nicobar and Andaman Islanders ought to be looked upon as belonging to the same great division of people. The New Caledonians (p. 81) are sooty black, like negroes, are medium-sized, but sometimes, as shown in our engraving, rather tall, but not well proportioned, though not of unpleasing aspect. They wear little or no clothing, their wardrobe being reduced to the primitive fig-leaf, or a kind of drawers made of bark-cloth, while the women wear a girdle round the loins. Their hair is short and woolly, but being often lengthened by straight artificial locks of bats' hair and grass, which hang down the back, their cranial covering looks longer than it really is. Some of them have their hair confined in a wide-meshed net, while the chiefs wear a sort of hat as a mark of rank rather than as a covering for the head. They also wear masks in battle or in the dance. Ear-ornaments, weighty enough to drag the ear down to the shoulders, are also in favour amongst them. The Caledonians do not tattoo themselves, but paint lines of deeper black than their own skin with charcoal across their breasts.

It is, however, in New Guinea that the typical Papuan is found. Here he is a fine powerfully-built man. His hair is harsh, frizzly, crisped, but longish, and the general mode of dressing it is to make it stand out like a mop by continual combing with a peculiar utensil devised for the purpose, until the owner of this extraordinary head of hair looks as if he were topheavy (p. 88). It grows in little tufts or curls, and he glories in a similar beard. The arms, legs, and breast of the New Guinea native are to a greater or less extent clothed with hair of a similar nature. His skin is sooty black, but never gets that jet-black colour characteristic of some of the negro race, and it varies in tint more than does the complexion of the Malay. His legs are generally long and thin, and his hands and feet larger than those of the Malays. His face is somewhat elongated, the forehead flattish, and the brow very prominent. The nose is large, rather arched, and high, the base thick, the nostrils broad, with the aperture hidden, owing to the tip of the nose being elongated, a feature which is also portrayed on the figures which they use as charms or carve as house-ornaments. The mouth is large, and the lips thick and protuberant; but the face has altogether a more European aspect than that of the Malay, owing to

the larger nose and protuberant forehead, characteristics which even in infancy well distinguish the two races.* It is, however, the hair of the Fiji section of the great Papuan race that is the most remarkable feature in the physical characteristics of this people. We have already alluded to it, but may mention a few additional particulars in reference to it, for which we are indebted to Mr. Williams's work on "Fiji and the Fijians." Most of the chiefs keep a professional hairdresser, who devotes several hours, often daily, to his labours; the operator being *tabu* from all labour, except working in his garden, during this important duty. The strong wiry hair is so dressed that it will retain the position in which it is put for many hours afterwards, projecting at a distance of six or eight inches from the head. "Whatever may be said about the appearance being unnatural, the best coiffures have a surprising and almost geometrical accuracy of outline, combined with a round softness of surface and uniformity of dye, which display extraordinary care and merit some praise. They seem to be carved out of some solid substance, and are variously coloured. Jet-black, blue-black, ashy-white, and several shades of red prevail. Among young people bright red and flaxen are in favour. Sometimes two or more colours meet on the same head. Some heads are finished, both as to shape and colour, nearly like an English barrister's wig. In some, the hair is a spherical mass of jet-black hair, with a white roll in front, as broad as the hand; or, in lieu of this, a white, oblong braid occupies the length of the forehead, the black pressing down on either side. In each case the black projects further than the white hair. Some heads have all the ornamentation behind, consisting of a cord of twisted coils, ending in tassels; in others, the cords give place to a large red roll, or a sandy projection, falling on the neck. On one head all the hair is of uniform length, but one-third in front is ashy or sandy, and the rest black, a sharply-defined separation dividing the two colours. Not a few are so ingeniously grotesque as to appear as if done to excite laughter. One has a large knot of frizzy hair cut away, leaving three or four rows of small clusters, as if his head were planted with small paint-brushes. A third has his head bare, except where a black patch projects over each temple. One, two, or three cords of twisted hair often fall from the right temple, a foot or eighteen inches long. Some men wear a number of these braids so as to form a curtain at the back of the neck, reaching from one ear to the other. A mode that requires great care has the hair wrought into distinct locks, radiating from the head; each lock is a perfect cone, about seven inches in length, having the base outwards, so that the surface of the hair is marked out into a great number of small circles, the ends being turned in, in each lock, towards the centre of the cone. In another kindred kind the locks are pyramidal, the sides and angles of each being as regular as though formed of wood; all round the head they look like square black blocks, the upper tier projecting horizontally from the crown, and a flat space being left at the top of the head. When the hair, however, is not more than four inches long this flat space does not exist, but the surface consists of a regular succession of squares or circles. The violent motions

* Wallace: "Malay Archipelago," ii., 446. The Papuans are often called the Oceanic negroes. The term is, however, very misleading, for the likeness is mainly superficial. The Hottentot's hair is in some degree not unlike the Papuan's, but it grows neither so long nor so thick, while the abundant growth of their beard and general hairiness still further distinguish them from the aborigines of South Africa. Any similarity they may have to the negroes proper must be sought in their black skins—though the negro and Papuan shades are different—and their tendency to thick lips. ("Nieuw Guinea ethnographisch en natuurkundig onderzocht en beschreven," 1862).



NATIVE FRUIT-SELLERS OF NEW CALEDONIA (PAPUANS).

of the dance do not disturb these elaborate preparations; but great care is taken to preserve them from the effects of the dew or rain." In order to protect their hair from the elements, the Papuan dandies cover it with a dried banana leaf, which acts effectually as a waterproof covering. In addition to these enormous heads of hair the Fijians will even wear wigs, in the manufacture and dyeing of which they are very skilful. Tattooing is not much practised by them; though some of the Papuans imprint deep scarification on their bodies, after a manner similar to the Australians. The Brumer's Islanders, lying considerably eastward of New Guinea, effect this kind of epidermal decoration in rather an elaborate manner; they also, instead of dressing, shave off their hair from their foreheads.

The *character* of the Papuans is widely different from that of the Malays, close to and even intermingled with whom they live, and even from the Polynesians, their nearest neighbours in another direction. The Papuan is an impulsive being—demonstrative in speech and action. His feelings of joy or surprise are expressed in yelling and frantic leaping. Mr. Wallace, in characteristically truthful and graphic terms, describes this phase of their character, as exhibited in a party who visited a vessel he was on board of in the Malay Archipelago. They "came up singing and shouting, dipping their paddles deep in the water, and throwing up clouds of spray. As they approached nearer they stood up in their canoes, and increased their noise and gesticulations; and in coming alongside, without asking leave, and without a moment's hesitation, the greater part of them scrambled up on our deck, just as if they were come to take possession of a captured vessel. Then commenced a scene of indescribable confusion. These forty black, naked, mop-headed savages seemed intoxicated with joy and excitement. Not one of them could remain still for a moment. Every individual of our crew was in turn surrounded and examined, asked for tobacco or arrack, grinned at, and deserted for another. All talked at once, and our captain was regularly mobbed by the chief men, who wanted to be employed to tow us in, and who begged vociferously to be paid in advance. A few presents of tobacco made their eyes glisten; they would express their satisfaction by grins and shouts, by rolling on deck, or a headlong leap overboard. Schoolboys on an unexpected holiday, Irishmen at a fair, or midshipmen on shore, would give but a faint idea of the exuberant animal enjoyment of these people." A Malay *could never* have behaved in this manner; he is much too dignified. Another trait, showing the contrast between these natives, is related by the same traveller. One day, when in the forest, he noticed an old Papuan man watching him catching an insect and stowing it safely away. "He stood very quietly until I had pinned and put it away in my collecting-box, when he could contain himself no longer, but bent almost double, and enjoyed a hearty roar of laughter. Every one will recognise this as a true negro trait. A Malay would have stared, and asked in a tone of bewilderment what I was doing, for it is but little in his nature to laugh, never heartily, and still less at or in the presence of a stranger, to whom, however, his disdainful glances or whispered remarks are less agreeable than the most open boisterous expression of merriment. The women here were not so much frightened at strangers, or made to keep themselves so much secluded as among the Malay races; the children were more merry, and had the 'nigger grin,' while the noisy confusion of tongues among the men, and their excitement on very ordinary occasions, are altogether removed from the general taciturnity and reserve of the Malay." The women and children share in every discussion, and are little, if at all, alarmed at

the sight of Europeans. Yet, notwithstanding that the Papuans—we are speaking at present of those of New Guinea and neighbouring islands—have made few advances in civilisation, their intellect is higher than that of the more polished Malays.

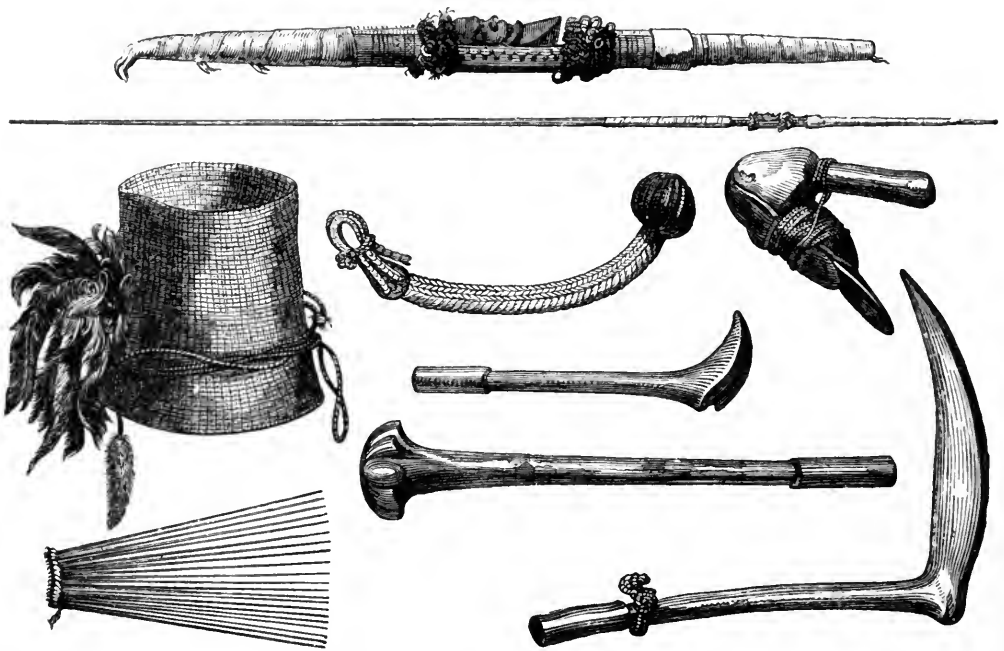
The Papuan has a greater taste and more feeling for art than the Malay. This he displays in the decoration of his canoe, his house, and almost every domestic utensil, which he beautifies with elaborate carving and other ornamentation—a habit not found among the Malays; wherever there is a plank the Papuans carve it, or cover it with rude yet characteristic figures. The high prows of their boats are covered with a mass of open filigree, carved out of a solid block of wood, often with great taste as to the design and general execution. The floats of their fishing-lines, the beaters of wood used in making their pottery, their tobacco-boxes, &c., are all equally ornamented. Though it is curious to find a taste for art co-existing with such a rude state of civilisation, yet it is still more surprising to find that these people, whose tastes are so (comparatively) refined, live in miserable, crazy, and filthy hovels, and are utterly wanting in all sense of decency, order, or comfort. Their houses have no furniture deserving of the name, and the clothes they wear are—as at Dorey in New Guinea—often filthy bark, rags, or sacking. Their food is wholly roots and vegetables, with fish or game only as an occasional luxury. The paths to their provision grounds are never repaired—a characteristic, however, of most savages. An Indian, for instance, will pass, generation after generation, along the same trail from one village to another, or daily to his salmon weir, and yet never dream, or at all events, *only* dream of improving the path. He will climb over the same boulders and huge trunks of fallen trees as his father did, while a few hours of labour would lessen his toil and that of all his tribe for generations yet to come. The New Guineans are often, owing to the miserable conditions of their life, wretched-looking objects—the children especially—being blotched all over with eruptions and sores. “If these people are not savages, where shall we find any? Yet they have all a decided love for the fine arts, and spend their leisure time in executing works whose good taste and elegance would often be admired in our schools of design.”

On the other hand, the Papuan is deficient in affection and moral sentiment. His treatment of his children is often violent and unnatural—a trait of character entirely different from that of the Malay. The latter is kind and yielding to a degree bordering on over-indulgence, rarely interfering with, and often sharing in all their pursuits and amusements, and giving them perfect liberty at whatever age they choose to claim it. This gentleness to children, and natural peacefulness of disposition, is to a great extent due to the natural apathy of the Malay, while the contrary qualities found in the Papuan may be, on the other hand, referred to his greater vigour and energy of mind. The distinction between the two races may be succinctly summed up in Mr. Wallace's words: “The Malay is of short stature, brown-skinned, straight-haired, beardless, and smooth-bodied. The Papuan is taller, is black-skinned, frizzly-haired, bearded, and hairy-bodied. The former is broad-faced, has a small nose and flat eyebrows; the latter is long-faced, has a large and prominent nose and projecting eyebrows. The Malay is bashful, cold, undemonstrative, and quiet; the Papuan is bold, impetuous, excitable, and noisy. The former is grave, and seldom laughs; the latter is joyous and laughter-loving. The one conceals his emotions, the other displays them.”

Yet, as might be expected, there are various of the islands with populations that do not

exactly agree with the foregoing description of either the Malays or Papuans, being apparently intermixtures in various degrees of these two nations; such as the "Alfuros" * of Sahoe and Gilolo (p. 89)—some of the people of Ceram, Borneo, Timor, &c. These mongrel races do not, however, in any way alter the truth of what we have related in regard to the two races when found pure.

The characteristics of the Papuans of New Guinea are to a great extent true of the rest of the true Papuans. The Fijian is ingenious and clever, but bad, boastful, and vindictive in the extreme. Until he takes vengeance on the man who has, or whom he believes to have, wronged him, the Fijian allows nothing to interfere with his all-engrossing pursuit. He waits his time, believing that unto the patient man all things come; and as there are few Fijians with



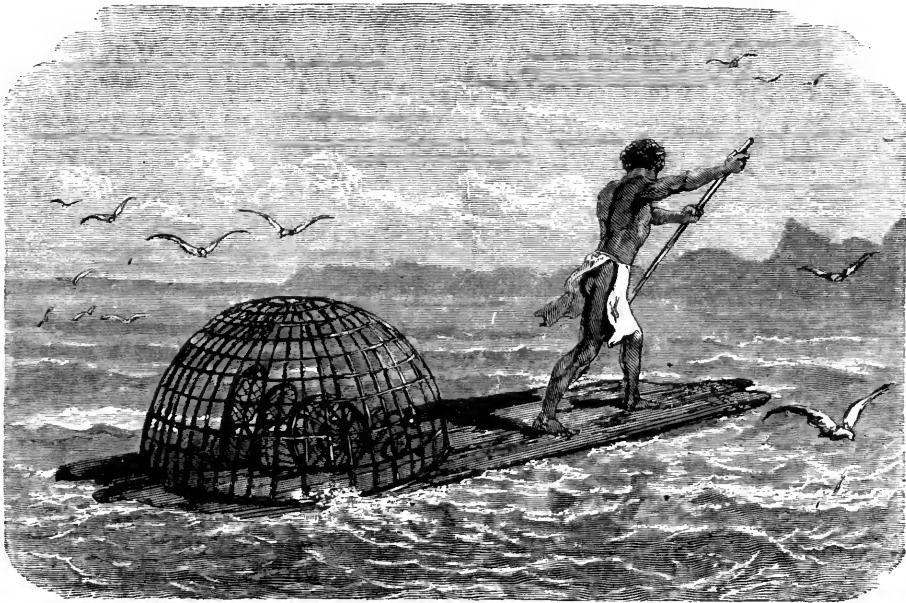
WEAPONS AND ORNAMENTS, NEW CALEDONIA.

a thoroughly clear conscience, the result is that they are ever apprehensive of the avenger being on their track. The slamming of a door, the sight of a stranger in the wood, the appearance of a strange canoe, or other common trifle which to most people would be only an object of indifference, or at most curiosity, is to a Fijian often the signal for alarm and retreat to a place of safety. This system of determined revenge has made the race a nervous and timid one in private life, though in battle, where they know that they can only look for the worst, they are sufficiently courageous.

The weapons of the Papuans (p. 84) are numerous and ingenious, and their design has been copied by various of their neighbours, more particularly the Polynesians. The New Caledonians, for instance, employ the sling and a long spear, which is not, however, used at

* Alfoers, Alforas, or Haraforas—all of these terms are only corruptions of the Portuguese term signifying outcasts or separated tribes.

close quarters, but is thrown from the hand with great force by means of a curious and most ingenious loop-thrower, called the *ounep*. Others prefer clubs of various forms, in addition to the almost universal bow and arrow. Without the aid of numerous figures and lengthened description, which the press of other and more interesting matter will not admit of space being devoted to, it would be a waste of time to enter into an account of these; we will only mention a curious hollow tube, which is used for throwing a mixture of sand and wood ashes as a signal when enemies—supposed or real—are approaching the coast. This mixture gives a smoke like that emitted after firing a musket, and accordingly the early navigators mistook these signals for actual fire-arms, their vivid imagination adding the report and the light which were non-existent. At one time they had a great dislike to weapons of steel, preferring to use



KANAK (NEW CALEDONIAN) FISHING FROM A RAFT.

their own bamboo knives, but that this objection was not insuperable the prevalence of iron and some rather skilful smiths amongst them are the best proofs.

War is among nearly all the Papuans the occupation of the men, and the object of their earliest training. A black stone is laid on the region of the New Caledonian boy's heart, when he is consecrated to the god of war, to show that his heart must be as hard as stone. Wars are very common in all the uncivilised islands, but the customs relating to this portion of their social science need not be particularly described, after what we have written in regard to the Polynesians. The slaughter—especially if one of their strong places is captured—the cruelties, and the ferocity displayed on such occasions are not less than among that division of the Oceanic people. Human sacrifices, selected from the captives taken, are offered up by the Fijians with all the horrid rites peculiar to such occasions. If a man kills his enemy in war, he is entitled to take a new name. In their battles there are, however, in general, very few slain, as many do not, as a rule, engage at a time, single combats being common. Sometimes a man will boast

that he will kill a person named, belonging to the party of the enemy, and will do so and so with his skull after he obtains it. It is not long before the boast is carried to the person who is the object of it, and who is, in his turn, using every effort in his power to capture the truculent braggart. If so, woe betide him! Crestfallen, he is dragged amid his cheering and insulting enemies, who are ever reminding him of what he boasted he would do. He is not likely ever to have a chance of accomplishing his intention, however. His hands are tied behind his back; a large bundle of dried cocoa-nut leaves are fastened on his back, and then set on fire, and the wretched man set at liberty to run about frantic with torture until death relieves him. Captain Head describes the way the New Caledonians treat the bodies of the dead. They are brought home with great lamentation, and treated with great wailing and shrieking from the appointed mourners, who remain unclean often for several years after burying a great chief, and have afterwards to undergo various expiatory observances. "For weeks they continue nightly to waken the forest echoes with their cries. After ten days have elapsed, the grave is opened and the head twisted off; and again in this custom resembling the Andaman Islanders, the teeth are distributed as relics among the relatives, and the skull preserved as a memorial by the nearest of kin, who daily goes through the form of offering it food. The only exceptions are in the case of the remains of old women, whose teeth are sown in the farm patches as a charm to produce good crops, their skulls set up upon poles being deemed equally potent in this respect."

Marriage in New Guinea is a very simple operation. The couple are set down before an idol. The man gives some betel-nut to the woman, and the ceremony is complete. In Fiji, where betrothals in childhood are common, a betrothal is constituted by the mother of the child offering a girdle to the man. After this the girl is looked upon as intended for him, and is under his protection until she is of marriageable age. At this period the proper marriage ceremony is performed. An interchange of presents takes place, and the husband sends to the house of the bride some food prepared by him, which she, sitting in her gala apparel, painted with turmeric and oil, is graciously pleased to accept. For four days she enjoys a complete holiday; after this she is taken by a number of her female friends on a fishing excursion. They then cook the fish they have caught, to partake of which the bridegroom is invited. The bride and bridegroom eat together, each being exceedingly polite in helping the other to the tit-bits—a species of delicate attention which is more one-sided in after-life. The husband now commences to build a house, and during this operation the wife is tattooed. All being completed, a great feast is given, after which, with the usual kissing customary in more Northern latitudes, only here in a more intensified degree, the bride is handed over to her husband, and when she next appears in public, has exchanged her maidenly for her matronly garments. Polygamy exists amongst them, and the result is that there is much grumbling in a Papuan household.

Marriage by abduction also prevails. The woman is taken either by apparent or actual force to the house of her husband, but if on arriving there she does not approve of the match, she runs to some one who can protect her; if, however, she is satisfied, the matter is settled forthwith; a feast is given to her friends next morning, and the couple are thenceforward considered as man and wife.*

* Williams, "Fiji and the Fijians," vol. i., p. 174.

Among the New Guinea people the dead are placed on platforms in the wood, a burial custom something like what we have already seen among the North-western American Indians; and the Fijians and other nations have other customs, some not unlike what we have already described as prevalent among the Polynesians in their vicinity.

Among the *occupations* of the Papuans fishing takes a high place. The Fijians are nearly all fishers, while the natives of New Guinea and other islands are chiefly hunters. They are skilful artists, and make excellent pottery, being in these pursuits much superior to the Polynesians. The women occupy themselves in household duties, in making mats, &c., in all of which they are very ingenious. Many of their mats are similar to those made by the Indians, and by people in distant islands with which at present they have no communication. The fishing for the *trepang*, a species of "sea-cucumber" (or *Holothuria*), in demand for the Chinese market, is one of the great "interests" of the New Guinea coast natives. To engage in this trade, they leave home for months at a time, wandering from island to island until they have procured what they consider enough for a fair voyage. It is in *trepangs* that a young man among the New Guineans pays the stern Papuan parent for his bride, for here as elsewhere—though not among the Fijians—a dowerless bride and a dowered father is the rule.

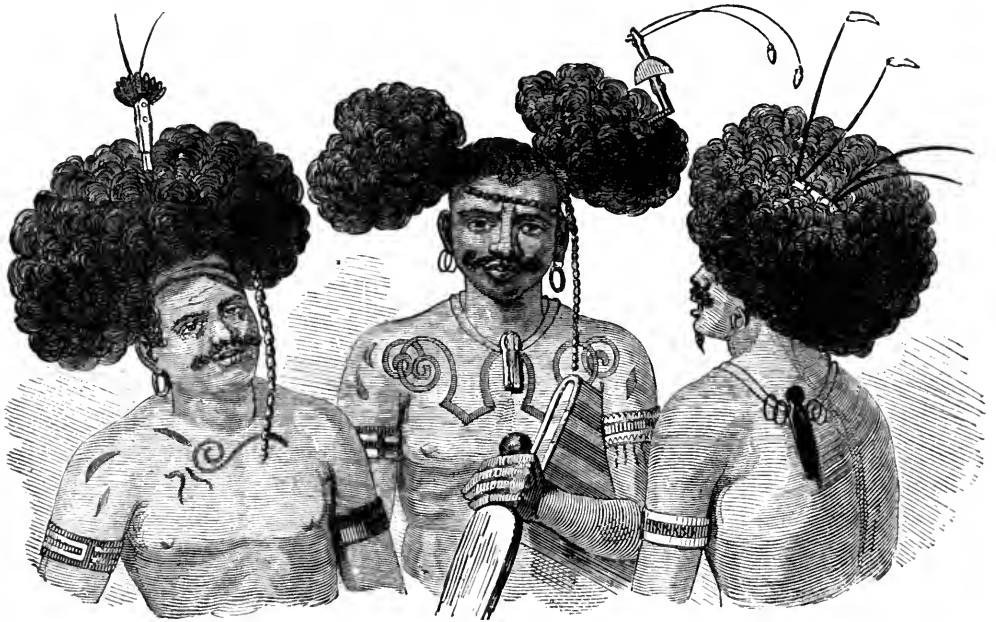
The *canoes* of the Papuans do not differ greatly from those of the Polynesians. In New Guinea they are constructed either out of a single hollowed log or of planks fastened together—the unfailing outrigger being always present. The double canoe, consisting of two large canoes connected by a broad gangway on which is built a cabin, the whole propelled by a large sail, is a peculiar Fijian piece of naval architecture. The Fijians are excellent canoe-builders, and do a large trade in this branch of industry with the other Papuans, and with the Polynesians. They are, however, poor sailors, rarely venturing on expeditions that take them out of their own waters.

SLAVERY; RELIGION; AMUSEMENTS, ETC.

In a country where the climate is so mild domestic architecture can scarcely be expected to attain any great perfection; accordingly, we find the houses of the New Guineans consisting of a number of posts in a circle, and thatched with leaves; or in some cases of a somewhat similar hut enclosed on all sides, but with sloping roof and pointed gables, the whole supported on posts driven into the ground. In the same island (New Guinea) there are on a certain portion of the coast houses built on piles a little way from the shore. These we may have occasion to allude to when speaking of the old "lake dwellers" (p. 4). The Fijian houses are sometimes very large, and the walls, which are composed of reeds, gaily ornamented with different patterns, into which the cinnet used to bind the reeds together are woven by professional house-builders, who travel about the country, proffering their services as required. The conical houses of the New Caledonians are portrayed in Plate 14.

Slavery is an institution very rife among the Papuans. A slave with them constitutes the standard of value, any article of value being described as worth so many slaves, or that it requires so much of some particular kind of goods to buy a slave. Captives in war, when not doomed to a worse fate, are devoted to slavery. These captives are not, however, badly treated, and are readily exchanged for any of their own people who may be kept in durance by their

enemies, from whose ranks these slaves are recruited. Many of the Papuans are, again, held in slavery by the Dyaks and other Malay tribes, and within the last few years an abominable traffic has sprung up amid these islands, the ostensible purpose of which is to convey indentured servants belonging to these tribes, chiefly natives of the New Hebrides, to the Australian colonies, and more especially to Queensland, and to plantations on the Fiji Islands, but which is in reality nothing less than a licensed system of slavery in its worst form. The "labour trade" has now excited so much public attention, and is being so thoroughly scrutinised both by the Imperial and Colonial Governments, that there is no need to enter into particulars in regard to it. Though in a few cases, no doubt, the requirements of the law, as regards indenture, wages,

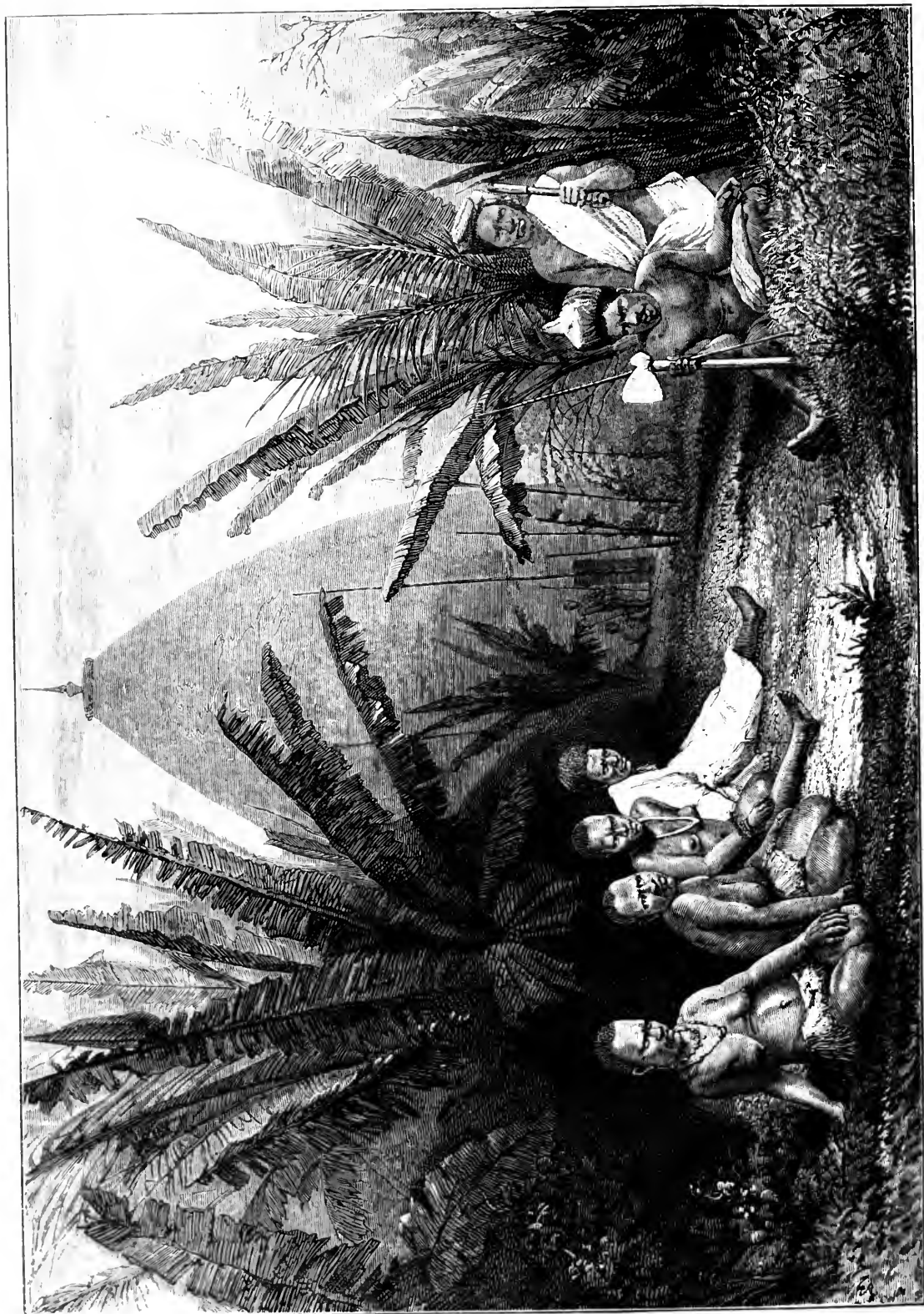


MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR PRACTISED BY THE INHABITANTS OF NEW GUINEA.

bonds to return the native after a certain period to his home again, &c., were met, so far as written agreements with savages, who know nothing of writing or of legal forms, could be fulfilled, yet in the vast number of cases the natives were simply entrapped on board, kidnapped, the hatches shut down on them, and if they resisted—as they not unfrequently did—were mercilessly fired on and murdered. In one notorious case the canoes were decoyed alongside, and were then stove with heavy shot thrown into them; boats were then lowered, and the natives seized and dragged off into legalised bondage. An instance is recorded where a heartless scoundrel in a vessel under the British flag decoyed some natives of the Solomon Islands under the bows of his vessel. Then, after smashing their canoes, he murdered them, and sold their heads to the chiefs of a hostile tribe in return for living human beings for deportation to the Queensland and Fiji plantations.* Heads, it may be mentioned, are highly valued

* In "The Cruise of the *Rosario*," among the New Hebrides and Santa Cruz Islands, &c., 1873, by Captain A. H. Markham, R.N., or in a work on the same subject by Captain Palmer, R.N., the reader will find a full account of this atrocious system of kidnapping of natives in the South Seas.

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HOUSE OF A NATIVE CHIEF, NEW CALEDONIA, AND GROUP OF NATIVES (PAPUANS).

by some of these tribes as trophies of valour, even though they should come into the owner's possession in the manner we have described.

The *religion* of the Papuans varies with almost every island, but all are pagans, especially in New Guinea, where missionary efforts have only lately broken ground. At present we know not much respecting the religion of the natives of New Guinea, but that they are polytheists like the Fijians there can be but little doubt. The religion of all the Papuan Oceanic Islands is, however, at present in a state of transition, and is rapidly changing. Especially is this true in Fiji, where civilisation, after a sort, is gaining ground, and where the old religion will soon be a thing of the past. It is, however, questionable how far a better one will take its



ALFUROS OF GILO, ONE OF THE MOLUCCA ISLANDS.

place, for the pure can scarcely be expected all at once—if ever—to take the place of the gross paganism and disgusting rites which have for ages prevailed in these islands.*

Unlike most of the Polynesian gods, who are fairly moral, the Fijian gods are rioters, murderers, and perpetrators of every sort of iniquity. Their names express their character. Tunabanga is "the adulterer;" Kumbunavanua is "the rioter;" Mbatimona, "the brain-eater;" Ravuravu, "the murderer;" Mainatavasara, "fresh from the cutting up or slaughter," &c. They believe that in the next world people inherit the condition they were in when they left this one: hence children strangle their parents lest they should die infirm, and the wives and attendants of chiefs are similarly treated, in order that the latter may be provided with the companions and surroundings they had been accustomed to. These attendants are laid at the

* In a recent report it is claimed that 200 islands in the Pacific have received Christianity, and that about 300,000 people in these islands have, nominally at least, embraced it. See also *Journal Anthropological Institute*, 1881.

bottom of the grave, with arms in their hands, that they may enter the spirit-land in a condition worthy of the great man whom they are escorting. In addition, a warrior is killed, so that he may precede his master, and drive away the evil spirits which might attempt to impede his progress into the land of the blessed. Yet the Fijians never believed in a system of rewards or punishments. The death of a great chief is celebrated with much solemnity, and fasting and privation on the part of his friends and dependants. The coast is *tabu* for a certain distance from being fished upon, and the cocoa-nuts are likewise *tabued* from being pulled. These ceremonies will be continued for ten days or a fortnight, each day having some peculiar ceremony, gay or grave, appropriated to it, and all of them sufficiently curious and interesting.

Among their gods, one of the best known is Ndengei, who is the abstract idea of eternal existence, being subject to no emotion or sensation except that of hunger. He is represented in the form of a serpent. Some traditions represent him, according to Mr. Williams, as having the head and part of the body of that reptile, the rest of his form being stone, emblematic of everlasting and unchanging duration—at least according to Fiji geology. He passes a monotonous existence in a cavern, enshrined in gloom, evincing no signs of interest in any one but Uto, his attendant, and apart from the fact that he only answers his priest, and changes his position from one side to the other, evincing no sign of life, or interest in the world in which he lives, but of which he is not a part.

Offerings of food are also in the Fijis made to rude consecrated stones, and stones are also used to mark the locality of some gods, and the occasional resting-place of others. Sacred stones, we have seen, commonly figure in the religious ceremonies of other nations. The following singular rite is described by Mr. Williams:—"Unbroken silence follows; the priest becomes absorbed in thought, and all eyes watch him with unblinking steadiness. In a few minutes he trembles; slight distortions are seen in his face, and twitching movements in his limbs. These increase to a violent muscular action, which spreads until the whole frame is strongly convulsed, and the man shivers as with a strong ague fit. In some instances this is accompanied with murmurs and sobs, the veins are greatly enlarged, and the circulation of the blood quickened. The priest is now possessed by his god, and all his words and actions are considered no longer his own, but those of the deity who has entered into him. Shrill cries of 'Koi au! koi au!' (It is I, it is I!) fill the air, and the god is supposed thus to notify his approach. While giving the answer, the priest's eyes stand out and roll in a frenzy; his voice is unnatural, his face pale, his lips livid, his breathing depressed, and his entire appearance like that of a furious madman. The sweat runs from every pore, and tears start from his strained eyes, after which the symptoms gradually disappear. The priest looks round with a vacant stare, and as the god says, 'I depart,' announces his actual departure by violently flinging himself down on his mat, or by suddenly striking the ground with his club, when those at a distance are informed by blasts on the conch, or by the firing of a musket, that the deity has returned into the world of spirits. The convulsive movements do not entirely disappear for some time." This scene is not peculiar to the Fijians, for something very similar occurs among the Indians and the Eskimo, where it has got from ethnologists the name of "shamanism."

Yet, after all, the Fijians do not believe in universal immortality. The road to "Mbula"—their heaven—is beset with so many difficulties that "few attain to immortality." A similar

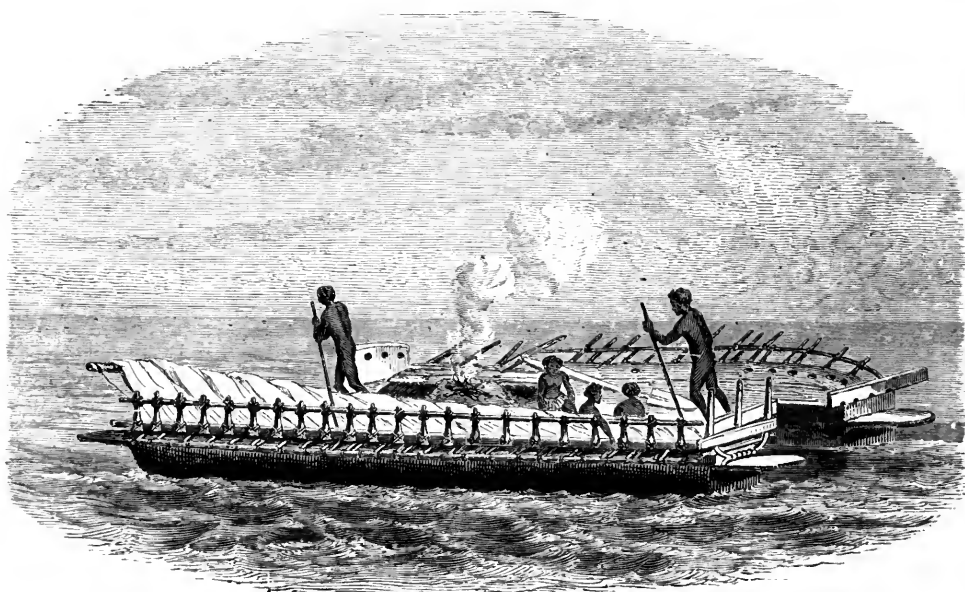
belief—probably learned from them—is found amongst their near neighbours the Tongans, who believe that the chiefs are immortal, and that the common people are certainly mortal, though it is possible that the intermediate class may not be; but regarding this there is a difference of opinion.

The *amusements* of the Papuan race are much the same as those of the Polynesian—consisting of swimming, diving, and other water exercises, swings, mock battles, &c., and are pursued by people of all classes and ages of both sexes with equal zest.

We cannot leave the Oceanic group of people without finding cannibalism cropping up here, and certainly among the Papuans. Whatever defence or apology may be made for the Polynesians, this somewhat disagreeable culinary taste was and is indisputably prevalent among the people we are now describing. The “whitewashing” class of ethnologists have never attempted to deny this. None of the Papuans are altogether clear of it.

Among the New Caledonians the priests obtained the hands of the slain as their perquisites, and as those parts of the human body are said by anthropophagous connoisseurs to be the best, war was frequently fomented by the priests in order to supply their larder more abundantly. Among the New Caledonians the bodies of slain warriors were eaten by the enemy. If a “complete cookery book” could exist among these people, many pages would be filled by a description of the modes adopted to prepare the human body for food. Great skill was displayed in the methods of serving it up by the women who act as cooks. Sometimes it was placed before the men completely roasted, but in a sitting position, and equipped in war costume. Even the children of our dusky friends were not exempt from cannibalistic propensities. When the French *voyageur*, D’Entrecasteaux, visited New Caledonia—now a French colony and convict settlement—the natives felt the calves and brawny arms of his men, their eyes sparkling, and their mouths, no doubt, watering at the idea of the magnificent feast such muscular, well-fed gentlemen would make. Yet these people do not, by any means, confine themselves to such bipedal diet—probably for the reason that the supply is not equal to the demand—but, like all the Oceanic people, depend for the main portion of their sustenance on cocoa-nuts and other fruits, and various roots, shell-fish, and even a species of spider. They even stay the pangs of hunger, like the Orinoco Indians (Vol. I., p. 274), by filling their insatiable stomachs with clay, which, though it affords no nutrition, for the time being allays the cravings of their appetite. The natives of the Isle of Pines roast the dead of their own people, and then serve them up wrapped in banana leaves. A Polynesian is rather ashamed of his cannibalistic propensities, not so a Papuan, and least of all a Fijian. The people of the Fiji Islands were much addicted to cannibalism, and excel in all the modes of preparing human flesh. Such zest have they for this description of food that, unless they have much improved in their manners of late years, they have to be rather sharply looked after, in case they indulge untowardly in their favourite article of diet to the loss of their friends, and of the planter in whose employment these culinary victims may be for the time being. Here we find no religious or superstitious feeling involved. The Fijian prefers “long-pig” to any other food, simply because he thinks it tastes well. He will even boast of the number of bodies which he has eaten. A story is told of one who at the close of his life reckoned up—roughly, I presume—the number of human bodies which he had consumed, or at whose consumption he had assisted, and found that it reached 900. The Fijian is so vain that, rather than not have something to boast of, he will

commit the most atrocious act, so as to excel, if only in infamy. Accordingly, those who are acquainted with this trait in his character will not be surprised—however shocked—to learn that one man caused his wife to build and heat an oven, and then, after she had completed the task, that he killed, cooked, and ate her. Yet every one cannot eat human flesh—not, however, from any doubts as to the legality of it, but simply from a religious scruple. The Fijian believes that many of the gods reside in or are personified by particular animals, such as rats, sharks, dogs, and even the human person. Accordingly, he whose particular guardian-god resides in any one of these animals—man among the number—refrains from eating the flesh of this particular animal lest he might offend his god. Again, from some motive—selfish or superstitious—no female children are allowed to eat human flesh. Every event of importance



DOUBLE CANOE OF A NEW CALEDONIAN CHIEF.

in Fiji is, or was, celebrated by a feast of human flesh, and so important was this diet considered that a wooden fork was used to convey it to the mouth, instead of using the hands, as they do in partaking of every other kind of food. The people of New Guinea and New Hebrides, and neighbouring islands, rank next, if not equal to the Fijians, in their unnatural liking for human flesh; and only recently an account appeared in a Dutch paper of a tribe in the former island who fattened up the captives they obtained by piracy and war for the purpose of using them as food.

Etiquette, and a punctilious observance of certain conventional rules of good breeding, as understood among them, one would think scarcely in keeping with a state of savagedom so low as that indicated by an indiscriminate indulgence in the flesh of their own species; but yet it seems that it may be so, for no people are more particular in this respect than the Fijians. For instance, it is equivalent to a challenge to fight if one man passes another without lowering the club he may be carrying on his shoulder. *Etiquette*, in reference to the respect shown to

chiefs, is carried to an extent scarcely imaginable in these less polite latitudes. It is not uncommon to find a chief coming out of battle unhurt—no one presuming to injure a man of his exalted rank. To pass *behind* a chief is an offence so deadly that it can only be expiated by an enormous fine, or by knocking out the limited amount of brains possessed by an individual who could be guilty of such a heinous breach of good manners. It is hardly less an insult to pass a man of high rank on the wrong side, or his canoe on the outrigger side. All these bits of



YOUNG NEW CALEDONIANS.

etiquette are, however, in reality, laid in a deep knowledge on the part of the chiefs of the treachery of their countrymen, and in a fervid desire to protect themselves from sinister designs. A man of inferior rank on meeting a chief must not only lower his club from his shoulder, but crouch to the ground until he has gone on. Courtesy still—but of a less degree—is due to a man of rank not so exalted, or more nearly approaching his own. In such a case, he merely steps aside, bends his body, and either rubs his left arm with his right hand, or holds his beard, until the greater man has passed. The design of both these methods of showing respect is self-evident, viz., to prevent an attempt at treachery. There is even a particular series of phrases, or words, by which a chief is to be addressed. His clothing, his canoes, and all about him are

not called by the same names as those of common people, but are styled by high-sounding, periphrastic, and hyperbolic names. In public he is received with the utmost ceremony, and after a strict and well understood code of etiquette. No one dare stand in his presence, and if he accidentally falls, it is etiquette—"imitation" here being, as elsewhere, "the most sincere form of flattery"—for every one else also to fall. Yet this same potentate is, in his turn, one of the most courteous of men, and would not, even in the houses of his inferiors, dream of touching food until it was offered. If he did so, his name would be held in everlasting contempt, while a man of less rank would, most likely, forfeit his life for his rudeness. At their great feasts Fijian good breeding is seen to greatest perfection, and though on other occasions—as also among the Polynesians—the word "cook" is a term of contempt, and the office one which could only be delegated to slaves, or at best to women, yet at these times all classes, even the chiefs and the king himself, will assist in preparing the edibles, which, in the case of feasts given by the great chiefs, are gathered from far and near, and served up in such profusion, that for some time previous a *tabu* is laid on any one killing pigs or gathering vegetables, lest there should be a scarcity at the time of the great feast.

Every contract or present made for diplomatic or political purposes is made with immense ceremony, much clapping of hands and plentiful shouting, a procedure necessary, in the absence of writing, to cause the transaction to be held in the spectators' memory, just as in "beating the bounds" of certain old-fashioned English towns the head of the nearest of the procession of boys is "bumped" against some critical point of the boundary, which generally results in keeping the line of boundary fresh in the memory of a goodly number of witnesses for years to come.

PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

Among the most curious customs prevailing amongst the Papuans is the New Caledonian custom of two people, when they meet, exchanging their *katas* (or little scarfs)—as much as a matter of course as we would shake hands. It also prevails in South Asia. When a New Caledonian drinks, he does not lap up the water or convey it to his mouth with his hand, but throws it into his mouth out of his hollow palm, in a manner which results in the greater portion of it being splashed over him. The activity of the New Guinea Papuans among the branches of trees is wonderful. They will climb and spring from one branch to another almost with the agility of monkeys, and, indeed, like those animals, when attacked take to the trees as refuges where they can defend themselves with the greatest chance of success. If any one even touches a woman not his wife he is subject to a fine, and the same scrupulous regard to rights of property extends to everything else—even among so rude a people as the Alfuros, or Mountaineers, of New Guinea. Among the latter people no property can be inherited, for on the death of any one everything which he or she possessed is destroyed. The friends then assemble and have a celebration, which differs more in name than in anything else from an Irish "wake." Eating and drinking go on apace, and no food is partaken of without a portion being offered to the dead person also. One of the most curious kinds of salutation found among the Papuans is that of the inhabitants of Brumer's Island, north-east of the coast of New Guinea. These primitive folk are not without all the Papuan etiquette. When they meet a friend, or even a person with whom they are not acquainted, they salute by pinching

the stranger's nose while performing the same operation to their own stomach, and grunting out a word of welcome—a custom which finds its counterpart in the Eskimo rubbing together of noses on a like occasion.

But one of the most extraordinary customs found amongst the Papuans is that of the *vasu*, which existed in full force in Fiji. *Vasu* means "niece" or a "nephew," but becomes a title of office in the male, who, in some localities, has the extraordinary privilege of appropriating whatever he chooses belonging to his uncle, or shares in his uncle's power. However high a chief may be, if he has a nephew he has a master, one who will not be content with the name, but will exercise his prerogative to the full, seizing whatever takes his fancy, regardless of its value or the owner's inconvenience at its loss.* To resist is rarely thought of, nor would it be much use. Thakonauto, a Rewa chief, while at war with his uncle, carried this extraordinary privilege to such an extent as to absolutely supply himself with ammunition from his enemy's stores—that enemy being his uncle; nor would the right be disputed even in such an extreme case. "*Vasus*," writes Mr. Williams, "are of three kinds:—The *vasus-taukei*, the *vasu-levu*, and the *vasu*. The last is a common name, belonging to any nephew whatever. *Vasu-taukei* is a term applied to any *vasu* whose mother is a lady of the land in which he was born. The fact of Mbau being at the head of Fijian rank gives the Queen of Mbau a pre-eminence over all Fijian ladies, and her son a place nominally over all *vasus*. No material difference exists between the power of a *vasu-taukei* and a *vasu-levu*, which latter title is given to every *vasu* born of a woman of rank, and having a first-class chief for his father. A *vasu-taukei* can claim anything belonging to a native of his motherland excepting the wives, home, and land of a chief. *Vasus* cannot be considered apart from the civil polity of the group, forming as they do one of its integral parts, and supplying the high-pressure power of Fijian despotism. In grasping the dominant influence, the chiefs have created a power which ever and anon turns round and grips them with no gentle hand. . . . Descending in the social scale, the *vasu* is a hindrance to industry, few being willing to labour unrewarded for another's benefit. One illustration will suffice. An industrious uncle builds a canoe, in which he has not made half-a-dozen trips, when an idle nephew mounts the deck, sounds his trumpet-shell, and the blast announces to all within hearing that the canoe has that instant changed masters." The *vasu's* power is not, however, unlimited. The *vasu* of a king, for instance, acts as the viceroy, and collects the taxes—which are in produce, and paid with a cheerful alacrity and even pride to which we Northern barbarians are strangers—from distant parts of the kingdom, but if, for his own enrichment, he attempts to collect more than the correct amount, he is liable to be severely fined by the king.

Government among the Papuans, as among nearly all savages, is an absolute monarchy. In Fiji the government used to be based on a sort of feudal system, the great chiefs being dependent on the king, and liable to military service, the smaller ones, again, on them, and so on downward for the six different grades into which the people are divided, the last grade being the slaves, who are captives in war. We have already spoken of the pride which the people have in paying taxes. The tax-paying day is a day of rejoicing, and the scene is one of the most impressive and gay in Fijian life. The people come from

* Williams, "Fiji," &c., vol. i, 34.

far and near, and there is an exchange of much compliment and courtesy while the taxes, consisting of property and labour, are made over to the king. The people are fond of working on the land, and if they dispose of a piece of land always bargain that they are to be allowed to till it for the new proprietor. The tenure of land is much the same as in New Zealand. "Every inch of land in Fiji," Mr. Pritchard remarks, "has its owner. Every parcel or tract of ground has a name, and the boundaries are defined and well known. The proprietorship rests in families, the heads of families being the representatives of the title. Every member of the family can use the lands attaching to the family. Thus the heads of families are the nominal owners; the whole family are the actual occupiers. The family land maintains the whole family, and the members maintain the head of the family. A chief holds his lands under precisely the same tenure, as head of the family, and his *personal* rights attain only to the land pertaining to his family, in which right every member of his family shares so far as on any portion of the land. But the chief is also the head of his tribe, and, as such, certain rights to the whole land of the tribe appertain to him. The tribe is a family, and the chief is the head of the family. The families of a tribe maintain the chief. In war they give him their services and follow him to the fight. In peace they supply him with food. In this way the whole tribe attains a certain collective interest in all the lands held by each family, and every parcel of land alienated contracts the source whence the collective tribal support of the chief is drawn. From this complicated tenure it is clear that the alienation of land, however large or small the tract, can be made valid only by the collective act of the whole tribe, in the person of the ruling chief and the heads of families. Random and reckless land transactions under these circumstances would be simply another seizure of Naboth's vineyard, for which the price of blood would inevitably have to be paid."

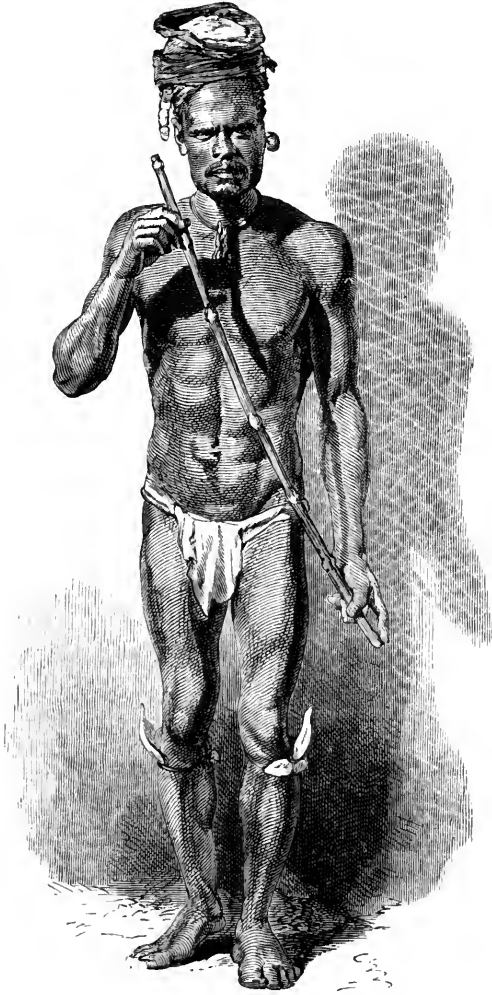
In Fiji offences were heinous or trivial, according to the rank of the offender. Murder by a chief was not so bad as a petty theft committed by a person of low degree. Only a few crimes are considered serious—such as theft, adultery, abduction, witchcraft, infringement of a *tabu*, disrespect to a chief, incendiarism, treason, and so on.

Up to the year 1874 the Fijis were nominally governed by one of the leading chiefs, who received, or assumed, the title of King Thakombau, or, as he signed himself—or was signed for—"Cakobau Rex." The government was a ludicrous parody on civilised polity, and resembled some of those which prevail in the Polynesian Islands—such as Samoa and Tonga—during the present transition stage between their primitive state and annexation by some civilised power. King Thakombau had a coach which was carried on the shoulders of human cattle, a gorgeous crown, a ministry, a parliament, a postage-stamp, and the usual paraphernalia of rule. But for all these, Fiji was rapidly drifting into anarchy, when Thakombau, with a masterly appreciation of the situation, resolved to make the best of the matter so long as he could do so with some credit. Accordingly, he abdicated in favour of Queen Victoria (and a comfortable pension). Hence, since 1874, the islands, which contain something over 100,000 natives, have been a British colony, and the club of Cakobau Rex is in Windsor. Rotumah was annexed in 1881.*

The only other peculiar habit of the Papuans which I will occupy space with describing is

* Cooper, *l.c.*: The works of Colonel and Mrs. Smythe and Dr. Seeman; Miss Gordon Cummings' "At Home in Fiji," and "Cruise in a French Man-of-war;" Ricci: "Fiji" (1875); Forbes: "Fiji" (1875), &c.

their method of producing fire by friction. Mr. Wallace describes it as follows:—"A sharp-edged piece of bamboo is rubbed across the convex surface of another piece, on which a small notch is first cut. The rubbing is slow at first, and gradually quicker till it becomes very rapid, and the fine powder rubbed off ignites and falls through the hole which the rubbing has



NEW CALEDONIAN FLUTE-PLAYER.

cut in the bamboo. This is done with great quickness and certainty. The Ternate people use bamboo in another way. They strike its flinty surface with a piece of broken china, and produce a spark, which they catch in some kind of tinder." This is a modification of, though less ingenious than, the method adopted by most savage people of obtaining fire by rubbing two pieces of wood sharply and quickly against each other until the friction causes sparks, which ignite some tinder placed so that the sparks fall into it. The Eskimo method of using his apparatus is perhaps as effectual as any. A piece of stick, about an inch in diameter and about a foot long, is prepared so that it is rounded and somewhat pointed at each extremity.

The sinew cord of a bent bow is then twisted in one turn around the stick, after which the upper end is placed in the hollow of a concave bit of bone held firmly between the teeth, while the lower extremity is placed on the flat bit of wood placed on the ground. The apparatus being thus in position, the upright stick is twisted about while pressed down on the piece of flat wood with great rapidity by a transverse movement of the bow, until heat is developed of sufficient intensity either to light some dry moss or the fine tinder formed of the dust worn out of the wood by the friction of the upright stick. I cannot better conclude this sketch of the Papuan race than by briefly depicting one or two communities as types of the whole, and this could not be done more effectually than in the words of Mr. Wallace, whose delightful volumes we have already so frequently quoted. It is the Aru Islanders who are sitting for their portrait. "There is," remarks this eminent naturalist, "a great monotony and uniformity in every-day savage life, and it seemed to be a more miserable existence than when it had the charm of novelty. To begin with the most important fact in the existence of uncivilised peoples—their food—the Aru men have no regular supply; no staff of life, such as bread, rice, mandioca, maize, or sago, which are the daily food of a large proportion of mankind. They have, however, many sorts of vegetables, plantains, sweet potatoes, and raw sago, and they chew up vast quantities of sugar-cane, as well as betel-nuts, gambir, and tobacco. Those who live on the coast have plenty of fish; but when inland they only go to sea occasionally, and then bring home cockles and other shell-fish by the boat-load. Now and then they get wild pig or kangaroo, but too rarely to form anything like a regular part of their diet, which is essentially vegetable—and, what is of more importance, as affecting their health—green, watery vegetables, imperfectly cooked, and even these in varying and often insufficient quantities. To this diet may be attributed the prevalence of skin diseases and ulcers in the legs and joints. The scurfy skin disease so common among savages has a close connection with the poorness and irregularity of their living. The Malays, who are never without their daily supply of rice, are generally free from it; the hill Dyaks of Borneo, who grow rice, and live well, are clean-skinned; while the less industrious and less cleanly tribes, who live for a portion of the year on fruits and vegetables only, are very subject to this malady. It seems clear that in this, as in other respects, man is not able to make a beast of himself with impunity, feeding, like the cattle, on the herbs and fruits of the earth, and taking no thought of the morrow. To maintain his health and beauty he must labour to prepare some farinaceous product capable of being stored and accumulated, so as to give him a regular supply of wholesome food. When this is obtained he may add vegetables, fruits, and meats, with advantage. The chief luxury of the Aru people, besides betel-nut and tobacco, is arrack (Java rum), which the traders bring in great quantities, and sell very cheap. A day's fishing or ratan * cutting will purchase at least a half-gallon bottle; when the *trepang* and birds' nests † collected during a season are sold they get whole boxes, each containing fifteen such bottles, round which the inmates of a house will sit day and night till they have finished them. They themselves tell me that at such bouts they often tear to pieces the house they are in, and break and destroy everything they can lay their hands on."

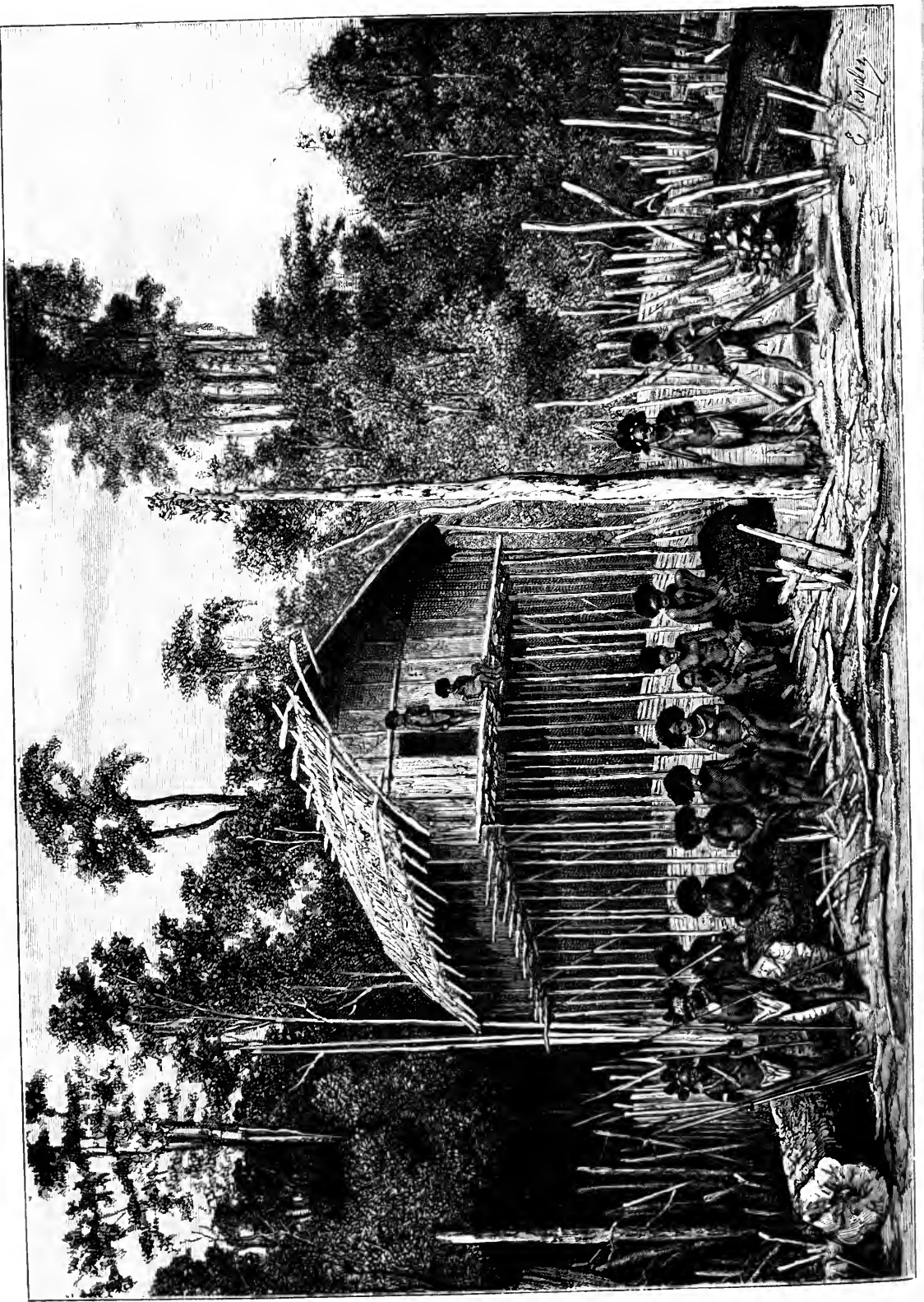
* *Calamus rotang*—known to seamen as "Penang lawyers," from the use made of them in that settlement as instruments of corporal punishment.

† Made of a secretion from *Collocalia esculenta*, and used by the Chinese for concocting the celebrated birds'-nest soup.

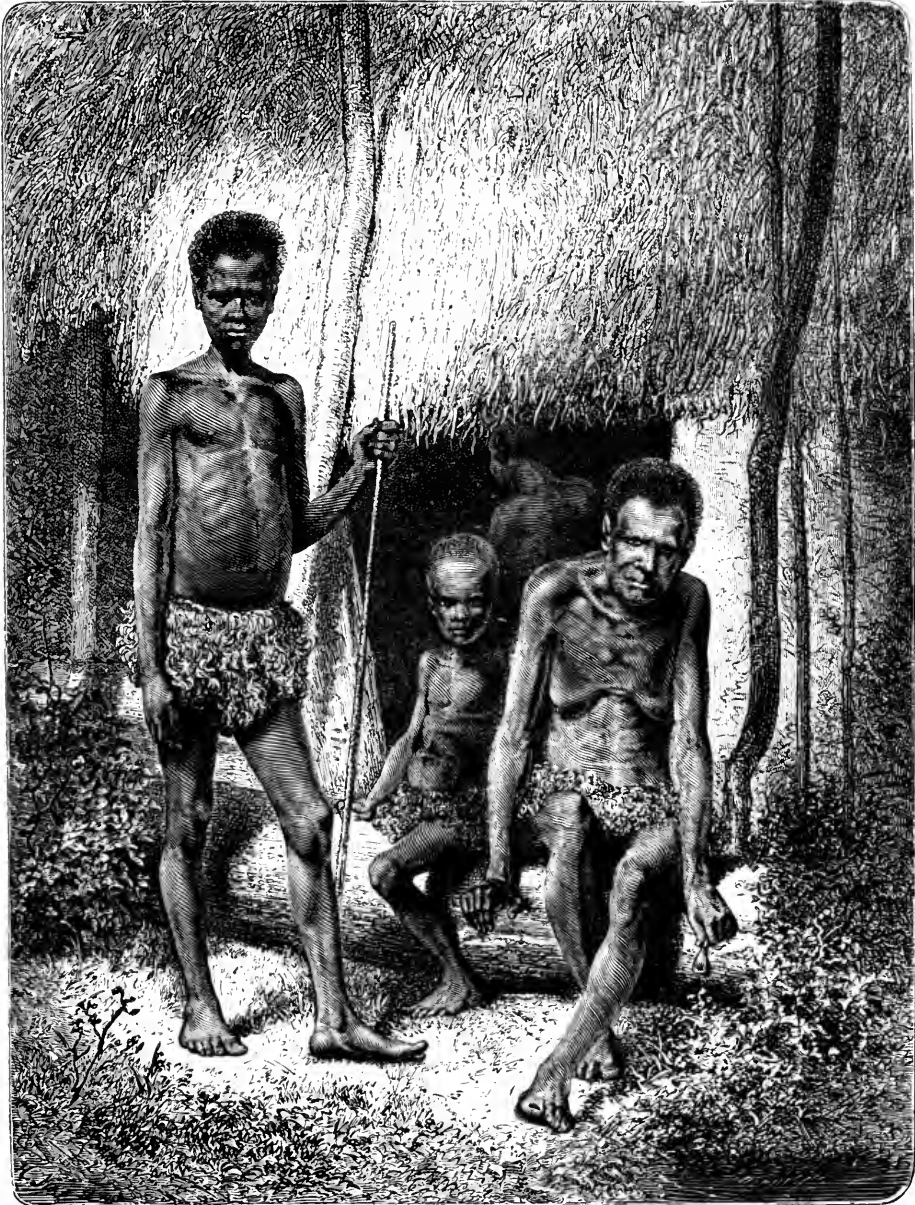
And here it may be remarked that though Mr. Wallace in this place is speaking of the Aru Islanders as if they were a race racially pure, in reality their little archipelago contains an ethnic mixture which would sadly confound the stay-at-home "anthropologists" who from the study of a few skulls and a sheaf of vocabularies, construct a classification of the human species. Many of the Aru Islanders have, for example, little of the characteristic Papuan physiognomy, though dark as any of their unmistakable countrymen. They have, on the other hand, quite as little likeness to the Malay, and though their delicate features, of the European type, and glossy curly hair, might hint at a recent Dutch parentage, their black faces belie that supposition. In reality, they are descendants of early Portuguese traders who had settled here and intermarried with the natives, influencing, as several Lusitanian words prove, the language and the features of the race. Malays, Chinese, and Dutch traders can also be frequently detected. In one house Mr. Wallace saw "a Macassar man with an Aru wife and family of mixed children." In Dobbo he saw "a Javanese and an Amboyna man each with an Aru wife and family; and as this kind of mixture had been going on for at least three hundred years, and probably much longer, it has produced a decided effect on the physical characteristics of a considerable portion of the population of the islands, more especially in Dobbo and the parts nearest to it." On the other hand, we light in Malaysia on some curious races, stranded high and dry among the more familiar Papuans and Malays, or the less easily deciphered tribes which we find in New Guinea.* For instance, in the Sultanate of Johore in the Malay Peninsula, apart from the Chinese and the Malay inhabitants, there are wild men known as Jakuns, whose exact position in "the scale" is extremely obscure. They reside in the interior of the country, and some of the tribes even construct their rude dwellings in the trees, and wherever land culture is adopted by them it is of the most primitive description. As a rule, they are nomadic in their habits. Baron Miklouho-Maklay, the Russian explorer, who visited these people in 1875, describes them as thoroughly disinclined to improvement of any kind in their mode of life, intellectually or otherwise, though this is not occasioned by want of opportunity or deficiency of brain. The constant advance into the jungle of the Malays and Chinese, and the frequent intermarriages between the Malays and the "Utan" women, are rapidly conducing to the extinction of these aboriginal owners of the soil, or to their effacement as a distinct race, aboriginal and non-Malayan, which they undoubtedly are. They are, however, probably related to the Papuans, many individuals closely resembling the Papuan-Malay (or mixed) race met with on the west coast of New Guinea. The "Orang-utan" or wild men, though generally shrinking into the solitudes before the Malays and Chinese, sometimes live in the neighbourhood of the former, and though rarely conforming to Islamism or deserting their own traditional habits, are ready enough to sell to their neighbours the best-looking and strongest of their daughters.† However, to return to the rude Aru Islanders, as

* These, according to our present knowledge, are:—(1) The true Papuans of the west and south-west coasts; (2) The Alfuros, or hill-tribes of the interior; (3) The Brown Papuans (p. 126); and (4) The Papuan-Malays of the north coast, subject to the authority of the Sultan of Tidore, and professing Mohammedanism. Comrie: *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* (1876), pp. 102—119; D'Albertis: "Travels in New Guinea" (1881); Moresby: "Discoveries in Eastern New Guinea" (1875), &c.

† *Journal of Eastern Asia*, July, 1875; Burbidge: "The Gardens of the Sun" (1880), p. 46, for figures of these uncomfortably monkey-like people.



sketched by Mr. Wallace. Their house and furniture are on a par with their food. "A rude shed, supported on rough and slender sticks rather than posts, no walls, but the



NEW CALEDONIANS OF THE SOUTH-WEST COAST.

floor raised to within a foot of the eaves, is the style of architecture they usually adopt. Inside there are partition-walls of thatch, forming little boxes, or sleeping-places, to accommodate the two or three separate families that usually live together. A few mats, baskets, and cooking-vessels, with plates and basins purchased from the Macassar traders, constitute their

whole furniture; spears and bows are their weapons; a *sarong* (or mat) forms the clothing of the women, a waist-cloth that of the men. For hours, or even for days, they sit idle in their houses, the women bringing in the vegetables or sago which form their food. Sometimes they hunt or fish a little, or work at their house or canoe, but they seem to enjoy pure idleness, and work as little as they can. They can have little to vary the monotony of life, little that can be called pleasure except idleness and conversation. And they certainly do talk! Every evening there is a little Babel around me, and, as I understand not a word of it, I go on with my book or work undisturbed. Now and then they scream and shout, or laugh frantically for variety; and this goes on alternately with vociferous talking of the men women and children, till long after I am in my mosquito curtain and sound asleep." They were simple folk our naturalist was among, with a strong penchant for his arrack-bottle, and a wondrous curiosity to learn where he came from, but yet with a strong suspicion that they were being deceived when "England" was designated as the country of his nativity. For the twentieth time they would ask, but, as they could not pronounce it satisfactorily, would insist that it was a name of his own invention, and that Mr. Wallace was deceiving them. One old man was almost indignant. "'Unglung!' said he, 'who ever heard of such a name? Anglang—Anger-lang; that can't be the name of your country; you are playing with us. My country is Wanumbai. Anybody can say Wanumbai. I'm an orang Wanumbai; but N-glung! who ever heard of such a name? Do tell us the real name of your country, and then when you are gone we shall know how to talk about you.'" Nothing would convince them they were not being deceived. Then for what did he want all the birds and insects he preserved with such care? They would not believe it was for the purpose of stuffing and setting them up so that they would appear as if alive for the people in "Unglung" to look at! That could not be. There must be in his country many things much nicer to look at than those things. *They*—the orang-Wanumbais—did not want to look at them, and surely *we*—we, the wondrous people who make calico, and glass, and knives, and rum, and all sorts of delightful things, could not want things from Aru to look at!—the thing was absurd. But they knew what was done with them—they knew; they had been thinking it over, and the assembled wisdom of Aru had come to the conclusion that the birds and insects were all made to come to life again on board ship. The theory was founded on what to the Wanumbaian logicians were sound premisses, and the conviction was strong in accordance. "'Yes, they all come to life again; that's what they do—they all come to life again.'" They had also formed the conclusion that he could give rain or make hot weather to suit himself, and that, on the whole, this pleasant English naturalist was a most miraculous personage, who will no doubt live in their simple annals as a much better sort of person than the Bugis and Chinese, who sometimes came to trade with them; for he gave them things for nothing, and did not try to cheat them—the universal test of a superior moral person among savages all the world over. Then would commence a long wearisome series of interrogatories as to how long he was going to stay—would he stay a month or two and finish all the goods he had brought, and then, after that, send to Dobbo for more, and stay a year or two, and they would get plenty of birds and animals for him? "And then came the old story:—'Do tell us the name of your country. We know the Bugis men, and the Macassar men, and the Java men, and the China men; only you, we don't know from what country you come. Ung-lung it can't be. I know that is not the

name of your country.' Seeing no end to this long talk, I said I was tired and wanted to go to sleep; so, after begging—one a little bit of dry fish for his supper, and another a little salt to eat with his sago—they all went off very quietly, and I went outside and took a stroll round the house by moonlight, thinking of the simple people and the strange productions of Aru, and then turned in under my mosquito curtain, to sleep with a sense of perfect security in the midst of these good-natured savages." These Aru savages are—as savages go—handsome people with lithe, graceful forms, every limb getting fine play, unrestrained by the artificialities of clothing. The women are, however, by no means so good-looking as the men, their strongly-marked features being very unfeminine, and what little beauty they may possess, hard work, privation, exposure, and early marriage soon destroy. The men adorn themselves more than the women do; they wear necklaces, earrings and finger-rings, and delight in a band of plaited grass placed tightly round the arm just below the shoulder, to which they attach a bunch of hair or light-coloured feathers. The dress of all is generally filthy, and never changed until worn out. Another of the Aru tribes—the natives of Kobror—wear a huge horseshoe-shaped comb over their forehead, the ends resting on their temples. The back of this comb is fastened into a piece of wood, which is plated with tin in front, and above is attached a plume of feathers from a cock's tail. Among them Mr. Wallace saw no signs of any religion. They often bury their dead, though their custom is to first expose the body on a raised stage till it decomposes. Polygamy prevails, though a man has rarely more than two wives. A wife is regularly purchased from her parents. The old people are killed, it is said, when they are no longer able to work, but as Mr. Wallace saw many old and decrepit people pretty well attended to, the probability is that this is not a law, but is optional if any one does not care to support his aged relatives.

The natives of Timor, though intermixed much on the coast with Malay and, perhaps, Portuguese and Hindoo blood, are yet of the Papuan race. They carry an umbrella made of an entire fan-shaped palm leaf, carefully stitched at each fold to prevent it splitting. As all over the East Indian Archipelago, the joints of the bamboo are used as buckets, water-vessels, &c., and small water-buckets are also made of the unopened leaf of the same palm-tree from which the umbrella is improvised. Here prevails the custom of *pomali*, which is the exact equivalent of the *tabu* found among the Polynesians and the Papuans of the Pacific Islands. It is, however, used on the smallest occasions, and is often employed for police purposes. If a householder is from home a few palm leaves laid across his threshold, or stuck outside a garden, form an effectual protection against all meddlers or intruders, whether for harmless or criminal purposes. The dead are placed on a raised stage, and there remain until the relatives can make a funeral feast, when the body is burned. The Timorese are great thieves, but not fierce, though they continually fight among themselves, and lose no opportunity of kidnapping the people of other tribes as slaves. Yet Europeans may pass through any portion of the country unharmed. It is well that they are so little disposed to mischief, otherwise the wretched farce of a Portuguese Government which for three hundred years has prevailed in Timor could not stand an hour before the natives. The only object of the officials seems to be to oppress and rob the natives, and to neglect every attempt at public improvement, the island being, so far as roads or settlements in the interior are concerned, little better than when the Europeans first set foot upon its soil. The Dutch portions of the island are better governed, but

under the present system it is more trouble than profit both to the Portuguese and the Dutch. To make it anything would require an outlay of capital which neither nation is inclined to

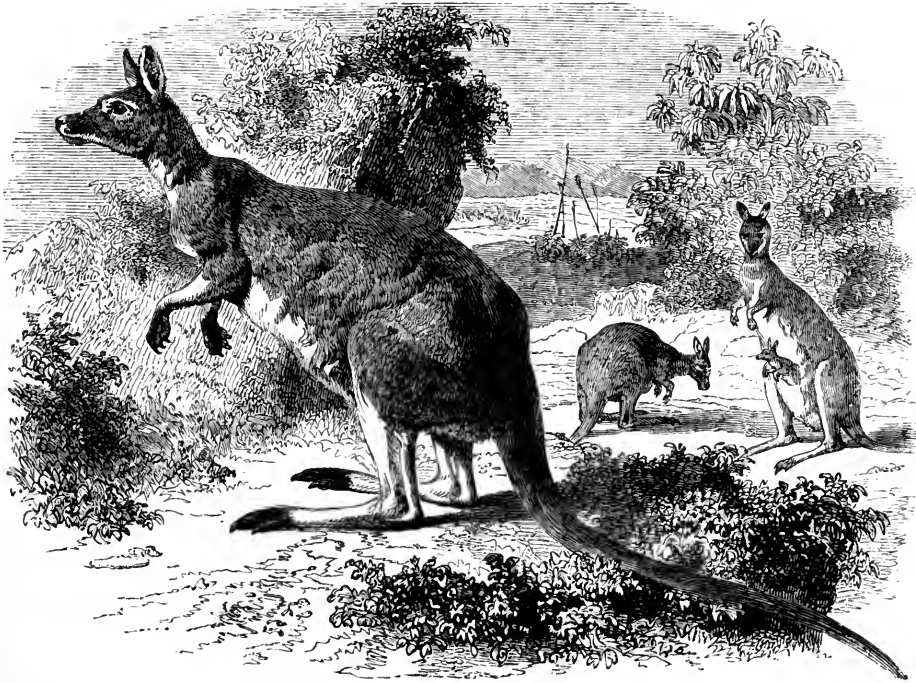


THROUGH THE MANGROVES, NEW CALEDONIA.

incur, and, not less, a series of honest officials, which the Portuguese nation seems unable to supply; so that, meanwhile, there is little hope for anything in Timor but "chronic insurrection and misgovernment."

There seems every probability that the various shades of colour which we find among the

Oceanic people already described are not due to mixture—if at all to intermixture—but point to all being modifications of the same original stock, whether brown or black—Papuan of New Guinea, Fijian, or Polynesian. It is, however, possible that the brown Polynesians originated, at some very early period, from a mixture of Malay and Papuan blood, but nowadays all trace of the Malay spice in their composition has been lost or overspread by the preponderance of the more vigorous Papuan element. Though the Papuans have much in common with the African negroes, yet I agree with Mr. Wallace in believing that the zoological, ethnological, and, above all, the geographical difficulties, are insurmountable, in the way of accepting the theory of Professor Huxley that they are identical in origin. There is,



KANGAROOS AT HOME: AN AUSTRALIAN SCENE.

however, little doubt but that the Malays are widely distinct from both the Polynesians and Papuans, though, as we have classed them, more nearly allied to those people than to any other divisions of the human race. The distinct Polynesians are on the wane, and will soon disappear before the vices and ways of civilised men, which are strange to them. The New Guinea Papuan will go the same way, but the Fijian and the Malay, accustomed as they are to agriculture, may have a chance to survive in the battle of life, even when their country comes entirely under the hands of European rulers, and all their old life is supplanted or displaced by that brought from over the sea. Measles have, however, of late years decimated the Fijians. In a few months about 50,000 natives succumbed under this—to us—comparatively mild disease. When one remembers that one-third of the entire population was swept away by one epidemic, the havoc which may be caused by more virulent maladies is saddening to anticipate.

CHAPTER VI.

AUSTRALIANS, TASMANIANS, AND OTHER PAPUAN RACES.

THE Papuan race is a widespread one, being scarcely surpassed in the range of its migrations by the Malays and Polynesians, who are its neighbours. But between the different tribes—or nationalities, if you will—of the Papuans there is a wider breach and a broader line of demarcation than between the different people who come under the broad designation of either Malay or Polynesian. The Australians are an example of this. That they are more nearly allied to the Papuans than to any other race scarcely admits of a doubt, but equally are they separated from them by many characteristics—all pointing to the fact that many years must have elapsed since they and the Oceanic Papuans were one people. In many respects the Australian races are about the lowest of the Papuans, but there is a lower depth still to which the Oceanic negro can sink, as we shall find when we read of the Andaman and Nicobar Islanders, and the Nigritos of the Philippines, &c. The inhabitants of the great continental island of Australia are a race almost as strange as the animal and vegetable products of the country. They are black, yet not of the negro type—in the same manner as the Papuans proper are. Their hair is long, and disposed to curl, but not woolly, and their foreheads are not retreating, nor their lower jaw “prognathous,” or projecting. They take delight in profuse beards and moustaches, and, on the whole—contrary to the descriptions sometimes given of them—are a finely-made, muscular race, of average European height, 5 feet 8 inches to 5 feet 10 inches. The *gins* (or women) are not so good-looking as the men, being early exposed to every hardship and brutally used from their very infancy. None of them are particularly good-looking, and some of the old hags are absolutely hideous (pp. 108, 109, 113, 116, 117).

They do not tattoo themselves, but both men and women mark their skins with scars, particularly on the shoulders, by incising the flesh with a cutting instrument and filling up the wound with clay or other foreign substances, so that, owing to the temporary inflammation which ensues, permanent cicatrices remain. These marks are different on the members of different tribes. Sometimes a piece of bone is placed through the septum of the nose, so that the hideousness of their general appearance is complete. Their *dress* varies according to the part of the country to which the individual under description may belong, though latterly the cast-off clothes of the colonists have afforded them the bulk of their garments, yet in general it consists of a circular mat, made out of a coiled rope twined out of the chewed roots of a species of bulrush. This singular garment, placed on the back and fastened round the waist, is known as the *paing-koont*. The rest of their wardrobe is made up of various kinds of cloaks, some of them formed of the furs of animals, while a rather curious one is woven out of the sea-grass (*Zostera*). The women, and often the men also, wear a petticoat of leaves. The hair is dressed in various ways, but in general little care is taken of it, and in no case is it attended to after the elaborate fashion of the Fiji or New Guinea Papuans, who in every respect, mental and social, are beings much higher in the scale of humanity.

The *character* of the Australians is about the worst of any of the Papuan races. They are acute thieves, treacherous in the extreme, greedy, capricious, cunning, unreasoning, passionate, and cruel to a degree which it requires a knowledge of the Papuan character generally to believe the human race capable of. Their character has not, moreover, been improved by contact with the stockmen and settlers on the "runs," who are, as a rule, by no means the most polished of their species. Treacherous attacks upon the solitary hut in the bush are of common occurrence, and, on the other hand, abominable outrages, which have not even the excuse of being viewed in the light of individual retribution, are made upon the natives by the colonists, notwithstanding the efforts of the magistrates and officials, whose duty it is to take cognisance of such acts. The Australian "black fellows," as they are universally styled by the colonists, are low in intelligence. They have no idea of giving a straightforward answer, but will repeatedly contradict themselves in the course of a few minutes' conversation; so that a traveller will be frequently driven to his wit's-end to arrive at the truth about the simplest matter. "A native," writes Mr. Oldfield,* "once brought me some specimens of a species of *Eucalyptus*, and being desirous of ascertaining the habit of the plant, I asked: 'A tall tree?' to which the ready answer was in the affirmative. Not feeling quite satisfied, I again demanded: 'A low bush?' to which 'yes' was also the response." The Australians are, however, not peculiar in this; the same is true of nearly all savages with whom I am acquainted. Ask them a leading question, and they will answer exactly as they fancy you wish them. The result is that a traveller unacquainted with the art of cross-questioning a native will speedily obtain a vast amount of entertaining information, confirmatory of any theory he may have in his brain on any particular subject whatever. Witness, for instance, the wondrous stories "derived from the Innuits," which the late Mr. Hall brought from the vicinity of Cumberland Sound, about Sir John Franklin's expedition, all of which must be received with an infinite number of grains of salt, owing to this inveterate habit on the part of the Eskimo of answering any question as they think the interrogator desires. When we come to the Australians, we find that the artistic faculty, which is so highly developed in the Papuan and Polynesian races, is almost entirely gone. Beyond the ability to make their own weapons and rude garments the Australians' art aspirations go not. They do not even understand a drawing, a deficiency of perception and comparison common among some races not even so low in the scale and some which are very high. On Mr. Oldfield showing some of them the coloured engraving of an aborigine of their own country, one Australian declared the figure to represent a ship, another a kangaroo, and so on, not one of a dozen identifying the portrait as having any connection with himself. Yet if they are shown a rude drawing, with all the lesser parts much exaggerated, they can realise the meaning of it. "Thus, to give them the idea of a man, the head must be drawn disproportionately large." Many other facts illustrating this deficiency in the savage intellect could be mentioned. For instance, Denham† tells us that a man of very considerable intelligence—a Mohammedan negro—could readily recognise figures, but could not understand a landscape. "I could not make him understand the intention of the print of the sand wind in the desert, which is really so well described by Captain Lyons' drawing; he would look at it upside-down, and when I twice reversed it for him, he exclaimed: 'Why! why! it is all the same.' A camel or a human figure was all I could make him understand, and at these he was all agitation and

* *Transactions of the Ethnological Society* (new series), vol. iii., p. 255. † "Travels in Africa," vol. i., p. 167.

delight. ‘*Gieb! gieb!*’ (wonderful! wonderful!). The eyes first took his attention, then the other features; at the sight of the sword he exclaimed, ‘Allah! Allah!’ and on discovering the guns, instantly exclaimed, ‘Where is the powder?’” Yet the Australian is not lowest in the Papuan scale. He is not of bright intellect, yet his weapons and the various ingenious ways he has devised to ameliorate his surroundings, show that he is far from wanting in intellect. He is far above the Tierra del Fuegian, he is superior to what the Tasmanian was, and he is of a higher degree of civilisation than the Nigritto and the Andaman Islanders.

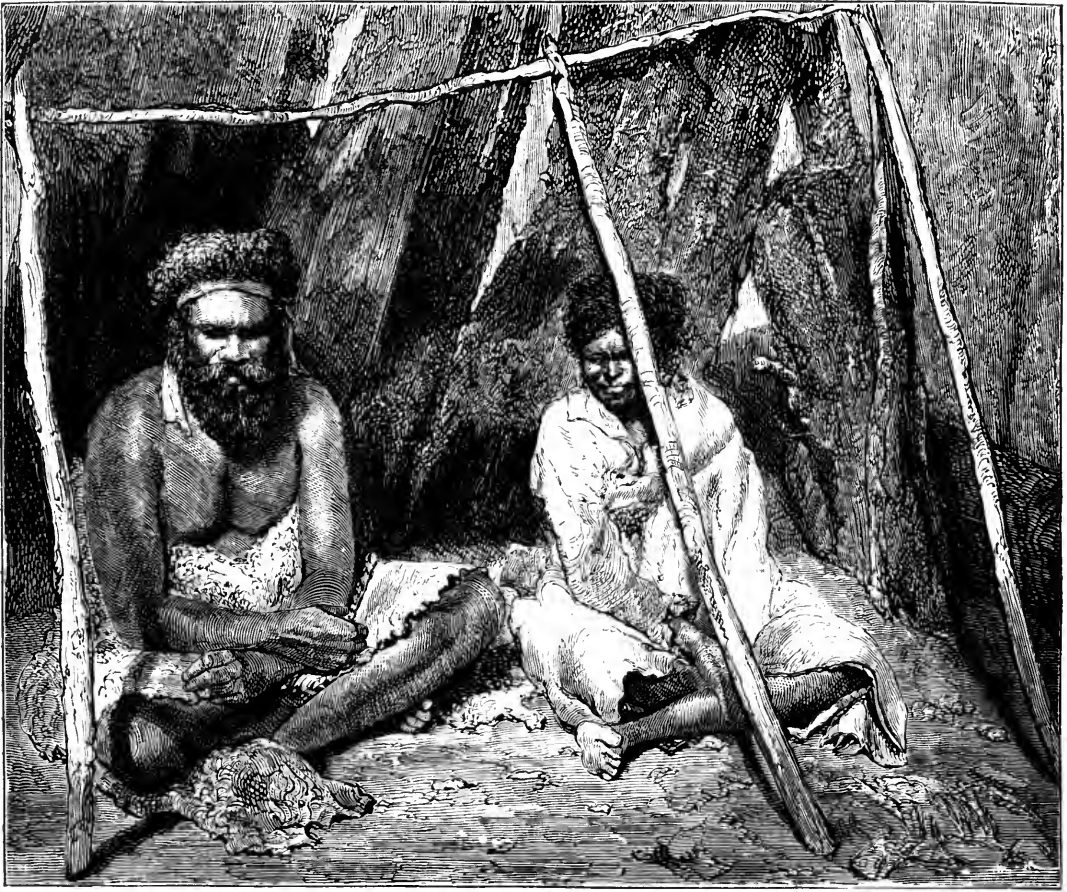
What does the Australian *eat*? To this I may answer, what will he *not* eat? Anything which contains nutriment, no matter how disgusting to our ideas, is in the eyes of the Australian a tit-bit. Tadpoles, snakes, insects, as well as more toothsome articles of diet, are all fish to his gastronomic net. With the exception of a few yams cultivated by some tribes, they have



“REPRESENTATIVE” AUSTRALIANS, NEW SOUTH WALES.

no artificial source of food. Here, again, they are infinitely beneath the Papuan people, who, we have seen, are enthusiastic agriculturists. They use, however, many wild vegetable products as food, including various roots, and the seed-like bodies (“spores” and “spore-cases”) of *Marsilea macropus* (p. 120) known as *Nardoo*, which has, however, little nutritive property. The Australian explorers, Burke and Wills, died of starvation upon it. They are in the habit of digging deep down for the lower part of the roots of the gum-tree (*Eucalyptus*), and then extracting the water which they contain, and so quenching their thirst even when the surrounding country is devoid of the slightest trace of a spring, pool, or river. Fish of various species—fresh-water and marine—and shell-fish also, supply a contingent to the Australian commissariat; while grubs on trees, and the Bugong moth (*Euplea hamata*), collected in great quantities and roasted, wings and all, afford no mean portion of the subsistence of this wretched people. A more toothsome food is wild honey. To find out the localities where the wild bees have stored this, the hunters capture a bee, and, by means of a little gum, attach a fragment of tow to the body, so that its flight through the air can be watched. Over rock and fallen timber, through bush,

and over cleared land, hill and valley, the eager honey-hunters pursue the marked insect until they find it disappear into a hollow tree or cleft in the rocks. They then know that in such position its nest is. Under cover of smoke they soon dig into the place and extract the sweet stores, devouring with equal gusto the honey and the young grubs or bees scattered through it. Turtle are also captured by them, and one species is said to be caught in an ingenious manner by the *Remora*, or sucking-fish. The species of fish has a peculiar sucker on the back of its head, by which it attaches itself to ships, other fishes, &c. The Australian accordingly keeps



AUSTRALIANS OF VICTORIA.

this fish in a vessel of water, and when turtle are in the vicinity lets it go with a string attached to it. The *Remora* soon fastens on one of the reptiles, and sticks so firmly that both it and the turtle can be drawn into the boat before the fish will quit its hold. They cook all their food, generally by roasting it over the fire. But they have also a method of baking their meat by placing it in a hole in which a fire has been kept burning for some time, and then covering it over with ashes; the result is that the warmth which remains in the earth cooks the food perfectly. Snakes—even the most venomous species—are favourite articles of diet. The *dagong* and the kangaroo (p. 105) are also eaten with avidity whenever they can be procured by the

hunters. They are, like most savages, enormous gluttons, and, though lazy and indolent on ordinary occasions, on the hunt, under the stimulus of an empty stomach, are patient and persevering to a remarkable degree.

Their weapons for offence, defence, or the hunt consist chiefly of the *waddy*, a club which is made in various shapes, and hurled with their greatest skill and effect. It is the Australian's constant companion; without the *waddy*—even with a musket—the “black fellow” would not consider himself armed. In the field he throws it at game—human or brute—at his enemies, white or black; and at home he requires the smallest provocation to hurl it at his wife or children, laying them senseless or dead on the spot. With the prevalence of such domestic discipline, one is not surprised to hear that contrary to what prevails elsewhere—a thick skull is the highest ambition of an Australian to possess, and that no more opprobrious term of contempt can be heaped on him than to hint that his skull is thin. When two natives quarrel they settle their differences by a combat with *waddies*. Then, in the presence of spectators, they maul each other over the head with these formidable clubs until one of them falls senseless, when accordingly his rival is declared victor. The skull of an Australian is, therefore, generally quite a surgical curiosity in the variety of osteological contusions, fractures, &c., which it exhibits. The use of the *waddy* is wide-spread among all the Australian tribes, but spears are also in use, made in a great variety of forms. They are not hurled directly from the hand, but by means of a “throw-stick.” Bows and arrows are also in use, but most celebrated of all the Australian weapons, and one which is most ingenious, is the famous *boomerang*. Briefly described, this weapon is in the form of a hard, rather flattened, curved piece of wood, which, when hurled from the hand in a peculiar manner, whirls through the air with inconceivable force, strikes the object, and returns again by a rebound almost to the thrower's feet. A skilful *boomerang*-thrower can project it round a corner, though himself unseen and under cover, and can hurl it so adroitly that, as it whirls over and over, eddying through the air, it is difficult for the untrained observer not to believe that this wonderful weapon is not endowed with life. It is the weapon which in its universal use is only equalled by the *waddy*; but, unlike the club, it is entirely unknown outside the Australian continent.* Finally, we may mention that the Australian usually carries a light, oblong shield to protect his body from the effects of these weapons in the hands of his enemies. Many of their weapons appeared to have been copied from the Papuans proper or from the Polynesians. The Australian is never without some private squabble or vendetta on his hand, but wars proper are unknown to him. They would require foresight and powers of organisation of which these savages are not possessed: his intellect is too low for this. Disputes about territory, women, &c., are fertile causes of war; but one, scarcely less common, arises something after this manner. If a person dies without any marked cause, it is believed that a bird called *marralya* comes to the sick person, and secretly squeezing him or her round the waist, causes death. Now, if a person has a feud against another, and the latter dies, it is believed that the bird is only a person of the hostile tribe, or a relation of the hostile

* It is, however, affirmed—and Gen. Pitt-Rivers has lately established it almost beyond a doubt—that one of the weapons depicted on the walls of the tombs of the ancient Egyptian Kings of Thebes is a form of *boomerang*, and the same anthropologist and Sir Walter Elliot, whose every opinion on such matters is to be received with respect, say that it is still in use by the inhabitants of the wilder districts of India—the descendants of aboriginal races (Dravidians).

individual—if not himself—who comes in the disguise of the great bird, and so accomplishes the destruction of his enemy. A challenge then ensues, and sanguinary recriminations on both sides are the result. There is, however, no regular onset between the two tribes. The “war” is more a series of duels or murders by one small party who may chance to surprise another under favourable circumstances. When an enemy is killed, his slayer cuts open his loins and tears out his kidneys, so that he may besmear his face with the fat as a trophy of his prowess. By this means he imagines, in accordance with a similar belief among many other people (Vol. I., p. 196), that he will obtain a portion of the courage of the dead man. For one hostile tribe to raise a smoke in the sight of another is accounted a challenge to fight, and doubtless the early colonists, unaware of this custom, lost many valuable lives by their unwittingly doing so, ignorant of the fatal interpretation which would be put upon it by the treacherous, suspicious “black fellow” lurking in the bush. They are exceedingly tricky, and though apparently unarmed, require sharp looking after, as they may have weapons trailing behind them, by means of the point of the spear being secured between the great and first toe, and after these have been hurled against the unsuspecting colonist, have others lying on the ground at a little distance, which will be caught up as they retreat, and again thrown at their pursuing enemy. They have long memories for injuries, and are revengeful in the extreme. If they cannot kill the person who did them or theirs the wrong, they will kill *somebody*, if belonging to his family or relatives so much the better, but at all events reprisal must be taken on some one.

As cannibalism is so marked a feature of the Papuan race, it would be remarkable if the Australian, so low in type, was altogether free from suspicion in this respect. The participation in this loathsome practice is not, however, perfectly made out, though there is little doubt but that in times of scarcity they will eat their relatives. One tribe is even said to be in the habit of mixing the flesh of children with that of dogs, and eating the mixture when hard run for food. This cannot, however, be said to be cannibalism as an ordinary custom, for even civilised races have been driven to the same extremity. A circumstance, however, more suspicious is the fact (for fact it is said to be) of their baiting fish-hooks in some places with the fat of boys. These stories may, however, be exaggerated by the ignorant and prejudiced colonists. But that on certain occasions they eat part of the bodies of their slain enemies admits, I think, of little doubt. Before me are the particulars of such a case by an eyewitness, which is, however, too long to quote. In this case it ought, however, to be mentioned, that only those who had engaged in the fight were allowed to partake of the human banquet. That this was therefore looked upon in the light of a religious ceremony seems certain, for it was out of no selfish motive that the prohibition mentioned was decreed, as there was more than enough and to spare for all, had the rites then enacted allowed any but the victors taking part in the feast.

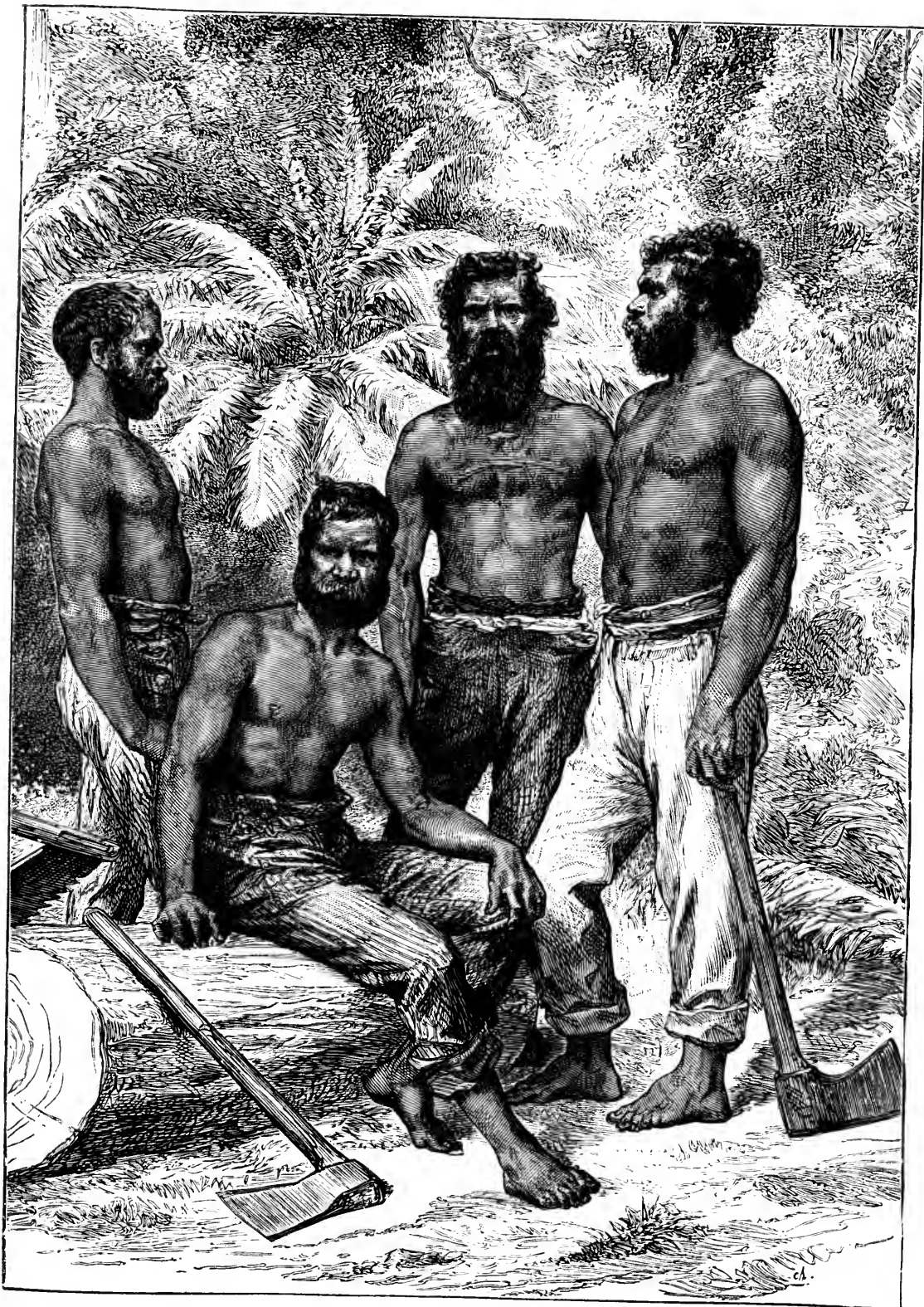
Their *dances* are numerous, and all wild and weird, most of them being performed either by moonlight or by the fitful flame of the camp-fire. Some of these *corroborees*, such as the *kuri* and other dances, are not only strange, but even graceful.

Marriage among such a rude people cannot be attended with any religious ceremonies or mysterious rites. It is essentially marriage by force. The following is the method in which the Sydney natives used to obtain wives, and the manners of the Australian natives have not much improved for the better since the time this was written. “The poor wretch

is stolen upon in the absence of her protectors. Being first stupefied with blows, inflicted with clubs or wooden swords, on the head, back, and shoulders, every one of which is followed by a stream of blood, she is then dragged through the woods by one arm, with a perseverance and violence that, it might be supposed, would displace it from its socket. The lover, or rather the ravisher, is regardless of the stones or broken pieces of trees that may lie in his route, being anxious only to convey his prize in safety to his own party, when a scene ensues too shocking to relate. This outrage is not resented by the relations of the female, who only retaliate by a similar outrage when they find an opportunity. This is so constantly the practice among them, that even the children make it a play-game, or exercise."* Again, Mr. Oldfield, an intelligent writer on these people, remarks that in Australia the men are in excess of the other sex, and "consequently many men of every tribe are unprovided with that especial necessary to their comfortable subsistence, a wife! who is a slave in the strictest sense of the word, being a beast of burden, a provider of food, and a ready object on which to expend those passions the men dare not vent on each other. Hence, for those coveting such a luxury, arises the necessity of stealing the women of some other tribe; and in these expeditions to effect so laudable a design, they will cheerfully undergo privations and dangers equal to those they incur when in search of blood revenge. When, on such an errand, they discover an unprotected female, their proceedings are not of the most gentle nature. Stunning her with a blow from the *waddy* (to make her love him perhaps), they drag her by the hair to the nearest thicket to await her recovery. When she comes to her senses they force her to accompany them; and, as at the worst, it is but the exchange of one brutal lord for another, she generally enters into the spirit of the affair, and takes as much pains to escape as though it were a matter of her own free will." Between the wives and the husbands little real affection can be expected. The husband avowedly looks upon his wife as a beast of burden; a slave to whom every labour is to be delegated, and who is to be brutally beaten and ill-used on the most trivial provocation. Ex-governor Eyre, who was for some years one of the Australian "Protectors of Aborigines," declares that few women "will be found upon examination to be free from frightful scars upon the head, or the marks of spear-wounds about the body. I have seen a young woman, who, from the number of those marks, appeared to have been almost riddled with spear-wounds. If at all good-looking, their position is, if possible, even worse than otherwise." So brutal, indeed, is the way in which these wretched wives of wretched men are treated, that a recent eminent ethnological writer—Sir John Lubbock—feels himself bound in respect to the feelings of a certain section of his readers, to translate into Latin the description of how they are treated. A man is, however, prohibited from marrying a woman whose family name is the same as his own, and even who belongs to the same tribe, though the parties may be in no way connected. Here again we see the "Royal Marriage Act" cropping up (Eyre's "Discoveries in Central Australia," vol. i., p. 97). Another curious prohibition (which, however, finds its counterpart among other tribes, see Vol. I., p. 197) is that a man must not pronounce the name of his father-in-law, mother-in-law, or son-in-law.

Diseases they cure like the North-Western American Indians (Vol. I., p. 110) by sucking the

* Collins, "New South Wales," p. 362.



NATIVES AT THE "ABORIGINAL STATION," OR RESERVE OF CORANDERRK, NEAR
HEALESVILLE, VICTORIA.

place from whence the pain proceeds. Another method of cure is to tie a string round the forehead or neck of the patient. Meantime some friends rub the lips of the patient with the other end of the string until they bleed. The disease is then supposed to come out of the blood, passing along the string.

Religion they can scarcely be said to possess. It is merely a vague belief in evil spirits, who are to be propitiated or guarded against. Priests, temples, or religious rites—proper—they have none. Mrs. Thomson, a Scotch woman, who was kept captive amongst the natives of the Eastern Prince of Wales Island, and who lived with them in the capacity of the wife of one of the men (all of whom behaved kindly, though the women were very jealous of her and treated her with much cruelty), denied that they believed in any Supreme Being, in the immortality of the soul, or in any system of reward or punishments. After death the dead are changed into Europeans, "Fall down black man, jump up white man!" was the simple philosophy of this people. A native who was hanged at Melbourne a few years ago consoled himself with the belief that he would "jump up white fellow and have lots of sixpences." Mrs. Thomson was supposed to be the ghost of the daughter of a man named Piaquai, and the children used to run after her crying, "Poor thing! she is nothing—only a ghost!"* A similar idea prevails northward from the Torres Islands to New Caledonia, and even amongst various negro tribes in Africa. The Australians have no belief in the creation of the world. Like the Polynesians, they believed that everything existed as it is from the beginning. The earth, however, at the beginning was covered by water, until Mawe drew up New Zealand by means of an enchanted hook.† Of justice and equity in the abstract the Australians have no idea. Their only idea in these matters is, that the man is right who is physically or numerically strong enough to risk the vengeance which he has braved by his acts.

The Australians are divided in many oscillating, wandering, tribal divisions, differing in some minor particulars, but all agreeing in the broad characteristics which we have mentioned. Yet they have no chiefs, and no idea of one man being superior to another in rank. Sir George Grey tells us that each family adopts some animal or vegetable as their crest, *totem* (Vol. I., p. 87), or *kobong*, as they call it. A man never kills the animal which he has adopted as his *kobong* when he finds it asleep, nor indeed at any time without allowing it a chance to escape. Similarly a native who has a particular vegetable for his *kobong* will not gather it except at a particular time of the year, and apparently from a similar belief—viz., that some relative or friend may be an individual of the particular species of animal or plant which they avoid destroying. Their laws, to use the language of Sir George Grey, "are unfitted for the government of a single isolated family, some of them being only adapted for the regulation of an assemblage of families. They could, therefore, not have been a series of rules given by the first father to his children; again, they could not have been rules given by an assemblage of the first fathers to their children, for there are these remarkable features about them, that some are of such a nature as to compel those subject to them to remain in a state of barbarism."‡ Rude as they are, they are punctilious in the forms with which they

* Macgillivray's "Voyage of the *Rattlesnake*," vol. ii., p. 29. See also Stephens, "South Australia," p. 78.

† Grey's "Polynesian Mythology," p. 1.

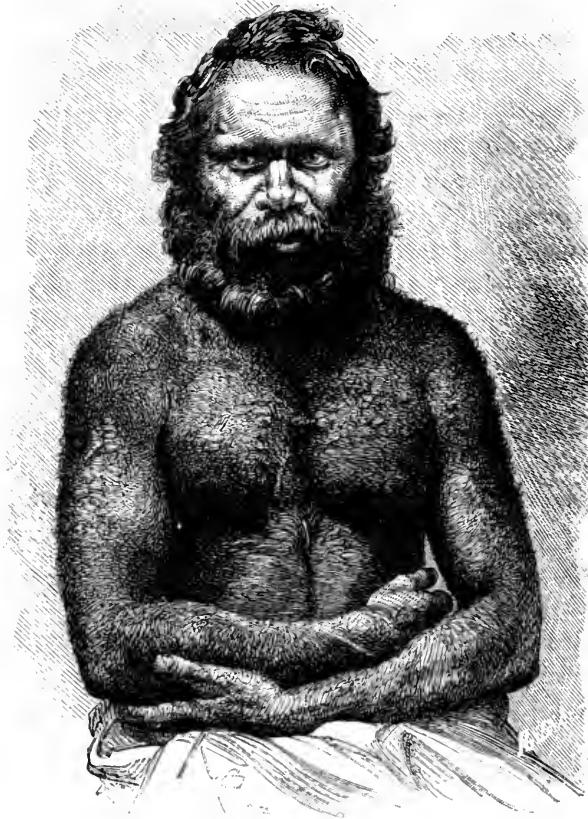
‡ "Journal of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-west and Western Australia," vol. ii., p. 222.

receive each other, and in the general courtesies which they extend to the individuals of their own people. Individual property in land, using the term in contradistinction to communal possession, where the whole is held in common by the tribe, prevails amongst them. Each male has some portion which he calls his own, and of which he can point out the boundaries. A father subdivides his land, according to Mr. Eyre, during his lifetime, and the property descends in hereditary succession. There is no particular privilege attaching to the eldest son, nor can females inherit land. Certain tracts of land, rich in gum, &c., are claimed by certain families as theirs, but only for the collection of these products at the proper season. At any other period they could be debarred entering these tracts by the real owners of the land. The rivers are, in like manner, claimed by certain tribes for fishing purposes, and so strict is this law of the private rights in land that trespassers after game can be, and are whenever possible, punished by death. The result of this division of land during the father's lifetime is that at the age of fourteen or fifteen a boy will point out the portion he will eventually inherit. In the event of the males of a family becoming extinct, the male children of the daughters inherit their grandfather's lands (Eyre). Mr. Eyre further informs us that when a man's eldest child is named, the father takes the name of the child, Kadlitpinno, "the father of Kadli," while the mother is called Kadlingangki, or "mother of Kadli," from *ngangki* (a female). A similar custom prevails among some American tribes (*e.g.*, the Kutchin of the Mackenzie River region) and among some of the aboriginal tribes of the Malay Archipelago (Sumatra).

As a race the Australians are making almost no progress in civilisation. A few are employed as native police or as bushtrackers, for which they are well adapted. But as in the case of aborigines elsewhere, it must be said that the vices of civilisation seem more easily acquired by them than the arts. These and the rough discipline of the colonists are doing their work, and in time the "black fellow" of Australia will have gone the way of the "black fellow" of Van Diemen's Land. The natives of Australia look in some respects as isolated as the natural productions of the country, but even they, in other respects than their features, have their connecting links with the people surrounding them. As Dr. Pickering pointed out many years ago, the throwing-stick is in use in Eastern Guinea, in New Britain, and, in a form, in New Caledonia; the oblong shield in the Louisiade Archipelago and around Dampier's Straits, &c. Some words appear to be common. Thus *dundu* (the Australian word for the black swan) is also found in New Britain, where it is applied to a species of emu or cassowary.

The Australian "black fellow" is an expiring race, and in Queensland, where he is still found in something like his old condition, he is disappearing with the rapidity which has overtaken the wild tribesmen in every other part of the world, where they have had the evil fortune to come in contact with "civilisation." "Dispersed" by the ruthless native police, poisoned by colonial rum, and—if all stories are true—by means even more potent, shot down by the stockmen who live beyond the range of law and of public opinion, the strongest of the "mobs" have been reduced until only a miracle can keep them alive. And yet, as a recent writer remarks, their lot before the whites came amongst them was not an unhappy one, especially in the coast districts, where game is more plentiful than inland. The kangaroos and other wild animals were more abundant than nowadays, when they are killed wholesale;

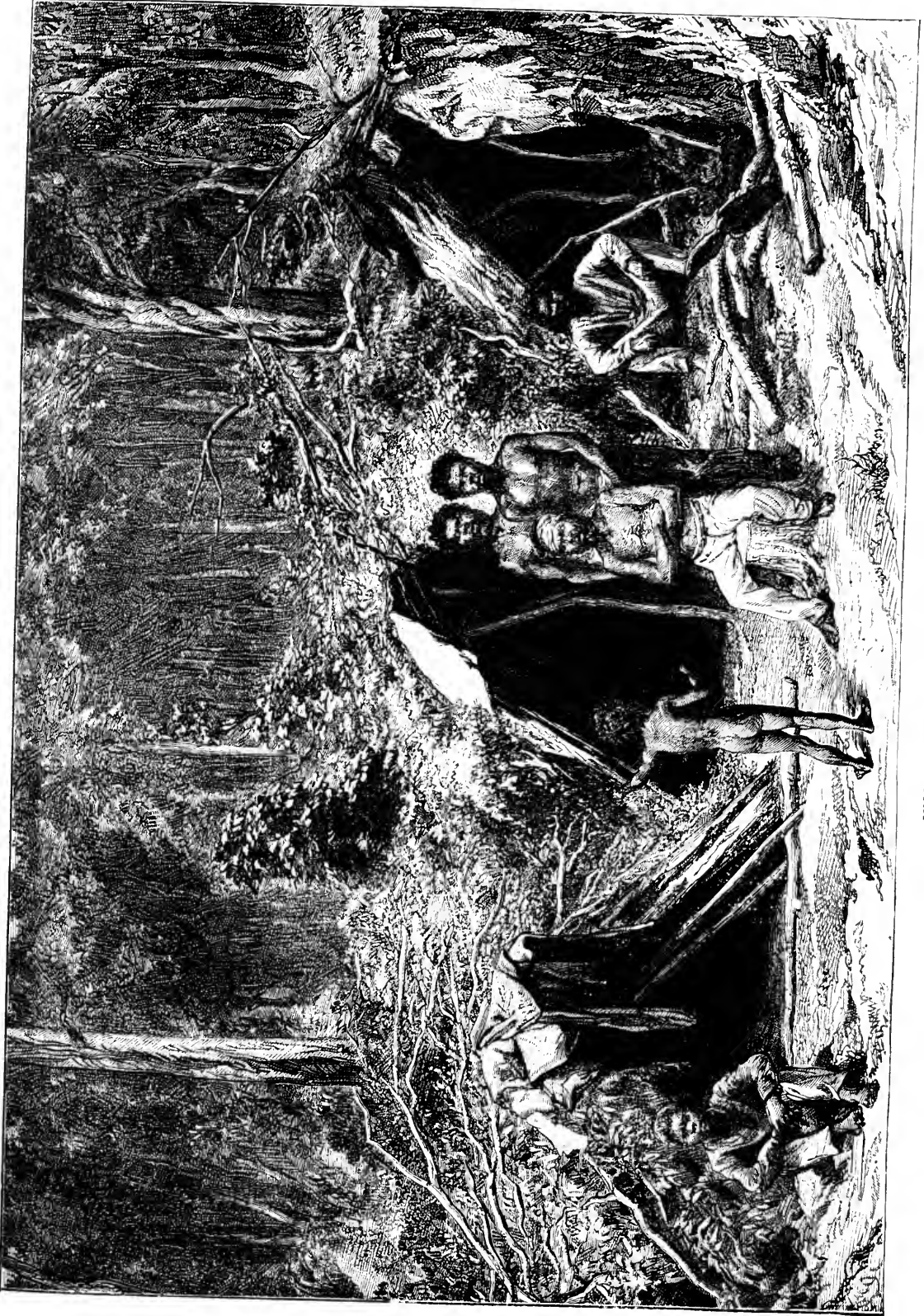
accordingly, they seldom suffered a day's hunger.* Each tribe was ruled by a chief, whose influence depended on his fighting qualities, and was otherwise but slight over the rest of his tribesmen. Nor was it safe for any tribe to venture outside its own district, which indeed they rarely did except in time of war, or to carry off a damsel from a neighbouring camp. Each small group of families had, as we have seen, their own totem, or crest, and scrupulously abstained from killing or eating the animal whose name they bore. Their



A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN.

moral character would then have compared not unfavourably with that of more civilised nations. The marriage laws were very strict, and no intermarriage was permitted between members of the same family. They were polygamous, but adultery was almost unknown, and surely punished by death. Honest to each other, pilfering was not one of their vices,

* The notes which follow are condensed, for the most part, from reports by Mr. Wisker in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for December 17th, 1881, and *Fortnightly Review*, 1882, pp. 712, 720. See also for other tribes, Fison and Howitt: "Kamilaris and Kurnai" (1880); Dawson: "Australian Aborigines" (1881); and the exhaustive treatise of Brough Smyth on the natives of the Colony of Victoria and the continent generally. In Dr. Bleek's "Inquiries into Australian Folk-Lore," various works and papers are cited, and most of them described in his catalogue of the Grey Library at Cape Town.



ENCAMPMENT OF AUSTRALIANS.

and each tribe was almost a small commune. Living in a land of plenty, a very slight exertion was enough to ensure them and their families an abundance of food. Kangaroo and wallaby, opossum and bandicoot, turkeys and wild-fowl, are all plentiful and easily got at, and when, as in Queensland, yams and the large potato-like roots of the water-lily are added to the list, it will be seen that their diet was by no means to be despised. Did they wish for a change, they had only to take to their canoes to be sure of an abundant supply of fish. Their nets, made by the gins, by hand, out of a species of hibiscus, were of immense size and very strong, and were generally common property to three or four families. Their canoes, made of bark and sewn together with thread made of hibiscus bark, are light, easily managed, and wonderfully buoyant, though an inexperienced white man, on stepping into one, will probably take a header into the water on the opposite side. In addition to the universal boomerang, their weapons are stone tomahawks, spears of various patterns—some of them barbed with great ingenuity—and nullas, or short clubs with a knobbed head, which they use both for throwing and hand-to-hand fighting. A heavy two-handed wooden sword and a shield complete the list of their offensive and defensive weapons. The use of the bow and arrow is fortunately unknown to them, except in the extreme north-east of the colony, where they have a considerable dash of foreign blood, and are frequently visited by blacks from the south of New Guinea, which is only about ninety miles distant. About Cape York, Macgillivray noticed that the heads of the children were distorted into a conical shape by manual pressure. Only recently Miklouho-Maklay observed the same feature among the natives at Mabrak, on one of the islands on Torres Strait, and on the east coast of New Guinea the skulls of the adult women are cinctured by the continual pressure of the band by which they carry loads. The only poison of which they have found out the use is the bark of a species of myrtle, which, being pounded up and then thrown into the water, sickens the fish and brings them to the surface, where they become an easy prey. Their knowledge of medicine is very slight, but then they are, or rather were, rarely sick. The bite of a scorpion or centipede they cure by sucking and chewing the spot that was bitten. The bite of any deadly snake they do not attempt to cure, but quietly lie down, and, amid the howls of their relations, await the death that speedily follows the bite. A severe flesh-wound they plaster up with mud and keep moist for a few days, and cure in this manner some frightful-looking wounds. A broken bone they set to the best of their ability, but the result is usually a crooked or shortened limb. Measles they treat by getting into a water-hole, and sitting there with their heads out until they recover—as they very rarely do—from this, to them, terrible scourge. As for clothing, they content themselves with the costume of our first parents in their days of innocence, though occasionally on grand occasions the young gins wear a plaited loin-cloth. During the short Queensland winter they use 'possum rugs, which they make very neatly. Their houses consist of three or four sheets of bark put up in a semicircle on the windy side of a small fire, round which they lie. Their only time of hardship is during the wet season, when sometimes it rains incessantly for a fortnight, and they have some difficulty in getting about after the game, and cannot fish in the flooded creeks. Their life, before the whites came, was as tolerable an animal existence as could be imagined. Plenty to eat and drink, and little else to do, a genial climate, and few enemies, what more could any

savage desire? They had laws, and they knew that if they broke them a blow on the head from a nulla or a spear through the body would be the result so they wisely abstained. Superstitious, like all ignorant races, they had a sort of idea of some evil power, who sent snakes and crocodiles and similar troubles; but they never went to the length of trying to propitiate him by prayer or sacrifice. It is commonly affirmed that when the death of a member of the tribe has been determined on by the elders, the unsuspecting victim is made insensible by a blow on the head, and his kidney fat is taken out through a small slit made between the ribs. He wakes with probably a headache, and certainly a sore side, but recovers sufficiently to go about for two or three days, when he dies, vomiting incessantly. But this story, after careful inquiry, I am inclined to class with many others of a similar type. It is, however, always difficult to obtain anything like accurate information about tribes like the "aboriginals" of Queensland. The "old settler" is ready enough to volunteer his knowledge, and to deride the published accounts of every other person. It is, however, rare that the data of these "eye-witnesses" are of any value, for they have not been trained to observe and to weigh evidence, to eliminate what is simply an accidental fact from what is general, constant, and not merely their own personal experience, under exceptional circumstances. Formerly they used to cremate their dead with considerable ceremony, but now they bury like whites. That they were at one time cannibals there is no reason to doubt; and in the older days, when white men were not unfrequently surprised and killed, their cooked and half-eaten remains were repeatedly found in the blacks' camp by the avenging native police. Of cultivation they are innocent; they get their food with little trouble, so have no inducement to work. Now that they are half-civilised, their old customs and laws are nearly forgotten; their marriage laws are no longer kept as of old, and the few survivors are allowed to follow their inclinations regardless of relationship.

Half-castes are by no means uncommon, and some colonists have one or more gins constantly about their stations. The boys have been now and then forcibly taken away by settlers from a distance who want a slave, to whom they will have to pay no wages, and if they tried to escape, were taught by corporal punishment that they were no longer free. But such cases are very rare. However, civil rights they have none, and though occasionally a settler has been tried for shooting an absconding or offending black boy, no jury has thought fit in Queensland to find a white man guilty of murder for killing a "nigger." That civilisation has been to them anything but a curse it would be hypocrisy to deny. Not allowed to wander over their old hunting-grounds, they are compelled to "loaf" about the towns and stations, doing odd jobs for any one who wants them, and seldom recover from the diseases which are a gift from their more enlightened white brethren. The colonial Government still keeps up the fiction of paying for their country by giving to each of them on the Queen's birthday a blanket worth five or six shillings. The vices of the whites they quickly imitate; their virtues they rarely see, and never copy. Their hatred of work, or of any kind of steady employment is ineradicable. They are vagabonds, and vagabonds they insist on remaining. A few years hence and their land will know them no more; their utter destruction is only a question of time. The fate of the Australians, those who have read our account of the North American Indians will know, is not singular. The Hottentots and the nomads of Siberia are vanishing, and the Bushmen will soon be an

extinct people. The Brazilian Portuguese, according to the testimony of Tschudi and the Prince of Wied, deposited the clothes of scarlet-fever or small-pox patients on the hunting-grounds of the natives. The Utah settlers poisoned the desert drinking-places with strychnine, as an easy way of getting clear of the "Injuns;" and it is known—though I should be sorry to look upon the incident as anything but an individual outburst of demoniacism—that in Australia whites claiming the name of women have been guilty of mixing arsenic with the meal which they gave to the starving blacks. Las Casas described the wretched Caribs of the Antilles destroying themselves by rope and poison, and to save the children from their parents' wretched lot, the Chontals and Mijes agreed to practise infanticide on a large scale. But of all the painful stories of this character, the extinction of the Tasmanians is the worst. We have little to say regarding these people, the natives of Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, for the



THE NARDOO PLANT (*Marsilea macrospora* .

A, Spore Cases or seed-like bodies, of natural size.

simple reason that before they began to be studied in earnest they became extinct. They were, indeed, subjects of the British Crown, but the ruthless barbarism of their neighbours was too much for them, and the Government never lifted its arm to protect them until it was too late; and thus the experiment of keeping alive upon the earth the remnants of what had numbered only a few years before several thousands of people failed. Civilisation might have lost little by the extinction of the Tasmanians; science might have gained a little by their preservation, for what is known about them is only derived from the fragmentary notes of voyagers, travellers, or the remnants that tradition has handed down. But humanity suffered irremediably by their effacement. When the last Tasmanian was put under ground the average morality of the British people fell sensibly.

TASMANIANS.

In appearance the Tasmanian was as ugly a specimen of humanity as could be well imagined. In stature he was small, but otherwise, both in character and custom, he greatly

resembled the Australian, from whom it is almost certain he was originally derived. Architecture amongst them was in its most primitive condition. In the mountainous parts of the country he found shelter in caves and hollows, while on the plains the winds were broken by a shelter of trees firmly wedged together and supported by means of stakes. This rude erection was crescentic in form, the convex side being opposed to the winds. In this building, consisting of half a wall and no roof, a fire was kept burning in the unenclosed space to the leeward. His home had little furniture beyond the *waddies*, baskets of grass, large shells for carrying water, and a few articles of personal adornment. They were not even acquainted with the art of raising fire by rubbing two pieces of stick together, or by striking one stone against another. Accord-



SQUATTERS' STATION ON THE DARLING DOWNS, NEW SOUTH WALES.

ingly, fire was never allowed to go out, and it was the duty of the females, when the tribe (or "a mob," as the colonists called them) moved about from place to place, to preserve this fire alive. When on land they travelled on foot; their locomotion by water seems to have been effected by *calamareans*, rather than by regular canoes. The planks of these were fastened together by means of rush bands, or thongs made out of the skins of wild beasts. To search for wild animals or the natural productions of the soil were their only occupations, while rude dances were the unfailing recreation of what seems, from our point of view, to have been a miserable life; but, doubtless, on this subject they had a different opinion. Like the Australians, they had neither hereditary, nor, indeed, elective chiefs, though while moving about, or in times of extremity, they recognised the imperfect authority of the individual who had the greatest force of character. It is said—but I doubt it much—that in all their rude theology there was no pretension to divination, magical influence, or witchcraft, and that in sickness a patient was

relieved or tortured, as the case may be, by "non-professional advisers and the application of an ordinary surgery. He was bled, for instance, with a flint, or a crystal sharpened for the occasion; and the friend who bled him was the first person that had an opportunity. No one presumed to be specially qualified for such offices. The women watched over the dying, and the dead were usually buried." In religion they believed in a spirit who could, especially during the night, hurt or annoy them, and beyond this their mythology was limited. They also believed in a world beyond the grave, where they were better fed, and led a somewhat easier life than in the present one; where stockmen who set spring-guns for them were unknown, and where neither mutton impregnated with strychnine nor flour with arsenic was put in their way when they were hungry. They had great confidence in the power of amulets. The most valued of these was a bone from either the skull or the arm of their deceased relatives, to be sewn up in a piece of skin; this was sovereign against sickness or premature death. After their experience of the convicts and stockmen had enlarged they began to lose confidence in the power of this osteological charm. Like the Polynesians, Americans (Vol. I., p. 104), and their nearest neighbours—the Australians—they dreaded to pronounce the name of a deceased friend.*

In appearance the Tasmanians were, as we have already indicated, ugly beyond the ugliness of savages. Their hair was short, and rather inclined to curl, while the nose meandered on either side into an expanse of nostril on their black faces. The story of their wrongs, as well as of their life and extermination, has been truthfully written by Mr. Bonwick, and a terrible tale he has to tell.† The details he unfolds are of a nature almost too horrible to transfer to these pages, even did space permit of an outline being given. Pent up in a comparatively small island, the war which the rough settlers and stockmen, mostly convicts, waged against them soon completed their ruin. Their outrages were of such a nature that one is not surprised at the determination of these injured people to drive from their land a race of men among whom were people capable of such acts. To use the language of a well-known colonist, they were treated "worse than dogs, or even beasts of prey; hunted from place to place, shot, their families torn from them, and the mother snatched from her children to become the victim of the lust and cruelty of their civilised Christian neighbours!" To slaughter a party sleeping around their camp-fire, and then to fling an infant, who had escaped the general murder, into the fire, was thought little of by these brutal settlers. A convict bushranger of Van Diemen's Land, executed a few years ago for crimes committed against the *Europeans*, confessed that he had actually been in the habit of shooting the blacks to feed his dogs with their flesh. The wretched females were even worse treated. Captain Stokes tells us that a convict servant kept a poor *gin* chained up like a wild beast, and whenever he wanted her to do anything, applied a burning stick—a fire-brand snatched from the hearth—to her skin. The natives retaliated bitterly, and when they captured a settler, after mutilating him, would hand him over to the *gins* for torture. The details of this are unfit for publication; suffice it to say that the deep-rooted vengeance of the blacks was exhibited in it. It was then war to the knife. Finally, after many failures, the last of them were captured, or induced to come in, and were at last settled, to the number of 210, on

* "Moral and Social Characteristics of the Aborigines of Tasmania, as gathered by intercourse with the surviving remnant of them now located in Flinder's Island." By the Rev. T. Dove, in *Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science*, vol. i.

† "The Last of the Tasmanians" (1870); Waitz: "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," vol. vi. (1863).

Flinder's Island, under the protection of the Government. In 1876 the last of them died. I need add no comment. If the reader cannot make his own, mine would be of little avail. The extermination of a whole race of mankind is an astounding matter; and when that race was living under the same Government as ourselves—subjects of the same benign and noble-hearted sovereign—dark-skinned compatriots of that proud race on whose kinsmen the sun never sets—*protégés* of a mighty empire—the question gets beyond the cynic's selfish sneer and becomes "too terrible for tears."

ANDAMAN ISLANDERS.

In the Bay of Bengal are situated the Andaman Islands, inhabited by a peculiar race—a race low in the intellectual scale, inferior even to the Tasmanian, and altogether an anomaly to the student of man. The Andaman Islanders are black, with bushy hair, not unlike the Papuans, but, with the exception of their skin, having no relation whatever to the negroes. So far as can be made out, they are pure Papuans,* who have lived isolated from the rest of mankind, and the stock has, therefore, remained unmixed with the blood of alien nations or tribes. Savages more pure and of a lower type it is hardly possible to conceive. A coat of clay, to protect their skin from the bite of insects, is their only clothing. Law, religion, villages, or government they have none. They wander about from place to place, herding promiscuously together, and having no idea of marriage as it exists even among the lowest race. Mother and daughters may be the wives of the same husband. Of all strangers they are suspicious, and stoutly contest their landing; hence the little we have known regarding this strange people until the Indian Government established a convict settlement on the islands, and thereby enabled Dr. Mouatt, the Bengal Inspector of Prisons, to prepare his interesting account of their habits, so far as could be observed. When Mouatt's party attempted to make their first landing, though infinitely more powerful than the savages, yet they were furiously opposed by the Andamaners, armed with long and powerful bows, from which, at a distance of sixty or seventy feet, they discharged arrows with great accuracy and effect. The bow is the favourite and almost constant weapon of the *Mincopies*, as these people style themselves. They even use it to shoot fish in the sea, hauling in the fish by means of a cord attached to their arrow-harpoon. They are skilful fishermen, canoe-men, and canoe-makers: of late they have adopted outriggers. Yet, with all their savage nature, the Andamaners are not cannibals, though they mutilate the bodies of their enemies in their wild fury. They feed on roots, fruits, fish, and the flesh of wild animals. The pig, now tolerably plentiful on the islands, affords them a favourite dish. They cook it by placing it among a heap of smouldering ashes in a large hole burnt in a standing tree.† Their huts are little better than a few crooked sticks stuck into the ground, with palm leaves laid on their sloping sides as a thatch, to protect the householder from the rain. Skulls and other trophies of the chase hang in the hut, while the owner limits his idea of personal decoration to yellow ochre or a bit of glittering shell or bone fastened to his person by a string around the middle. Mothers suckle their children until in the course of nature they can supply them with no more milk, and it scarcely consorts with the almost bestial social relations of the *Mincopies* to find that there

* By some ethnologists they are believed—erroneously, we think—to be Malaysians.

† When first discovered they were said to be ignorant of the use of fire, though this is very doubtful.

is between the parents and children much reciprocal affection. The children are early initiated into the mystery of archery, and swim with such facility that they capture fish in the water and drag them ashore alive. They seem to have no religion, but have a festival on the monthly appearance of the new moon, when grotesque dances, accompanied by salutations, are made in its honour. So absolutely closely allied are the Andaman Islanders in their moral as well as physical life to the lower animals, that it is said by an eminent scientific voyager that the man and woman remain together until the mother ceases to suckle the child, after which they separate as a matter of course, and each seeks a new partner.* Indeed, there is every reason to believe that the women are looked upon as common tribal property, and that any woman presuming to consider herself in any other light than simply as the temporary partner of whoever took up with her would be severely punished. This is the "communal marriage" which, in various forms, either prevails or did prevail among different nations, savage and even civilised. The dead are buried in a sitting position, and after the body has decayed the remains are exhumed, and the bones distributed among the relatives, each of whom keeps one. The widow claims the skull as her right, and wears it round her neck for the rest of her life. No grief is publicly exhibited at death, but at the bone distribution each receiver of a fragment of the late lamented's skeleton howls over the present to the extent which he or she may consider proper under the circumstances.

NICOBAR ISLANDERS.

The inhabitants of the Nicobar Islands, lying about thirty miles south of the Andaman group, are taller and stouter than those of the latter, wear their hair long, and divided down the middle, and do not go entirely naked, the men having a sort of sash around their loins, one end of which hangs loose and trails behind, while the women have a girdle made out of plaited grasses, or, in some of the islands, of a "long piece of cloth, wound round the body, fastened at the breast, and extending below the knees." Both sexes are atrociously ugly, the men increasing their natural ill-favouredness by the dark-red colour with which the interior of their large mouths is stained by betel-nut, which they are constantly chewing, and the women by shaving their hair entirely off. They are by no means so wild and inhospitable to strangers as the Andamaners, nor are they so warlike. Accordingly, most of their weapons are mere hunting implements, such as spears, crossbows, &c., but the bow is by no means so formidable a weapon as that of the Andamaners. The houses are constructed after the New Guinea fashion, and are kept clean and in good order. Under the shelter of this airy hut the Nicobarian lounges away a great portion of the day, smoking, drinking palm wine, and generally leading that *dolce far niente* existence which is so congenial to his nature. Their canoes have the almost universal Oceanic outrigger, a peculiarity, however, not found in those of Tasmania, Australia, or Andaman. They are, moreover, not so skilfully made as those of the latter islands, though large, capacious, and capable of being propelled with great speed by short, strong paddles.

The body of a dead person is placed, with arms, provisions, and other necessities, in one half of a canoe, and covered by the other half, then buried in the middle of the village. When they suppose that the body is decayed, it is dug up again, and the bones thrown into

* Sir Edward Belcher, *Transactions of the Ethnological Society*, vol. v., p. 45.

the bush, while the arms, &c., are distributed among the relatives, whose pious care for their deceased friend's safety had provided these aids to his comfort and protection.

What their religion is we do not know, but in all probability it is only a vague belief in evil spirits, for the *Novara* voyagers tell us that they noticed in these islands scarecrows put up to frighten the *cewees* away from their villages.* The Car Nicobar Islanders at least have only one wife, are honest, not unintelligent, and with excellent memories, though, like nearly all savages, much given to intoxication.

NEGRILLOS, OR AËTAS.

If the Nicobar Islanders are above the Andaman Islanders, the Negrillos are more upon their level. The name is applied by the Spaniards to the aboriginal inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, and signifies "little negroes." In the Philippines there are also Malays, but, true to what we find regarding most of the Papuan race when inhabiting the same island with the Malay people, the Negrillo has taken refuge in the interior, while the Malay occupies the coast. The Negrillos (or Negritos as they are also called) may be looked upon as the aboriginal inhabitants, while the Malays are colonists of a more recent date. In their general characteristics they approach the Papuan type, but differ in the absence of beard, and in their exaggerated negro features, projecting lower jaw, sloping profile, and in their hair being more woolly than is usually seen in the true Papuan race. In stature they are small, and in character extremely savage. They have no idea of house-building, or any form of government, excepting in so far as each community recognises the authority of some old man. Age is respected among them, and polygamy unpractised. Their marriage ceremony is simple. If the suitor receives the parents' consent to his proposal, the girl retreats to the woods, followed by the young man, who searches for her hiding-place. If she dislikes the match, she uses every effort to conceal herself; but if the suitor is agreeable, the hiding and catching are both very much matters of form. Their religion is also a very simple affair. Anything suffices for the Negrillo's god; a stone, a tree—any object, in fact, is worshipped for a time, and then after a day or two deserted for something else, to which this degraded little Papuan offers up his prayers.

We have classed the Negrillos—or Semangs—as they are called in the Malay Islands, with the Papuans. This is the view of almost every ethnographer except Mr. Wallace.†

It is also the opinion of Dr. Meyer, who has shown that the Negrillos of the Philippines are pure Papuans,‡ though contrary to the impression which the Malay term "Aëta" would convey, they are rather very dark copper-coloured than black, and possibly owing to some admixture of Malay blood, are not quite so negro-looking as are their kinsmen on some of the other islands. Indeed, it must have been evident to those who have read the preceding pages that throughout Oceania there has been much intermixture of stocks. For instance, as already mentioned, the island of New Guinea—the home of the Papuans—presents a wonderful variety and commingling of races within a comparatively small area, though systematic writers often

* "Voyage of the *Novara*," vol. ii., p. 66; Distant, on the Car Nicobar Islanders, in *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, 1873, pp. 2–6; and references in "Countries of the World," Vol. V., p. 162.

† Mallat's "Les Philippines," &c. (1846); De la Gironière's "Vingt Années aux Philippines" (1853).

‡ Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen* (1876), p. 349. The various races of these islands are well described in Jagor's "Travels in the Philippines" (1875). The German original is, however, preferable to the English translation.

find it convenient to speak of them as one homogeneous people (p. 10). Indeed, as Mr. Lawes remarks, individuals may be seen comprising the characteristics of several races, and this extends even to the configuration of their skulls. To the west black natives are found, while from Redsear Bay, eastward, a light brown race inhabits the coast. On the interior mountains are people intermediate between these two in colour, and essentially different in all their habits. These Mr. Lawes considers the true aborigines of this part of New Guinea—viz., Port Moresby and Hood Bay—while the coast tribes, black and brown, are probably settlers or invaders. Even the light-coloured people are so split up and divided that every few miles of the coast brings the voyager to a people speaking a different language from those he has just left. These are often dialects, but are quite as dissimilar as those spoken in the various islands of Eastern Polynesia. Altogether, the missionary whose notes we are quoting, knows of twenty-five languages spoken in the 300 miles of coast with which he is acquainted.* Customs are also curiously local in Oceania. For instance, in Sandwich Island, near New Ireland, patting the top of the head expresses friendship. This sign is also used on the north-west of New Ireland, but not southward of Cape Givry, so far as known. In many others of the Oceanic group the head is considered extremely sacred. In Samoa a native will never use the ordinary word when speaking of the head of another person, except he does it in abuse, and in war they always make a great distinction between the number killed and those whose heads were got. If they once recovered the head of their slain relatives, they cared very little what was done with the rest of the body. In that group, also, the most respectful way of acknowledging any valued present is for the recipient of it to place the gift for a moment on the top of his head. A Maori cannot insult an enemy worse than by telling him to go and cook the head of his grandfather, or some other relative. In New Caledonia, many years ago, a white man who had been adopted by a chief was killed by the people, owing to his having once playfully patted his adopted father's head. Among the Kotei Dyaks, who are cannibals, it is the custom to preserve a victim's head for the chief, dividing the rest of his body among the common people, though Mr. Carl Bock tells us that the Sultan of Kotei is nominally at least a Mohammedan. On New Ireland and Duke of York Island the skulls and lower jawbones of enemies are kept as trophies, and the skulls of their own chiefs and principal men are hung up in the houses of their relatives for years. In the Solomon group, the heads of the dead are carefully collected and placed together in rude stone cairns, or in small huts, generally on some island off the mainland.† Again, on New Hanover the men blacken one half of the teeth on both upper and lower jaw, leaving all the teeth on the opposite side of the mouth perfectly white. This is done by only chewing the betel-nut and lime on one side, and keeping the other side white with pumice-stone and earth. But were we to enter into this inviting field, we should be tempted to tarry longer than, with so long a journey ahead of us, we can afford to do.

* *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* (1880), p. 608, where a very full account of the Port Moresby light-coloured natives will be found. See also Comrie in *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* (1877), pp. 102—119; Moresby: "Discoveries in Eastern New Guinea" (1875); D'Albertis: "New Guinea" (1881); Stone: "A Year in New Guinea" (1880); the Dutch "Nieuw Guinea ethnographisch en natuurkundig onderzocht en beschreven" (1862); Shortland: "Traditions and Superstition of New Zealanders" (1882), and "Maori Religion" (1882), &c.

† Brown: *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* (1881), p. 218; *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XLVII., p. 137; Powell: *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* (1881), p. 84.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MALAY RACES : THEIR RANGE ; CIVILISED MALAYS ; FORMOSANS ; MALAGASY.

INHABITING either wholly or in part the great Islands of Borneo, Java, Ceram, Sumatra, Celebes, &c., is the important Malay race, in its typical forms. But it spreads farther than over the East Indian or Malay Archipelago, for the Madagascar people are also Malays, though of an "aberrant" type, while the savage aborigines of Formosa, lying off the coast of China, are also more nearly allied to the Malay race than to any other. Distinguishing, however, the true Malays from those which have only a Malay element in their language, Mr. Wallace truly enough remarks that there is among themselves a great difference of civilisation and of language, though all of them possess considerable uniformity of physical and mental characteristics. "The Malays proper inhabit the Malay Peninsula, and almost all the coast regions of Borneo and Sumatra. They all speak the Malay language, or dialects of it; they write in the Arabic character, and are Mohammedans in religion. The Javanese inhabit Java, part of Sumatra, Madura, Bali, and part of Lombeck. They speak the Javanese and Kawi languages, which they write in a native character. They are now Mohammedans in Java, but Brahmins in Bali and Lombeck. The Bugis are the inhabitants of the greater part of Celebes, and there seems to be an allied people in Sumbawa. They speak the Bugis and Macassar languages, with dialects, and have two different native characters in which they write them. They are all Mohammedans. The fourth great race is that of the Tagalas in the Philippine Islands. Many of them are now Christians, and speak Spanish as well as their native tongue, the Tagala. The Moluccan Malays, who inhabit chiefly Ternate, Tidore, Batchian, and Amboyna, may be held to form a fifth division of semi-civilised Malays. They are all Mohammedans, but they speak a variety of curious languages, which seem compounded of Bugis and Javanese, with the language of the savage tribes of the Moluccas. The savage Malays are the Dyaks of Borneo; the Battaks and other wild tribes of Sumatra, the aborigines of Northern Celebes, of the Sula Island, and of part of Bourn. The colour of these varied tribes is a light reddish-brown with more or less of an olive tinge, not varying in any important degree over an extent of country as large as all Southern Europe. The hair is equally constant, being invariably black and straight, and of a rather coarse texture, so that any lighter tint, or any wave or curl in it, is an almost certain proof of the admixture of some foreign blood. The face is nearly destitute of beard, and the breast and limbs are free from hair. The stature is tolerably equal, and is always considerably below that of the average European; the body is robust, the breast well developed, the feet small, thick, and short, the hands small and rather delicate. The face is a little broad and inclined to be flat; the forehead is rather rounded, the brows low, the eyes black, and very slightly oblique; the nose is rather small, not prominent, but straight and well shaped, the apex a little rounded, the nostrils broad and slightly exposed; the cheek-bones are rather prominent, the mouth large, the lips broad and well cut, but not protruding, the chin round and well formed.

"In this description there seems little to object to on the score of beauty, and yet on the

whole the Malays are certainly not handsome. In youth, however, they are often very good-looking, and many of the boys and girls up to twelve or fifteen years of age are very pleasing, and some have countenances which are, in their way, almost perfect. I am inclined to think they lose much of their good looks by bad habits and irregular living. At a very early age they chew betel and tobacco almost incessantly; they suffer much want and exposure in their fishing and other excursions; their lives are often passed in alternate starvation and feasting, idleness and excessive labour, and this naturally produces premature old age and harshness of features.”*

After this succinct account of the general ethnological features of the Malay race, by one than whom no traveller is better qualified to form an opinion, we will now proceed to give a



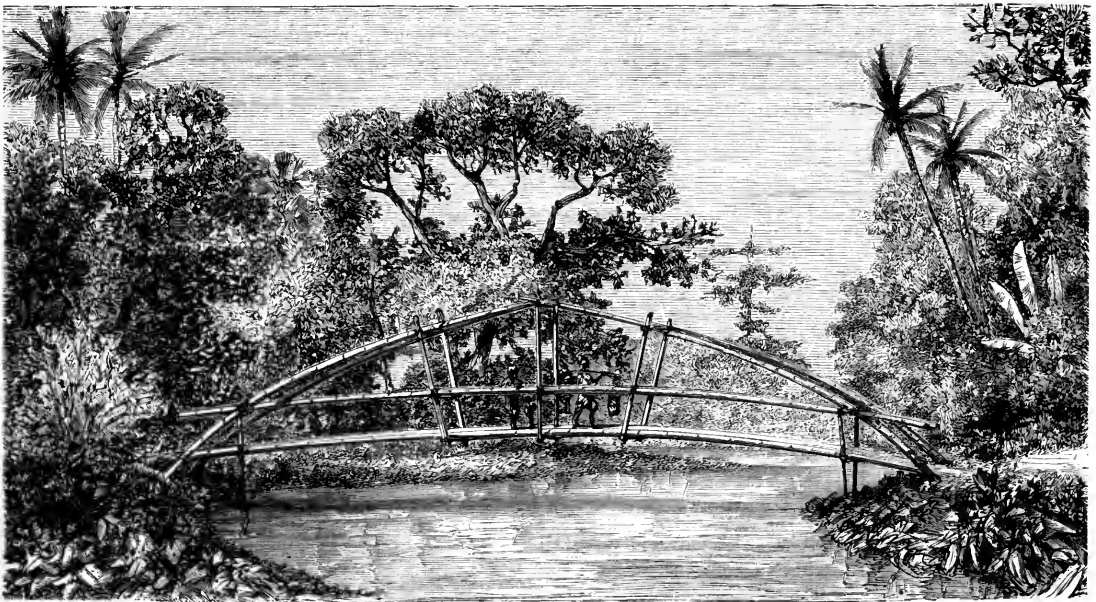
MALAY OPIUM-SMOKERS.

brief account of some of the more prominent traits or customs of the race, as observed by the most recent explorers, Mr. Wallace not being the authority whom we have least consulted.

The Malay is impassive, reserved, and even bashful, so that, until one knows the race better, one can scarcely credit their bloodthirsty reputation. The Malay is entirely undemonstrative. If he has any feelings of surprise he never shows them. Perhaps he experiences none, no matter how wonderful is the sight which meets his gaze. He is slow and deliberate in speech, and circumlocutory in introducing a subject to be discussed. Even the children and women are timid, and scream at the sight of a European, while in the presence of the men they are silent and taciturn. Even when alone the Malay neither talks nor sings, in this respect differing much from the Papuan, who has all the negro traits of chattering and singing to himself for company. Overpay a Malay for some trifle,

* "Malay Archipelago," vol. ii., p. 442. Mr. Wallace also classes the Jakuns as Malays (p. 90).

and his countenance betrays no sign of emotion; a Papuan will be grave for a moment out of perfect astonishment at the mistake made, and then burst into peals of grinning laughter, while he bends in two, and finally rolls on the ground in ecstasies of merriment. The Malays, when in company in a canoe, chant a plaintive, monotonous song; at other times they are silent. The Malay is cautious of giving offence to any one, and accordingly will hesitate to quarrel about money matters, and rather abandon a just debt due to him than run the risk of a feud with his equals. In his ordinary life he is as impassive as the typical Scot, into whose head it does *not* require a surgical operation to insert a joke, and as fond of the *nil admirari* line of conduct as the American Indian, though, unlike him, the Malay does not dissemble his feelings or play a part. He has really little, if any, appreciation of humour, and



BAMBOO BRIDGE IN BORNEO.

does not understand a practical jest. To all breaches of etiquette he is very sensitive, and equally jealous of any interference with his own or any one else's liberty. To such an extent does he carry this idea, that a Malay servant will hesitate to waken another, even his own master, though told to do so. The higher classes are exceedingly polite, possessing all the repose and quiet dignity of the best-bred Europeans. There is, however, another side to the character of the Malay. He is reckless, cruel, and careless of human life; possesses but a poor intellect, and has neither taste for knowledge nor any indigenous civilisation, whatever civilisation is found among them being confined to the Mohammedans and Brahmins.

Traders having for hundreds of years visited the islands of the Malay Archipelago, there are now but few of the tribes unfamiliar with articles of civilised manufacture. Indeed, at some of the trading places, goods of European manufacture can be bought as cheap as, if not cheaper than, in Birmingham or Amsterdam; the trader calculating to make his profit on the

articles which he takes in barter, and in the little expense to which he is subjected in disposing of his wares. Still, the conservative character of the Malay shows itself in his clinging to various aboriginal implements, notwithstanding the fact that he sees around him plenty of far better ones, which are brought to his door by the Europeans who have settlements on the shores of the Archipelago. Perhaps the cheapness of the native implements has something to do with it. However, the conservatism of the Malay disposition was demonstrated by the Dyaks long refusing to chop wood after the European fashion, and even imposing a fine on those who did, though well convinced that the V-shaped chop was superior to theirs. The Malay anchor is formed out of a piece of tough forked timber, the fluke being strengthened by being bound to the shaft by twisted ratans, while the place of the ring at the end to which the cable is attached is supplied by a long flat stone, bound to the shaft in the same way. These anchors are used by all the native *praus* (or coasting-vessels), and are very serviceable.

The native wooden plough, which is drawn by one or two buffaloes, and guided by a stout single handle, is but a rude affair, the coulter being made of a piece of hard palm-wood. The maize-seed, which is sown broadcast, is harrowed in with an equally rude wooden harrow.

The *occupations* of the Malay population are much the same all over the Archipelago, except in towns like Singapore, Batavia, &c., where they pursue various trades, &c. They are good boat-builders, but in this art their neighbours of the Ké Islands beat them, the boats of the latter people reaching every part of the Moluccas. They are not hollowed out of a tree, but regularly built of "planks running from end to end, and so accurately fitted, that it is often difficult to find a place where a knife-blade can be inserted between the joints. The larger ones are twenty to thirty tons burthen, and are finished ready for sea without a nail or a particle of iron being used, and with no other tools than axe, adze, and auger. These vessels are handsome to look at, good sailers, and admirable sea-boats, and will make long voyages with perfect safety, traversing the whole Archipelago from New Guinea to Singapore, in seas which, as every one who has sailed much in them can testify, are not so smooth and tempest-free as word-painting travellers love to represent them."

Sago-making, both with the Papuan and the Malay population, is, however, the great occupation of their life. Sago is extracted from the interior of the stem of several species of palm,* which grow in swamps or in "swampy hollows on the slopes of hills," even when exposed to the influence of brackish or salt water. The midribs of the large leaves are used in the place of the otherwise all-useful bamboo pole; houses are built of them, and they form excellent poles for roof-match (or *atap*); split, they are used for flooring; boxes are made of them and the leaves combined, and they supply material to place between the chinks in the walls of log-houses. The starch stored in the interior, under the name of "sago," almost entirely supplies the food of thousands of people. A tree is selected just before it has commenced to flower; it is cut down and split open, and with a heavy mallet the soft pith-like interior in which the starch is stored is broken down into the shell formed by the split stem. This is gathered up into baskets, until the whole is extracted, and only a mere skin, half an inch in thickness, remains of the original solid trunk. The starch-laden pith is now transferred, in baskets woven of the midribs of the leaves, to the washing-place, where by

* Chiefly from *Metroxylon Rumphii*, the prickly sago palm, and *Metroxylon leve*, the spineless sago palm.

means of an apparatus also made of the sago-palm, the starch is washed out of the fibrous mass with which it is mixed into a trough, where it settles down as a sediment. After the trough is nearly full, the mass of starch, which is of a reddish-brown colour, is made up into cylindrical masses, each weighing about thirty pounds, and neatly covered with sago-leaves. These cylinders are known in commerce as "raw sago;" we only see the refined article in shops in Europe, and though then nice looking, it has lost much of its characteristic flavour. Boiled sago is eaten by the natives with salt, lime-juice, and chillies, or made up into cakes, which are very excellent, and extensively used in the Malay Archipelago. "It is," remarks Mr. Wallace, "truly an extraordinary sight to witness a whole tree-trunk, perhaps twenty feet long and four or five in circumference, converted into food with a little labour and preparation. A good-sized tree will produce thirty *tomans* (or bundles of thirty pounds each), and each *toman* will make sixty cakes of three to the pound. Two of these cakes are as much as a man can eat at one meal, and five are considered a full day's allowance: so that, reckoning a tree to produce 1,800 cakes, weighing 600 lbs., it will supply a man with food for a whole year. The labour required to produce this is very moderate. Two men will finish a tree in five days, and two women will bake the whole into cakes in five days more; but the raw sago will keep very well, and can be baked as wanted, so that we may estimate that in ten days a man may produce food for the whole year. This is on the supposition that he possesses sago-trees of his own, for they are now all private property. If he does not, he has to pay about seven shillings and sixpence for one; and as labour here is valued at fivepence a day, the total cost of a year's food for a man is about twelve shillings. The effect of this cheapness of food is decidedly prejudicial, for the inhabitants of the sago countries are never so well off as those where rice is cultivated. Many of the people have neither vegetables nor fruit, but live almost entirely on sago and a little fish. Having few occupations at home, they wander about on petty trading or fishing expeditions to the neighbouring islands; and as far as the comforts of life are concerned, are much inferior to the hill Dyaks of Borneo, or to many of the more barbarous tribes of the Archipelago."

Making cocoa-nut oil is also a trade in the Malay Archipelago, and the collection and preparation of betel-nut form a source of employment to some of the population. These nuts, sliced, dried, and made into a paste, are much used by the betel-nut chewing Malays and Papuans. At Matabello the very children, even such as could just run alone, were noticed by Wallace carrying between their lips a mass of "nasty-looking red paste." These betel-nut preparers were a poor race, afflicted with skin-diseases, the effect of their unwholesome diet of cocoa-nuts, sweet potatoes, an occasional sago cake, and the refuse nut after the oil had been extracted. The common people were clothed in rags, yet luxury and extravagance were everywhere apparent in conjunction with this. They are actually wealthy, the women wearing heavy gold earrings, and the chief men robes of silk and flowered satin, though their way of living is no better than that of the rest of the inhabitants. Palm wine—made from the fermented sap of the flower-stems of the cocoa-nut—is a pleasant and slightly intoxicating drink made use of by these people.

Among other arts the natives of Lombock especially are skilful in making guns, twisting and finishing the barrels in a very workmanlike style with the rudest tools, and even inlaying them with gold and silver.

A proneness to *piracy* forms, however, an element in the Malay character, which is by no means of such a commendable nature. There are few of our readers who have not heard of the Malay pirates; how their murderous *praus* crept alongside the becalmed



A WOMAN OF THE ISLE OF ROTTI, WEST OF TIMOR (MIXED RACE, WITH MUCH OF THE HINDOO TYPE).

vessel under the darkness of night, and of the bloody fight and horrible cruelties which were perpetrated by the merciless robbers. The use of steamers and the vigilance of the warships have now to a great extent rendered them powerless to attack large vessels, but still when occasion offers the smaller native boats fall a prey to them. They even attack the



DYAK WOMEN OF BORNEO.

native villages, particularly the Papuan ones, burn and murder, and carry women and children away into captivity. They are the scourges of the Indian seas, paralysing trade by preventing the native or European traders visiting or residing at localities where they otherwise would.

Opposite and along the coast of Batchian stretches a row of fine islands, which are uninhabited for fear of the Magindano pirates, who every year wander in one direction or another, robbing, killing, or carrying into captivity all they can lay their hands on. The long, well-manned *praus* escape by pulling away right in the wind's eye, and the smoke of a steamer generally enables them to hide in some shallow bay, narrow river, or forest-covered inlet, till the danger is passed. The only effectual way to stop their depredations would be to attack them in their strongholds and villages, and compel them to give up piracy and submit to strict surveillance. This was done by the late Sir James Brooke, who afterwards became Rajah of Sarawak, in Borneo, and cleared the sea in his neighbourhood of these murderous dark-skinned rovers.

The *Dyaks*, who, under various tribal names, inhabit both the interior and the sea-coast of the great Island of Borneo, are Malays in a state of savagedom. In appearance the Dyak bears a striking resemblance to the other Malay people, and less so to the Siamese, Chinese, and other allied races of Mongolian origin. But none of the Malays possess the oblique Mongolian eyes, so common among the Chinese, Japanese, &c. They are under the average stature of Europeans, and have small hands and feet, but are well made, agile, and very strong, being capable of enduring hardships which soon prostrate the European. Their character has been rather dimmed by the addiction of the sea-coast Dyaks to piracy, and of all of them to head-taking. Yet Mr. Wallace seems inclined to rank the character of the Dyaks above that of the other Malays, whether barbarous or civilised. They are simple and honest, and are therefore a safe prey for the Chinese and Bugis traders, who plunder them whenever they have the chance. They are more lively and talkative, but less secretive and suspicious, than the other Malays, and the children are fonder of play than is usually the case among the sedate youngsters of the Eastern Archipelago. Head-hunting—the main, if not only stain on their moral character—the traveller quoted thinks ought no more to be looked upon as indicating a bad character in the Dyaks, than the custom of the slave-trade a hundred years ago implied a want of general morality in all who took a part in it. Head-taking (which we shall speak about presently) is a custom originating in the petty wars of villages, and not in the cruel character of the people, as has not unfrequently been declared by superficial writers on these people. To counterbalance this, they are very truthful, a lie being almost unknown, while every article belonging to a European is perfectly safe amongst them.

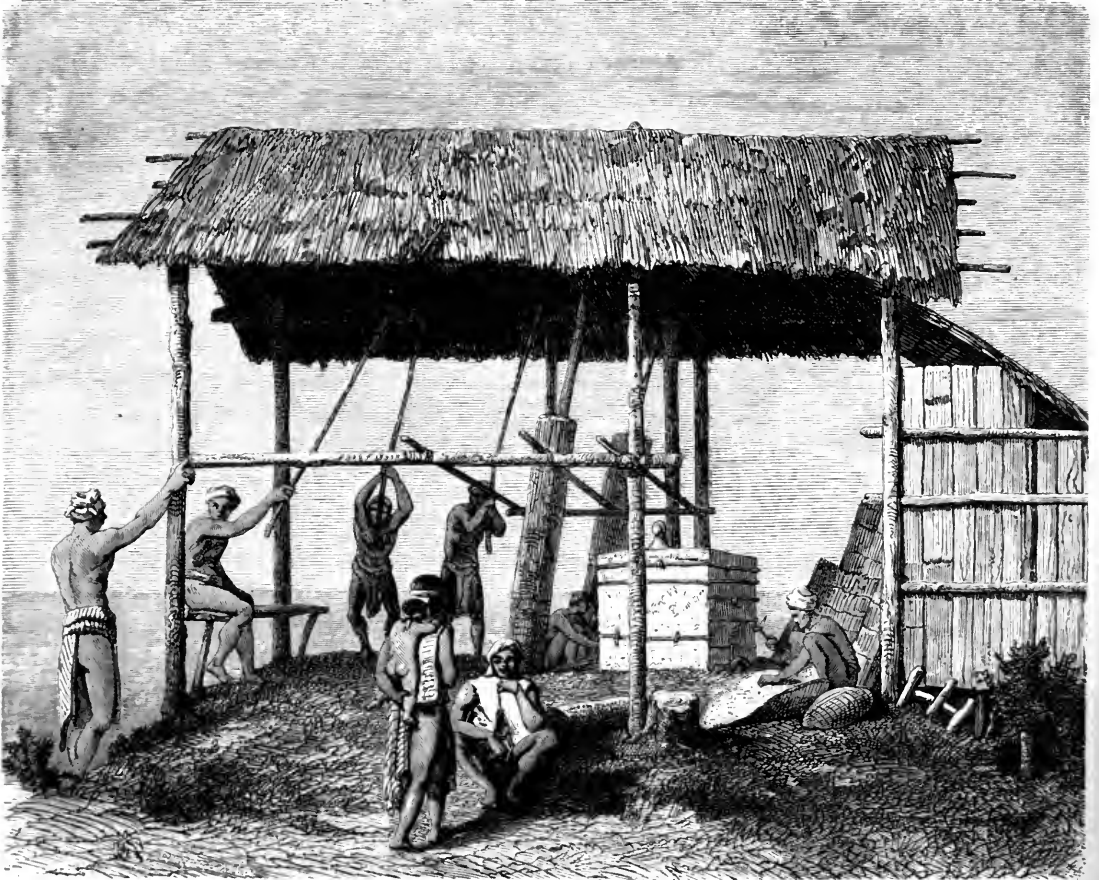
The gross sensuality of the Chinese and the other Malays is unknown amongst the Dyaks. In food and drink they are temperate, though, like all savage or half-savage people, they are apathetic and dilatory unless roused to exertion by some strong stimulus, mental or physical. They follow agricultural pursuits to some extent, rice being cultivated in quantity greater than suffices for the wants of the population. In addition, sugar-cane, maize, and various other vegetables are cultivated. The Dyak gets two crops off the ground in succession, one of rice and the second of sugar-cane, &c.; after which the ground is allowed to lie fallow eight or ten years, when it becomes covered with bamboos and shrubs. They export a good

deal of rice and other produce to Sarawak. In exchange, they get gongs and brass cannon (which, though almost useless, are highly valued), ancient jars, and gold and silver ornaments. All marry early, yet the Dyak population is small and widely scattered, while the greater portion of the country is still covered with the primeval forest. The number of children born of these early marriages is, however, small, never being more than seven, and commonly only about three, and many die in infancy, so that the population is almost stationary, the births being only about sufficient to replace those who die by natural causes.

Their houses are all raised on posts, and are often from 200 to 300 feet in length, and forty or fifty feet wide, the floor being composed of strips of split bamboo, which form a pleasant floor to walk upon, and, when covered with a mat, an elastic bed to lie upon. These curious houses are reached by ladders, and the platform in front affords a favourite lounging-place for the inhabitants in fine weather. The hill Dyaks, in order to reach their cultivated ground, and to travel from village to village, construct long paths through the forest, bridging over streams and gullies, with elegantly made hanging bridges of bamboo (p. 137). In most Dyak villages there is, in addition, a circular building called the "head-house," which serves as a lodging-room for strangers, the place for trade, the night-quarters for unmarried youths, and the general council chamber.

The dress of the men consists chiefly of the *chawat*, or coarse cloth of gay-coloured material, sometimes of a handkerchief on the head, and great moon-shaped brass earrings, heavy necklace of white or black beads, with a profusion of armlets and leg-ornaments of white shell. Besides this each Dyak carries a pouch containing materials for betel-nut chewing, and a long slender spear, and the young Dyak is in every-day costume. The dress of the women is more elaborate, though on ordinary occasions a short petticoat and a profusion of rings of brass on the arms and legs comprise the major part of their wardrobe. Marriage among the Dyaks is in general a very simple affair. If a young man fancies a girl, he "shows her attentions" by assisting her in her occupations, and in other ways best known to love-sick swains. If he considers that these are received in a manner which promises better things, the youth steals at night into the common sleeping-room of the family, rouses his lady-love, when the father, mother, and sisters are *supposed* to be asleep. If his attentions are agreeable the girl accepts betel-nut and *sirik* leaf from him, and the two sit chewing and talking the night through; if, on the contrary, she will have none of him, she signifies her wish to that effect by asking him to light the lamp or stir up the fire, which is instantly accepted as a signal for him to be gone. If no obstacle, however, intervenes, a marriage feast is given, and the two are united in marriage. The forms of this ceremony vary slightly among various tribes, but the following is the way the rite is performed among the Sibuyan Dyaks of Lundu. Two bars of iron are placed in the middle of the village, and on these the young people, brought from different ends of the village, are seated. A cigar and some betel-nut are presented to each by the priest. Two fowls are then waved over them, and blessings bountiful, but invoked in a very long-winded address, are plentifully showered on them. After this the priest knocks their heads together three times, and the bride inserts the betel-nut in her mouth, and places the cigar between the lips of her lord; he does the same by her, after which they are husband and wife in the eyes of the tribe. The fowls are now killed, and their blood caught in a vessel, in which the priest divines the future fortune of the married pair. A great feast finishes the proceedings.

Among the inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula marriage by force again crops up. It has been thus described by M. Bourrien : " When all are assembled, and all ready, the bride and bridegroom are led by one of the old men of the tribe towards a circle, more or less great according to the presumed strength of the intended pair ; the girl runs round first, and the young man pursues a short distance behind ; if he succeed in reaching her, and retaining her, she becomes his wife ; if not, he loses all claim to her. At other times, a large field is appointed for the trial,



A DYAK FORGE, BORNEO.

and they pursue one another into the forest. The race, according to the chronicle, 'is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' but to the young man who has had the good fortune to please the intended bride."* In Sumatra there were in former times three kinds of marriage : 1, that in which the man purchased the woman ; 2, in which the woman purchased the man ; 3, in which they joined on terms of equality.†

* *Transactions of the Ethnological Society*, 1865, p. 81.

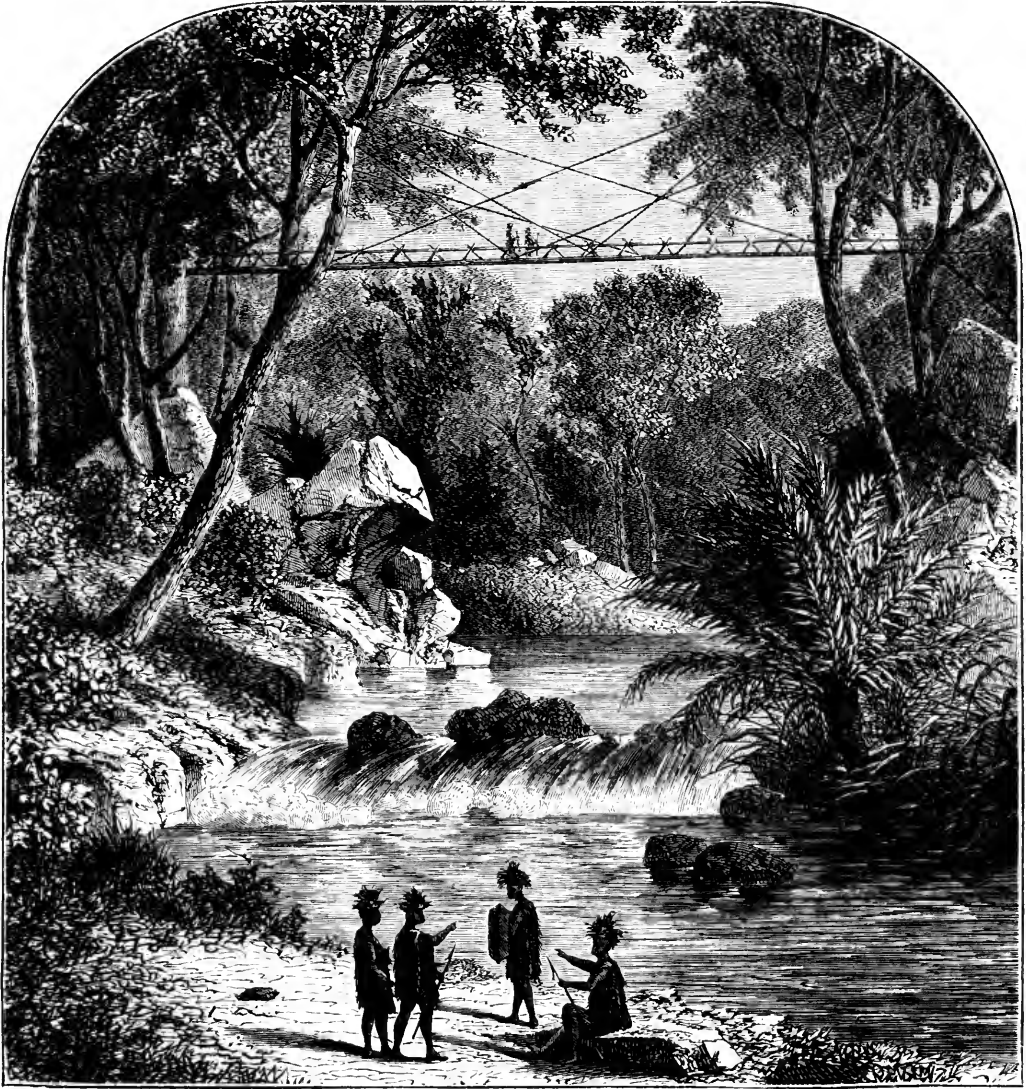
† Marsden's "History of Sumatra," p. 262 (cited by Lubbock, "Savages," p. 53).

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DYAK WARRIOR FROM THE ISLAND OF BORNEO (MALAY).

Usually the young man does not, until he has a family, commence housekeeping for himself, but takes up his abode with his father-in-law, and throws the produce of his labour into the common family lot. If the young husband be the support of his widowed mother or of younger brothers and sisters, the bride in this case goes to his house, but in every case the



A RIVER SCENE IN BORNEO.

bride's father ranks before his, and must be treated with the most profound respect. His name must never be mentioned by the son-in-law, and it would be a grave offence to eat from the same dish, drink from the same vessel, or lie on the same mat. These customs find their counterpart among other people in a barbarous or entirely savage condition (Vol. I., pp. 197, 286, and 290). In Sumatra, Marsden tells us that the primitive inhabitants, in his day at least, scrupulously

abstained from mentioning their own names, and if pressed, solicited the intervention of a neighbour, so as to prevent them breaking through this custom. Among the more primitive Indians on the north-west coast of America I have found the same hesitation in telling their names. "*His* name is So-and-so," one would repeat, and the friend would echo, "And *his* name is So-and-so,"—each being afraid to pronounce his own name.

Polygamy is not practised, but marriage by purchase is still in vogue, though the girl's feelings are consulted in the matter. The husbands are, moreover, excessively jealous of their wives, and mark every conjugal offence with the most merciless punishment which wounded vanity and jealousy can dictate. It is not often that married people part after they have children, but before that period they will divorce each other on the most trifling pretext. The lot of the woman is not a light one. All day she works in the field, returning at evening with a heavy load of firewood, vegetables, &c., over the slippery mountain and forest path, or wearily climbing the ladders which are used to facilitate the ascent of mountains. Arrived at her home her work is not ended. For the next hour she is occupied in laboriously pounding with a heavy mallet the rice for the evening meal, and in preparing it for food. After this she may take her ease, and chew her betel-nut in peace on the platform in front of her door. Meanwhile her husband is lolling inside, though in justice to him it ought to be mentioned that he may, if a coast Dyak, have only returned from a day's fishing, or, if a mountain Dyak, from a laborious hunt in the forest; so that, on the whole, the labours of savage life in Borneo are as equally divided as they are among most people in a savage condition. Among some of the tribes female morality is at a low stage—few women marrying before they become mothers, though if this happens nothing more is thought of it. But if the father of the child for any reason declines to marry the mother, she is driven from her home, an outcast or disgrace to her family, whose lintels must be sprinkled with blood before their house can again be fit for habitation. Not unfrequently, under these circumstances, the poor woman commits suicide. Such cases, as well as the causes of them, are, however, rare.

The Dyak *weapons* are numerous, but our space will not permit us to even mention more than two of the most remarkable—viz., the blow-gun and the famous *kris*. The blow-gun (or *sumpitan*) is about seven or eight feet in length, but scarcely an inch in diameter. Through this weapon is blown a tiny arrow, made of the thorn of the sago palm, but scarcely thicker than a knitting-needle; it is, however, generally poisoned with the juice of the upas-tree (*Antiaris toxicaria*), and inflicts a fatal wound, though the place where the point of the arrow has struck can scarcely be noticed unless after careful observation. They are skilful swordsmen, and use several kinds of swords (*parangs*; *kris*es) of marvellous temper, which are held in great esteem even in the country in which they are made. It is said that a good one is worth £10 in Borneo, and some are valued at even a higher figure. The hilt, scabbard, &c., are ornamented with tufts of hair from their slain enemies, and with all sorts of charms warranted to ensure victory to the wielder of the *kris*. The sword is used in some of its forms as an axe, and also as a weapon in execution. Death in Dyak executions is not accomplished by beheading the victim, but by sending the point of the *kris* into the heart of the doomed man, by pushing it in just behind the left collar-bone and instantly pushing cotton-wool into the place out of which the sword has been withdrawn, so that the execution is absolutely bloodless.

Speaking of swords, brings us to the habit which has given the Dyak Malays such a

bloodthirsty reputation. This is "head-hunting." To obtain heads, which are dried and preserved, just as the Indians dry and preserve scalps, is the height of Dyak ambition. To secure these trophies there are no dangers which a Dyak Malay will not risk, albeit on ordinary occasions sufficiently cautious of that same swarthy skin of his. The tribes are always at feud with each other, this mania for "heads" being a continual cause of quarrel. To use the language of Mr. Boyle, speaking of the great tribes of Sarribas and Sakkarang, "Every year a cloud of murdering pirates issued from these rivers and swept the adjacent coasts. No man was safe by reason of his poverty or insignificance, for human heads were the booty sought by these rovers, and not wealth alone. Villages were attacked in the dead of the night, and every adult cut off; the women and grown girls were frequently slaughtered with the men, and children alone were preserved to be the slaves of the conquerors. Never was warfare so terrible as this. Head-hunting, a fashion of comparatively modern growth, became a mania, which spread like a horrible disease over the whole land. No longer were the trophies regarded as proofs of individual valour; they became the indiscriminate property of the clan, and were valued for their number alone. Murder lurked in the jungle and on the river; the aged of the people were no longer safe among their own kindred, and corpses were secretly disinterred to increase the grisly store. Superstition soon added its ready impulse to the general movement. The aged warrior could not rest in his grave till his relations had taken a head in his name; the maiden disdained the weak-hearted suitor whose hand was not yet stained with some cowardly murder. Bitterly did the Malay Pangerans of Kuching regret the folly which had disseminated this frenzy. They themselves had fostered the bloodthirsty superstition in furtherance of their political ends, but it had grown beyond their control, and the country was one red field of battle and murder. Pretexts for war were neither sought nor expected; the possession of a human head, no matter how obtained, was the sole happiness coveted throughout the land."

After Sir James Brooke had gradually abolished this horrible custom in the district under his jurisdiction, he was continually met by petitions for permission just to take *one* head. Sometimes it was a young man whose suit was rejected with disdain by a maiden who was a believer in the old test of manhood—viz., the possession of a head; now it was a veteran who found the absence of a head in hand an obstacle to his renewing for a second or third time the matrimonial alliance. They cried for heads, to use Mr. Brooke's simile, like children for sugar-plums. It was a system of legalised murder, most revolting to every principle of humanity; to get a head was the summit of Malay ambition, whether that of maiden or warrior mattered very little indeed. "A head" was the panacea for every evil. If, for instance, the relative of a chief dies, he closes up a stream by building a bamboo fence across it; this stream cannot be opened until a head has been obtained by the chief; after which, with appropriate ceremonies and feasting, the stream is again thrown open to the fishermen. The ancient inhabitants of Sumatra are also said to have indulged in this amusement. They had no other money, and, like the Battas, they drink out of them.* A somewhat similar custom prevailed among the Garrows, one of the hill tribes of India. Among other customs of the Dyaks, when peace is made or friendship cemented, the contracting parties drink of each other's blood—a custom identical with what prevails among some African tribes.

* Leyden, "Asiatic Researches," vol. x., p. 217.

The Dyaks do not tattoo themselves, looking upon this custom with supreme contempt, though the Malacca tribes indulge in this favourite form of skin ornamentation. Most of them file their teeth to sharp points, and even use a preparation to blacken them, though, indeed, the everlasting betel-nut chewing stains them naturally of a dark enough colour. Food is eaten by them in a half-putrid state, and all classes indulge in an abominable intoxicating drink called



MALAY CHIEF. (After a Dutch Photograph.)

tuak. When guests arrive, the women never desist pressing this beverage upon them until the male portion, at least, are senselessly drunk. There are Delilahs in Borneo as elsewhere.

The Sumatrans worship trees, animals, and water, and whether this form of worship is followed by the Dyaks is not known. What the Dyak religion is, is a question probably as difficult to answer by themselves as by the writer. They, however, believe in a Supreme Being, in addition to a multitude of minor or inferior deities. The forest is full of hobgoblins of wondrous shapes and malicious intent—immortals, who are ever warring against mortals. Charms, divination by birds, ordeals, and all sorts of omens are held in deep awe. Whether

they believe in a place of eternal reward or punishment is not certain. The Sumatrans have tales of a place where men are immortal; but this land of bliss is reserved, not for *good* but



THE SULTAN OF SOLOO (MALAY).

for rich men; the poor cannot be expected to enter it. The bodies of the common people are burned or buried, while those of the chiefs are interred with their arms and other valuables, accompanied by a long series of rites, games, and feasting, which to the uninitiated partake more of a festive than a mournful character. Some of the Dyak tribes place the box containing

the body on stout posts in the open-air. To show that savage customs, though bound up with their religion, may alter, it may be noted that at one time, when a chief or other wealthy personage died, arms, provisions, &c., along with a female slave, were set adrift in a canoe on the coast. The slave was bound to the canoe, and in course of time died, while the canoe got lost, and so the dead was supposed to be supplied with all the goods it contained. However, as it was found that this in reality only resulted in the neighbouring semi-civilised Malays obtaining arms, canoes, and slaves gratis by capturing these floating spirit store-ships, the custom was discontinued. The coast Dyaks are said, by some writers on them, to launch a small bark laden with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the first unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as to meet with it. A somewhat similar custom obtains in the Maldive Islands. The Maldiveans annually launch a small bark, loaded with gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of the winds and waves, as an offering to the *spirit of the winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term the *king of the sea*. It would be curious to find whether the Dyaks practise a custom which prevails among the Sumatrans and various other savage tribes—viz., that the father takes the name of his eldest child. Though the women are by courtesy sometimes called by the name of their first-born—"the mother of such a one"—yet they never really change the names they get at birth.*

CIVILISED MALAYS.

Civilised communities of Malays are found here and there over the Malay Archipelago, or at such trading-places as Dobbo, of which Wallace has given such a wondrously graphic account. Some of these communities—like Acheen—are governed by sultans, who are suffragans of the Sultan of Turkey, while others hold their office under the Dutch Government, who, though now owning the island, tolerate the native laws, rulers, and religion, which is universally Mohammedan, the natives all believing Turkey to be the greatest country in the world, and the Turks giants of strength and ferocity. It was with difficulty that they could be persuaded that during the Crimean war the Turks did not entirely rout the Russians and convert them all (by the sword) to Mohammedanism. They are fanatical but hospitable: "An Acheenese will curse a Christian and then invite him to partake of his bread and salt" is a Javanese proverb. Some of these sultans are remarkably shrewd fellows, and see to getting their tribute from their subjects with a keenness which the chancellor of a European exchequer might envy. Witness, for instance, that admirable story of how the Sultan of Lombock collected his poll-tax of rice. It is too long to tell, otherwise we might relate how this Malay potentate suspected that the chief men of the villages were either lax in getting in their rice-tribute, or that a considerable portion of it stuck to their own fingers. So the Sultan made a great pilgrimage to the top of a mountain, had an intercourse with the Supreme Being, who ordained that he should make some *krises* out of needles, one needle for every person liable to taxation, and that the *krises* should be sent to any village whenever sickness prevailed. If the tale of needles had been correctly rendered, then all would be well; but if any village had neglected to send the proper number of needles,

* Bock: "Head Hunters of Borneo" (1881); Burbidge: "The Gardens of the Sun" (1880).

sickness would oppress the people. Then the story goes on to tell how the *krises* were made, and circulated, and how they performed their mission. If they were sent to any village and the sickness stopped soon after—as in the course of nature it most probably would—all was well, but if it did not, then it was clear that there had been some mistake in the number of needles sent to make the *krises*; so the chiefs instantly set to work to rectify the error, and the sultan meanwhile chuckled in his sleeve, as the rice-tribute doubled, and nobody suspected where the trick lay, or what was the secret of it all. The Dutch system of government, notwithstanding the abuse of it in many Dutch as well as foreign works, is really highly beneficial to the natives. In Java, for instance, the Dutch control the whole series of village rulers, from the village chief up to princes, who, under the name of regents, are the heads of districts about the size of a small English county. With each regent is placed a Dutch resident, or assistant-resident, who is considered to be his “elder brother,” and whose “orders” take the form of “recommendations,” which are, however, implicitly obeyed. Along with each assistant-resident is a controller, a kind of inspector of all the lower native rulers, who periodically visits every village in the district, examines the proceedings of the native courts, hears complaints against the head-men or other native chiefs, and superintends the Government plantations. The system introduced by the Dutch was to induce the people, through their chiefs, to give a portion of their time to the cultivation of coffee, sugar, and other valuable products. “A fixed rate of wages—low, indeed, but about equal to that of all places where European competition has not artificially raised it—was paid to the labourers engaged in clearing the ground and forming the plantations under Government superintendence. The produce is sold to the Government at a low fixed price. Out of the net profits a percentage goes to the chiefs, and the remainder is divided among the workmen. This surplus in good years is something considerable. On the whole, the people are well fed and decently clothed, and have acquired habits of steady industry and the art of scientific cultivation, which must be of service to them in the future. It must be remembered that the Government expended capital for years before any return was obtained, and if they now derive a large revenue, it is in a way which is far less burthensome and far more beneficial to the people than any tax that could be levied.”

No doubt extortions are now and then practised by the native princes. A thousand years of servility on one side and tyranny on the other cannot be at once abolished by any new system of government. Still, on the whole, the much-abused Dutch government of their East Indian possessions works well. Many of the native chiefs are now in exceedingly comfortable circumstances, and are even refined in life and manners, and—best test of all—the population is increasing.

To properly carry out their system of government the nutmeg and other spice trade had to be monopolised, and the cultivation of these articles confined to a few spots by destroying the trees in other places. This has been held up as an instance of commercio-political depravity without parallel; but in reality it is not so, and did we care to spend space over the question, it could easily be shown that there was no hardship at all in it, and that the shrewd, practical Dutch people were perfectly right in making the regulations they did.

The origin of the Malay population has been a question of some interest; there can, I think, be but little doubt that a large Hindoo element enters into its composition.

In Bali and Lomboek, indeed, the Hindoo religion still maintains itself, and various Hindoo customs and rites are still found among the people generally, as well as the remains of



THE SULTAN OF JOKKJOKKARTA, JAVA (MALAY).

Hindoo stone bulls and other carvings. It may be mentioned, in passing, that in this same island marriage by capture is practised, and that a woman who bears twins is looked upon as something akin to having disgraced the tribe; she, her children, and husband, being forced to go out and live by the sea-shore, in order that by this means they may be purified of the

dishonour they have brought upon themselves and their tribe. Among the Battas of Sumatra—who, however, belong more to the aboriginal race than to the Malay—anthropophagy exists among them in its worst forms; prisoners in war and condemned criminals are always eaten, but



THE SULTANA OF JOKKJOKKARTA AND HER SON.

they do not confine their cannibalistic propensities to them alone. In Marsden's day their own relatives were devoured, when aged and infirm—but this, however, not so much from a desire to gratify their depraved appetites as to fulfil a religious ceremony. Thus, when a man became infirm or weary of the world, he was said to be in the habit of inviting his own children to eat

him—especially when salt and limes were at the cheapest. The old fellow then ascended a tree, “round which his friends and offspring assembled, and as they shook the tree, joined in a funeral dirge, the import of which was, ‘The season is come, the fruit is ripe, and it must descend.’ The victim descended, and those nearest and dearest to him deprived him of life and devoured his remains in a solemn banquet.”*

Among the civilised Malays there are, as might be expected from people of the Moslem faith, very strict laws in reference to women. A married woman is not allowed, under pain of death, to accept a cigar or a *sirih* leaf (for chewing) from a stranger. Even to accept a flower from a stranger is death; and it matters not whether the husband chooses to condone the offence or not; by the laws of Malaydom the woman must suffer. Such a case actually occurred in Lomboek some years ago, when the native wife of a European accepted at a festival a flower or some such trifle from a man. The woman was of high rank; but that did not shield her, and she was demanded for punishment. Her husband refused to give her up, and it seemed that the point was yielded. But he was mistaken. Some time afterwards, the rajah (to whom she was related) dispatched a messenger to her house while her husband was absent, and while on some pretext she came to the door, the emissary stabbed her to death, remarking, as he sent the knife into her bosom, “The rajah sends you this.” Serious infidelity is punished by the woman and her paramour being tied back to back and then thrown into the sea, where the huge crocodiles, always on the watch for food, soon devour them.

I may conclude this account of the civilised Malays by the description of one more custom, and I cannot better do so than by quoting the words of Mr. Wallace, to whom we have been already so much indebted for many facts. This is the custom of *amok*, or “running a-muck,” as it is better known in Europe. “One morning, as we were sitting at breakfast,† Mr. Carter’s servant informed us that there was an *amok* in the village—in other words, that a man was ‘running a-muck.’ Orders were immediately given to shut and fasten the gates of our enclosure; but hearing nothing for some time, we concluded that there had been a false alarm, owing to a slave having run away, declaring he would *amok*, because his master wanted to sell him. A short time before, a man had been killed at a gaming-table, because, having lost half a dollar more than he possessed, he was going to *amok*. Another killed or wounded seventeen people before he could be destroyed. In their wars, a whole regiment of these people will sometimes agree to *amok*, and then rush on with such energetic desperation, as to be very formidable to men not so excited as themselves. Among the ancients they would have been looked upon as heroes or demigods who sacrificed themselves for their country. Here it is simply said that they made *amok*. Macassar is the most celebrated place in the East for ‘running a-muck.’ There are said to be one or two a month on the average, and five, ten, or twenty persons are sometimes killed or wounded at one of them. It is the national, and therefore the honourable mode of committing suicide among the natives of Celebes, and is the fashionable way of escaping from their difficulties. A

* These Battas of Sumatra have been described as the “last cannibals on the earth.” How far this is true we have already seen, and in due course the reader will be introduced to some other aboriginal folk equally addicted to this objectional bimanal *cuisine*. Some of the Kotei Dyaks are also cannibals.

† In Lomboek.

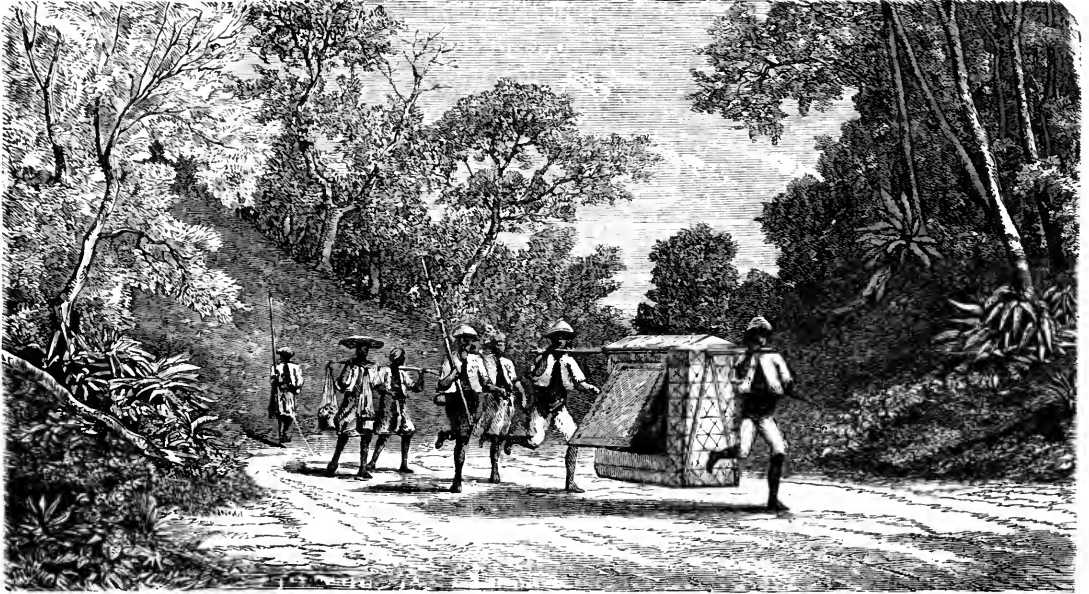
Roman fell upon his sword, a Japanese rips up his stomach, and an Englishman blows out his brains with a pistol. The Bugis mode has many advantages to one suicidally inclined. A man thinks himself wronged by society; he is in debt and cannot pay; he is taken for a slave, or has gambled away his wife or child into slavery; he sees no way of recovering what he has lost, and becomes desperate. He will not put up with such cruel wrongs, but will be revenged on mankind, and die like a hero. He grasps his *kris*-handle, and the next moment draws out the weapon and stabs a man to the heart. He runs on, with bloody *kris* in his hand, stabbing at every one he meets. '*Amok! amok!*'* then resounds through the streets. Spears, *kris*es, knives, and guns are brought against him. He rushes madly forward, kills all he can—men, women, and children—and dies overwhelmed by numbers, amid all the excitement of a battle. And what that excitement is those who have been in one best know, but all who have ever given way to violent passions, or even indulged in violent and exciting exercises, may form a very good idea. It is a delirious intoxication, a temporary madness that absorbs every thought and every energy. And can we wonder at the *kris*-bearing, untaught brooding Malay preferring such a death, looked upon as almost honourable, to the cold-blooded details of suicide, if he wishes to escape from overwhelming troubles, or the merciless clutches of the hangman, and the disgrace of a public execution, when he has taken the law into his own hands, and too hastily revenged himself upon his enemy? In either case he prefers to *amok*." Captain Buckman was told of a Javanese who, while "running a-muck" in the streets of Batavia, was run through the chest by a pike, but such was the desperation of the infuriated man that he pressed himself forward on the pike, until he got near enough to stab his adversary with a dagger, when both expired together.

FORMOSANS.

The Island of Formosa (or Tai-wan), though lying in the China Sea, about 110 miles to the east of Fokien Province, is inhabited by savage aborigines, and the Chinese and other residents there are only colonists. The aborigines are divided into a number of tribes, and on the eastern side of the island, owing to the almost inaccessible hills and forest around, maintain an independent existence—favoured also, it may be, by the timidity of their would-be masters, the Chinese. These aborigines are of the Malay type, though differing somewhat from their distant cousins in the Malay Archipelago. They seem to have reached this island in early times, and to have been settled there for a period long enough to have altered considerably their physical appearance. They are exceedingly savage, and, knowing that could the Chinese Government send an army into their wilds they would be crushed out, their enmity to the whole race of pig-tail wearers is bitter and undying. They have also until recently shown a cruel animosity to all foreigners driven on their inhospitable shores, who, if not killed, were kept in the most abject slavery by those barbarous people. Little is known about the Formosans except that they live in hamlets surrounded by groves of bamboo, under the government of chiefs, and that their houses are generally clean and well provided. They have got to some extent mixed with Chinese blood, but the aboriginal type is still plain enough, especially in the wilder portions. They live by cultivating a little rice and other vegetables, and by hunting.

* "Kill! kill!"

From the sweet potato they distil a kind of *samshoo* (or coarse spirit). Betel-nut chewing is universally practised among them, the old and young equally indulging in this custom. When people meet it is the custom to open their pouches where the materials are kept, and offer "a chew" with an offhand grace which would put many of our snuff-takers to the blush. Before being placed in the mouth the nut is folded in a leaf smeared with lime formed from calcined shells. They seem of a low intelligence, and in religion are pagans of a degraded type; but beyond this little is known about them.*



A JAVANESE PALANQUIN.

PEOPLE OF MADAGASCAR.

The large island of Madagascar, though lying not far from the coast of Africa, is not inhabited by negroes. There may have been an aboriginal people once with whom the conquerors amalgamated, but there is no doubt that the Hovahs, who are now the dominant race of the island, are of the Malay type. The language is closely allied to the Malay or the Malayo-Polynesian. My old fellow-student, Dr. Andrew Davidson, now well known as the physician to the Queen of Madagascar, informs us that in examining rather hurriedly a Malay dictionary he found above a hundred words manifestly identical with the Malagasy, and considers that it would be very easy to trace many more words to a common root, their identity being obscured by a change of inflection and phonetic substitution. The country, after a varying course of paganism and Christianity, is now tolerably civilised, Christianity being the prevailing and established religion, and the arts of civilisation being gradually introduced.

* Collingwood: *Transactions of the Ethnological Society*, N.S., vol. iii., p. 227; Hughes: *Ocean Highways*, edited by C. R. Markham, N.S., vol. i., p. 14; Campbell: *Ocean Highways*, January, 1874; and references in "Countries of the World," Vol. IV., p. 295, where a fuller account of the island will be found.



THE CHIEFTAINNESS OF MOHILLA, ONE OF THE COMORO ISLANDS.

The Malagasy—as the inhabitants are called—are much lighter than the negroes, though they differ in this respect among themselves. The hair of the whiter-skinned variety is long, straight, coarse, and black; while the darker-skinned natives have short, curly hair, which is, however, very different from the tufty wool of the negro.

Even before the advent of European civilisation the people of Madagascar were not savages. They had a stated form of government, and many institutions and laws which rank them as civilised after a fashion, though probably still in a semi-barbarous condition. Many of their customs were, moreover, of an Asiatic character, pointing to the original home of the race. The Malagasy are of middle height, with good regular features, the nose prominent, and somewhat aquiline, forehead broad and well developed, the mouth rather large, and the lips thickish. There are two great races in the island—the Hovahs (or governing race), and the Andrians (or hereditary nobility recognised as such). The last is very numerous, and divided into six classes, according to the nearness of their relation to the reigning sovereign. Excepting the monarch, who is above all law, the Andrians are forbidden to marry with the Hovahs, though there is no ground for believing that the two races are of different origin. The houses are collected into miserable little villages, of from ten to one hundred houses. These villages are only a disorderly collection of huts huddled together, and in most places do not seem to have been built with any view to safety. A Malagasy house in the low country is a framework of wood, the walls being usually composed of the leaf of the screw-pine (*Pandanus*) woven into it. The door, which is separable and movable, is made of the same material. The whole structure is raised above the ground on a few piles, to permit the rain to pass beneath it during the wet season. This vacant space beneath the house is the nightly resort of dogs and pigs, whose varied noises are not calculated to make the slumbers of the traveller unaccustomed to them any sounder. These houses are about twenty feet long, and are divided into two apartments by partitions, which do not reach to the roof. When a stranger enters, a clean mat is spread for him to sit upon, or more frequently only the clean side of the mat is turned up. Hence the Malagasy have a proverb applicable to hypocrisy. Dr. Davidson tells us that it is a double word, but literally means “the turning out the clean side of the mat.” The house is a common place of promenade for pigs, fowls, and even sheep and cattle, and is entirely without chairs, tables, or bedsteads. The smoke from the fire in the middle of the floor escapes as it best can through the door or windows, for chimney there is none. The roof accordingly soon gets covered with soot, but the heavier the flakes of soot on the roof of a house the better they like it. “It is a proof of antiquity, and the phrase ‘old sooty’ is frequently applied as a flattering distinction to an old and well-tried friend.”

The form of government in Madagascar is patriarchal; the father governs his household as its head, the chief governs the village as a father his household, and the monarch governs all in like manner: republicanism is unknown. The sovereign is God’s vice-regent, and until recently it was customary to salute him as a “god,” or “God seen by the eye.” When he walks abroad, armed messengers run before to clear the way. Among many other privileges and feudal rights, the sovereign is entitled to the rump of every bullock killed in the island. In ancient Greece and Rome this portion was appropriated to the gods, hence the bone of that part of the body is called the *sacrum* (or “sacred” part of the skeleton); it also figured in the Jewish economy (Lev. iii. 6—11). The king’s guard consists of about a thousand

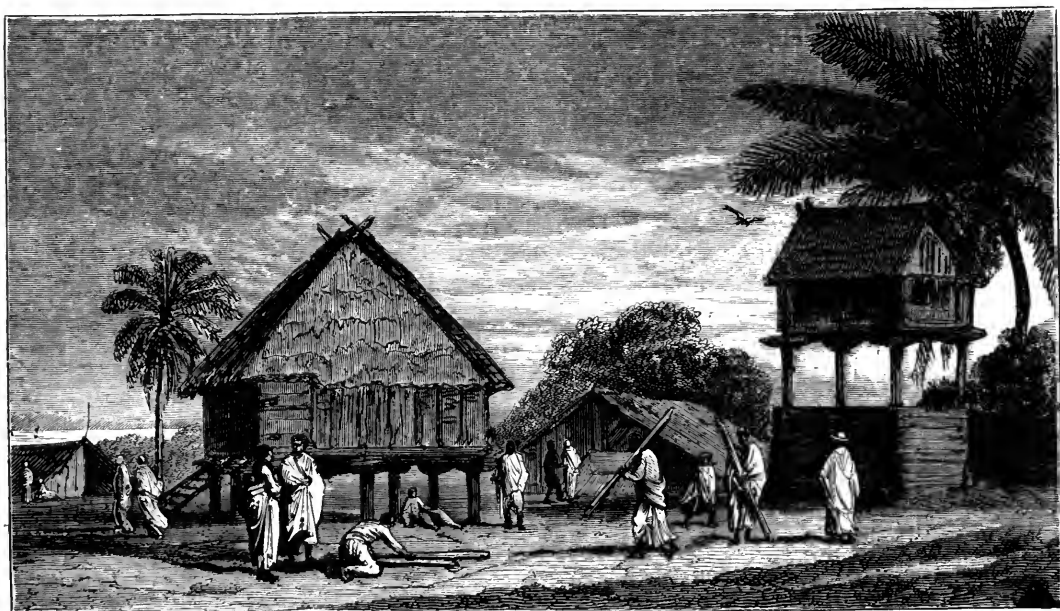
soldiers and numerous camp-followers, and as the roads are so bad he—or she (for a woman can reign—indeed, the present sovereign is a female)—is carried in a palanquin. When Radama I. seated himself for the first time in a carriage, which one of the European sovereigns had presented to him, Dr. Davidson mentions the amusing fact that his simple-minded subjects had so little idea of its nature that they instantly lifted it, wheels and all, and that he had the satisfaction of enjoying carriage exercise after a novel fashion. His palanquin is preceded by attendants dancing, singing, and chanting. At the coronation silver money is laid before him as a sign of submission, or a calf is killed and “its head, tail, and legs are cut off and placed in the reverse position in reference to the trunk to that which they naturally hold. The person taking the oath stands with a spear in his hand, while a judge administers the oath, containing imprecations that he may be mangled like this bullock if he should prove unfaithful to his oath. The oath is ratified by the person being sworn plunging the spear into the carcase of the animal. This is regarded as the most solemn of all ways of professing allegiance. Another mode is styled *Veli-ráno* (or striking water). After having thrown various worthless substances into water, whether a lake or river, or water taken from these and placed in a canoe on land, an oath is repeated, and the water is then struck by a spear.”*

The belief in one Supreme Being was a part of the original Malagasy faith, and preserved in many proverbs found among a proverb-loving people, but their real religion was a cruel paganism. Human sacrifices, burning of widows, self-torture, or destruction, were engrained parts of their religion. Witchcraft was thoroughly believed in, as well as lucky and unlucky seasons. A *faditra* was something—a fowl, a sheep, or even a bullock—which was destroyed in order to avert evil, sickness, or death—an idea bearing a remarkable likeness to the Jewish idea of a “scapegoat.” Though now Christians, it is yet in the recollection of most readers of these pages how long and bitterly the new religion was opposed by Ranavalona I. and certain of her courtiers, and what dire persecutions followed the converts to the foreign faith. Indeed, the religious customs of the people are closely wrapped up with their social customs, so that, as Dr. Davidson remarks, the latter might well enough be considered under the former head. Their year is a lunar one of twelve moons, but their New Year’s day does not correspond to ours. On that day the children, dependants, or inferiors bring a piece of money to the head of the house, after which he sprinkles a little water on them, blesses them, and wishes that they may live a thousand years, and never see the family broken up. In like manner the chiefs and officers visit the queen, and a similar ceremony is gone through. This is called *fandroana* (the washing). After sunset on that day the children tie up bunches of dry grass, which they set on fire, so that after dark the whole country looks as if lighted up. This, as well as the bonfires which in some parts of Scotland are lit upon New Year’s night, and in England on Midsummer eve, in both cases being accompanied by peculiar ceremonies, may be remnants of fire-worship. “The next day,” writes Dr. Davidson, “a number of bullocks, free from blemish, with symmetrical markings and properly twisted horns, are taken into the palace-yard to be blessed and sprinkled by the queen. These are then given away to the chiefs to be killed. The people generally throughout the country kill their bullocks, and it was formerly the custom to take reeds, and dipping them in the blood, place them at the doorposts of their houses. No one can fail to be

* For an exhaustive account of the Malagasy, see, in addition to Dr. Davidson’s papers, already quoted, Sibree’s “The Great African Island” (1880); the works of Grandidier, Pollen, and Van Dam, and Cowan; *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* (1882), p. 521.

reminded by this of the Jewish passover. The bullocks, having been cut up, are distributed amongst friends."

Among a race like the Malagasy, composed of divers elements not welded into one nationality, we might expect to find the funeral rites not alike in all divisions of the island. In the centre of the island the tombs are built of stone, partly under and partly above the ground. A fine tomb denotes the rank and wealth of the surviving relatives, and is grand in proportion to (and often above) the means of the dead man's friends. Indeed, Dr. Davidson tells us that far more attention is paid to their tombs than to their houses. A tomb must be built on a man's own land, on the border of the family possessions, and the ground on which it is built can never be alienated—a custom prevalent over many portions of the East. A familiar



RICE STOREHOUSES AND PIGEON COTS IN MADAGASCAR.

instance will occur to our readers, when Abraham bought from the sons of Heth a burying-place for Sarah. If a soldier dies in a distant district, his body is brought back to be laid in the family burying-place; for to be interred anywhere but in the family tomb is regarded as a calamity greater than death itself. They will even carefully preserve an amputated limb for the purpose of laying this detached member in the grave appropriated to the departed members of the owner's family. An amusing instance of this is related by the intelligent observer to whom I am indebted for most of these notes on the people of Madagascar. The first person supplied with a wooden leg in the island died a few years afterwards of fever. Now, the wooden leg which he possessed was not a very elegant piece of mechanism, but was of some interest as the first specimen of the kind ever used in Madagascar. Accordingly, the surgeon was anxious to secure it as a memento of early surgical progress in that region. He was, however, put off in a polite way until after the funeral, when he was told

that it was considered as part of the body of the deceased, and that the relatives had buried it with him. Away in the forests to the south-east of the capital live a tribe called the Tanala, who have a different way of disposing of the dead. Like the North-Western American Indians, they place the body, wrapped in mats, in a large box—often made out of a hollow tree—in the depth of the forest, and there leave it. “The Betsileo, again, more nearly resemble the Hovahs in their mode of burial. They build cenotaphs pretty much like the tombs we have described,



NATIVES OF MADAGASCAR POUNDING RICE.

but they dig a winding subterranean passage, somewhere near the cenotaph, in the further end of which they cut ledges, upon which they place the corpse. The most singular practice, however, in connection with funeral rites, is that followed in the case of the Andriana (or princes of the Betsileo). No sooner does an Andriana die, than they kill bullocks and cut off their skin into strips, and with these they tie up the body to one of the pillars of the house; at the same time they make incisions in the soles of the feet, and tightening the skin cords daily, they squeeze out in this way a good deal of the fluids of the body, which they collect in an earthenware pot placed beneath the feet. They say that this process goes on until a worm-like creature, which they call *fanano*, appears. They kill a bullock, and give some of the blood as

an offering to this *fanano*, which they say contains the spirit of the departed. The body, by this time probably pretty well mummified, is then laid in the family tomb."

It was customary among all the tribes to kill a number of bullocks at a death, under the belief that the spirits of the bullocks accompanied the owner into the next world. This custom they called *Monano Afana*. If the deceased was a person of consequence, then a number of bullocks would be killed, and their heads transfixed on poles in the vicinity of the tomb, a custom which we have seen finds its counterpart among other savage or barbarous people (Vol. I., p. 94, &c.). They have also the widely-spread custom of placing articles of value in the tomb. For instance, one dignitary—the Queen Rosoherina—had 11,000 dollars, in addition to other valuable property, placed in her grave, while her coffin was constructed of solid silver fashioned into the form of a canoe, and to obtain the bullion for the manufacture of which no less than 22,000 dollars were melted down. Circumcision is practised among these people, but it is performed at any period which may be considered convenient. Sometimes, to give greater *éclat* to the operation, a whole village will agree to have it performed at one time, when a season of great rejoicing and extravagance follows, which was formerly a time for a prolonged saturnalia, during which profligacy of every description had full sway and sanction.

Before the introduction of writing all bargains of importance were made publicly before the chief men of the city. "Covenants of blood" were solemn agreements between two or more persons to stand by each other. The persons so covenanting cut the skin over the region of the heart. Each of them then tasted the blood of the other, and repeated a formula containing terrible imprecations on whosoever should break the covenant. So sacred are these blood agreements that the children of the covenanting persons will consider themselves bound by them. The Dyaks—a race belonging to the same Malay stock as the Malagasies—have a similar way of ratifying an agreement. A kind of custom, similar to the Polynesian *tabu* (p. 47), prevails also in Madagascar. There the custom takes the form of affixing a bunch of grass to a pole at the entrance to the house, field, or road, to notify that entrance there is forbidden. Such a sign is known as the *fady* (or protector), and simply means that "trespassers here will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law"—habit or custom suiting such cases. Little more than sixty years ago Madagascar was in heathen darkness; pagan rites of the most horrid description prevailed, and dark superstitions overshadowed all the fair land. Though they were not ignorant of some of the primary arts of civilisation, such as weaving, carpentry, and the working of iron, and therefore could not be said to be savage, their knowledge of these arts was but meagre and rudimentary. On the other hand, they were debased, licentious, and deceitful, but not to such an extent as some of the Papuan and Polynesian nations we have already described. The Malagasy morals are even higher than those of the other Oceanic people. Yet neither truth nor purity was to be found, and their customs were cruel and degrading. If an infant was born at an "unlucky period," it was exposed, and perished; and thousands of helpless babes met this fate. Persons accused of witchcraft underwent the ordeal of trial by poison (or *tangena*).* The accused person, as among some African tribes especially near the Old Calabar river, had to drink the poisonous draught. If he or she escaped, then their innocence

* *Tunghinia venenata*, a plant belonging to the *Apocynaceæ* (or dogbane order).

was proved; if, as most frequently happened, the stomach failed to reject the drug, then the accused met the just fate of a guilty person by dying. Slavery, but never in a severe form, prevailed, and to a less extent prevails still. Snakes were looked upon with great superstition, and never killed, even though they approached the houses. Crocodiles they believed to be possessed of supernatural power, and rather than attack them invoked their protection and forbearance by prayers or charms. Even to shake a spear over the waters would be an act of sacrilegious insult to this ravenous sovereign of the flood, imperilling the life of the offender the next time he ventured on the waters.* They had neither idols, temples, nor sacred places, but worshipped unseen beings, to whom they made mysterious sacrifices. A belief in charms prevailed to a great extent; they were considered capable of warding off the influence of evil dreams, of the evil eye, and the endless unseen terrors which are for ever troubling the savage mind.

To-day there are over half a million professing Christians, 20,000 scholars attending schools, and between 600 and 700 churches. The Bible and other books have been translated into their written language; and Dr. Davidson informs us that about 150,000 different Malagasy publications were sold in one year. This result has only been accomplished after much labour, grievous persecution, and massacre. The tale has been so often told that we need not again repeat it, interesting and instructive though it is. With the progress of a more enlightened and humane form of religious belief than had for centuries prevailed in the island a more liberal and civilised form of government has sprung up under the influence of European officers, chiefly French and English, though the control of the former nation is now on the wane, and that of our countrymen increasing. The arts of civilisation are progressing, and the old restrictions being gradually removed. For example, at one time certain families from generation to generation followed one occupation alone. There were, for instance, hereditary blacksmiths, who could forge a spade, but were prohibited from using it. Yet this was a noble profession, whose members behaved to other classes in a very arrogant manner, refusing to eat with them, or to associate with them in any way; to do so would have been defilement. They considered themselves degraded by any work, and were accordingly poor. But they had their consolation in the greatness of their position and their superior privileges. They alone could carry the dead kings of Madagascar to the grave; and they alone not only forged the iron, but also built the monuments over the departed monarchs. In concluding this brief sketch of an interesting people it may be pointed out that the Malagasy afford an excellent example of a rather rare condition of matters in the history of civilisation, namely, a people improving by their own unassisted efforts, without aid from without. When first discovered, they had a rude kind of semi-barbarous civilisation; but, to use the words of Captain Oliver, R.A., who has written an interesting account of the people, "it is evident that the Malagasy have never deteriorated from any original condition of civilisation, for there are no relics of primeval civilisation to be found in the country. Yet the Malagasy seem to have considerably advanced themselves in the art of building houses, originating elaborate fortifications, which they have themselves modified to suit their offensive and defensive weapons, previous to any known intercourse with civilised people. They had domesticated oxen and pigs, and made

* Ellis, "Three Visits to Madagascar," p. 297.

advances in the cultivation of rice, yams, &c." The climate of Madagascar is good, but not sufficiently suitable to European tastes to attract many foreigners to the island. Accordingly, the Malagasy may long remain in an uncontaminated condition, and as they have already shown themselves capable of enduring civilisation, and possess an intelligence which is equal to better things, there exist grounds for hope that they may escape the fate of other savage or barbarous people, who have prematurely had the arts and laws—the advantages as well as the evils of civilisation—forced upon them.

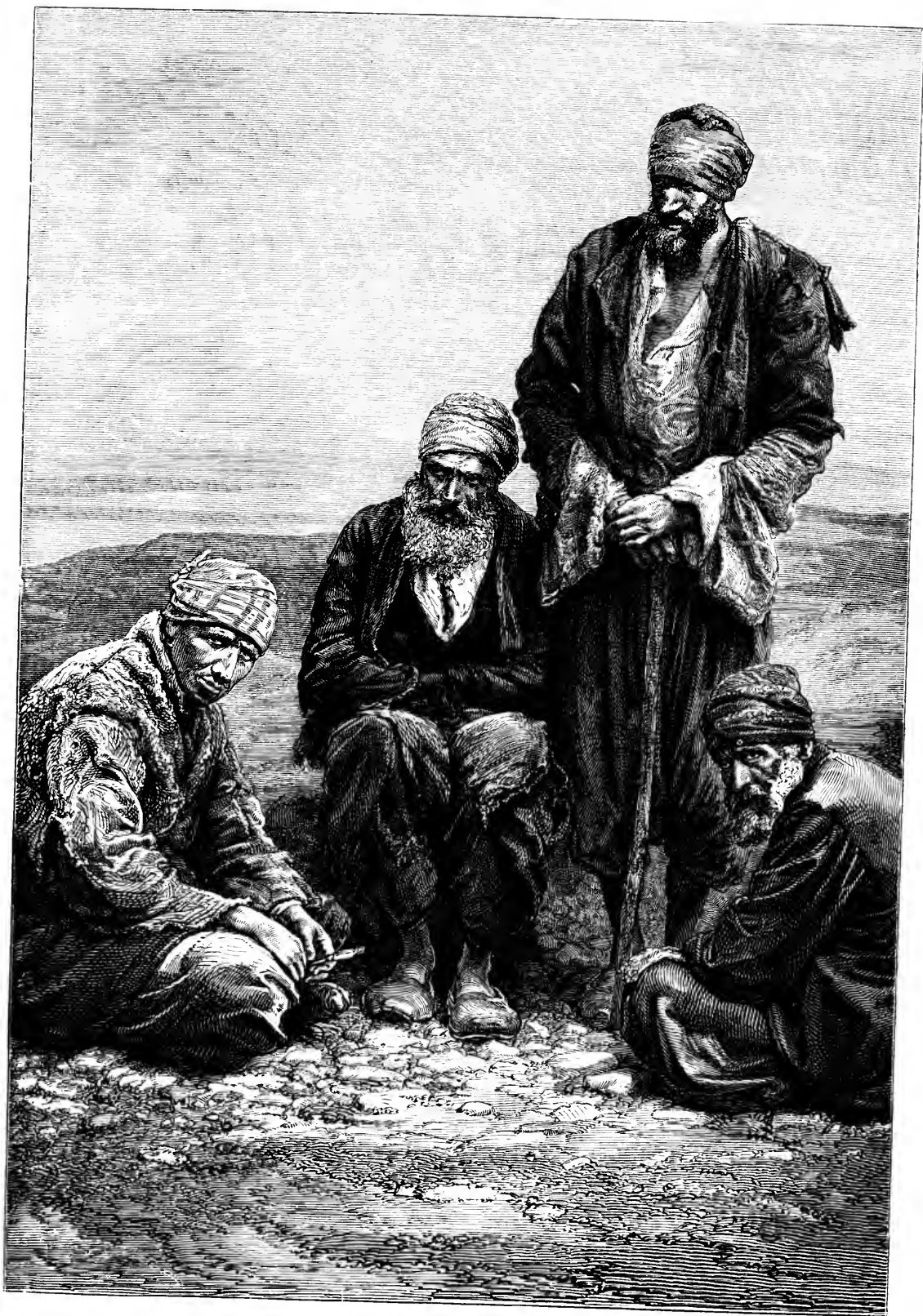
CHAPTER VIII.

THE AFRICAN STOCK; PROVISIONAL CLASSIFICATION; ARAMEANS; ABYSSINIANS.

UNDER this head, Dr. Latham—whose classification we have to a great extent followed, as the one most generally useful to the plan on which this work is constructed—has placed the whole of the African nations, with the exception of the people of the island of Madagascar, which might have been originally inhabited by some of the African tribes, afterwards driven out or absorbed by the Malay conquerors who now possess it, and who have no connection whatever with the African continent. In addition, the African stock comprises the people occupying parts of Persia, Syria, and Arabia. The characteristics of the people who are included under the general designation at the head of this chapter may be described as having their heads rather long than broad, the hair black, and rarely straight, and the skin almost invariably black or very dark, in some cases—the negroes, for instance—attaining the maximum of blackness. In the case of the negroes and other tribes, the hair is woolly or crisp, and the lips thick. The languages are all agglutinate, and though we may have something to say on this point by-and-by, for convenience of description we may divide the African stock into the following great divisions:—1, Arameans; 2, Egyptians; 3, Nilotic class; 4, the Amazirg, or Berbers; 5, the Kaffirs; 6, Hottentots, and 7, the Africans of the Northern Tropics, including the negroes of Central, Eastern, and Western Africa, a provisional group containing various races, who will doubtless, as the progress of our knowledge extends, be found to have no immediate ethnic connection.

ARAMEANS.

This group is also known as the Syro-Arabian, or Semitic race. It gets its name from the ancient appellation of Syria, and comprises people inhabiting the south-west of Asia and the north of Africa. They even extend to the south of Europe, where they have got assimilated with the population among whom they have settled. They possessed a very old civilisation long before Europe had emerged from barbarism. Christianity has made but little way amongst them, the prevailing religion being Mohammedanism. The group comprises the Arabians, Syrians, the Jews and the Ethiopians of Abyssinia—a class all distinguished not only by their early civilisation, but by the monotheistic or “one-god” form of belief. From the Jews sprang Judaism, and out of Judaism, Christianity; from the Arabs Mohammedanism has arisen; while



JEWS OF BABYLON.

the alphabet was either invented or promulgated by the Phœnicians. The Jew's face is massive; that of the Arabs of Arabia in most cases is Caucasian in form—that is, oval: the forehead, vaulted; the nose, straight or aquiline; lips, generally thin—even when thick not projecting; hair, wavy or curled; complexion, various shades of brown; limbs, spare. With the Arabs of Africa the colour is sometimes nearly black, the frame more massive, and the limbs more fleshy. In Abyssinia, the country of the Ethiopian branch, the transition to the true African of Africa is the clearest; the Amharic and Gafat tribes graduating into the Agow, Kaffa, Woratta, and Yangaro sections (based on the affinities of language) of the Gonga division. There are also other points of contact—*e.g.*, with Danakil and Galla tribes (Latham).

The *Jews*, though now scattered through all the nations of the world, have preserved the original type of countenance, owing to the fact of their remaining to a great extent unmixed with the surrounding people, through conforming to their customs, but shunning their religion, in this latter respect being true to their ancient faith. The Hebrew face can be generally detected, no matter where it is seen, though it is not a little curious that though rarely mixing with the nations among whom they have settled, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and white-skinned Jews can be met with in Scandinavia (I have myself seen them); red-haired and red-bearded Jews in Germany, and tawny-faced Jews in Spain and Portugal; while in India (in Cochin and on the Malabar coast) Buchanan affirms that Jews can be found so black as to be undistinguishable, except in features, from the natives. At Mattacheri, a town of Cochin, is a particular colony of Jews, who arrived at a later date in that country, and are Jerusalem or white Jews. There is, however, no evidence in support of Buchanan's belief that the blackness of the Jews spread through India is attributable to intermarriages with Hindoos; on the contrary, they seem to have avoided all intermixtures with other nations. In China, the Jesuit missionaries describe a colony of Jews settled in Honan for many ages, who keep themselves distinct and intermarry within their own community. It appears that the Jewish inhabitants of Cochin were a people of the same migration with those of China, and it is very improbable that they differ from their brethren in the particular above alluded to.* It is more likely that the fact of Jews now and then being found agreeing in complexion, &c., with the people among whom they are thrown is owing to the force of imagination acting on the mother, just as in the same way the lower animals can be made to produce peculiarly marked varieties of offspring from contemplating during the season of pregnancy such marked forms. This fact is very familiar to physiologists. The character of the Hebrew, as developed among the lower types of the race, is everywhere much the same; they are too often grasping and avaricious, following every pursuit where the greatest gain can be got, with little regard to the honour or dignity of the occupation. They are always keenly alive to the "main chance," of excellent business capacity, particularly when the buying and selling of money is concerned, "clannish" to their own race, hospitable among themselves, dignified, and often benevolent. Property, except when it is portable and easily realised, they do not care to accumulate. This habit of theirs is probably owing to the fact that their chief occupations are as dealers in coin, bullion, jewels, &c., and also to the persecutions and plunderings they suffered in Europe during the Middle Ages, and in the

* Duhalde, *Astle's Voyages*, vol. iv., p. 227, cited in Prichard's "*Nat. Hist. of Man*" (Norris' Ed.), I. p. 132.

Mohammedan kingdoms—such as Morocco—at the present day. An estate in land cannot be concealed, but the millionaire may hide his coin and avoid suspicion, as in Morocco, by crouching in a hovel in rags. Yet the prejudice against the race—owing chiefly to the rancour which the Christians in the more intolerant Middle Ages excited against them—is in many respects unjust. The Jews, wherever you find them, have many excellent qualities—more, I might add, than the people of any other race. They take charge of their own sick and poor; they are merciful to each other in their dealings; and rarely do their wives excite scandal in the courts of law, or is the spectacle seen of one merchant of that race calling in the help of the law to obtain his just dues from another. These are but a few of their good qualities, and though they have others not so admirable, yet the same or similar charges might be brought against almost any other nation beside the Jews.

The number of Jews in Europe alone is about 3,000,000, while Kolb computes the total number all over the world at 7,000,000; though Pressel, another eminent writer on statistics, estimates that this number is understated by no less than 2,000,000, making the Jewish population to equal a sum total of 9,000,000.

The *Arabs* are for the most part inhabitants of Egypt, Nubia, Barbary, and the Sahara, but extend also into Persia, and even India. Some follow pastoral pursuits to some extent, others are cultivators, and therefore sedentary, but most of them lead a more or less wandering life. The Bedouins are lithe and active—the wanderers of the desert, though pasturing a few sheep in most of the better-watered valleys. Their main reliance is, however, on plunder and pillage. Their very name in Arabic—Bedaween—signifies “men of the wilderness,” whose hands are against every man, and against whom is every man. Without houses, or cultivated lands, living on plunder or the milk of the camels, and trusting to their horses and dromedaries for safety or the convenience of travel, they can have little desire to accumulate property, which would be only an encumbrance to them. To use the words of Mr. Palgrave, who has given us the best account of the Arabs which we possess—“the Bedouin does not fight for his home, he has none; nor for his country, that is anywhere; nor for his honour, he never heard of it; nor for his religion, he owns and cares for none. His only object in war is the temporary occupation of some bit of miserable pasture land, or the use of a brackish well, perhaps the desire to get such a one’s horse or camel in his own possession. His dress is a loose robe, partly covering his head. His arms are a long spear (and when he can obtain it) a long-barrelled musket; whatever arms he has are his constant companions as he roams over the desert. He is a robber, but not brutal, and removed altogether out of the vulgar herd of highway thieves by the fact that it is not through avarice that he steals, nor is he aware that he is doing anything at all worthy of punishment, at all events of moral disapprobation. He will waylay the solitary traveller, or whomsoever he can lay hands on with safety, deprive him of his goods and valuables, and then entertain him hospitably, and with a certain degree of courtesy in his rude tent, give him of the best he has, clothe him so far as he can afford to part with any of the traveller’s wardrobe, and send him on the morrow on his way.” The unresisting traveller is rarely or never murdered. Why should he murder him? the Bedouin asks. He has no enmity to the man. Allah is good, and throws him in his way; and accordingly he looks upon the desert waif whom he has robbed in much the same light as the old women on the coast of Cornwall used to thank “Providence”

for its goodness whenever a homeward-bound tea-laden East Indiaman was wrecked on their shores. *They* had no enmity against the good ship, neither has the robber of the desert against the traveller whom Allah has delivered into his hands.

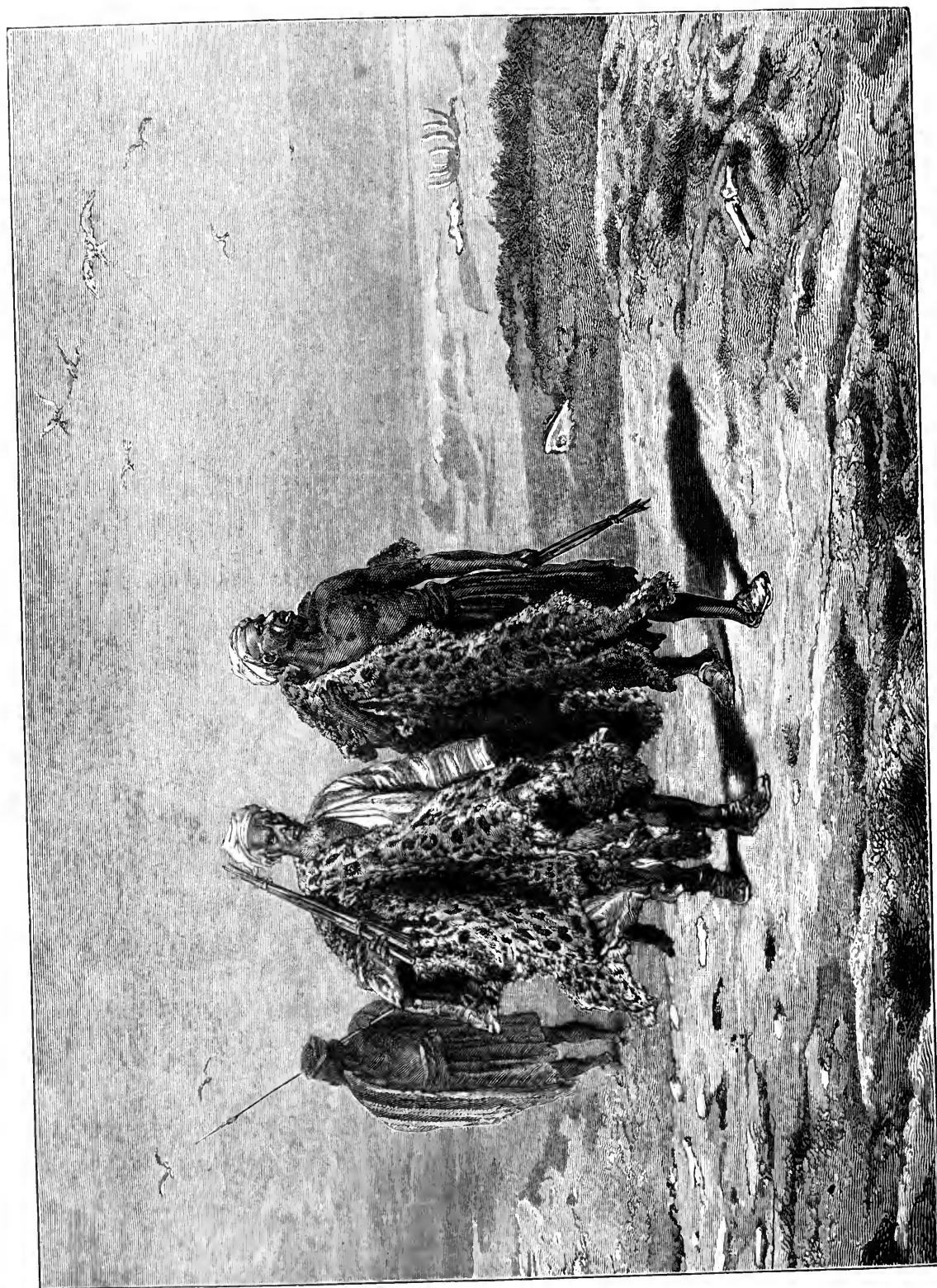
His tent is rude, dirty, and uncomfortable, and his form of government primitive and patriarchal. The Bedouins are divided into little tribes or clans, each tribe being under



BEDOUIN OF SINAI.

the rule of a sheik. In appearance the men are handsome, but the women by no means approach in this respect to their lords. They are, moreover, by the accounts of those travellers who know them best, and from what we might expect from their rough life, deficient in gentleness and womanly softness. Their modicum of charms they endeavour to heighten by tattooing, in a blue-coloured pattern of stars, &c., their arms and chins, and even the corners of their eyes. Huge earrings they are immoderately fond of. Unlike their co-religionists, they do not veil their faces, and the women's apartment may be entered by any one at all hours of the day. Mr. Palgrave was not particularly affected by the charms of the

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ARABS BRINGING SKINS TO MARKET.

Arab maid, celebrated as she has been in song and story. In the scale of Arab beauty, he considers that the female Bedouin would be at zero—or at any rate not more than 1°, while a degree higher would represent the female sex of Nejd; then would come the women of Shomer, next those of Djowf. The fair ones of Hasa are still fairer to look



BEDOUIN OF SINAI.

on; still fairer those of Katar; while by a sudden rise of ten degrees the beauties of Oman would stand at 17° on the "kalometer" scale. "Arab poets occasionally languish after the charmers of Hejaz; I never saw any one to charm me, but then I only skirted the province. All bear witness to the absence of female loveliness in Yemen, and I should much doubt whether the mulatto races and the dusky complexions of Hadramaut have much to vaunt of. But in Hasa a decided improvement in this important point is agreeably evident to the traveller arriving

from Nejd, and he will be further delighted on finding his Calypsos much more considerable and having much more, too, in their conversation, than those he left behind him in Sedeyr and Aared." Unlike the Turk, the Bedouin has no great dignity in his manners, though he can be stately and reticent on occasion when it so pleases him. Usually he is garrulous and loud talking, and without a particle of what we style stateliness or dignity. Mr. Palgrave's description of an Arab household is so graphic that I will quote it in full. "The chief, his family (women excepted), his intimate followers, and some twenty others, young and old, boys and men, came up, and after a kindly salutation, Bedouin-wise, seated themselves in a semicircle before us. Every one held a short crooked stick, for camel-driving, in his hand, to gesticulate with in speaking or to play with in the intervals of conversation; while the younger members of society, less prompt in discourse, politely employed their leisure in staring at us or in pinching up dried pellets of dirt from the sand, and tossing them about. But how am I to describe their conversation, their questions and answers, their manners, and jests? 'A sensible person in this city is like a man tied up among a drove of mules in a stable,' I once heard from a respectable stranger in the Syrian town of Homs, a locality proverbial for the utter stupidity of its denizens. But among the Bedouins in the desert, where the advantages of the stable are wanting, the guest rather resembles a man in the middle of a field among untied mules, frisking and kicking their heels in all directions around him. Here you may see human nature at its lowest stage, or very nearly. One sprawls stretched out on the sand, another draws unmeaning lines with the end of his stick, a third grins, a fourth asks purposeless or impertinent questions, or cuts jokes meant for wit, but in fact only coarse in the extreme. Meanwhile the boys thrust themselves forward without restraint, and interrupt their elders (their betters I can hardly say), without the smallest respect or deference. And yet in all this there is no real intention of rudeness, no desire to annoy—quite the reverse. They sincerely wish to make themselves agreeable to the new comers, to put them at their ease—nay, to do them what good service they can; only they do not know how exactly to set about it. If they violate all the laws of decorum or courtesy, it is out of sheer ignorance, not *malice prepense*. And amid the aimlessness of an utterly uncultivated mind, they occasionally show indications of considerable tact and shrewdness; while, through all the fickleness proper to man accustomed to no moral or physical restraint, there appears the groundwork of a manly and generous character, such as a Persian, for instance, seldom offers. Their defects are inherent in their condition, their redeeming qualities are their own; which they have by inheritance from one of the noblest races on the earth—from the Arabs of inhabited lands and organised governments. Indeed, after having travelled much and made pretty intimate acquaintance with many races, African, Asiatic, and European, I should hardly be inclined to give the preference to any over the genuine unmixed clans of Central and Eastern Africa. Now these last-mentioned populations are identical in blood and tongue with the myrmidons of the desert, yet how immeasurably inferior! The difference between a barbarous Highlander and an English gentleman in 'Rob Roy' or 'Waverley' is hardly less striking."

The Arab's life is, nationally, not a peaceable one, and it is not made any the more tranquil by the fact that he is continually at war with neighbouring clans. His daily existence is one of uncertainty whether the sun will set without seeing his tribe attacked by the wild desert men of another petty sept. His food is rough—his cooking, if possible, more so. Boiled mutton,

served up in a dish in which the whole "tent-hold" plunges their not over-cleanly fists, is a favourite dish, but the nutritious date supplies the bulk of the Arab's food. A rudely-made cake, baked in the ashes of his fire, supplies him with bread. Religion he has scarcely any idea of, though nominally the Bedouin is a Mohammedan. Letters he has none, and he is as superstitious as he is illiterate. Yet his respect for written papers, and for the men who can make them, is beyond bounds; such a man is thrice blessed of Allah.

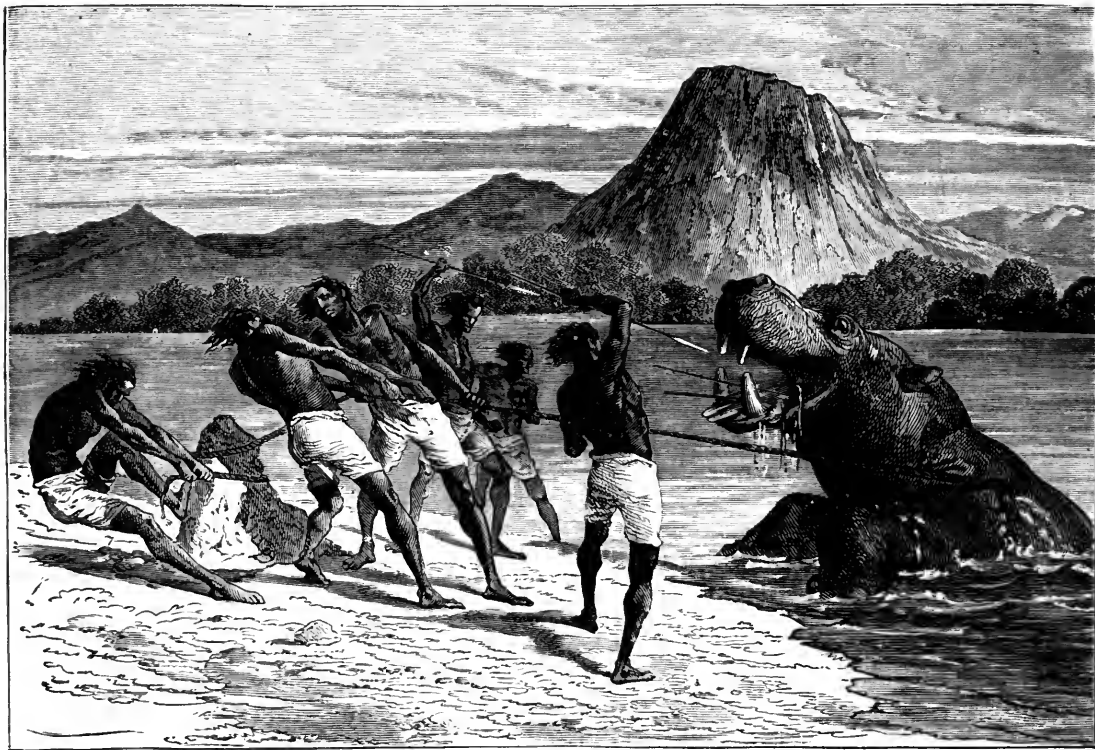
In writing of the Arabs, Dr. Ansted says: "One of their peculiarities is their impassiveness. At the Arab market at Constantine, tall quiet figures stand about wrapped in their long burnouses, or sit in a line on the edge of the hill, perfectly motionless, for hours together, and presenting from below the appearance of a string of great white crows. Here and there is a closer knot of people, listening to some blind singers, who are squatting on the ground chanting in a plaintive tone verses from the Koran, inculcating the practice of works of mercy." When the Arabs travel, their camels are accompanied by their young, who run by the side of their dams, and are extremely pretty little creatures, not being leggy and gawky like the foals of mares, but the exact image of the full-grown animal in miniature. The sheep and goats, however, are not allowed to travel with the tribe, since under the sense of necessity even the Arab becomes economical.

The *Agricultural Arabs*, or Fellaheen, are rather more robust than the wandering ones, and are keen-witted, lively, and intelligent. In their work they are persevering, and on the whole form the finest type of the race. The colour of their skin varies from white to almost black, though the general complexion of the coast Arabs is yellowish, bordering on brown. A few words upon two of the most marked of the many wild tribes of Arabs may suffice to give an idea of the characteristics of the race.

The *Hassaniyeh* Arabs inhabit the desert south of Khartoum. In complexion they are fairer than the rest of their compatriots, and have many curious customs. For instance, when a woman marries, she does not altogether, as is, nominally at least, the fashion elsewhere, merge her identity into that of her husband. On the contrary, she considers that three-fourths of her life is her husband's, but the other fourth belongs to herself. Accordingly every fourth day she is freed from her marriage vows, and if she chooses she can accept the attentions of any man without her lawful husband having the power, if even custom allow of his having the inclination, to prevent her. In other parts of Arabia, after the wedding the bride returns to her mother's tent, but again runs away in the evening, and repeats these flights several times, till she finally returns to her tent. She does not live in her husband's tent for some months—perhaps not for even a year from the wedding-day.* As is the practice among many barbarous or savage peoples, a stranger in the Hassaniyeh tribe meets with such hospitality that he receives the loan of a wife during his stay! Otherwise, the women are virtuous and well-behaved. The Arab hospitality is shown here in many ways, more particularly in an extraordinary dance with which the stranger is received on first visiting these singular people. It is performed by the young women, and is graceful in the extreme. They come, to the number of thirty or forty, clapping their hands and singing a shrill piercing chorus, more like lamentation than greeting. "When they had arrived in front of me," writes the American traveller, Bayard Taylor, "they ranged

* Burckhardt, quoted by Lubbock, p. 56.

themselves in a semicircle, with their faces towards me, and still clapping their hands to mark the rhythm of the song. She who stood in the centre stepped forth, with her breast heaved almost to a level with her face, which was thrown back, and advanced with a low undulating motion, till she had reached the edge of my carpet. Then, with a quick jerk, she reversed the curve of her body, throwing her head forward and downward, so that the multitude of her long twists of black hair, shining with butter, brushed my cap. This was intended as a salutation and sign of welcome. I bowed my head at the same time, and she went back to her



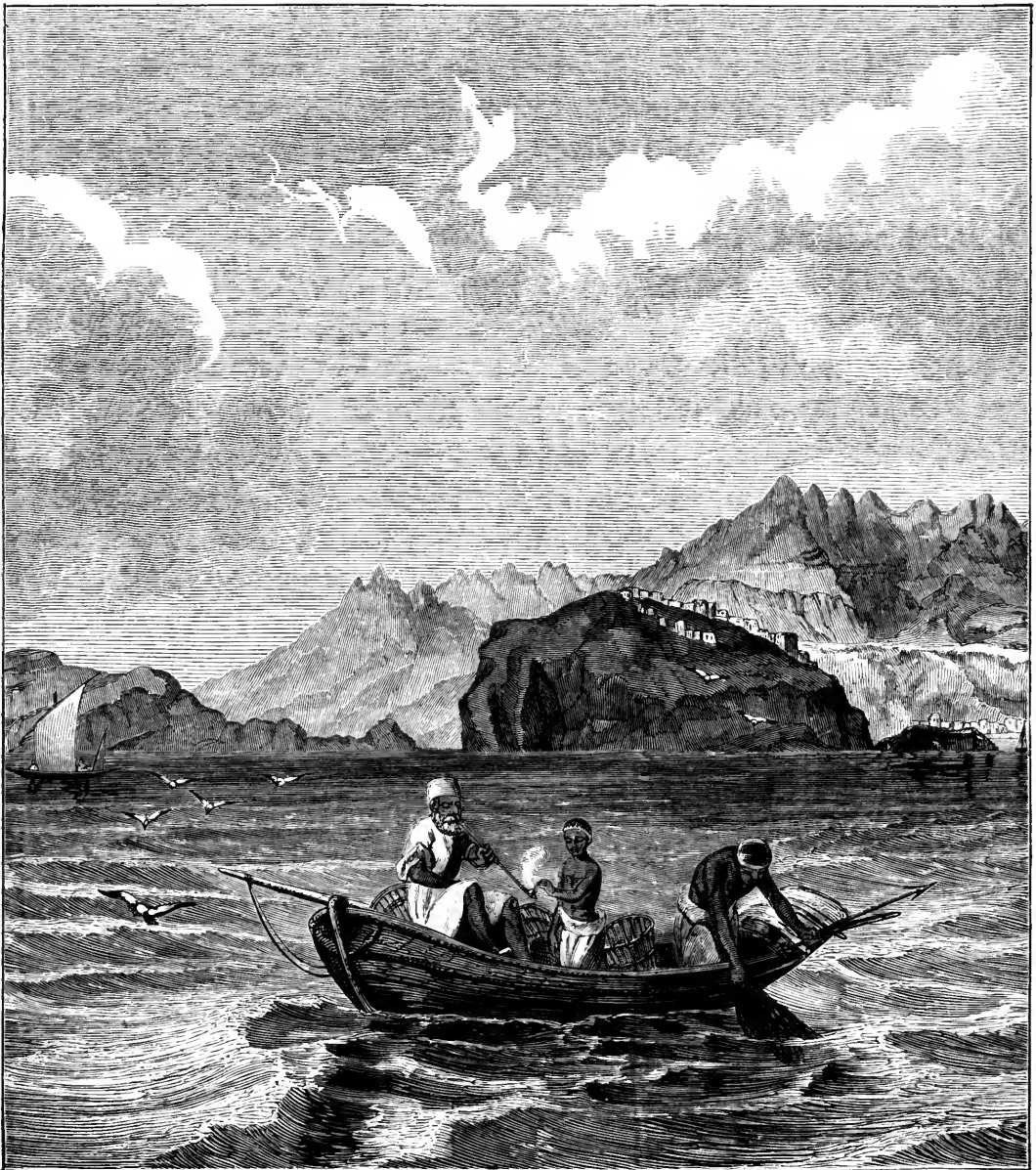
HAMRAN ARABS CAPTURING HIPPOPOTAMUS.

place in the ranks. After a pause the chorus was resumed, and another advanced, and so in succession, till all had saluted me, a ceremony which occupied an hour. They were nearly all young, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, and were strikingly beautiful. They had the dark olive Arab complexion, with regular features, teeth of pearly whiteness, and dark brilliant eyes. The coarse cotton robe thrown over one shoulder left free the arms, neck, and breast, which were exquisitely moulded. Their bare feet and ankles were as slender as those of the Venus of Cleomenes."

Lady Anne Blunt asserts that, with the exception of those who frequent the cities, the Euphrates Valley Bedouins possess no religion save a belief in one God, and that, unlike the Arabs, they have few superstitions.

Most of the Arab tribes believe in charms and in writing, which constitutes in itself a

wonderful mystery. If they are ill it is enough for a physician to write a mystic cure on a piece of paper. Then the patient washes off the ink and drinks the water containing it.



AN ARAB FISHING-BOAT ON THE RED SEA (BAHR EL AHMAR).

Probably the cure is quite as efficacious as if he had attempted it by the orthodox method. Genii (or *jinn*s) they implicitly believe in, and take all care to guard against them. Like witches in the Highlands of Scotland, they are not to be killed except by a silver bullet, and it is dangerous to part with your hair or your headdress, for then the person getting possession of

either can bewitch the former owner at his leisure. The mirage is to the Hassaniyeh Arab the "water of *jinn*s," and is seen to perfection in their country. "I had been riding," writes Mr. St. John, "along in a reverie, when, chancing to raise my head, I thought I perceived, desertwards, a dark strip on the far horizon. What could it be? My companion, who had very keen sight, was riding in advance of me, and, with a sudden exclamation, he pulled up his dromedary and gazed in the same direction. I called to him, and asked him what he thought of yonder strip, and whether he could make out anything distinctly. He answered that water had all at once appeared there; that he saw the motion of the waves, and tall palms and other trees bending up and down over them, and tossed by a strong wind. An Arab was at my side, with his face muffled up in his burnous. I roused his attention, and pointed to the object of our inquiry. 'Mashallah!' cried the old man, with a face as if he had seen a ghost, and stared with all his might across the desert. All the other Arabs of the party evinced no less emotion; and our interpreter called out to us that what was seen was the evil spirit of the desert, that led travellers astray, leading them further and further into the heart of the waste, ever retreating before them as they pursued it, and not finally disappearing till its deluded victims had irrecoverably lost themselves in the pathless sands. This, then, was the mirage. My companion galloped towards it, and we followed him, though the Arabs tried to prevent us, and ere long I could with my own eyes discern something of this strange phenomenon. It was, my friend reported, a broad sheet of water, with fresh green trees along its banks; and yet there was nothing actually before us but parched yellow sand. The apparition occasioned us all very uncomfortable feelings, and yet we congratulated ourselves in having seen for once the desert wonder. The phenomenon really deserves the name the Arabs give it, of goblin of the desert; an evil spirit which beguiles the wanderer from the safe path, and mocks him with a false show of what his heated brain paints in glowing colours. Whence comes it that this illusion at first fills with uneasiness—I might even say with dismay—those even who ascribe its existence to natural causes? On a spot where the bare sands spread out for hundreds of miles, where there is neither tree nor shrub, nor a trace of water, there suddenly appeared before us groups of tall trees, proudly girdling the running stream, on whose waves we saw the sunbeams dancing. Hills, clad in pleasant green, rose before us and vanished; small houses, and towns with high walls and ramparts, were visible among the trees, whose tall boles swayed to and fro in the wind like reeds. Fast as we rode in the direction of the apparition we never came any nearer to it; the whole seemed to recoil step by step with our advance. We halted and remained long in contemplation of the magic scene, until whatever was unpleasant in its strangeness ceased by degrees to affect us. Never had I seen any landscape so vivid as this seeming one, never water so bright, or trees so softly green, so tall and stately. Everything seemed far more charming than in the real world; and so strongly did we feel this attraction that, though we were not driven by thirst to seek for water where water there was none, still we would willingly have followed on and on after the phantom, and thus we could well perceive how the despairing wanderer, who with burning eyes thinks as he gazes on water and human dwellings, will struggle onwards to his last gasp to reach them, until his fearful, lonely doom befalls him." Then by-and-by the apparition becomes fainter and fainter, until it melts away, not unlike a thin mist sweeping over the face of a Norwegian fjeld.

One of the most celebrated superstitions of the Hassaniyeh Arabs is the ink mirror. A

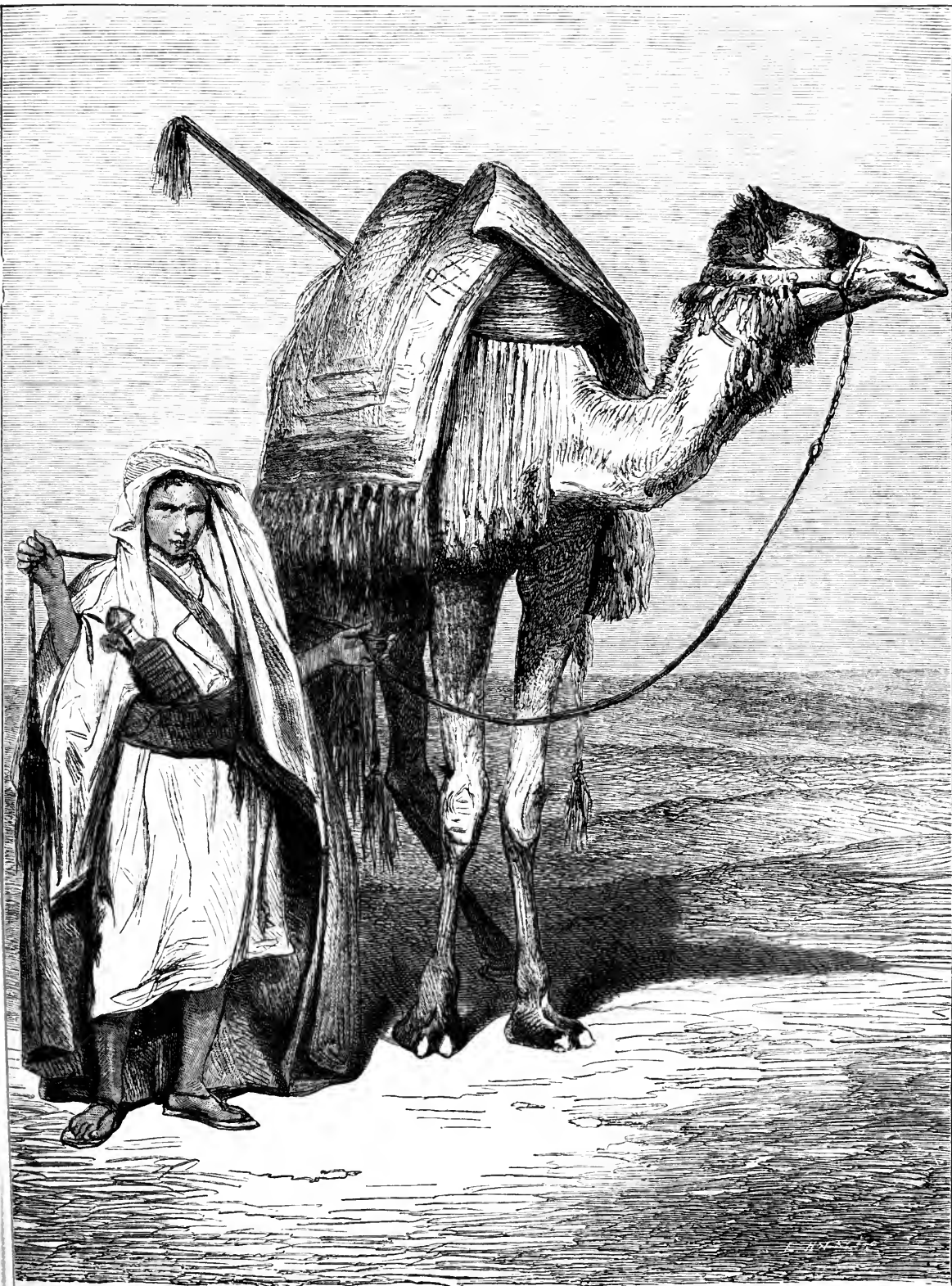
young boy—too young to have committed sin—is taken by the magicians, and, after many ceremonies and fumigation, is told to look into a dish containing ink. If the boy is sinless, then a vision breaks on his view. He sees a man sweeping the ground, and then a camp, with the Sultan's tent, over which flies the sacred flag of Mahomet. Other views then follow. If the boy sees nothing, then he has sinned, and is not allowed this privilege. As for the magician himself, he does not pretend to be able to see anything; he is too old a sinner altogether.

The last Arab tribe which our space will allow of any reference to are the *Hamrans*, or sword-hunters, of the South of Cassala, whose habits and mode of life have been so well described by Sir Samuel Baker in a work specially devoted to them.* They have two chief weapons, a finely-tempered double-edged sword, and a shield. These weapons are their constant companions, and with them they hunt the elephant, the lion, the baboon, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus; in the pursuit of the last animal, however, the sword is exchanged for a harpoon and lance. The following method is adopted in hunting the elephant. One of the hunters rides ahead of the furious animal, so as to draw its attention from those who are behind. While the animal is thus occupied one of the Arabs swiftly dismounts from his trained horse, and administers a heavy blow with the sharp sword on the lower portion of one of the elephant's hind-legs, and then instantly springs on his horse again and is out of reach before the animal can take vengeance on him. A couple of such blows disables the elephant, when it easily falls a victim to its bold persecutors. It is needless to say that to hunt in this manner the hunter must be a skilful rider. And this the Hamran Arabs are. There are probably no more skilful horsemen in the world, not even among the Indians or Hispano-Americans. Centaur-like, they seem a part of the horse. At full gallop over rough stony ground, they will swing themselves like monkeys under the horse's belly; pick up stones, throw them into the air, and catch them before descending; or when the horse is galloping at full speed, they will spring to the ground, flourish their swords, and without once checking the speed of the animal, with their hand firmly clutched in the mane, will lightly vault again into their seats. Skilful horsemanship is common to all the race, and also a love for the beautiful animals, which are not uncommonly owned by them, though it must be acknowledged that, when irritated, they will abuse their animals most unmercifully, though never to the extent which the savage Indians do. A tale is told of an old sheik of the Bedouins which illustrates this. I heard it years ago from an old officer of Ibrahim Pasha, the ruler of Egypt, but as Mr. W. C. Prime has again retold it in his "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," the reader will thank me for giving it in his graphic language:—"He was old and poor. The latter virtue is common to his race. He owned a tent, a Nubian slave, and a mare; nothing else. From the Nile to the Euphrates the fame of this animal had gone out, and kings sought in vain to own her. The love of the Bedouin for his horse is not that fabled affection that we read of in books. This love is the same affection that a nabob has for his gold, or rather that a poor labourer has for his wages. His horse is his life. He can rob, plunder, kill, and destroy *ad libitum*, if he have a fleet steed. If he have none, he can do nothing, but is the prey of every one who has. Acquisition is a prominent feature of Arab character, but accumulation is not found in the brain of a son of Ishmael. The reason is obvious. If he have wealth, he has nowhere to keep it. He would be robbed in the night.

* "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword-Hunters of the Hamran Arabs" (1868), p. 167.

He would, indeed, have no desire to keep it; for the Bedouin who murders you for a shawl, or a belt, or some gay trapping, will give it away next day. Living this wandering life, the old sheik was rich in this one mare, which was acknowledged to be the fleetest horse in Arabia. Ibrahim Pasha wished for the animal, as his father had wished before him. He sent various offers to the old sheik, but in vain. At length he sent a deputation with a hundred purses (a purse is five pounds), and the old man laughed at him. 'Then,' said Ibrahim Pasha, 'I will take your mare.' 'Try it.' He sent a regiment into the desert, and the sheik rode around them, and laughed at them, and the regiment came home. At last the sheik died from a wound received in a fray with a neighbouring tribe. Dying, he gave to his Nubian slave all that he had—this priceless mare—and the duties of the blood revenge. The faithful slave accepted both, and has ever since been the terror of the Eastern desert. Yearly he comes down like a hawk on the tents of that devoted tribe, and leaves a ball or a lance in man or woman. No amount of blood satisfies his revenge; and the mare and the black rider are as celebrated in Arabia as the wild huntsman in European forests, and much better known." In many other respects the Arab resembles the prairie Indian, similar physical circumstances compelling a recourse to a similar mode of life. The prairie Indian is a "trailer" (Vol. I., p. 166); so is the Arab. Of the acuteness of his senses as displayed in this the tales are endless. Here is one told me—if my memory does not deceive me—by the officer already referred to:—Some merchants of Beyrout lost a camel in the desert, and while in search of it they met an old man whom they interrogated in regard to it. "Had he seen a camel?" "No." As no information is likely to be got from this individual, they are starting again in pursuit, when the solitary desert wanderer calls them back. "Was the camel laden on one side with corn and the other side with honey?" "Yes—yes! When did you see it?" "I have never seen it. Was it lame on the right fore-leg?" "Yes; where is it? do not delay us any longer." "I have never seen your camel. Was it blind on the right eye?" "Yes—yes, give us our camel!" "I know not where your camel is; but was it wanting a tooth in front?" "Yes, it was." As he still protested his ignorance of the whereabouts of the camel, he was dragged before the *cadi*, and to the *cadi* he told his tale. "In the name of Allah I protest I know not where the camel of the merchants is. I know, however, that a camel was ahead of me, for I saw its tracks on the sand. I know it was laden on one side with corn and on the other side with honey, for I saw the one spilt on one side of the path and the other spilt on the other, as it ran masterless along. I know that it was lame on the right fore-leg, for I have all my life known the track of a camel, and I saw by the footprints in the sand that this was lame in the manner I have told unto my lord and unto the merchantmen. I know that it was blind on one side, for it ate the herbage alone at one side of its path, while at the other side it was richer still; and lastly, I know that it wanted a tooth, for as it cropped the broad-leaved herbage I could see that it left always in the centre of its bite a strip of leaf, unbit through. That is all I know; the merchants know as much. Let them seek the camel, and let me be gone." The revengeful disposition of the Arabs (referred to in the tale of the Nubian slave's revenge just told) the Arabs attribute to their use of camels' flesh, a superstition which finds its counterpart among various nations (pp. 161, 164, 165, 169, &c.).

Nominally, all the Arab tribes are Mussulmans, but their practice of their religion is very corrupt. Up to the time of Mahomet they worshipped a black stone. Even to this day their



ARABIAN CAMEL AND DRIVER.

notions of morals and superstition are so mixed up that they believe that a broken oath brings misfortune on the place where it was uttered.*

The *Syrians* are the remnants of an ancient race, absorbed in that which conquered them. It is remembered through the Christian population of Mesopotamia and Chaldaea, who speak their language. The Syriac language, the Chaldee of the Old Testament, was the original idiom of the Hebrews, until the descendants of Abraham came into Canaan, and adopted from the previous inhabitants the Canaanitish or proper Hebrew. The famous port of Beyrout is a Syrian harbour. "Thither Libanus sends its wines and silks, Yemen its coffee, Hamah its corn, Dycbart and Latakeah their pale-coloured tobaccos, Palmyra its horses, Damascus its arms, Bagdad its costly stuffs, and all Europe the countless products of its industry." The Marronites and Druses, who are Christians, and sadly persecuted by their Turkish rulers, belong to this branch. Most of the Persians are not, however, members of it, and will be referred to in another portion of this work.

ABYSSINIANS.

The *Abyssinians*, or Ethiopians, comprise the people of the elevated plateau of Abyssinia. Under this general designation are comprehended many tribes—speaking different languages, but whose origin has long been a puzzle to historians. In stature they are rather below than above six feet, and are fairer than the negroes, with an oval face, a thin, finely-cut nose, good mouth, regular teeth, and hair generally frizzled. There is in Abyssinia, in addition to the type just described, a second and coarser type, more negro-like in appearance. Abyssinia is interesting both in geographical and ethnological features. Here we see a rude form of Christianity overlying a still older Judaism, and professed by a people speaking a tongue more nearly allied than any living tongue to the Hebrew, and whose manners represent in these latter days the habits and customs of the ancient Israelites in the times of Gideon and Joshua. So striking is the resemblance between the modern Abyssinians and the Hebrews of old that we can hardly look upon them but as branches of one nation, and if we had not convincing evidence to the contrary, and knew not for certain that the Abramidae (descendants of Abraham) originated in Chaldaea, and to the northward and eastward of Palestine, we might frame a very probable hypothesis which should bring them down as wandering shepherds from the mountains of Habesh, and identify them with the Shepherd Kings, who, according to Manetho, multiplied their bands in the land of the Pharaohs, and being, after some centuries, expelled thence by the will of the gods, sought refuge in Judaea, and built the walls of Jerusalem.† Such an hypothesis would explain the existence of an almost Israelitish people, and the preservation of a language so nearly approaching to the Hebrew, in intertropical Africa. It is certainly untrue; but we find no other easy explanation of the facts which the history of Abyssinia presents, and particularly of the early extension of the Jewish religion and customs through that country; for the legend which makes the royal house of Meenalek descend from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba is "as idle a story as ever monks invented to abuse the reverent ignorance of their lay brethren," or, it may be added, courtiers to flatter their royal

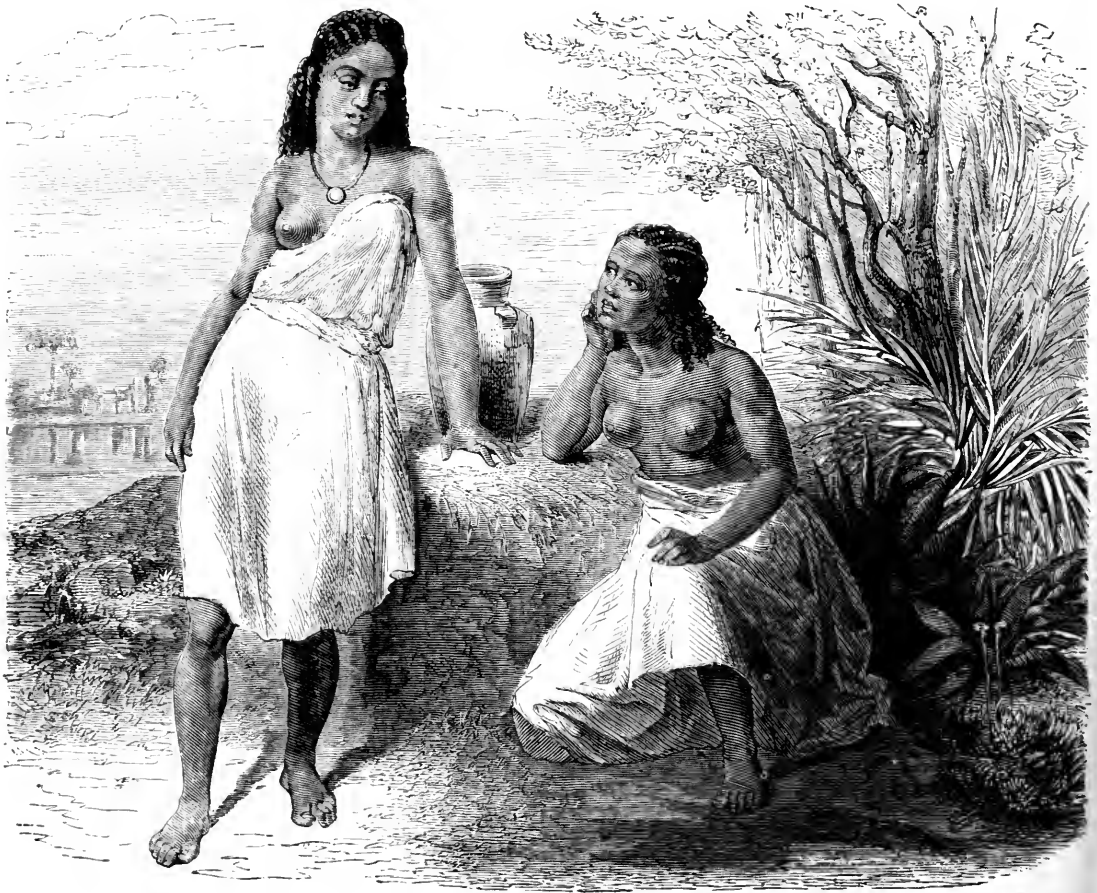
* For the Arabs generally, see Palgrave's "Arabia" (1866); Lady Anne Blunt's "Bedouin Tribes" (1879); and "Nejd" (1881); Palmer's "Desert of Exodus" and "Palestine Exploration Reports" (1881), *passim*.

† By some Semitic scholars it is believed that it was one of these Shepherd Kings that Joseph was serving when his father and brethren came "to buy corn in Egypt."

masters, for the Abyssinian monarchy cling to this last tag of respectability with a tenacity unparalleled in the annals of heraldry. The fact is, the basis of the population seems to be Arabs, intermixed with some of the negroid tribes, or with the Jews, and Greek or Portuguese conquerors or visitors, who at various times overrun the country. Though naturally the same description will not apply to all classes, yet the Abyssinians may be said to be far from a handsome-faced race, the women even then being rather better looking than the men. Some of the latter have wonderfully beautiful eyes, so large, indeed, as to look unnatural. The dress of the people is shown in our illustrations (pp. 172, 173, 176-7, &c.). All are fond of silver ornaments. A silver chain on a man's neck is a sign that an elephant has been killed by him. Bracelets of silver, and various kinds of amulets to guard against ill luck, are also universal amongst them. The weapons of the men are a sword, spear, and shield. Firearms are also now almost universal, but are of a very inferior character, while artillery was introduced by the late Emperor Theodore, who met his unhappy end by his own hand at the storming of Magdala. The sword is contained in a sheath of red Morocco leather. The shield is of buffalo-hide, and though serviceable against spear-thrusts or sword-cuts, is easily penetrated by a bullet. In the case of rich men or chiefs the shield is often ornamented with bosses of silver, and the scabbard of the sword is silver-plated. A lion's skin is also frequently worn as a mantle by such dignitaries, and if the individual is a great chief, or a man of very distinguished rank, he will in addition wear ornaments of silver about the head. On the whole, the dress of the Abyssinian is not very picturesque, nor his arms particularly serviceable even in his own method of warfare. The women's costume consists of a robe of cotton wrapped about their person. They also sometimes tattoo themselves, generally on the upper joint of the arm. They also wear many silver ornaments, but are not very particular as to personal cleanliness. Their clothes are only washed once a year—viz., on the eve of St. John! The hair of both sexes and all classes is arranged in a series of plaits. It was an old custom for an additional plait to be added for every man killed in battle. To preserve such an extraordinary head of hair they adopt a pillow of the same nature as that used by the Papuans—viz., a doorscraper-like stool, on the cross bar of which the Abyssinian dandy leans his neck at night.

The *birth* customs of Abyssinia are sufficiently interesting to be noted. When a child is about to be born all the men must leave the house. To remain at this interesting period under the same roof with the mother would be pollution so great that the offender could not enter church for many days. After the child is born it is taken to a window and held there until a man thrusts through the open window a lance, the point of which is put into the infant's mouth, in order, it is believed, to make the future warrior brave in battle. The Abyssinian child may, therefore, be said to be born not with the proverbial silver spoon in its mouth, but with a weapon much more warlike. The women then utter loud cries—twelve times for a boy, three times for a girl, and engage in a chase after the men, who, if caught, have to ransom themselves by making a present, generally of eatables or drinkables; after which the ladies, who are for the time being mistresses of the situation, indulge in a debauch of a not particularly elegant character. The child is then circumcised, and afterwards baptised—a curious mixture of Jewish and Christian customs—the former never having been altogether eradicated from the country. The house is forthwith purified by many rites and

ceremonies, and a cord of red, blue, and white silk attached round the child's neck, which is afterwards exchanged for the blue cord or "match" worn by all adult Abyssinians. A curious custom provides that the godchild shall inherit all the property of the godfather, supposing that the latter dies without issue. Again, if a man wishes to be adopted as the son of one of a station and influence superior to his own, all he has to do is to take his hand, and, sucking one of his fingers, declare himself to be his "child by adoption," after which his new father is



ABYSSINIAN GIRLS.

bound by long custom, if not by law, to assist and protect his adopted son in every way in his power.

The Abyssinians attach great importance to periods of forty and eighty days, from the idea that Adam and Eve did not receive the "spirit of life" until they had been created for these periods. Accordingly, these intervals of time figure in many of their ceremonies. For instance, the child is circumsised on the eighth day after birth, the house purified on the twentieth, and on the fortieth baptism is administered, supposing the infant is a boy; but if a girl, then the eightieth day after birth is the period specified. Should the priest or the father miscalculate,

he is sentenced to a year's fasting—a punishment very heavy in any case, but to such enormous eaters as the Abyssinians something severe beyond the demerits of the offence, even in ecclesiastical eyes.



ABYSSINIAN HORSE-SOLDIER.

As to *marriage*, after betrothal the bride remains in retirement, not being allowed even to see her future husband. The marriage is preceded by a gluttonous feast, to which certain guests are invited, but in reality all comers are welcome to it. They eat as much as they possibly can, and then retire to give room for the next parcel of vagrant gormandisers

whom the odours of feasting have attracted from far and near. The whole affair is accompanied with licence and riot indescribable. The bridegroom is then carried on the back of a man and summarily deposited in the house of the bride. The marriage—which is in reality, however, a civil ceremony—is finished by a priest or elder giving an address to the contracting parties. The usual method of entering into such a union as we have described is as follows:—If a man has taken a fancy to a particular girl, he sends a friend to her father to ask his consent. If this is granted the suitor then visits the bride's house, and both take an oath that they will be faithful to each other for life. The parents of the bride then hand over her dowry—generally consisting of oxen, sheep, horse, or a sum of money, according to the circumstances of the family—to the suitor. The bridegroom is, however, bound to find security for the return of the goods, in case he should afterwards dismiss his wife, and be unable to restore the dowry he has received. He is also obliged to secure upon the lady an additional sum of money, or property, as a precaution in case he should choose to separate from her without valid reasons. They then, after a period generally of twenty days, go to church and receive the sacrament, after which affairs proceed in the manner we have already described. This is the general plan of the marriage of the higher classes; but the poorer people content themselves with celebrating their union by a feast of raw meat and intoxicating liquors, after which, if a priest is at hand, he sprinkles them with holy water and repeats a hallelujah; the company join in the benediction, and the ceremony is then complete. When the marriage is that of a prince or princess, the rites are much more elaborate and dignified. "The match having been previously settled according to the views of the court, preparations are made for the festival, which is generally held during the rainy season, while the country is secure and abandoned to pleasure. The king being seated on his throne in the large hall of audience, the parties are introduced into his presence with their respective attendants. After kissing his hand they are all magnificently clothed in dresses of brocade or other rich stuffs. The crown is sometimes set on their heads; they receive the benediction of the Kees Hatze (or Royal Almoner); after which they retire, clothed with the caftan (or marriage dress). Having mounted horses, given them by his majesty, they ride in great state in the midst of loud acclamations to the house of the husband. A dinner is prepared, in the course of which many oxen are slaughtered at the door in order to furnish *brind* (or raw flesh), which is served up reeking and quivering from the body of the animal. Deep drinking then commences, in which the ladies and gentlemen indulge to a degree which to a European seems incredible. These marriages, it is added, are by no means permanent; many of the Ozoros (or princes) entering into new engagements as often as they please, and dissolving the preceding contract at the suggestion of convenience or fancy."*

During the marriage festivities the groomsmen enjoy many privileges—among others that of going around to the friends or acquaintances of the bridegroom and asking presents for him, and if these are not speedily forthcoming, of taking what they choose without being liable to any punishment for this legalised robbery. As marriages among all classes—even among princes—are so easily dissolved, both parties are allowed to marry again, the children being divided between the father and mother. The result is much domestic disunion, and what in our eyes would seem impropriety. When Bruce, the famous

* Balugani, in Bruce's "Travels," vol. vii., p. 69.

Abyssinian traveller, was at Koseam, in the presence of the queen, he saw a woman of great rank in attendance, and at the same time and in the same circle *seven* men who had been her husbands, no one of whom was the happy spouse at that time. Often in one family there will be children by several fathers or mothers, all of whom are living and may have contracted other alliances; and yet, adds the traveller quoted, "there is no country in the world where there are so many churches."

To such an extent is this system engrained in the manners of the people, that in the distribution of the children at divorce there are certain well-established rules in reference to it. The eldest son falls to the mother and the eldest daughter to the father. If there is but one girl, however, and all the rest boys, then she is assigned to the father; on the other hand, if there is but one son, and all the rest of the children girls, he is the property of the mother. If the members are unequal at the first division, then the remainder are distributed by lot. "From the king to the beggar there is no distinction between legitimate and illegitimate offspring; there being, in fact, no principle on which the preference could be made to rest, except in the case of the royal family, where the mother of the heir is previously selected and usually crowned. In his order of marriage the king uses no other ceremony than the following:—He sends an officer to the house where the lady lives, who announces to her that it is the king's pleasure that she should remove instantly to the palace. She then dresses herself in her best and immediately obeys. Thenceforward the king assigns her an apartment in the royal dwelling, and gives her a house elsewhere in any place she may choose. There is an approach to a regular marriage when he makes one of his wives *Itege*; for on that occasion he orders a judge to pronounce in his presence that 'the king has chosen his handmaid for his queen.' The crown is then applied to her brow, but she is not anointed. The beautiful story of Ahasuerus and Esther will occur to the recollection of every reader; for it was when she had found grace in his sight more than the other virgins, that he placed a gold crown on her head. This coronation in Abyssinia conveys a great political privilege, constituting her majesty regent during the nonage of her son; a point of correspondence which history does not enable us to trace in any of the mighty kingdoms that covered the banks of the Euphrates."*

It is said that "ecclesiastical marriages," or those in which the ceremony is a sacrament of the church, are indissoluble, the law of the Roman Catholic Church intervening in these cases, while in the civil marriages the Jewish custom maintains.

The *burial* of the dead is a public affair at which all attend who choose, and the grave is always dug by volunteer amateur sextons, the act of digging a grave being looked upon as a rather meritorious act. The burial follows death very speedily. The methods of denoting mourning for the dead are various. A common method is to rub the skin of the forehead with the dress until the skin is frayed. The result is that frequently in Abyssinia the face presents unsightly scabs and scars, materially detracting from the good looks of the enthusiastic mourner, though it is probable that the grief is looked upon as all the more meritoriously severe when it is attended with such a self-sacrifice. After the body is put under ground, and before the company have left the side of the grave, eulogies are pronounced on the deceased

* Russell's "Nubia and Abyssinia," p. 339.

—after the French fashion—and rude verses sung in his honour. Other ceremonies and masses follow, often every forty or eighty days for a whole year after the decease of the person mourned for. But the most curious custom connected with burials in Abyssinia is the bringing of gifts (or *devves*) to the relatives of the departed.



ABYSSINIAN FOOT-SOLDIER.

Mr. Pearce, who many years ago resided in Abyssinia for a lengthened period, and was married there, relates that when his son died the cries and shouts (which are kept up for hours before the person dies, and are renewed the moment the death occurs) were scarcely over before the people stood in crowds in front of his door and strove with each other who should be the first to get in with their gifts, until the door was completely blockaded. The gifts were

by no means formal in character. For instance, one brought twenty or thirty cakes of maize ; another, a jar of some semi-cooked victuals ; while the richer people presented fowls



ABYSSINIAN FUSILEER.

and even sheep. In fact, in a short time Mr. Pearce's house was so stuffed with provisions that he was forced to remove them into the yard. Among others, the head priest came with a jar of maize and a cow, the giving on these occasions being confined to no particular class. From this point of view a death in his family would not be altogether an unqualified loss.

Unfortunately, however, these gifts are looked upon as common property, only stored in the house of the afflicted family in order to make a feast, to which every one who has contributed expects to be invited. "Then they talk and tell stories to divert your thoughts from the sorrowful subject; they force you to drink a great deal; but I have remarked that at these times, when the relatives became a little tranquil in their minds, some old woman will make a sudden dismal cry, saying, 'Oh! what a fine child; and is he already forgotten?' This puts the company into confusion, and all join in the cry, which will perhaps last half an hour; during which the servants and common people drink out all the maize, and when well drunk, form themselves into a gang at the door and begin their cry." The elaborate ceremonials at funerals, if they have not raised up a race of professional grave-diggers, have at least brought to the front a race of rhymers and mourners, skilful in crying very loud, who attend at funerals, and give their services in exchange for a certain *quid pro quo*. They are, if a Hibernicism may be allowed—noisy "mutes." At the funerals of persons of distinction they will often receive large fees in corn, cattle, or other merchandise. Mr. Pearce knew a very handsome middle-aged unmarried female, who declined many advantageous offers of marriage, and devoted her time to attending *gratuitously* at funerals and other public ceremonials for the sole purpose of displaying her benevolence and extraordinary powers as a verse-maker—an art she had studied from an early period of her life.

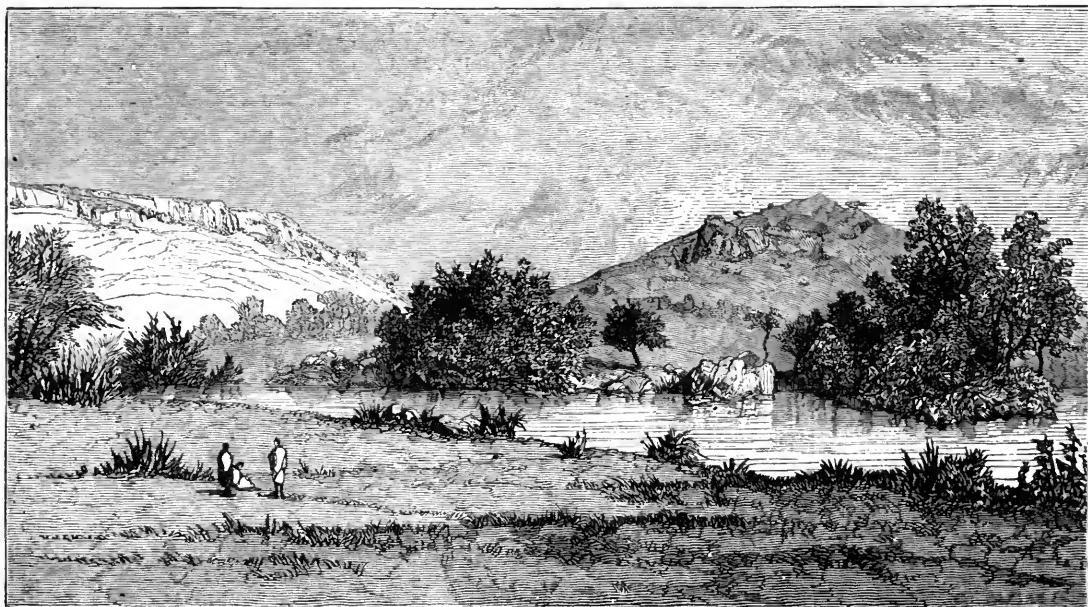
The *religion* of the Abyssinian is—as we have already hinted—a kind of corrupted Christianity, distinguished by the observance of great fasts, often of long duration; altogether about two-thirds of the year are occupied by these fasts, so that the gluttony of the other third may be to some extent excusable. Their churches are poor hovels, and contain in a small compartment in the centre the "ark"—a wooden box containing the Decalogue. This ark is held in great veneration, and, as was the custom of the ancient Jews, is taken into battle with them. Their whole religion is a curious jumble of Judaism and Christianity. The priests are neither very pious nor very learned. Many of them are unable to read, and few understand what they teach to the mob. They possess written copies of the Bible, but their favourite books are the lives of various mythical saints, which are crammed with the greatest absurdities. After our expedition to Abyssinia many of these books were brought to England, and are now in the British Museum Library.

The superstitions of all classes in Abyssinia are endless; indeed it is hard to say where their religion ends and gross superstition begins. These superstitions are of a rude, almost negro fetich type. They believe in many different kinds of demons, some of which are peculiar to different trades. Take, for instance, that of a blacksmith, which, in Abyssinia, strange to say, is accounted a dishonourable calling, and made hereditary in certain families. Now as people so often engaged in warfare are continually in need of a smith's service, the result is that, if his trade is disreputable, the smith has his consolation in the fact that it is at least very lucrative. Abyssinian superstition will, however, have it that a demon named *Bouda* haunts the brawny knights of the anvil, and gives them the power of transforming themselves into some of the lower animals, generally the hyæna. The stories told of the power of transforming themselves possessed by blacksmiths through the aid of this demon are endless; we are told how two brothers used to make a living by the one transforming himself into a splendid horse and the

other selling him, of course only to transform himself again into a man when unobserved, and escaping to perform the same trick again and again, until finally a buyer, suspecting the trick, sent his lance through the heart of the transformed equine blacksmith as soon as he had concluded the bargain with the brother. They can also change other people as well as themselves into animals. They can enchant people also in peculiar ways. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, to whose work on Abyssinia we are indebted for some of the particulars mentioned, thus describes a scene that he himself witnessed. "One of his servants complained of languor and headache, and finally became hysterical. "It was at this stage that the other servants began to suspect that she was under the influence of a *Bouda*. In a short time she became quiet, and by degrees sank into a state of lethargy approaching to insensibility. Either from excellent acting or from real want of feeling, the various experiments which were made upon her seemed to have no more effect than they would have had on a mesmeric somnambulist. We pinched her repeatedly, but pinch as hard as we could she never moved a muscle of her face, nor otherwise evinced the least sensation. I held a bottle of strong sal-volatile under her nose and stopped her mouth, and this having no effect, I steeped some rag in it and placed it in her nostrils; but although I could wager any amount that she had never either seen, smelt, or heard of such a preparation as liquid ammonia, it had no more effect on her than rose-water. She held her thumbs tightly inside her hands, as if to prevent them being seen. On my observing this to a bystander, he told me that the thumbs were the *Bouda's* particular perquisite, and that he would allow no person to take them. Consequently several persons tried to open her hands and get at them, but she resisted with what appeared to me wonderful strength for a girl, and bit their fingers till, in more than one instance, she drew blood. I, among others, made the attempt, and though I got a bite or two for my pains, yet either the devil had greater respect for me as an Englishman and a good Christian, or she had for me as her master, for the biting was all a sham, and struck me as more like kissing than anything else, compared with the fearful wounds she had inflicted on the rest of the party. I had a string of ornamental amulets which I usually wore, having on it many charms for various maladies, but I was perfectly aware that none for the *Bouda* was among them. Still, hoping thereby to expose the cheat, I asserted that there was a very celebrated one, and laid the whole string on her face, expecting that she would pretend to feel the effects, and act accordingly; but to my surprise and disappointment, she remained quite motionless. Several persons had been round the village to look for some talisman, but only one was found. On its being applied to her mouth she for an instant sprang up, bit at it and tore it, but then laughed, and said it was weak, and would not vex *him*. I here use the masculine gender, because, although the patient was a woman, the *Bouda* is supposed to speak through the medium of the sufferers; and, of whatever sex they be, they invariably use that gender. I deluged her with buckets of water, but could not elicit from her either a start or a pant—an effect usually produced by water suddenly dashed over a person. At night she could not sleep, but became more restless, and spoke several times. She even remarked in her natural tone of voice that she was not ill, nor attacked by the *Bouda*, but merely wished to return to Adoun. She said this so naturally that I was completely taken off my guard, and told her that of course she might go, but that she must wait till the morrow. The other people smiled, and whispered to me that it was only a device of the *Bouda* to get her out into the forest and then devour her." Curiously

enough all night a hyæna was heard calling in the forest close by, and the girl had to be tied and guarded closely, otherwise she would have escaped when the hyæna, or *Bouda* in the shape of this animal, called. Indeed, she several times attempted to make her escape. For three days she neither ate nor drank, but on the third she began to show signs of appetite and ate a little. From that time she gradually recovered.

Of all the horrible things attributed to the *Bouda*, one of the most ghastly is their reputation for rifling graves, consequently no one will venture to eat *quanter* (or dried meat) in a blacksmith's home, though nobody has the slightest repugnance to sit down to a repast of raw meat if it be cut from the ox at the door. These blacksmiths are excluded from the



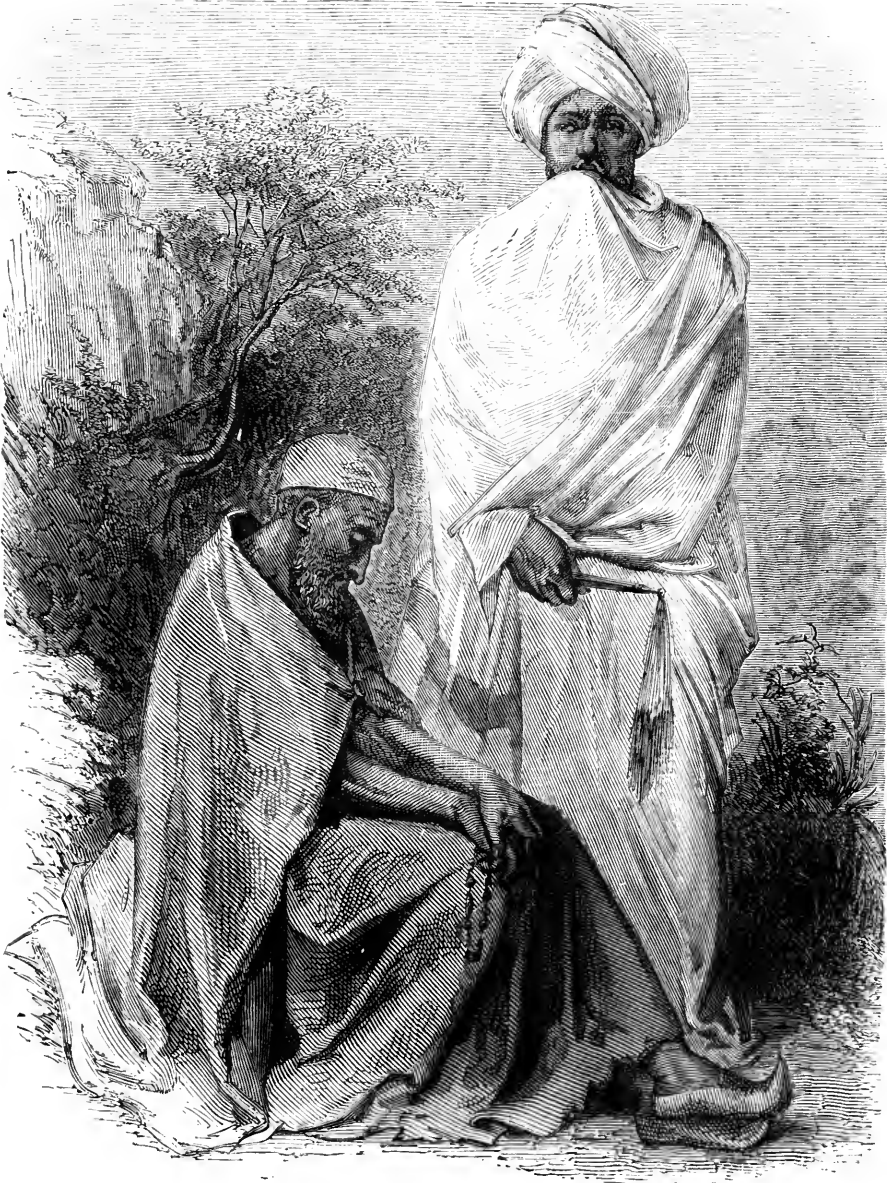
RIVER BERHAN, ABYSSINIA.

more sacred rites of Christianity, but still profess great respect for religion, and are most punctilious in observing the stated feasts or fasts of the Church.

To guard against the *Bouda*, numerous charms are held in great esteem, and much sought after. One described by Mr. Parkyns consisted of any filth that could be found (of fowls, dogs, &c.) and mixed up with a little water. This abomination the *Bouda*-bewitched individual devoured with the utmost greediness, and after falling to the ground in a fainting-fit, recovered after a few days.

The "Zackary" are another extraordinary set of beings believed in by the Abyssinians. Though nominally Christians, they go roaming about the towns, torturing themselves with whips, and sometimes cutting their flesh with knives. In the province of Tigre, where they are very numerous, they have a church which is frequented by no other people. They call themselves descendants of St. George, and assert that in their church is a light which burns without human aid, but they take particular good care to allow no one to put this assertion to the test by extinguishing the light.

Among such a people, religion and morality are not necessarily inseparable. Their religion is poisoned with gross superstition, and their superstition is often hideously immoral. Like the Greek Church, they do not allow images in their places of worship, but paintings of the



ABYSSINIAN PRIEST AND MONK.

saints are very common, their faces being always full to the spectator, no matter how their bodies are placed. These saints are numberless, and their reverence for them is such that while a witness would not hesitate to invoke the name of the Almighty to a falsehood, he would dread to take the same liberty with St. Michael or St. George.

Perhaps the most curious of all their superstitions, and in some respects the most annoying to others, is their belief in a kind of evil spirit which possesses people, and can be expelled in no other way than by music. Persons so possessed are said to be afflicted with the complaint called *tigré-ter*. It is more common among women than among men, and is probably one of the nervous affections to which the other sex are very subject. The patient is seized with a violent fever, which, unless the proper(?) remedies are applied, turns to lingering sickness, which reduces him or her to the greatest weakness and extremity. The power of articulate speech is lost, and a stammering utterance takes its place, which can only be understood by those who have been similarly afflicted. If the relatives find that the disease is firmly established, they club together to defray the expense of curing it. First a priest is sent for, who solemnly reads the Gospel of St. John to the patient, and in case this should not be effectual, he takes care at the same time, and for the space of seven days, to drench the *tigré-ter*-afflicted person with cold water—a heroic treatment which not unfrequently frees the patient from this and from all other troubles. If he survives this hydropathic treatment, the next and more effectual stage of the way to a cure is proceeded to. This consists in engaging a full orchestra of trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, who, with a large supply of liquor and a crowd of youngsters, combine to produce the utmost hilarity, not to say insufferable noise. At the same time the afflicted relatives will borrow from all their neighbours their silver ornaments with which to load the arms, legs, and neck of the patient—if a woman. The trumpets blow, the children yell, and the mob, on whom the good liquor is beginning to have its wonted effect, cheer lustily. This continues for a short time. Then the hitherto lifeless-looking patient begins to move her shoulders, and soon after, her head and breast, and in an hour—as in a case recorded by Pearce—she will sit up on a couch, though reduced to a skeleton, and looking wild and ghastly in the extreme. Finally, she will start up and stand on the floor, and begin to dance and jump about until, as the music and noise of the singers increase, she will jump up three or four feet from the floor, impelled by what seems an unnatural strength in any one, far less in a person so reduced. If the music slackens the patient will look sulky, but smile and be delighted as soon as the wild mirth and noise are resumed. Let the musicians be as exhausted as possible, the *tigré-ter*-possessed will show no symptoms of weariness, but manifest impatience and discontent when the worn-out trumpeters take the least breathing-spell. The cure is, however, not yet complete. The patient is next day taken to the market-place, where several jars of liquor are provided for the performers. When the crowd has assembled and the noisy music commenced, the patient advances into the centre, and begins to dance and throw herself into the maddest contortions possible, and so continues to exert herself through the entire day. “Towards evening,” writes the author to whom we are indebted for the description of this strange scene, “she was seen to drop the silver ornaments from her neck, arms, and legs, one at a time, so that in the course of three hours she had stripped herself of every article. As the sun went down, she made a start with such swiftness that the fastest runner could not keep pace with her, and when at a distance of about 200 yards, she fell to the ground on a sudden as if she had been shot. Soon afterwards a young man fired a matchlock over her body, struck her on the side with the side of his large knife, and asked her name, to which she answered as when in possession of her senses—a sure proof that the cure was accomplished, for during this malady those afflicted will never answer to their Christian name. She was now

taken up in a very weak condition and carried home, and a priest (or *dofter*) came and baptised her again as if she had just come into the world or assumed a new name."

No doubt much fraud is mixed with their superstitions, but still a great deal is real, owing to a thorough belief in the superstition acting on the afflicted person's mind.

Such is the rude religion of the Abyssinian, which is monotheistic, but still mixed up with the fetich superstitions of the former rude pagan rites which formed the religion of the nation before Judaism and, still later, Christianity were introduced amongst them. In former times they worshipped stones and trees, as do to this day some of the more pagan tribes which make up the heterogeneous Abyssinian Empire.

Before dismissing this subject we may notice another strange custom of this strange people—a custom which might appear fabulous had it not been witnessed by trustworthy observers, and did we not know that it finds its counterpart among the people of other barbarous nationalities. When a woman has lost two or three children by death, she is induced, in the hope of saving the life of another just born, to cut off a piece of the tip of the left ear, roll it up in bread, and swallow it. "For some time," Mr. Pearce remarks, "I was at a loss to conjecture why a number of grown people of my acquaintance had one ear cut off; and when told the truth I could scarcely believe it, till I went into the house of a neighbour, though contrary to custom, purposely to see the operation. An old woman cut off the tip of the ear, and put it into a bit of cold cooked victuals, called *sherro*, when the mother of the infant opened her mouth to receive it, and swallowed it, pronouncing the words, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'" When a child is dying similar ridiculous practices are resorted to to save its life—rational medical science having no place in the theory of this "peculiar people."*

In the Galla districts—which are not, however, inhabited by Abyssinian people, though the superstitions of the people are much the same—the inhabitants (except those connected with the Christian or Mohammedan religions) on the outbreak of small-pox burn their villages and retire to a distance; not only are the houses burnt, but as the diseased are unable to move, the panic-stricken people will allow their nearest relatives to be consumed with the houses in which they dwell. Nevertheless the natives conceive this a proper and rather humane method of stopping the spread of small-pox, and reproach the Christians for not imitating them in this barbarous practice. "It is better," they say, "that a few lives should be sacrificed, than that a disease so frightful should have a chance of spreading among the population."

We have incidentally mentioned their *houses*. These erections are at best but wretched affairs, being little better than hovels. The knowledge of architecture which their various conquerors introduced amongst them seems to have been speedily forgotten, or to have taken little root among the native population. Their dwellings are varied in shape, but the circular form is the more popular one. Some are square, with a flat roof, and if the occupier is a wealthy person, it may be divided into several rooms, one of which, with hardly the pretence of being separated from the eating and sleeping apartment of the family, is appropriated to the horses and mules of the establishment; the "stabley" odour of the rooms is therefore

* Pearce, "Life and Adventures," by J. J. Halls, vol. i, p. 307.

rather strong. Add to the fact that the floor is strewed, in lieu of carpets, with grass,* which is allowed to remain until it is in a rotting condition, and the flavour of an Abyssinian house



BOAT OF BULLOCK'S-HIDE, ABYSSINIA.

may be imagined. The furniture consists chiefly of a low table and a few seats, and the walls are hung with arms, accoutrements of the chase, &c.

* In this country in former times the floors were strewed with rushes, and in Sweden at the present day it is common to see the floor of the peasants' cottages covered in like manner with twigs of the fragrant juniper.

The *government* of Abyssinia was for ages in a very unsettled condition, the country having long been in a state of chronic revolution, during which numerous petty potentates rose to the surface, and for the time exercised an uncertain sway over the disturbed kingdom. Until the death of King Theodore the nominal form of government, which at present is a kind of absolute monarchy, was that of an Emperor (or *Negus*), nominally hereditary, in the line which tradition—lying undoubtedly—claimed to be descended lineally from Solomon and that



THE LATE PRINCE ALAMAYU, YOUNGEST SON OF THEODORE, FORMERLY EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA (1868).

Queen of Sheba whose visit to the Israelitish monarch is narrated in the Bible. Each district or province was governed by an absolute chief, called a *Ras*, who, though owing allegiance and military service to the Emperor, was often, in the unsettled state of the country, his own master, setting at defiance the authority of his sovereign, or even taking the field against him. Under each *ras* there were again various minor dignitaries appointed by him, who had various privileges, great or small, in accordance with their respective ranks—such as having a drum beat before them when they were marching or engaged in battle, &c.

The throne is usually filled—after a bloody civil war—by the most active partisan or the most daring or successful rebel, and, in former times at least, on account of the prevalence of polygamy multiplying heirs to the throne to such an extent, it was the custom to shut up the younger members of the royal family in a well-guarded palace on a high mountain, where, however, every deference was paid to their rank and possible prospect. It was on this custom that Dr. Johnson founded his delightful, but, considering that he represents the most polished manners as prevailing in barbarous Abyssinia, *ethnologically* most absurd tale of “Rasselas.”

When Bruce was in Abyssinia the choice of the sovereign rested with the army and strongest party at court, without any reference to birthright and legitimacy—the only requisite was that he should have sprung from the royal line, and was un mutilated in his person. He was then with great ceremony anointed in the presence of the priests, judges, and nobles, after which the funeral obsequies of the deceased monarch were observed. At one time it was the custom for the Abyssinian monarchs to remain much in seclusion, under the belief that the mystery which thus surrounded them in the eyes of their subjects would add to the reverence with which they were treated. As in the Court of Persepolis, there was an officer whose employment was to see and hear for the king. The chief holding this dignity was called the king’s mouth or voice, and spoke as his deputy. Another officer—of high rank—put on the king’s dress when in battle, and ran all the risks which being mistaken for the monarch would entail upon him.

Justice in Abyssinia is administered on the principle of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth—every injury being expiated by a similar injury inflicted by the strong arm of the law on the criminal. It is generally administered by the king or chiefs or by the council of old men. If a person is killed, then the nearest relative of the murdered individual must kill the murderer in the same manner as his relative was slain. Theft is punished by severe floggings, and at every blow of the whip the ill-doer must cry out, “All ye who see this profit by my example.” Other crimes are punished by various mutilations or tortures, such as cutting off the feet, and either closing the blood-vessel by steeping the stumps in boiling oil or allowing the poor wretch to bleed to death, &c. Like most savage or barbarous people, the Abyssinians seem to be very little sensible to pain. At some of the little parties the ladies, for amusement, will arrange bits of the pith of millet-stem, each about the thickness of a man’s thumb, in different patterns, on the arm of any gallant young man who chooses to volunteer, and then set fire to them. No pain is evinced as the fire reaches the flesh and burns into it in a dozen different places. The conversation flows on as smoothly as if no one was suffering what would be to most people excruciating torture. The lady blows her fires to keep them going, and after the pellets have completely burnt out, she passes her hand lightly over the burnt spots so as to brush the ashes off, and displays the red sores, which, when they heal, assume a polished black surface, said “to contrast very prettily with the surrounding skin.”

When a person is condemned it is looked upon as a great cruelty to remit him to prison to wait his execution; it accordingly takes place as soon as his sentence is pronounced. The capital punishments are various. Among others, crucifixion, though not common, is occasionally resorted to, and malefactors have at times been flayed alive. For instance, in 1769 a celebrated Abyssinian beauty of high rank declared that nothing but this inhuman

atonement would satisfy her vengeance against the man who had taken the life of her husband. Stoning to death ("lapidation") is also in vogue, and has been chiefly inflicted on strangers for religious purposes, and especially on the Roman Catholic priests who have been detected there since the time of the Emperor Facilidas (1632), when they were expelled on account of their intrigues in civil affairs. In the streets of Gondar are heaps of stones which cover the bodies of these meddlesome missionaries. Those who are taken in actual rebellion generally have their eyes torn out, a punishment to which is sometimes added the additional one of being turned adrift to grope their way blindly about in the desert until they die of starvation. The dead bodies of criminals executed for treason, murder, or violence on the highway are seldom buried, but left to rot by the roadside, or to become the prey of hyænas and other wild beasts. In the madly savage state of the latter years of the Emperor Theodore he almost daily hurled from the rock of Magdala those who had offended him, and piles of their rotting bodies lay at the base of it when our army reached his stronghold.

Many of these Abyssinian customs, being identical with those of the Persians, may have been learned from the latter nation when it was in possession of Arabia, and had therefore frequent intercourse with the other side of the Red Sea. "In truth," writes Dr. Russell, "the customs mentioned in several authors as peculiar to Persia, were at a certain period common to all the East, and were only lost in other countries when they were overrun and subdued by more barbarous tribes. As the laws, manners, and habits of Susa and Eebatana were committed to writing and stamped with the character of perpetuity, they survived for a time the conquests which changed the face of society in a large portion of Western Asia, and thereby acquired for their authors the reputation of universal legislators. The accident of having been for many ages excluded from the ingress of foreigners has secured for Abyssinia a corresponding originality; or, in other words, has enabled her to preserve, in a state more entire than they are now found anywhere else, a set of usages both national and domestic, which we may presume formerly prevailed from the Nile to the remotest shores of the Asiatic continent."

Unless the crime be parricide, sacrilege, or something equally atrocious, no one is condemned to death for the first offence. All exculpatory circumstances are more carefully taken into account than is usually the case in the rather sweeping judgments of barbarous monarchs, and the youth and former good character of the prisoners are allowed to weigh in the consideration of his sentence. Indeed, if in former years the culprit has rendered great services to the state, he is frequently acquitted, it being considered that the offence of later times is more than counterbalanced by the good service of years gone by.

The *courts of justice* in Abyssinia are somewhat primitive places. The advocates plead tied together by their robes. While one is speaking no interruption is permitted, but as some concession must be made to long-suffering human nature pent up under the agony of hearing vituperations and allegations known to be false, the other advocate is allowed to grunt when he considers some passage in his opponent's speech particularly objectionable. A case is often settled by *bets*. For instance, a man will wager so many cows that he is in the right, and the other will do the same. The result is that the loser must pay his bet to the chief as a fine. In this manner a dispute about a matter of five shillings will cost a wordy individual, who has trusted to the "glorious uncertainty" of Abyssinian law, ten or twelve pounds. We had something

not very widely different once amongst ourselves, when cases could be decided by a wager of battle to an opponent in a court of law.

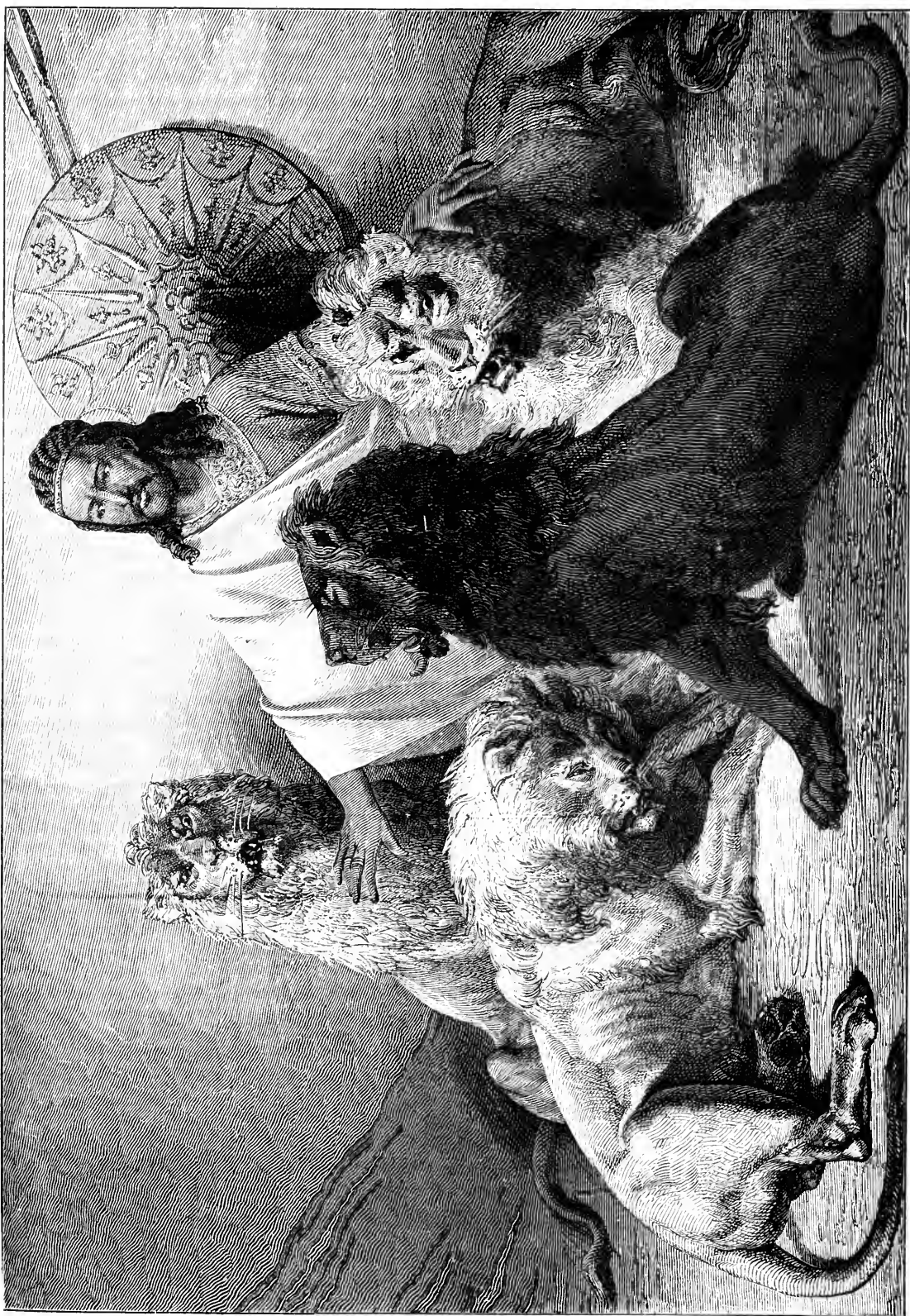
An Abyssinian is a quarrelsome and excessively vain personage, and his litigious disposition is greatly owing to the possession of these dubiously commendable qualities. This overweening vanity lay at the bottom of all the unfortunate Theodore's troubles. He imagined himself the equal of any monarch on the face of the earth, and his diseased brain was ever seeking for causes of offence in his mortified, over-sensitive vanity. Even after he rose, from a



ABYSSINIAN TAILOR.

humble position, to supreme power in Abyssinia, he resorted to all sorts of theatrical devices to dazzle the vulgar imagination, and so elevate himself in their eyes. For instance, he was accompanied on his expeditions by several ferocious looking lions, in the midst of which he exposed himself to public gaze (p. 189). In reality, all travellers who have seen them agree in saying that they were as tame as dogs. Mansfield Parkyns, who knew the Abyssinian disposition well, has, in the following trenchant sentences, gone to the bottom of this failing of the national character:—

“Vanity,” he writes, “is one of the besetting sins of the Abyssinians, and it is to this weakness, when brought out by liquor, that most of their quarrels may be traced. I remember



THE LATE EMPEROR THEODORE GIVING AN AUDIENCE.

more than once to have heard a remark, something like the following, made by one or two men, who, from being 'my dear friends,' had chosen to sit next to each other at table. 'You're a very good fellow, and my dear friend; but (hiccup) you aint half so brave or handsome as I am!' The 'very dear friend' denies the fact in a tone of voice denoting anything but amity, and states that his opinion is exactly the reverse. The parties warm in the argument; words, as is usual when men are in such a state, are bandied about without any measure, and often without much meaning; insults follow, then blows; and if the parties around them be in a similar condition to themselves, and do not immediately separate them, it frequently happens that swords are drawn. Dangerous wounds or death are the consequences; or, as is not uncommon, others of the party siding with the quarrellers, probably with the idea of settling the affair, are induced to join in the row, which in the end becomes a general engagement. I have noticed this trait of vanity as exhibiting itself in various ways in a drunken Abyssinian. I have always found that the best plan for keeping a man quiet, when in this state, was to remark to him that it was unbecoming in a great man to behave in such a way; that people of rank were dignified and reserved in their manners and conversation. And thus I have argued very successfully with my own servants on more than one occasion—flattering them while they were tipsy, and then paying them off with a five-foot male bamboo when they got sober again. I recollect one fellow who was privileged, for he had asked my leave to go to a party and get drunk. On returning home in the evening, he staggered into my room in as dignified a manner as he could, and seating himself beside me on my couch, embraced me with tears in his eyes, made a thousand protestations of attachment and affection, offering to serve me in any way he could, but never by a single expression hinting that he considered me as other than a dear friend, and that indeed in rather a patronising fashion, although the same fellow was in the habit of washing my feet, and kissing them afterwards, every evening, and would, if sober, have no more thought of seating himself—even on the ground—in my presence than of jumping over the moon. With his fellow-servants, too, he acted similarly; for though he knew them all, and their characters and positions, he addressed them as his servants, ordering them about, and upbraiding them for sundry peccadilloes, which they had doubtless committed, and which thus came to my knowledge. In fact, in every point he acted to perfection the manner and language of a great man; and so often have I seen the same mimicry, that it has led me to believe that the chief mental employment of the lowest fellow in the country is building castles in the air, and practising to himself how he would act, and what he would say, if he were a great man."

An insolvent debtor is punished severely. He is chained to the prison wall by one of his hands being confined in shackles, which day by day are driven tighter and tighter until the cruel iron eats into the flesh, and the hand is lost. So much for a private debtor, and if it is to the state that he is a defaulter, the result is that soldiers are quartered on him until the debt is paid. Most frequently half a village are behind with their taxes, and being unable to support the soldiers billeted on them, escape, by fleeing their homes. In this case the head man of the village is responsible for the unpaid taxes, and accordingly is frequently beggared in the operation of paying for his poorer or less loyal neighbours.

The Abyssinians are hospitable and kind to strangers, but nevertheless hesitate to eat or drink with them, and break any vessel which has been used by one not of their own race.

This seems to have originated, as among other nations, in the fact that certain animals were worshipped by one tribe and killed for food by another, and therefore viewed alternately as gods or as abominations. Bread is made by grinding grain between two stones. The paste is allowed to get sour, when it is baked in an earthen vessel into a sour, soft, spongy bread called *teff*.

A common dish—called *dillikh*—is meat boiled with butter, ground capsicum-pods, onions, ginger, pepper, &c. This forms a compound too hot for most European throats, but which is, nevertheless, devoured with great relish and in large quantities by the Abyssinians. Clotted milk is another favourite dish. Partridges, guinea-fowl, and other game are also dressed in a similar manner, while the flesh of sheep and goats is boiled.

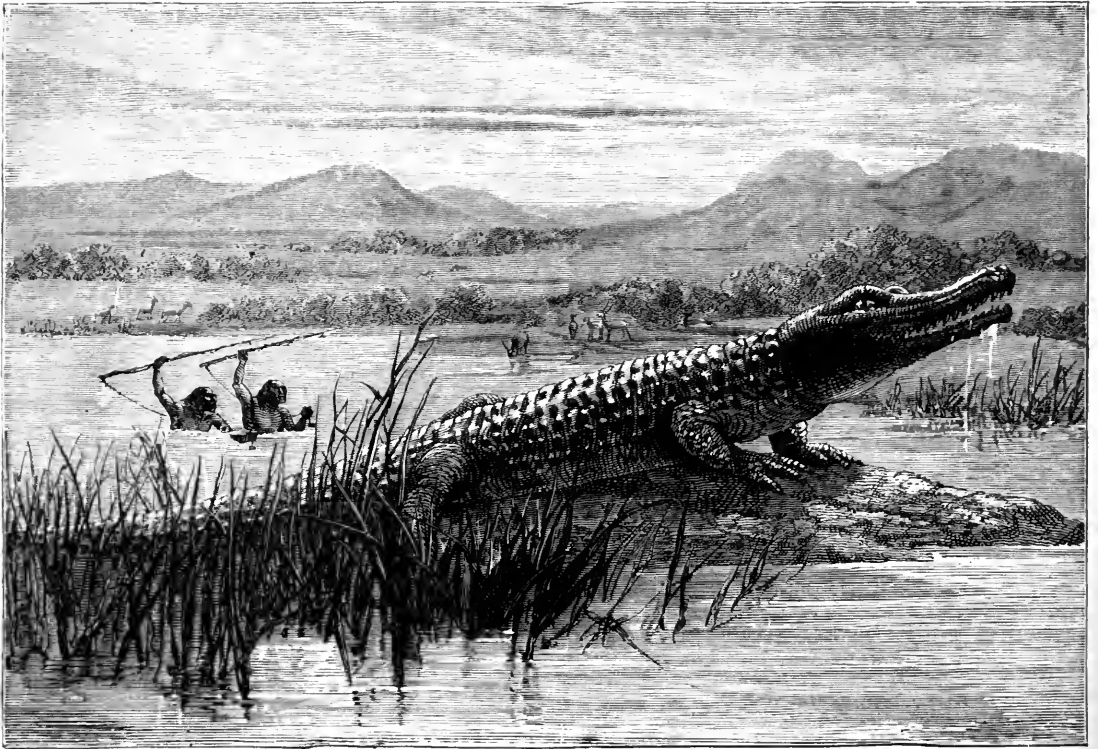
Horzy is another popular dainty. It consists of the paunch and liver of quadrupeds, minced, and mixed with a little of the undigested food from the entrails, the whole being seasoned with red pepper, salt, and a few drops of gall. Some prefer a sauce made from cow's entrails boiled with butter, mixed with *horzy* and butter—this piquant relish being generally eaten with raw beef.

Chickiner is a dish seldom seen elsewhere than at the tables of the upper classes. The tenderest portion of a cow is chopped in a raw state, then mixed with black pepper and saturated with the lubricating substance (*synovia*) which runs from the joints of the knees and other limbs during the cutting-up process.

In cooking, the Abyssinians are generally very cleanly, fowls and fish being washed in a dozen waters at least before they are committed to the pot. They will eat no animal with incisor teeth in the upper jaw, or which has not cloven feet. Hence the elephant, accounted such a dainty by all the African people fortunate enough to possess it, is not eaten by the people under consideration. The most extraordinary as well as the most celebrated of all the Abyssinian dishes is raw meat freshly cut from the ox. The animal is led to the door, and the meat skilfully sliced off and handed to the guests, who cram themselves with the reeking flesh, streaming with blood; or rather the lady of the house performs this office, forcing the food, properly seasoned, into the guests' mouths with her own hands. To do otherwise, and to eat lightly, would be accounted gross breaches of etiquette by both host and guests. Accordingly, their feasts are scenes of the most beastly sensuality which it is possible to imagine. After the men have satisfied themselves, they return the good offices of the ladies by cramming their mouths full of meat in a like manner. They will even cut pieces of flesh from the ox when alive, close the wound again, and allow the animal to go at large. It was Bruce who first related this seemingly incredible proceeding, and his statement was received with immense ridicule; indeed, on this account his whole narrative was for long discredited. There is, however, no doubt that this is a common practice of the Abyssinians, the procedure having been repeatedly observed by succeeding travellers. To go no further, in Bruce's own country of Scotland it has long been the custom, in the Western Islands, for the poor people, during seasons of scarcity, to bleed their cattle, and mixing the blood with a little oatmeal, use it as food: so that the Abyssinian practice is only a slightly more extended specimen of the same system.*

* The Aliab tribe of the White Nile drive lances into the necks of their cattle, and boil the blood thus obtained for food. This operation is repeated periodically about once a month.

When Bruce first observed this, he was in the neighbourhood of Axum, and had overtaken three persons who were driving a cow before them. At certain points they threw the animal down, and secured it by one sitting on her neck and holding her by the horns, while another made a deep wound in the upper part of her body. "Then I saw," says Bruce, "with the utmost astonishment, two pieces, thicker and longer than an ordinary beef-steak, cut out of the higher part of the buttock. How it was done I cannot positively say, because, judging the cow was to be killed from the moment I saw the knife drawn, I was not anxious to view that catastrophe, which was by no means an object of curiosity; but whatever way it was done, it surely was



CROCODILE-HUNTING BY THE HAMRAN ARABS IN AN ABYSSINIAN TRIBUTARY OF THE NILE.

adroitly, and the two pieces were spread on the outside of one of their shields. This, too, was done not in an ordinary manner; the skin that had covered the flesh was left entire, and flapped over the wound, and was fastened to the corresponding part by one or more skewers or pins. Whether they had put anything under the skin, between that and the wounded flesh, I know not; but at the river-side, where they were, they had prepared a cataplasm of clay, with which they covered the wound. They then forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them, to furnish them with a fuller meal when they should meet with their companions in the evening." We have spoken of their gluttonous feasts. They are enormous eaters; indeed, they seem to have a capacity for an unlimited number of meals, one succeeding the other in rapid succession. A party of fourteen, at a little *déjeuner à la fourchette*, disposed of a cow and two fat sheep, besides gallons of liquor, even though they had been already at three or four similar feasts on

the same day, and "assisted" at a similar number afterwards before the day closed. The same celebrated traveller quoted gives a description of one of their fashionable feasts in Gondar, then capital of Abyssinia. The company having taken their place at table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, its feet strongly secured, after which the cooks select the most tempting portions first, so that before the animal has been killed all the flesh on the buttocks has been stripped off in square solid pieces, without the loss of much blood. These pieces of *brinde* are handed to servants, who lay them upon cakes of *teff*-bread, which are placed like dishes along the table, without cloth or anything else between them. Each guest is furnished with a huge knife, curved ones



AN ABYSSINIAN.

being most generally preferred. The company are so ranged that one gentleman sits between two ladies. After the former has cut from one of the blocks of meat on the table a goodly-sized steak, one of the women takes it up, folds it, seasons it with pepper and salt, and drops it into the gentleman's mouth, he meantime supporting himself with each hand resting on his neighbour's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open like an idiot. The operation is performed at the risk of choking him, but as it would be a breach of good manners to receive his food in any other fashion, or in smaller portions, grandeur must be kept up at whatever risk. "The greater the man the larger the piece which he takes into his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it the more polite does he prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, say they, eat small pieces in silence." Another lady takes up the task of feeding her *cavalier servant*, and so alternately, until he has finished. He then feeds the lady

at either side of him with his own hand, stuffing a portion into the mouth of both at the same time. The hands of the guests are always washed after a meal, and during its progress little boys creep about under the table, snapping up any fragments which may drop. While he is eating the Abyssinian never drinks, but no sooner is the gorging over than the potatoes begin, when enormous quantities of *tedge* and mead are gulped, the whole ending in a scene of licentiousness over which we may willingly drop the curtain.

Among a people eating so much raw meat we need not be surprised to find that tapeworm is one of the most common diseases, and it is no proof that tapeworm is not owing to this habit of theirs that Pearce and Salt, who lived long in the country, but did not eat raw flesh, were also similarly afflicted. Every one who knows anything of the manner in which the eggs of these worms get admittance into the stomach will easily understand that those eating food prepared by the Abyssinians would run almost as much risk as if they had devoured the raw flesh of the ox, which is often infested with one stage of these troublesome parasites. The native, and it must be acknowledged, effectual remedy to expel them, is the flowers of a plant known as *koussou*.^{*} The *tedge* (or beer) already mentioned is a thick gruel-like fluid. The mead made from honey is better. Both are largely consumed, one man having been reported to have drunk twenty-six pints of it, after devouring fourteen pounds of meat and seven cakes of bread. Even allowing that the amount of this "feed" was exaggerated, it doubtless shows how enormous must be the appetites of a people who could imagine such a lie.

Agriculture is in a backward state, as might be expected from the disturbed condition of the country. There is little effort to assist the natural fertility of the land, the ground, by way of ploughing, being merely scratched over with the crooked branch of a tree pointed with iron. Two varieties of wheat are cultivated, but flour is chiefly used only at the tables of the rich. Two kinds of barley are also raised. Altogether, they have five harvests in the year, but combined they are not equal to one in Egypt, while the labour is still greater in proportion.[†]

Of late years much more has been known of Abyssinia than in former times. The late Emperor Theodore having imprisoned the British Envoy, M. Rassam, and his suite, in addition to some German missionaries and workmen, and diplomacy having failed to procure their freedom, an expedition, under the command of General Napier—afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala—was dispatched in 1867 to effect their release. After encountering many difficulties, the expedition succeeded in reaching Magdala, a strongly fortified place, and storming it, without loss of life. The prisoners were recovered, and the Emperor fell by his own hand when he saw that all was lost. The object of the expedition being accomplished, our army returned by the way whence it came, and left Abyssinia again to its internal troubles, which, we may be certain, were in no way lessened by the foreign invasion. The latest intelligence which we have from the country is as follows, our authority being Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., the geographer of Lord Napier's expedition. The coronation has been reported of "Prince Kâsa," as "King of Kings of Ethiopia;" but the account which has appeared is calculated to give an erroneous idea of the state of affairs. Kâsa is only an obscure individual,

^{*} *Brayera anthelmintica*, D.C. (Hooker's *Journal of Botany*, Third Series, vol. ii., plate 10.)

[†] Bruce's "Travels," vol. vii., p. 63.

the son of a petty chief, but by dint of treason to his master, and as the great men of Tigré were prisoners with the late Emperor, he succeeded in gaining possession of that province just before the landing of the British expedition. Through the mistaken policy of the English general he was presented with some arms when the expedition left the country, and the great chieftains of Tigré, who had been Theodore's prisoners in Magdala, were delivered into his hands. He requited this confidence, of course, by putting the chiefs in irons, as soon as the English had departed. He followed up his advantage by defeating his former master, the Wagshûm Gobazze, and getting in his power the Abûna (or chief bishop), for whom all the Abyssinians profess great reverence. Kâsa was really only a petty chief, very deceitful and cruel, and until recently, when the King of Shoa submitted, numerous chiefs defied him, and maintained independent power, notwithstanding the ceremony of coronation which he caused the bishop to perform. The legitimate King of Abyssinia was the Wagshûm Terferri, who escaped from Magdala just before its capture, along with Theodore's son Mashsha (for it is a delusion to suppose that Magdala was ever really invested). Gobazze, his relative, who had ruled during Terferri's imprisonment, was defeated by Kâsa, by the use of the arms presented to him by the English. We supplied 2,000 muskets and a battery of field guns to this upstart, to use against his master, who had done us no harm, but who, on the contrary, had rendered every possible assistance to our troops during their march through his country. Terferri was a wise, humane, and energetic prince. He was allowed to be the best horseman, the best spearman, and the best shot in Abyssinia, and was a very popular, accomplished leader. It is, therefore, to be regretted that a mistaken piece of meddling in the internal affairs of the kingdom prevented us from acknowledging his just claims to the throne. But be that as it may, King Johannes, as the ex-chief calls himself, is, if not the undisputed Negus-Negyest of Abyssinia, the monarch of the country in a manner which Theodore never was. For a time the Wagshûm Terferri hemmed Kâsa into the country round Adowa, and Menelek, King of Shoa, who defeated and imprisoned the wicked Galla Queen, Mastwât, defied the brand new sovereign from Theodore's old stronghold of Magdala. The virtual victories he won over the three armies which the Egyptians sent against him secured King John's power, and enabled him to demand the good offices of the English Government for the purpose of recovering that portion of the coast which lies between his dominions and the Red Sea. Now (1883) that Egypt is more than ever under the control of the British authorities, it is possible that this reasonable request may be renewed with more hope of success. Abyssinia is not a rich country, but it has possibilities, and the development of these possibilities will not only add to the wealth and comfort of its sorely tried people, but may open up a new market to the depressed English manufacturer. The Court of Axum is said to be conducted after an austere code of morals, and King Johannes has the reputation of ruling the country in a fashion to which it has been a stranger for many generations. If so, he is not likely to long tolerate the present condition of affairs, though, since Gordon Pasha visited him, the world has heard little of the Negus-Negyest, and of his secluded kingdom. The only son of Theodore by his favourite wife, and the sole legitimate one whom he acknowledged (p. 185), was brought to England by the Napier Expedition, and at the period of his death, in 1879, was being educated in India. It is possible that had he lived he might have dreamed of wrenching his sceptre from the usurping Ras of Tigré, or of introducing into his father's empire some

of the civilisation he had imbibed from his conquerors. But all these dreams are now at an end with the death of the youth who, for his own comfort, sleeps in St. George's Chapel.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE EGYPTIANS, BERBERS, AND NILOTIC PEOPLE; THEIR ORIGIN, CONDITION, AND CUSTOMS.

EGYPT was, as all the world knows, the scene of an early and, on the whole, noble civilisation. Yet, though from time immemorial in close proximity to the Syro-Arabian races, there could be no greater contrast than that which the two presented. The Syro-Arabians are full of energy and of restless activity, frequently changing their mode of life, now nomadic, feeding their flocks in the desert, anon settled in populous towns and fenced cities, or spreading themselves into foreign lands, impelled by the love of glory or the all-absorbing desire to make proselytes. The Egyptians, on the contrary, have ever reposed, whether in wealth or in poverty, in easy luxuriousness on the rich soil watered by the overflow of their slimy river, Father Nile, displaying no desire for the acquisition of alien lands, unless forced, by a change in position or habits of life. In mental and in religious character the two nationalities are also widely different. The Syro-Arabians worshipped one god; the Egyptians paid homage, in magnificent temples, the splendour of which, even in ruins, is the admiration of the world, to foul and grovelling objects—a snake, a tortoise, a crocodile, an ape—at best to a cat or a cow. The destiny of the two nations has been equally different. Both exist—the one “in their living representatives, their ever-roving, energetic descendants; the other, reposing in their own land—a vast sepulchre—where the successive generations of thirty centuries, all embalmed—men, women, and children, with their domestic animals—lie beneath their dry, preserving soil, expecting vainly the summons to judgment, the fated time for which is to some of them long past, before the tribunal of Sarapis, or in the hall of Osymandyas.”

The physical character of these nations is likewise different; instead of the sharp features, the keen, animated, and restless visages, and the lean and active figures of the Arabian, there will be seen in the land of the Pharaohs “full, but delicate and voluptuous forms; with eyes long, almond-shaped, half-shut, and languishing, and turned up at the outer angles, as if habitually fatigued by the light and heat of the sun; cheeks round; thick lips, full and prominent; mouths large, but cheerful and smiling; complexions dark, ruddy, and coppery, and the whole aspect displaying—as one of the most graphic delineators among modern travellers has observed—the *genuine African character*, of which the negro is the exaggerated and extreme representation.” †

The greater part of the modern Egyptians are a mixed race. They are, perhaps, not Arabic, but probably old Berber, modified by fusion with new elements. The remnant of the

* *Ocean Highways*, August and November, 1872; “Countries of the World,” Vol. VI., p. 74.

† Denon, “*Voyage en Egypte*,” cited in Prichard’s “*Natural History of Man*,” Vol. I., p. 138.



EGYPTIAN FELLAH GIRL WITH PIGEONS.

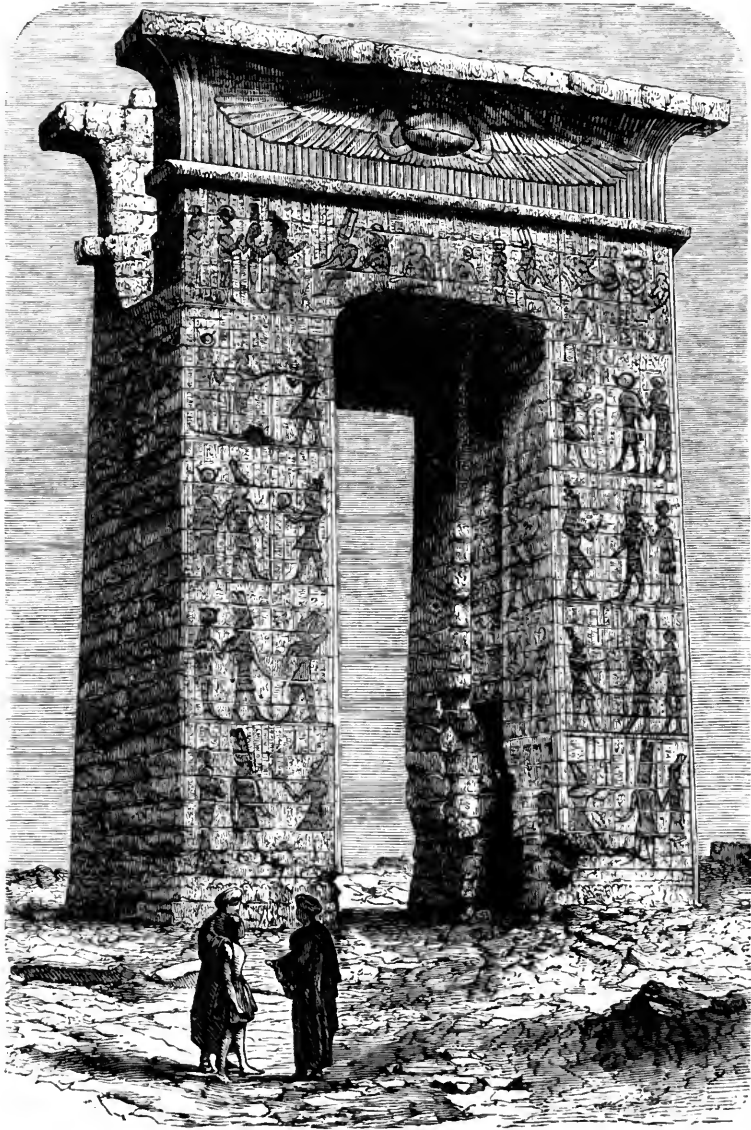
old race, remarkable not only for their likeness to the old Egyptians, as seen on monuments, but as preserving the Christian religion, when the rest of their countrymen became proselytes at the period of the Moslem conquests, are called Kopts. Even they are not pure, but still, owing to the fact of their intermarrying from very early periods with their co-religionists, they are the nearest approach to the Egyptians of Pharaoh and Cleopatra. The nation has known so many masters that it need not surprise us that the rest of the people have been much mixed, first by the Arabs, then by the Persians, then by the Greek and Roman conquerors, and finally by the Turks. The physiognomy of the Kopts is "hair, black and crisp or curled; cheek-bones, projecting; lips, thick; nose, somewhat depressed; nostrils, wide; complexion, varied, from a yellowish to a dark brown; eyes, oblique; frame, tall and fleshy; countenance, heavy and inexpressive." They have been Christians since the second century, but have greatly decreased since that period. At the date of the Arab conquest of Egypt they numbered about 600,000; now they do not reach 150,000. They lead an austere life, but allow their priests to marry. They are, to a considerable extent, mechanics, and are the chief mill-makers in Egypt, and manufacture the machinery for irrigation. They are also skilful jewellers, but, take them as a whole, they bear a bad name in the community. This may be owing partly to the religious rancour excited against them, and partly to the fact that at one time they were employed as tax-gatherers—never a popular class, but still less so in the East, where they are almost invariably extortioners as well, or instruments of oppression of the conqueror. We fear, however, that the multitude of Koptie thieves and idle monks (who swarm about the Nile boats on begging expeditions) give only too strong grounds for the justice of the ill name of their nationality.

The labouring agricultural Egyptians are known as *fellahs* (p. 197). They are the original inhabitants, much mixed with Arab blood, and are in a miserable condition, through the long course of ages of oppression, taxation, and forced labour to which they have been subjected by the successive conquerors of Egypt. The fellahs were ever the prey of the conqueror. Their last effort in the hewing-of-wood-and-drawing-of-water line of life, to which they have always been degraded, was in constructing the Suez Canal—under a barely disguised system of forced labour—in other words, temporary slavery. Two French travellers (MM. Cammas and Lefèvre) represent them as a downtrodden race, who give the cheek to the smiter, answering kicks and blows with hardly a complaint, and making no attempt at retaliation or resistance. Indeed, though they sometimes rebel, it is in a manner which only proves the unwarlike character of the race. At times of conscription, they made a feeble effort against the Khedive's soldiers, but in a way which demonstrated that they never hoped to win. A few were killed, and the rest allowed themselves to be huddled on board the Nile boats, while the women and children followed them along the banks, lamenting, with loud cries and many tears, the fate of those they hardly ever expected to see again. Yet the Fellaheen are naturally cheerful, and any excuse is sufficient to justify the whole village making holiday. Their villages resound with song, and the dance is never wanting at all seasons of the year. The fellah is fond of home—such as it is—but his nature has been ground down and degraded during centuries of tyranny under Greeks, Arabs, Mamelukes, and Turks. The feudal system until recently prevailed, the soil being partitioned out among the Sultans, Emirs, and Beys, the whole crop, with the exception of a bare subsistence for the cultivators, passing into the barns of the lords

of the soil. This abuse the late Khedive—Ismail Pasha—abolished, and endeavoured to introduce a system in which the fellah's right to the produce of his soil is assured in lieu of his service to the state, and regular taxes, which are heavy enough. It is hard, however, to revive in minds so long brutalised a sense of manhood and independence. Marriage among them is simply a private affair, not a public rite, and the wife is very little better than a purchased slave. When the purchaser is tired of her, he can send her back again to her parents without the formality of a divorce, which she can only claim for some heinous wrong on the husband's part. Of births, the state takes no official cognisance; and accordingly a child can disappear without any inquiry being made about it. The life of an infant until it can look after itself is therefore precarious in the extreme; indeed, children frequently perish by the hands of their mothers' rivals.

Among the Nile sailors it is the custom to have two wives, one at Gizeh and the other at Assouan, or wherever the starting-point and terminus of the voyage may be. The husband passes a month or shorter time with each, as his business may determine. "He brings with him a few piastres, a piece or two of blue cotton cloth, or it may be a little seaman's venture, which the wife disposes of on his arrival. In return he receives the products of the place, which, on the return voyage, go to swell the profits of the other wife. From this point of view polygamy is productive; nevertheless, it daily loses ground, even among the rich, who have usually only one wife." The real cause of polygamy in Egypt, and in Mussulman countries generally, is the premature old age of the women. The men marry mere children, who get very rapidly worn-out and old-looking by the fatigues of too early child-bearing and the cares of life. When this habit is abandoned, polygamy, it is believed by those well able to judge in regard to such matters, will practically cease to be an Egyptian domestic institution. Under the sway of the present ruler efforts have been made to improve the condition of the Nile Valley natives, and other Egyptian populations, by juster laws, and by the development of the natural resources of a country which was once the granary of the world. Attempts have been made to gradually abolish slavery, one of the curses of the country, by the abolition of the slave-trade with Central Africa *via* the Nile. To accomplish this, Ismail Pasha, in 1869, dispatched the celebrated African traveller, Sir Samuel Baker, with a considerable force, and at immense expense, up the Nile, to annex the barbarous interior regions, being convinced that until this was done, and the supply of slaves cut off at the fountain-head, the slave-trade would never cease. After many disasters and hardships, Baker partially succeeded in this, but still much remains to be done before the purpose intended by the mission can be carried out. All the ignorant and venal officials of Egypt are more or less interested in keeping up this traffic in human flesh, and certain it is that no efforts on their part were lacking to continue the trade and thwart the "infidel" governor of the Upper Nile regions of Africa—for an Englishman, Colonel Gordon, of Chinese fame, was appointed to succeed Baker—in his efforts to scotch the trade on which they fattened. Ages of brutality and ignorance cannot be effaced in a day or in a reign, and we must look for the regeneration of Egypt to a period even now indefinitely remote. Assyrians, Hebrews, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians—their blood relatives—have long ago disappeared, never again to rise among the family of nations, and we can hardly hope for better things from the corrupt Egyptians. A nation is like an individual; it has its term of life and its certain decay. One cannot put fresh life into the old man's body;

history has shown no instance of the regeneration and revivification of a worn-out nationality. A newer and nobler race than the present mongrel one may come into the country, and again contend for and win the famous Delta of the Nile, to gain which for ages all the nations of the East



EGYPTIAN ARCHWAY WITH HIEROGLYPHICS (TEMPLE OF KRANAH).

fought; but if the following graphic description of Sir Samuel Baker is true—and its truth from independent sources, let alone the character of the man, I should never dream of doubting—what can we expect from a country so governed? He is describing Khartoum, the head-quarters of the slave-traders of Egypt, and a hotbed of some of the vilest scoundrels of all nations on the face of the earth of which it is possible to conceive. “Khartoum is the seat of government

the Soudan provinces being under the control of a governor-general with despotic powers. In 1861 there were about 6,000 troops quartered in the town; a portion of these were Egyptians, and the regiments were composed of blacks from Kordofan, and from the White



EGYPTIAN LADY.

and Blue Niles, with one regiment of Arnouts, and a battery of artillery. These troops are the curse of the country; as in the case of most Turkish and Egyptian officials the receipt of pay is most irregular, and accordingly the soldiers are under loose discipline. Foraging and plunder are the business of the Egyptian soldier, and the miserable natives must submit to insult and

ill-treatment at the will of the brutes who pillage them *ad libitum*. In 1862 Moosa Pasha was the governor-general of the Soudan. This man was a rather exaggerated specimen of Turkish authorities in general, combining the worst of Oriental failings with the brutality of a wild animal.* During his administration the Soudan became utterly ruined; governed by military force, the revenue was unequal to the expenditure, and fresh taxes were levied on the inhabitants to an extent that paralysed the entire country. The Turk never improves. There is an Arab proverb that 'the grass never grows in the footprints of a Turk,' and nothing can be more aptly expressive of the character of the nation than this simple adage. Misgovernment, monopoly, exaction, extortion, and oppression are the certain accompaniments of Turkish administration. At a great distance from all civilisation, and separated from lower Egypt by the Nubian deserts, Khartoum affords a wide field for the development of Egyptian official character. Every official plunders; the governor-general extorts from all sides, he fills his private pockets by throwing every conceivable obstacle in the way of progress, and embarrasses every commercial movement in order to extort bribes from individuals. Following the general rule of his predecessors, a new governor upon arrival exhibits a spasmodic energy. Attended by *carasses* and soldiers, he rides through every street of Khartoum, abusing the underlings for past neglect, ordering the streets to be swept, and the town to be thoroughly cleansed; he visits the market-places, examines the quality of the bread at the bakers' stalls, and the meat at the butchers'. He tests the accuracy of the weights and scales, fines and imprisons the impostors, and institutes a complete reform, concluding his sanitary and philanthropic arrangements by the imposition of some local taxes. The town is comparatively sweet, the bread is of fair weight and size, and the new governor, like a new broom, has swept all clean. A few weeks glide away, and the nose again recalls the savoury old times when streets were never swept, and filth once more reigns paramount. The town relapses into its former state, again the false weights usurp the place of honest measures, and the only permanent and visible sign of the new administration is the *local tax*. From the highest to the lowest official, dishonesty and deceit are the rule, and each robs in proportion to his grade in the government employ, the onus of extortion falling on the natives; thus exorbitant taxes are levied upon the agriculturists, and the industry of the inhabitants is disheartened by oppression. The taxes are collected by the soldiery, who naturally extort by violence an excess of the actual impost; accordingly the Arabs limit their cultivation to their bare necessities, fearing that a productive farm would entail an extortionate demand. The heaviest and most unjust tax is that upon the *sageer* (or water-wheel), by which the farmer irrigates his otherwise barren soil. The erection of the *sageer* is the first step necessary to cultivation. On the borders of the river there is much land available for agriculture, but from an almost total want of rain the ground must be constantly irrigated by artificial means.

"No sooner does an enterprising fellow erect a water-wheel than he is taxed, not only for his wheel, but he brings upon himself a perfect curse, as the soldiers employed for the collection of the taxes fasten upon his garden, and insist upon a variety of extras in the shape of butter, corn, vegetables, sheep, &c., for themselves, which almost ruin the proprietor. Any government but that of Egypt and Turkey would offer a bonus for the erection of irrigating machinery that

* He was originally a Circassian slave.

would give a stimulus to cultivation, and multiply the produce of the country; but the only rule without an exception is that of Turkish extortion. I have never met with any Turkish official who would take the slightest interest in plans for the *improvement* of the country, unless he discovered a means of filling his private purse. This is a country where Nature has been hard in her measure dealt to the inhabitants. They are still more reduced by oppression. The Arabs fly from their villages on the approach of the brutal tax-gatherers, driving their flocks and herds with them to distant countries, and leaving their standing crops to the mercy of the soldiery. No one can conceive the suffering of the country. The general aspect of the Soudan is that of misery, nor is there a single feature of attraction to recompense a European for the drawbacks of pestilential climate and brutal associations. To a stranger it appears a superlative folly that the Egyptian Government should have retained a possession, the occupation of which is totally unprofitable, the receipts being far below the expenditure, *malgré* the increased taxation. At so great a distance from the sea-coast, and hemmed in by immense deserts, there is a difficulty of transport that must multiply all commercial transactions on an extended scale. . . . Upon existing conditions the Soudan is worthless, having neither natural capabilities nor political importance; but there is, nevertheless, a reason that first prompted its occupation by the Egyptians, and that is in force to the present day—*the Soudan supplies slaves.*"

Such is Sir Samuel Baker's account, and to add force to its graphic fidelity, it may be remembered that the man who in 1867 wrote his scathing description is in 1883 a Turkish *asha*, and was until recently the leader of an Egyptian expedition, to conquer the region of the upper Nile, with a view—in which let us hope the Khedive was in earnest—to cutting off the supply of slaves, for the purchase or theft of which Khartoum supplies the funds and the stimulus. And, moreover, it does not appear from his recent account of this expedition* that he has in any way altered the opinion he so boldly expressed sixteen years ago.†

THE BERBERS.

The Berber (or Amazirgh) group is the general name applied by ethnographers of the Prichard and Latham school to the native population of the Sahara desert of the country north of it, and to the Gaunehes (or extinct original population) of the Canary Islands. We therefore find this section of the African stock on the oasis of Siwah or Ammon, near the

* *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, December 8, 1873, and "Ismailia" (1875).

† It is needless to say that since these words were written there have been great events in Egypt, which may materially change not only our relations to it, but its own form of government. In any case, the rebellion of Arabi Pasha and the English expedition of 1882 cannot make the lot of the fellaheen worse, even if they do not improve the morals of the native rulers. Tewfik Pasha is said to mean well, though Sir Henry Bulwer's maxim that in calculating the possible moves of an Oriental, every idea of straightforwardness must be eliminated, applies to him. Slavery in Egypt is, however, not on the increase, though a trade which has existed long before a Turk or an Arab set foot on the Nile delta, or even before Mahommed conceived his new religion, is never likely to be wholly extinguished. But domestic servitude in the Khedive's dominions, as generally throughout the East, is very different from what it is in Cuba or was in the Southern United States. The slave is simply an unwaged servant, treated with great leniency, and frequently set free after a few years. He may, and often does, attain to great fortune and position, since society makes no practical distinction between black and white, freedman and freeman, so long as they are within the all-embracing pale of Islam.—McCoan's "Egypt," pp. 315—330.

Egyptian frontier in Fezzan, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco. They descend from the ancient Gætulians, Numidians, and Mauritanians. In more modern times they have also receded before populations more encroaching than themselves—at least, on their northern frontier, *e.g.*, before the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Mohammedan Arabs. The Amazirgh languages are allied to the Hebrew and Arabic, and hence have been called *sub*-Semitic.

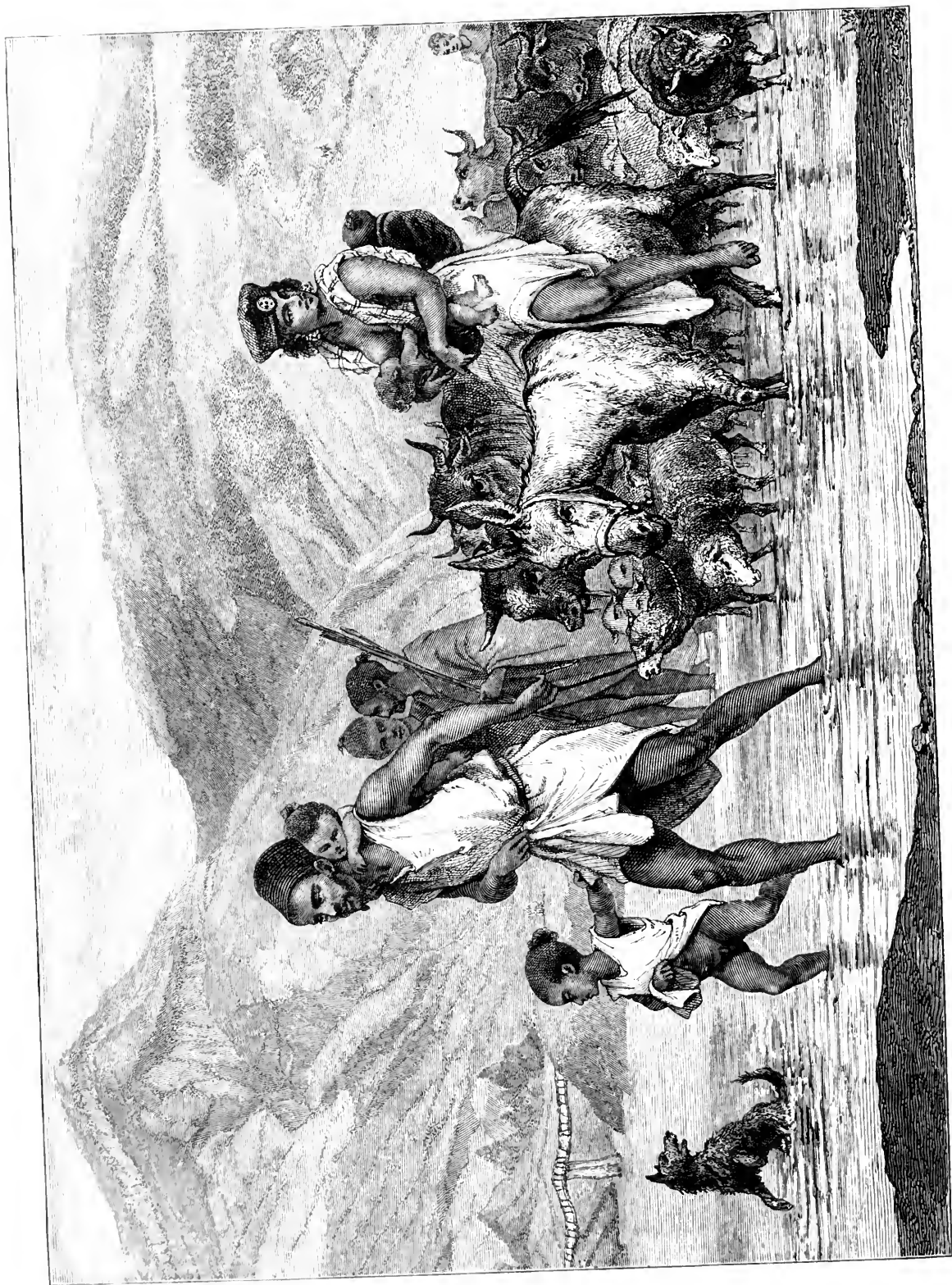
The tribes bearing this name are very numerous—indeed, are said to be more than twenty



FELLAH (ARAB) DONKEY BOY.

in number. They are always at war with each other, and, owing to hereditary feuds, village is arrayed against village, and family against family, to such an extent that frequently whole households are massacred in the midnight raids. The mountain tribes live from the month of November to April in caves near the summit of the snowy Atlas. They are very poor, and subsist by descending in plundering expeditions on the inhabitants of the plains, to whom they are objects of terror. The exploits of the mountaineers form with them a never-ending tale of wonder and dread. In person they are robust, active, and athletic, with strongly-marked features; in disposition they bear the reputation of being patient and inured to hardships in their precarious, poverty-stricken life. These plain-dwellers seldom move far from

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A BERBER FAMILY CROSSING A FORD: A SCENE IN ALGERIA.

their place of abode. They are distinguished by shaving the fore part of the head, but allowing the hair to grow from the crown as far behind as the neck. Their only covering is a sleeveless woollen garment, fastened round the waist by a belt. They differ from the Arabs and Moors,



FELLAH (ARAB) WOMAN AND CHILDREN.

who commingle with them in so far that they are the original inhabitants of the country, and are, to a great degree, independent, living in their own villages, where they feed cattle, hunt wild beasts, or, as did the Riffians until very recently, practice piracy.

The *Shuluh* are the mountaineers of the Northern Atlas, and are, perhaps, identical with the Berbers of the plains. They, however, speak a different but cognate dialect, which they

called Amazirgh (or "the noble speech"). They live in villages composed of slated roofed stone houses, and occasionally in tents and caves; but for the most part are turbulent tribesmen.

The *Kabyles* (or *Kabailis*), like the other Berber tribes, are a remnant of the race on the shores of the Mediterranean unsubdued by the Roman governors, having retreated to the mountains. They are now under the rule of France, but are semi-independent. The Kabyles inhabit the hills which form the Lesser Atlas. They speak the Berber tongue—called by them *Showua*, and in the interior of the country are entirely unacquainted with Arabic. They live in huts made of the branches of trees, and covered over with mud, which Dr. Prichard compares to the *magalia* of the old Numidians, spread in little groups over the sides of the mountains. They preserve the grains and other fruit of the earth, which they cultivate in *matmoures* (or conical excavations in the ground). Of all the Barbary tribes they are the most industrious, being, in addition to agriculturists, tolerably skilful workers in the lead, iron, and copper which their mountains yield.

Tuarik (sometimes written *Tuariq*) are a people made up of various tribes which are scattered through the habitable parts of the Sahara. Their "social organisation," writes Dr. Latham, "is such as we usually find in similar localities. It is that of the Arab, the Turk, and the Afghan, where the spirit of pedigree and the pride of blood operate upon the framework of society, instead of the possession of land or civic rights. Less an ocean of arid and inhospitable sand than a rocky wilderness, sometimes stretching into vast flats, sometimes rolling out in undulations, the western Sahara, though scantily supplied with vegetation in its less favoured parts, has its oases, where there are springs of water, date-trees, corn and vegetables, and shade. These are the occupancies of the more settled tribes, the *Kel-ouees*, who live in villages. To these the *Tuarik el badia* stand in opposition; for *Tuarik el badia* is the Arabic name of the migratory tribes of the Sahara. The dark complexion of more than one of the Tuarik tribes has been noticed—*e.g.*, those of the Wadreg are stated by Mr. Hodgson to look like negroes, so black is their skin and so crisp is their hair; yet he suspects no negro intermixture."

Mr. Richardson considers that the Tuariks are a finer people than the Fezzanees, and are of light olive complexion, with straight noses and thin lips; but others—indeed, the greater number—approximate to the negro features. They are very honest among themselves; the same traveller having found quantities of dates packed up in the sand without any guard, and their place indicated by a piece of wood. But had they been placed by the side of a well, and a hundred caravans passed, it would have been the same, for among these rude children of the Sahara it is a point of honour to touch nothing confided to the desert. Some of the women are enormously corpulent, being fattened up as among some of the coast tribes. But the most remarkable feature about the Tuariks is the possession of a peculiar alphabet of unknown but very ancient origin; and yet there are no books amongst them, and hardly an attempt even has been made to write it with a reed pen or other substitute. The only specimens the late Mr. Edwin Norris—from whom we derive our information regarding it—had seen were merely clumsy scratches, hardly decipherable. On the routes and highways in the desert may be seen rocks and blocks of stone almost entirely covered with this character, and on the walls of the houses which the Tuariks rent in the town are many specimens of it. They are very proud of it; the people do not appear to put it to any purpose of utility, but seem to use it only to amuse

themselves, or to pique one another. Some Tuarik women one day pointed out to Richardson a quantity of scribbling in this character, and without waiting for a reply, exclaimed, "It is ours, it is better than yours! it is better than the books of the Arabs!" There are about twenty characters in it; four or five are like those of the Himyaritic alphabet in shape and value, but the others are unlike the characters of any known alphabet.

Lastly, one very interesting fact in reference to the Berber people is, that the aboriginal but now extinct inhabitants of the Canary Islands owed their origin to this race. These lovely islands—the "fortunate isles" of the early Roman poets, the "Hesperides," or "islands of the blest," of many a song-writer since, where the souls of the departed dead rested,—a region lying beyond the then limitless sea, where the horizon was lit up by the rays of the setting sun—seem to have been peopled in comparatively recent times; for when Juba II., the African King of Mauritania, explored them—as narrated by Pliny—there seemed to have been few inhabitants on the islands. In modern times they were first explored between the years 1326 and 1334. Their history is the history of any country on which the Spanish race ever set foot. Slaves were continually taken on different expeditions made to them by this people, and in one of them the "King and Queen of Lanzarote" and seventy of the inhabitants were captured and carried into slavery. In the year 1402 Messire Jean de Bethencourt, a Norman knight, subdued the islands, in spite of the gallant resistance of the inhabitants, who were called "Guanches." At that time there were about 9,000 people in *Canarià Grande*, and 5,000 on *Tenerife*. The natives were said to have been tall, but of simple habits and few arts, knew nothing of metals, and ploughed the land with the horns of bullocks. They believed in a future state, and worshipped a supreme being called "Achoron Achaman." They also believed in a malignant being, "Yruena," and that the abode of the wicked was in a cavern on the side of *Teyde*. Marriage and various other moral and social institutions were established amongst them. They embalmed the dead, and laid the bodies in caverns or catacombs in the sides of mountains, where they have been found since the depopulation of the islands. These mummies were placed erect, with their feet against the sides of the cave; the chiefs with a staff in their hands, and a vessel of milk by their sides. The mummies were prepared by saturating the body with a kind of turpentine, and then drying it before a slow fire or in the sun. In the tombs were laid aromatic plants, and the corpses were decorated with laces, on which were hung little dishes of baked earth, and the whole body wrapped in bandages of goatskin. The body was filled with a kind of grain resembling rice. It was not, however, until 1496 that the Canarians were thoroughly subdued, and in a few years the remnant, after being forced to be baptised, were either exterminated or sold into slavery. It is a pretty tale of piracy, bigotry, sanctity, and murder, that Messire de Bethencourt has to tell us—a tale, unfortunately, not alone in those days, nor for several centuries since.*

The term *Moor* is applied to all Mohammedan inhabitants of Morocco, &c., though properly speaking it should be limited to the inhabitants of the towns, who are perhaps of very mixed extraction, and secondly to the tribes nomadic on the south-west of the Sahara, but

* "The Canarian, or Book of the Conquest and Conversion of the Canarians in the year 1402." By Messire Jean de Bethencourt, Knight (1872); Pegot-Ogier: "The Fortunate Isles" (1871), vol. i., pp. 258—292.

which are again of Berber or Arab origin. The Moors were once a powerful nationality, carrying their victorious arms into Spain, and giving to that people the only good taste



KABYLE WOMAN.

they ever possessed in architecture, and leaving in their blood a large amount of courage and enterprise, that, as we shall see by-and-by, raised Castile to a prominence she seems unlikely ever again to reach. There are several Moorish powers on the shores of the Mediterranean—*e.g.*, Morocco and Tunis—but the governments are all of a wretched type, the

maritime ones being until recently simply nests of pirates, the inland ones weak imitations of the worst form of Moslem despotism, distinguished by every form of misrule, and unable to check the inroads of the wild tribesmen—such as the notorious Kroumirs of Tunis.



THE CHIEF OF THE LIRA TRIBE. (*After Baker*).

THE NILOTIC CLASS.

Under this name may be bracketed a variety of nationalities—provisionally at least, for it may be found hereafter that some of those included under this head are only remotely connected, if at all, with the others. For our purpose, however, the classification given is sufficient. They inhabit the valley of the Nile, but do not comprehend all the inhabitants of that region; those of the Upper Nile, for instance, being negro, or more closely allied to negro than any other

race, while the Egyptians and Aramæans we have already noticed as natives of the lower reaches of the same famous river. It includes (1) the Gallas (Ilmorma), Somauli, and Afer (Danakil); (2) the Agows (Shohos), probably the aborigines of Western Abyssinia, "encroached upon by the Ethiopians, occupants of the provinces of Damot, Lasta, and the parts about the Lake Dembea," while the Gallas and allied tribes are pastoral tribes to the south-east and west of Abyssinia; (3) the Nubians of Nubia, and the people of Kordofan, Darfur, and Sennaar—*i.e.*, of the Valley of the Nile between Egypt and Abyssinia, including the Bishari of the "desert and mountains between the Nile and the Red Sea," which Latham considered to be either Egyptian or Nubian.

The *Gallas*, who spread over eastern intertropical Africa, are a people formidable from their number and warlike character. For ages they have been the hereditary enemies of Abyssinia, and at one time they threatened to entirely overrun and conquer that distracted country. Their character is expressed by the name which has been applied to them by the Abyssinians—the word *Galla* meaning "invader." They have a tradition that in former times they came into the country which they now inhabit from a distance—a statement most likely true, for to this day they are a nomadic, equestrian race, with many flocks and herds, which pasture over the highlands of Africa, while corn is cultivated by them in the lowland valleys. Their houses are hardly so good as those of the Abyssinians, being mere conical thatched huts. The women are better looking than the men, and are clothed in cotton garments, and a leather petticoat and sandal of ox-hide, their whole dress being smeared and saturated with the castor-oil with which they dress their frizzly locks. Their hair they wear in tresses, which fall over their shoulders. In complexion the Gallas are brown, and in some of the warmer valleys the colour of their skin approaches a negro hue. Rüppell describes their countenance as rounder than any other of the tribes which make up the Abyssinian nation; their noses are straight, but short, and divided from their foreheads by a depression; their lips, though thick, are not like those of the true negroes, but their hair is thick and almost woolly; their eyes are deep-set, but very lively, and their persons are large and bulky. In fact, they are of the type which fill up the transition from the Aramæan type and the Western and Central African negro. They are not divided into tribes, all being governed by a hereditary monarch, the "crown" descending in the female line; indeed, at the present moment the Gallas are ruled by a queen. Among some of the tribes a kind of patriarchal government prevails. They call themselves "*Orma*," *i.e.*, strong men.

Their religion is a rude paganism. They are said to have no priests—however, in respect to this statement travellers differ—but each head of a house makes sacrifices of his own free will of cows or sheep to Wāk, their chief divinity. A few have become Mohammedan, but the greater number still remain in a state of paganism. "Their religion," writes Isenberg, "resembles that of the Kaffirs. They worship a supreme being, termed by them Wāk, whose priests, called *kalitshas*, go about carrying a whip and bell with them, like public fools, or *zekārotok*, in Tugray, and with the intestines of goats twisted round their necks, making portentous gestures, and uttering unintelligible sounds. Like the Shamanists of the Eskimo, and the consecrated orders of more illustrious nations, they are wizards, conjurers, soothsayers, augurs, haruspices, and physicians. Like the ancient Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans, they divine by inspecting the entrails of goats. Occasionally—not regularly—the Gallas pray to Wāk, and expect from him the accomplishment of their benedictions

and anathemas. They have no distinct idea of what Wāk is, but to his priests he reveals himself in dreams. Their oaths are characteristic: they sit down upon a pit covered with a hide, and imprecate upon themselves that, if they do not perform their vows, they may fall into such a pit. They have funeral ceremonies, and believe in a future state, which is one of moral retribution." Some of them have, however, adopted Christianity and Mohammedanism.

From all quarters, the pagan Galla tribes perform pilgrimages to a tree called *wodanūbē* on the banks of the Hawsāh River, south of Shoa, to offer prayers to it for long life, riches, health, and every other mundane blessing. Women are not, however, allowed to approach it. Major Harris, who denies the statement that they have no priests, describes these ecclesiastical dignitaries as divided into two orders, the *lúbahs* and *kalicha*, who divide between them the task of performing the sacred rites. Both are much dreaded, no one daring to kill either, from dread of his dying curses. Even the Christians of Shoa employ the Galla sorcerers to "clear their haunted houses from evil spirits, which is done by incantations, and by the blood of ginger-coloured hens and red he-goats." Dr. Beke considers that at some early period the Gallas had received some knowledge of Christianity, which in later times had faded away, or had again got overlaid with paganism. They are skilful workers in metal, and manufacture their own arms and implements. The Gallas having extended their predatory and conquering expeditions over such wide stretches of country, it is not surprising to find traces of them even on the White Nile. The Latookas of the banks of that river, whom Sir Samuel Baker* describes as the finest savages he had ever seen, their average height being five feet eleven and a half inches, and splendidly proportioned, are believed to be of Galla descent. The formation of their head and general physiognomy are entirely different from those of any of the other White Nile tribes, their forehead being high, eyes large, mouth moderately-sized and well-shaped, and all possessing a pleasing cast of countenance. The eastern bank of the Sobat is only fifty miles east of Latooka, and is inhabited by Gallas, who have frequently invaded the Latooka country. Curiously enough, the Gallas during their incursions were invariably mounted on mules, while neither horse, camel, nor other beast of burden is known to any of the White Nile tribes. A description of this tribe may therefore be suitably introduced here; we shall chiefly depend for our facts on the eminent explorer just mentioned. Sir Samuel describes the Latookas as a "fine, frank, and warlike race." Instead of the usual morose character of the tribes lower down the Nile, they are excessively merry and good-natured, equally ready for a laugh or for a fight. Their town, at the time of his visit, was surrounded by a palisade, and every house had in addition a little stockaded courtyard. Every night the cattle were driven into *corrals*, as they are called in North-west and South America, or *kraals*, as they are styled in Africa, where fires were lit in order to protect them, by means of the smoke, from flies, while sentinels perched on a high three-tiered platform kept watch day and night to give the alarm. Their cattle number 10,000 or 12,000 in every large town, and though the wealth of the tribe, they are yet a source of great anxiety to the owners, who live in daily dread of being on this account attacked by the neighbouring tribes. Their houses are above twenty-five feet in height, and are "precisely like huge candle-extinguishers." This circular style of architecture prevails among all the Central African

* "Albert N'yanza," vol. i., p. 192.

tribes, and among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, no tribe, however they may differ in the form of the roof, having ever got far enough advanced to let light into the dark interior by means of a window. Over the entrance to each cattle-*kraal* is placed a bell, made of the "dolape" palm-nut, against which an animal must strike either its horns or back at entrance. Thus, every tinkle of the bell announces the passage of an ox into the *kraal*, and in this manner they are counted every night as they are driven home from the pastures. Within a quarter of a mile of every village bones and skulls—some in earthenware pots, generally

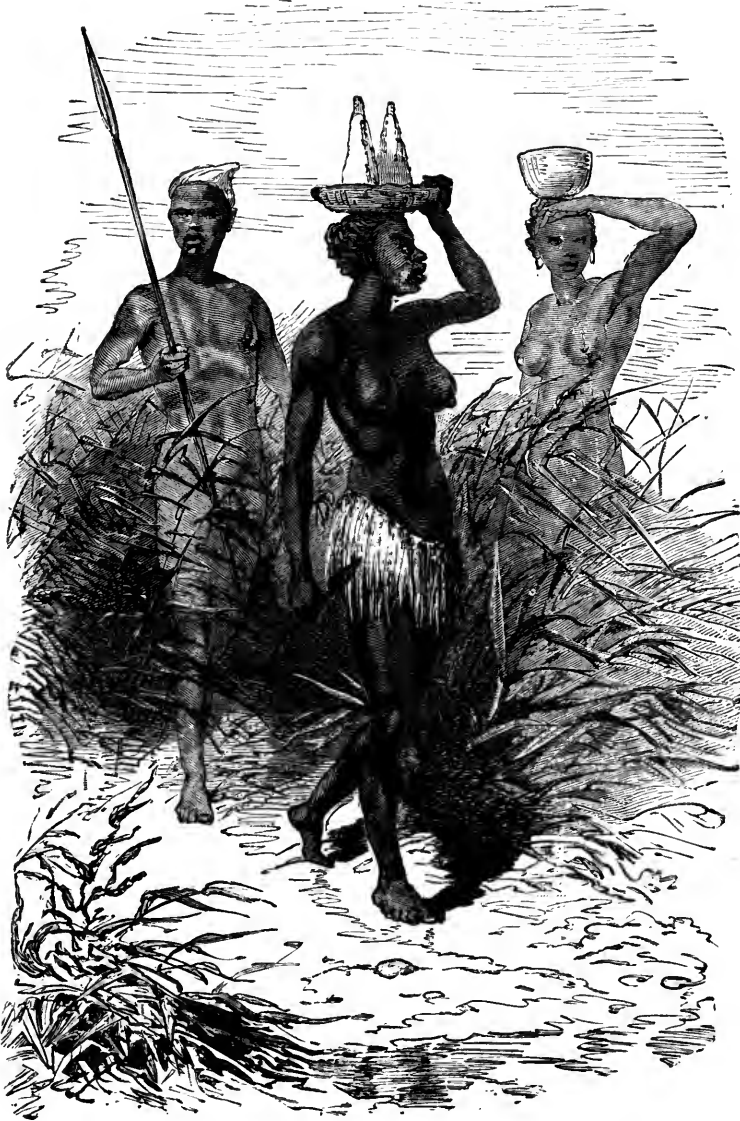


GIRL OF THE MITTOO TRIBE, UPPER WHITE NILE TRIBUTARIES.

broken—form a Golgotha-like heap. This is owing to an extraordinary custom prevailing among the Latookas. Should a man be killed in battle, his body is left to be devoured by the vultures and hyænas, but should he die a natural death, he (or she) is buried in a shallow grave within a few feet of his own door, in the little stockaded courtyard which surrounds every house. After funeral dances, which are kept up for some weeks, the body, which has now sufficiently decomposed, is exhumed, the bones cleaned and deposited in an earthenware jar on the spot near the village where the mounds are seen. This cemetery is, however, by no means regarded as sacred, for Baker notes that on the bones signs of nuisances were present, that in civilised countries would have been regarded as insults.

Their toilet is a very simple affair; that of the men consisting, with the exception of the head-covering, of nakedness. They are nude from the sole of the foot upwards. "It is curious to observe among these wild savages the consummate vanity displayed in their head-

dresses. Every tribe has a distinct and unchanging fashion for dressing the hair; and so elaborate is the coiffure that hairdressing is reduced to a science. European ladies would be startled at the fact, that to perfect the coiffure of a man requires a period of from eight to ten



MAN AND WOMEN OF THE NUEHR TRIBE ON THE WHITE NILE.*

years. However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary. The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets, all of which are formed of their own hair, and are, of course, fixtures. At first sight it appears incredible, but a minute examination shows the wonderful perseverance of

* In this illustration, which is chiefly taken from one of Sir S. Baker's, the artist has omitted to give the peculiar labial ornament described in the text (p. 214).

years in producing what must be highly inconvenient. The thick, crisp wool, is woven with fine twine from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick network of felt. As the hair grows through this matted substance it is subjected to the same process, until in the course of years a compact superstructure is formed like a strong felt, about an inch and a half thick; this has been trained into the shape of a helmet. A strong rim of about two inches deep, is formed by sewing together with thread, and the front part of the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper, while another piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and a foot in length, forms the crest. The framework of the helmet being at length completed, it must be perfected by an arrangement of beads, should the owner of the head be sufficiently rich to indulge in the coveted distinction. The beads most in fashion are the red and blue porcelain, about the size of small peas. These are sewn on the surface of the belt, and so beautifully arranged in sections of blue and red, that the entire helmet seems formed of beads; and the handsome crest of polished copper, surmounted by ostrich plumes, gives a most dignified and martial appearance to this head-dress. No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowry shells stretched round the rim, so as to form a solid edge."

The only weapons of the Latookas consist of the lance, a powerful iron-headed mace, a long knife or sword, and "an ugly iron bracelet, armed with knife-blades about four inches long, by half an inch broad. The latter is used to strike with if disarmed, or to tear with when wrestling with an enemy." In addition, they protect themselves with a square shield, made of buffalo or giraffe hide, about four feet and a half long by two feet wide.

Though the men are remarkably handsome, the Latooka women are, on the contrary, very plain-looking; being "immense creatures"—few under five feet seven in height, and with "prodigious limbs." They are very strong, and carry with comparative ease ten gallon water-jars from the stream, a mile distant from the town. Their chief ornament (*sic*) consists of a very long tail, made of fine twine, rubbed with red ochre and grease, and shaped precisely like that of a horse. Their dress is complete, if we add a large flap of tanned leather in front. Polygamy of course prevails among the Latookas, and if all tales are true, is not productive of great peace of mind to the happy patrons of this uxorious custom. If the traveller gives one wife a necklace, in commiseration for the domestic happiness of the unfortunate husband, he has to present the wives all round with one.

These women wear their hair short, and plastered with red ochre and fat; and their faces are slightly tattooed on the cheeks and temples. A lady who aspires to the *haut ton* of fashion extracts her four front teeth from the lower jaw, and wears protruded through the lower lip the long, polished crystal, the size of a drawing-pencil, which we shall see is a common ornament among the African women, as something very similar is among the Hydah squaws (Vol. I., p. 91, &c.). The tube of a broken thermometer was looked upon as a present of the highest value, to be worn through the lip in the manner described. "Lest the piece should slip," writes Sir Samuel Baker, "through the hole in the lip, a kind of rivet is formed by twine bound round the inner extremity, and thus protruding into the space left by the extraction of the four front teeth of the lower jaw, entices the tongue to act upon the extremity, which gives it a wriggling motion indescribably ludicrous during conversation." This extraction of the four front teeth of the lower jaw is a universal custom among the White Nile tribes; and is the more remarkable considering that the beef of the Latooka country is

none of the most tender. This peculiar labial "ornament" may be contrasted with the one figured on p. 212 as used by the Mittoo tribes, and in a similar form by various savage races. To "improve their beauty" still further, the Latookas gash the temples and cheeks of men and women; but, unlike the Arabs, do not rub into the wounds salt and a kind of porridge (*asida*) to produce proud flesh, and so form a marked cicatrix.

Love, as among most savages, is an unknown feeling among the Latookas. A man buys his wife as he would buy any other merchandise, and his wealth is reckoned by the number of oxen and wives which he possesses. Probably the women are appreciated more than the cattle, for they are more expensive, and, on the whole, more useful. They grind the corn, fetch the water, gather firewood, cook the food, cement the floor, and propagate the race. But they are only servants, and are looked upon and treated as such. A superior woman may cost ten cows, so that a family of daughters is a source of wealth to the lucky father. The sale of the girls produces cows, and the boys milk them, and as both go stark naked their wardrobe costs nothing.

Again, the multiplicity of wives produces a multiplicity of children, and the chance of a corresponding profit to the father—in the daughter market. "A savage holds to his cows and his women, *but especially to his cows*. In a fight he will seldom stand for the sake of his wives, but when he does fight it is to save his cattle." Though the best of savages, yet the idea of good principle and justice as actuating motives never enters their mind. In this they are not singular. It is difficult to persuade any savage that if you do not rob and murder it is because you do not think it right, not that you are too weak or too cowardly to do so. The upright man has but a poor time among them; he must always submit to that most heart-breaking, most heart-sickening of trials, being always misunderstood and misinterpreted as to his motives. Pity, gratitude, love, self-denial, idea of duty, or religion have little or no place in the heart of savages, at least in those of the White Nile, who have been brutalised by the Arab slave-traders; but in place of these virtues are covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness, cruelty, thievishness, idleness, enviousness, all uncharitableness, and a readiness to plunder and enslave their neighbours whenever an opportunity offers.

What the Latooka religion is seems a puzzle, if travellers among them have gleaned all that can be known. They have not even a "superstition on which to found a religious feeling." They exhumed the bodies after burial for no particular reason, except that their fathers did it before them. All men die, good and bad alike—how can they help dying?—and neither they nor their spirits die again. There is no difference between the good and the bad after death. If a man is good in this life, it is because he is not strong enough to be bad. Most people are bad; the good are always weak. This is the sum of their belief. There never was a more practical, a more hopelessly prosaic race. Yet they are acute, and even in an argument on subjects they have never considered before, will, by the very artless simplicity of their answers, baffle the trained reasoner who is questioning them with a view to overpower them by argument, or to extract information from them as to their religious beliefs. This is well exemplified in the celebrated conversation Baker had with Commoro, a chief of the Latooka, but as it has been so often quoted I may content my readers with merely referring to it.*

Beyond a little cultivation, and the manufacture of rude tools from the native iron ore,

* "Albert N'yanza," vol. i., 231—235. For lip mutilation see Schweinfurth: "Heart of Africa," vol. i., pp. 138—192: and Thomson: *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* (1882), p. 211.

their arts are few. They are excellent blacksmiths, although their tools are confined only to a hammer and anvil—both being stones—and a pair of tongs formed of a cleft stick of green wood. For bellows they employ two pots, each almost a foot deep. From the bottom of each of these pots is an earthenware tube about two feet in length, the nozzles of which are inserted in the charcoal fire. The mouths of the pots are covered with loose, pliable, well-greased



JOCTIAN, CHIEF OF THE NUEHR TRIBE. (After Baker.)

leather; in the centre of each cover is an upright stick about two feet long. This stick is moved up and down by the bellows-blower, thus producing a strong blast.

Such are a few brief facts regarding the history of these far-off descendants of the warlike Gallas, differing, it may be, widely from their forefathers, but still more closely connected with them than with the surrounding purely negro tribes. How bold they are in war, and how skilful in the acts of barbarism, we cannot afford space to describe. Nor need we regret it, since abundance of information on these points will be found in the graphic work of "Baker Pasha," to which we have already referred.

The *Danákil*, calling themselves *Afer*, Ophir, and Ghiberti, the latter name being a complimentary one in allusion to their adherence to Mohammedanism, and meaning "strong



TAKROWN (NUBIAN) SOLDIER.

in the faith," are a widespread race. At one time their kingdom comprised, according to the late Mr. Macqueen, an enthusiastic student of African geography, the whole Mohammedan population of East Africa. There is a probability that they are a branch of the Amharic race, who embraced the faith of the Prophet, and were, accordingly, both owing to religious and political prejudices, the never-sleeping enemies of the Abyssinian empire.

Closely allied to the Gallas are also the *Somauli*, who inhabit the African coast from the equator northward to Cape Guardafui and the Straits of Babelmandeb. In habits they are a pastoral people, but when there are seaports in their vicinity they follow commercial pursuits and navigation. Their arms are light bows and arrows contained in a large quiver made out of a gourd. Each arrow is almost a foot in length, and armed with a steel point, which is poisoned, and easily removed from the shaft, owing to the latter being simply affixed to it by a socket. A long-bladed knife completes the Somauli warrior's equipment. Their dress is a waist-cloth (or *fotah*) and a robe (or *sarree*) eleven feet in length. It is generally believed that the Somauli country is barren. This mistake has arisen from the fact that the barren sandhills of the coast conceal behind them a country of no small fertility, which supports a considerable pastoral population, who also cultivate some of the better places. Sir Bartle Frere, who observed their customs, mentions that smoke signals by day and fire beacons by night give notice along the coast when a vessel is in sight. If the vessel approaches near the land, as if about to send boats ashore, groups of natives, generally armed, collect from all quarters, and lie down to the beach over the sandhills. Magadoxo, Marko, Brava, and the few other spots in the territory are centres of considerable commercial activity. The more opulent inhabitants live in good masonry houses, so that the towns, when seen from the sea, have a very imposing appearance. All these towns are well fortified, and capable of being defended against the surrounding tribes and strangers, who are turned out of the town at sunset. Even where there is an Arab governor and a garrison from Zanzibar (the Arab Sultan of which is the nominal ruler of the territory), municipal affairs are generally managed by a sort of council of elders. Round the walls to some distance are the tents and huts of the nomad population who have come to trade. The chief articles of commerce are cattle hides, orchilla weed, small timber, and oil seeds, and a few small horses, donkeys, and camels, with a few such articles as ivory and ostrich-feathers from the far interior. The Somaulis are a hot-tempered, irascible race, who know no law but blood for blood, and are prompt to revenge the slightest insult, but to strangers, who do not offend their prejudices or excite their cupidity, they are by no means inhospitable.* In religion they are Mohammedans—in name, at least—for a people so rude can scarcely be expected to be free from savage rites, the ideas and practices of which die so hard before civilisation.

The *Kababish*, *Niam-Niam*, *Shanghallais* or *Barias*, &c., are among the other semi-barbarous or savage tribes allied to the Gallas who surround or enter into the composition of the Abyssinian empire. The real name of the latter tribe is *Bàza*, the word *baria* meaning "slaves" in the Abyssinian languages. One of the earliest accounts of them published was that of Bruce. "They live," he wrote, "during the fair half of the year under the shade of trees; they bend the branches down and cover them with the skin of beasts. Every tree is then a house, under which dwell a multitude of black inhabitants, till the tropical rains begin. It is then they hunt the elephant, which they kill by various devices, as well as the rhinoceros and other large creatures. Where the river horses abound they kill them with the same industry; where the trees are thickest and the water in largest pools, there the

* *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*. July, 1873, and February, 1882.

most populous nations live, who have often defeated the royal armies of Abyssinia." Their dress is very scanty, being merely a small piece of cloth and sandals, which are not used by the Abyssinians. Their weapons are a small shield, a double-edged sword, and a spear. Their religion is half paganism, half Mohammedanism. They are brave, strong, active, and hardy, and, what is much less common among their neighbours, are said to be honest and trustworthy. They are skilful in concealing themselves in places even without shelter from trees or rocks, in regard to which many tales—true or otherwise—have been told, but with which I need not trouble the reader.

Perhaps this would be the best place to introduce an account of the races of dwarfs said to exist in the interior of Africa, which have excited much attention for a long period, and are likely to be more heard of and perhaps studied in due course. No one whose evidence can be received as unimpeachable has yet seen the Dokos. Indeed, the whole story rests on the credit of a Galla slave named Delbo, who had personally visited the country to the south-west of Kaffa, where the Dokos—as these dwarfs are called—are said to have their dwelling. Much of the story we must premise is apparently exaggerated and distorted, though it ought to be mentioned that a traveller of the eminence of the late Dr. Beke regarded this Delbo, who was personally known to him, as a man worthy of credit.* The word *Doko* means in the Galla language only "savage," and must not be received as the name of any particular tribe. The following is, somewhat abridged, Delbo's account of this race of pigmies, as given by the well-known missionary, Dr. Krapf:—"Delbo begins by stating that the people of Doko, both men and women, are said not to be taller than boys nine or ten years old. They go quite naked. Their principal food is ants, snakes, mice, and other things which commonly are not used as food. They are said to be so skilful at finding out the ants and snakes, that Delbo could not refrain from praising them greatly on that account. The Dokos are so fond of this food that even when they become acquainted with better aliment in Enarea and Kaffa, they nevertheless frequently incur punishment for following their inclination of digging in search of ants and snakes as soon as they are out of sight of their masters. The skins of snakes are worn by them about their necks, as ornaments. They also climb trees with great skill to fetch down the fruits, and in doing this they stretch their hands downwards and their legs upwards. They live in extensive forests of bamboo and other wood, which are so thick that the slave-hunters find it very difficult to follow them in those retreats. These hunters sometimes discover a great number of the Dokos sitting on the trees, and then use the artifice of showing them shining things, by which they are enticed to descend, when they are captured without difficulty. As soon as a Doko begins to cry he is killed, from the apprehension that this, as a sign of danger, will cause the others to take to their heels. Even the women climb into trees, where, in a few minutes, a great number of them may be captured and sold into slavery. The Dokos live mixed together; men and women unite and separate as they please; and this Delbo considers as the reason why that tribe has not been exterminated, though frequently a single slave-dealer returns home with a thousand of them reduced to slavery. The mother suckles her child only so long as it is unable to find ants and snakes for its food. She abandons it as soon as it can get its food by itself. No rank or

* *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xii.

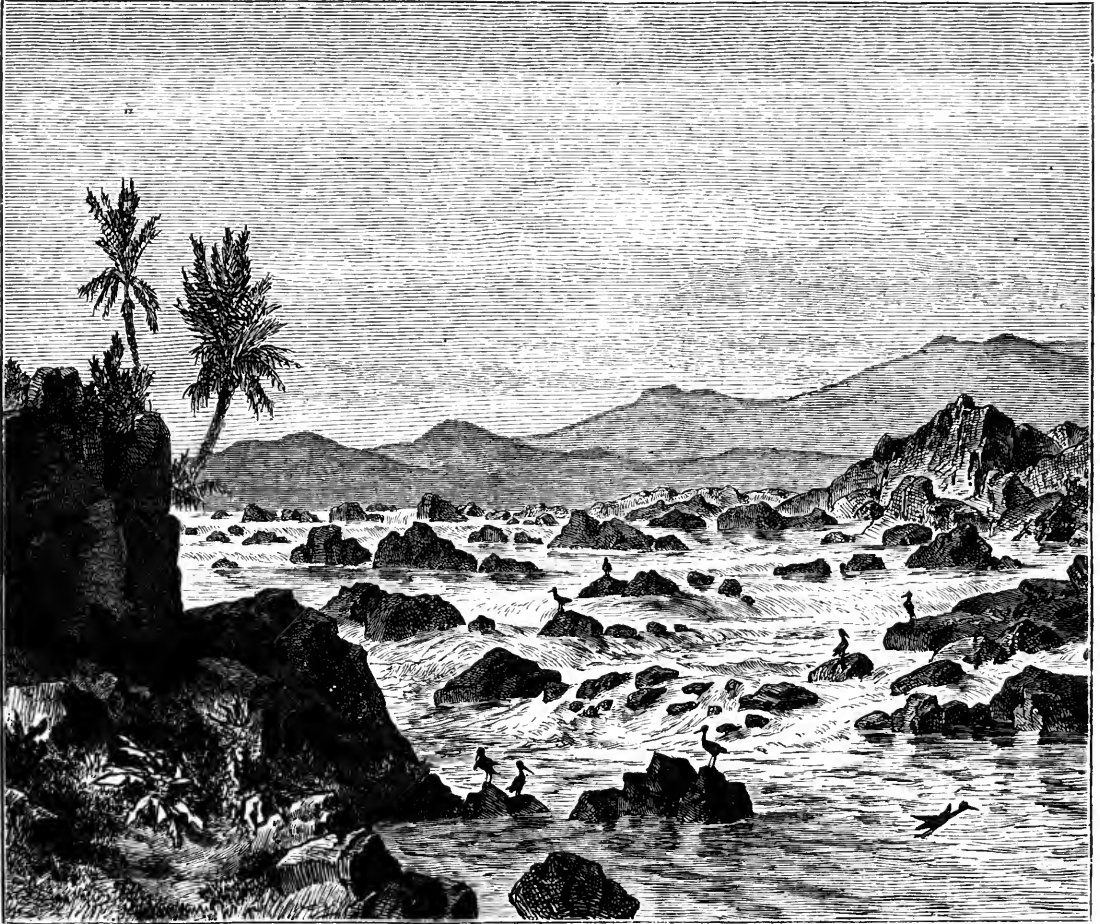
order exists among the Dokos; nobody obeys, nobody orders, nobody defends the country, nobody cares for the welfare of the nation. They make no attempt to secure themselves by running away; they are as quick as monkeys, and they are very sensible of the misery prepared for them by the slave-hunters, who so frequently encircle their forests and drive them into the open plains like beasts. When thus pressed they are often heard praying. They put their hands on the ground and stretch their legs upwards, and cry, in a pitiful manner 'Yer, Yer!'" *

Dismissing the palpable fables which the Galla slave told about these Dokos, it may be allowable to place some credence in his tale, since the pigmy Akkas, or Ticki-Ticki, who live to the south of the Uellé have been described, and specimens even brought to Europe, by the Italian explorers. The Akkas, indeed, appear, according to Dr. Schweinfurth—from whom we derive nearly all our information regarding this race—to be one of a series of aboriginal tribes who extend along the Equator entirely across Africa. They are not, in common with the Obongo and Bushmen—to whom we shall be introduced by-and-by—really dwarfs in the sense that they are in any way deformed, but only short-statured. Battel, more than two centuries and a half ago, mentioned a race of dwarfs called the Matimbos, or Dongo, to the north-east of the Sette River, and consequently in the same region from which Du Chaillu describes the Obongo, in Schweinfurth's and Behm's opinion closely allied to the Akkas. Indeed, wherever one goes in Africa there are either traces of or stories about these pigmy peoples, which may be regarded as the last remnants of the aboriginal substratum which existed on the Continent before the stronger race which now overrun it had arrived or gained strength. There is even in Madagascar a dwarfish race known as the Kimos, though their relation to any of the African races is very problematical. The Akkas are a singular people. Their bodies are curved almost like the letter S, and they walk with such a waddling lurch that it is next to impossible for any of them to carry a full dish without spilling some of its contents. They are a cunning, elfish race, low in intelligence, huge-eared, broad-shouldered, narrow-chested, and ape-like in their gestures. The Monbutto, among whom some of them have settled, protect them as useful in obtaining for them food supplies, the Akkas being a nation of hunters, much as the Ashango enjoy the protection of the Obongo.

The *Agows* or *Shohos* are probably the aborigines of Western Abyssinia. They are Mohammedans, and have a singular aversion to agriculture; they are simply a pastoral people, living for the time being in camps or little hamlets of rude huts, made from straw and the branches of trees, rather neatly formed and thatched. The huts are so placed as to form a circle, in the centre of which the cattle are penned during the night. One or two places are left as entrances, but these are closed at nightfall by branches being placed before them. They are friendly with the Abyssinians, who divide with them the means of existence. The Abyssinians are an agricultural people—which, we have seen, the Agows are not. Accordingly, the Abyssinians, after using their cattle in ploughing the land, entrust them to the care of an Agow, who pastures them for the remainder of the year, receiving as his payment a

* Probably "God! God!" the word *yéro* meaning this in the Galla language. (Beke, *Philological Society's Journal*, vol. ii., p. 97.) See also Krapf: "Reisen in Ostafrika," vol. i., pp. 76-79.

quantity of corn on their safe return. On the other hand, the rich Agow lends out some of his superabundant oxen to the poor Christian, who cannot afford to purchase any for himself. But he in no way interferes with the cultivation of the soil, though thus continually brought into contact with agriculturists and agricultural affairs. Still, as before, the Abyssinian hires the oxen, and the Agow shares the crop. In costume they differ as widely from their neighbours, the Abyssinians, as they do in manners. No longer do we find



THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE, ASSOUAN.

the hair arranged in plaited tresses; the Agow delights in a bushy wig, his woolly hair being arranged in two large tufts, one of which is on the top of his head, and the other behind. "By way of ornamentation, a pin or scratcher is stuck through the front tuft. It is amusing to see with what a careful air of self-satisfaction a young Shoho will draw out his long hair-pin, and, after having passed it two or three times through his hair, replace it in the fore-bush immediately over his forehead, with as much of it protruding as he can possibly manage without its falling, at the same time smiling most contentedly at nothing at all, or giving vent to a shrill whistle, as if driving his cattle, perhaps to let all the world know that he is the owner

of a good herd. The Abyssinians wear breeches and large belts, instead of which the Shohos sometimes substitute a kilt of cotton stuff, which falls a little below the knee, or content themselves with the *tobe* (or cloth) alone, which, in this case, is made to answer the double purpose of coat and trousers. Being passed first around the body, so as to cover the lower extremities, the ends are crossed on the breast and thrown over the shoulders. For convenience, it is occasionally tied at the back of the neck.* In character they are bold and energetic, excellent horsemen and daring hunters, in this respect probably surpassing all the other African tribes, unless we except the sword-hunting Hamran Arabs. Each settlement is governed by a Sultan, who, however, true to the instinct of his race, does not inhabit any other house than the rude temporary hut already described, distinguished, however, outwardly by the presence of an ostrich shell. In appearance, the Shohos are fairer than any of the surrounding tribes, and in their domestic manners mild and courteous. The women are accounted beautiful, though not in the eyes of the negroes, who are never weary of celebrating the loveliness of a soot-coloured skin. They, in their turn, despise the blacks, though at the present time tributary to and a component part of the negro kingdom of Bornu.

Closely allied to the Agows are the *Tibboos*, an athletic race of horsemen, but supremely ugly; though, unlike the rule among savage people, the women are better-looking than the men. Ill-favouredness is, however, in no case an obstacle to vanity; nor is it in the case of the Tibboo, who is fond of admiring his countenance in a pool of water, or still better in a looking-glass, if this can be obtained. The habit of snuff-taking, to which they are addicted, does not add to their personal attractions. The snuff is not taken after the usual manner, but is stuffed up their nostrils until no more can be received. The result of this is that the nostrils become much distended. Their cheeks are also disfigured, owing to a custom they have of placing large quantities of snuff between the gums and the lips. They are not such a bold race as the Agows, being robbed and maltreated by the Tuarik tribes on all occasions, without attempting to retaliate. Of the Arabs they stand in great dread. Major Denham tells us that five or six of them "will go round a tree where an Arab has laid down his gun for a minute, stepping on tip-toe, as if afraid of disturbing it; talking to each other in whispers, as if the gun could understand their exclamations, and I dare say praying to it not to do them any injury, as fervently as ever Man Friday did to Robinson Crusoe's musket."

Their weapons are the spear, a sword which can be thrown at an enemy, daggers of two lengths, and the bow and arrows. To guard against attack many of their villages are placed on the tops of high, perpendicular rocks, and can only be approached by means of ladders, which are immediately drawn up on the approach of an enemy. Their character is far from amiable. Cruelly and unmercifully treated, they are themselves equally cruel and heartless. The slave trade is one of their branches of commerce, and no Arab could pursue it more relentlessly, or conduct this abominable traffic with more cruelty, than the Tibboos. It is rarely that more than one-half of the gang of slaves which they start with reach the market, the rest dying of hunger, thirst, and ill-usage on the way. The whole route they usually take is lined with their bleached bones, among which the horses' feet crash with a sound which is startling in its melancholy associations.

The *Nubians* are reddish-brown in complexion, in some cases even approximating to black, but of a shade not so deep as the East African negroes. The hair is often frizzled and thick, and in some individuals not widely different from the "wool" of the negroes. Under the name of Nubians are comprehended two sections of people alike in physical character, but speaking distinct languages. The one may possibly be aboriginal, the other foreign. These are the Eastern Nubians and the Nubians of the Nile

The Eastern Nubians, or, as they are sometimes called, the Nubians of the Red Sea, are made up of various tribes, such as the Ababbah, Bisharis, Hadharebe, Sonakiny (Bejawys or Bejas), &c. In character they are savage and inhospitable, and in manners rude and barbarous. They drink the warm blood of animals, but are not a race of hunters, but pastoral and nomadic. They are a handsome people, with fine features and expressive eyes, and slender, elegant forms. Their complexion is generally brown or chocolate colour. Their hair, which is very frizzly, is arranged in a series of curls which reach below their ears, and of which they are excessively proud; but so matted with grease is this coiffure that it cannot be combed. Now, as the Nubian scalp is occasionally in want of scratching, and for a similar reason to that which necessitates a like operation on the heads of a variety of people, savage and civilised, that the set of their coiffure may not be disarranged, they carry about with them a piece of wood resembling a knitting-needle, with which this disagreeable but necessary act is performed. This pin is generally worn by being fixed in a curly mass of hair projecting from the summit of the forehead.

The Nubians of the Nile, or as they are called Barabras, or Berberines, are divided into three sections—the Nubas, Kenoos, and Dongolawi—and inhabit the valley of the Nile from Egypt to the borders of Sennaar. They are an industrious race, and are found in Egypt in numbers, owing to their custom of going to that country in the capacity of free labourers. They plant date-trees and erect irrigating wheels, and sow grass and leguminous plants. In their disposition they are far superior to the other sections of Nubians just described, being honest and peaceable, though not slavish. Their dress consists of a white cotton robe, and their arms of a dagger, spear, and shield of hippopotamus and crocodile hide, with a boss in the centre. In addition, they frequently carry the straight Hamran Arab sword (p. 167). The girls wear nothing but a little apron, gaily dyed, a characteristic of dress which they possess in common with the Latookas of the same Nile valley. This apron, among the more polished Nubians, is, however, a much more elaborately-ornamented affair, being laden with ornaments of gold and silver, heirlooms from generation to generation, the arms, neck, and ankles of the girls being also in most cases ornamented in a similar manner. After she is married a loose robe is added to this Eve-like garment. Both sexes wear amulets, sewn up in leather, either on their arms or fastened into their locks, which are saturated with castor-oil.

Their houses are pyramidal mud huts, with a courtyard surrounded by a wall, and shaded with palms. Though despised by the Arabs, the Nubians are proud of their country, and are hospitable to strangers, and provident, in so far that they have in the vicinity of their houses granaries, which are simply shallow pits covered with white plaster. Their industry is, however, severely repressed by the galling taxes to which the Egyptian Government subjects them, the frequent forced labour on public works, and the still more irksome impressment of soldiers in the national army, the duties of which took them for long periods far from their much-loved homes in the years prior to 1882, when the army was disbanded.

The origin of the Barabras seems to be the ancient Nobatæ brought in the year 300 from "an oasis in the west," by Dioeletian to inhabit the valley of the Nile. They were then Christians, but are now Mohammedans, and have altered in many other ways. For instance, they shave the head, a custom common among some races of Mohammedans, and wear a white cotton covering on it. It may be added that in addition to Arabic there are three dialects of the Nubian tongue.



FEMALE SLAVE OF THE SOUDAN.

CHAPTER X

THE KAFFIRS, AND ALLIED TRIBES.

BEFORE turning our attention to the negro tribes which are popularly supposed to be characteristic of the African continent, let us sketch in brief but comprehensive detail the great South African races comprehended under the common name of Kaffirs, and the rude but interesting nationalities of the Hottentots, and their neighbours the Bushmen of the same region.

Under the name "Kaffir" are comprised many tribes, and even nationalities, all allied, however, by common customs and similar dialects, pointing to a pristine origin common to all of them. The word "Kaffir" is considered by themselves as a term of contempt; but as each division of the nation to which it is applied has a separate name, their language supplies no proper substitute, unless the general terms Sechuano, Bantu, or Zingian—all of which terms, on various scientific grounds, have been applied to the Kaffir race by various ethnologists—be received in its place. The word used is, however, very immaterial, so long as we know what is meant by it. Originally the term "Kaffir" was of Arabian origin, and was applied by the voyagers

of that nation to all people when not of the faith of Mohammed. From them it was adopted, though not with the same significance, by the Portuguese and Dutch, and has now become a general appellation. In Central Asia are tribes also known as Kaffirs, and from exactly the same reason, and not because they are, in the most remote manner, related to the African tribes of the same name. At first, it was applied to the Amaxosa Kaffirs, but by-and-by the Dutch gave the name of Kaffraria to nearly all the southern part of the continent, including in it the country of the Hottentots, Bushmen, and, indeed, all the uncivilised nations of South Africa. We shall scarcely use it in such a free significance. Yet, when we examine the different African nationalities, it is surprising how widely the race has spread, stretching in some places from



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the eastern to the western side of the continent. Dr. Latham looks upon the coast of Zanzibar—as did Dr. Prichard before him—as Kaffir; “the valley of the Gaboon River, and the parts north of Angola and Loango, are Kaffir; *southwards*, the frontier of the Cape Colony is Kaffir. Hence, the Kaffir area extends from the Cape to the equator, even beyond the equator, and that on both sides of Africa.” In popular parlance, the Kaffir country, Kaffraria or Kaffirland, is the region on the south-east of the continent between the sea and the Drakenberg Mountains. Ethnologically, we have seen that the Kaffirs extend much farther, and are, indeed, one of the widest spread of the African families. The divisions of the race are (1) the Southern Kaffirs (Amaxosas, Amathymbás, Amapondas, &c.); (2) the Amazulos (or Zulus), Vativas, and other nomadic tribes—including those of Natal—noted for their honesty and regard for their white neighbours; (3) the natives of Delagoa Bay and vicinity, who are more negro-like than the other divisions of the race; (4) the Bechuanas, and other tribes to

the north, who have been so lucidly described by Dr. Livingstone. These Bechuanas inhabit considerable towns or villages, and live in well-built huts. They till the soil, are provident, and, for Africans, well advanced in various rude arts and a lowly kind of civilisation.*

Among these offshoots from the Bechuanas are the Balakari, again divided into many sub-tribes, who inhabit the Kalahari desert, which sterile region they share with the Bushmen, who are but barely their superiors in degradation and misery. The Bushmen are, however—at least in modern times—denizens of the desert from choice, while the Balakari are so by compulsion. They are one of the oldest of the Bechuana tribes, and once possessed enormous herds of cattle, but in the vicissitudes to which nations—savage as well as civilised—are subject they were dispossessed of their fertile land and riches, and driven out into the wastes by a fresh migration of their own nation. Since that period they have been forced to live under the same physical conditions as the Bushmen, and illustrate in a striking manner the views of those who consider—rightly, we think—that locality, unless continued for incalculably long periods, is not in itself sufficient to account for differences of race. The Bushmen are probably the aborigines of the southern portion of the continent, and have been ousted from the more fertile portions of South Africa by the incursions of the Kaffir race, coming from whence we can only guess. We shall have occasion to speak of them more fully in due course. In the meantime, as showing the contrast between them and the Balakari, I may quote the brief characterisation which the lamented Livingstone gives of the former people. The Bushmen, he writes, are exceptions in language, race, habits, and appearance. “They are the only real nomads in the country; they never cultivate the soil, nor rear any domestic animal, save wretched dogs. They are so intimately acquainted with the habits of the game, that they follow them in their migrations, and prey upon them from place to place, and thus prove as complete a check upon their inordinate increase as the other carnivora.

“The chief subsistence of the Bushmen is the flesh of game, but that is eked out by what the women collect of roots and beans, and fruits of the desert. Those who inhabit the hot sandy plains of the desert possess wiry forms, capable of great exertion and severe privations. Many are of low stature, though not dwarfish. The specimens brought to Europe have been selected, like costermongers’ dogs, on account of their extreme ugliness; consequently English ideas of the whole tribe are formed in the same way as if the ugliest specimens of the English were exhibited in Africa as characteristic of the entire British nation. That they were like baboons is in some degree true, just as these and other *Simia* are in some points frightfully human. . . . The Balakari retain in undying vigour the Bechuana love for agriculture and domestic animals. They hoe their gardens annually, though often all they can hope for is a supply of melons and pumpkins; and they carefully rear small herds of goats, though I have seen them lift water for them out of small wells with a bit of ostrich egg-shell, or by spoonfuls. They generally attach themselves to influential men in the different Bechuana tribes living adjacent to their decent homes, in order to obtain supplies of spears, knives, tobacco, and dogs, in exchange for the skins of the animals they may kill—two or three species of jackal, a small

* The name “Bechuana,” Livingstone thinks, is derived from the word *chuana* (alike, or equal), with the personal pronoun *Ba* (they) prefixed; and, therefore, means “fellows,” or “equals.” Their language is called *Sichuana*.

ocelot, a lynx, wild cat, spotted cat, and other small animals, beside antelope of various species, lions, leopards, panthers, and hyænas. During the time I was in the Bechuana country, between twenty and thirty thousand skins were made up into *karosses*—part of which were worn by the inhabitants, and part sold to the traders; many, I believe, found their way to China. The Bechuanas bought tobacco from the eastern tribes, then purchased skins with it from the Balakari, tanned them, and sewed them up into *karosses* (or blanket dresses), and then went south to purchase heifer-calves with them, cows being the highest form of riches known, as I had often noticed from their asking ‘if Queen Victoria had many cows.’ The compact they enter into is mutually beneficial, but injustice and wrong are often perpetrated by one tribe of Bechuanas going among the Balakari of another tribe, and compelling them to deliver up the skins, which they may be keeping for their friends. They are a timid race, and in bodily development often resemble the aborigines of Australia. They have thin legs and arms, and large protruding abdomens, caused by the coarse, indigestible food they eat. Their children’s eyes lack lustre; I never saw them at play. A few Bechuanas may go into a village of Balakari and domineer over them with impunity; but when the same adventurers meet the Bushmen, they are fain to change their manners to fawning sycophancy; they know that if the request for tobacco is refused, those free sons of the desert may settle the point as to its possession by a poisoned arrow.”*

Ever in fear of the visit of unfriendly, or, what is just the same, stronger, tribes of Bechuanas, the Balakari lead a life even more miserable than their wretched home affords them. To avoid these marauders they live at a distance from water, and not unfrequently conceal their stores by burying them in a sandpit, and making a fire over the spot to efface any traces of the ground having been recently disturbed. The water is conveyed from the scattered desert pools by the women in ostrich shells. Each ostrich shell has a hole in the end of it, such as would admit one’s finger, and each woman will carry for long distances twenty or thirty of these primitive water-vessels in a net or bag slung over her back. “The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it into a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly round it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg-shell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker; a straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel, as she draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The water is made to pass along the outside, not through the straw. If any one will attempt to squirt water into a bottle placed some distance below his mouth, he will perceive the wisdom of the Bushwoman’s contrivance for giving the stream direction by means of a straw. The whole stock of water is thus passed through the woman’s mouth as a pump, and when taken home is carefully buried. I have come into villages where, had we acted a domineering part and rummaged every hut, we should have found nothing; but by sitting down quietly, and waiting with patience until the villagers were led to form a favourable opinion of us, a woman would bring out a shellful of the precious fluid from I know not where.”

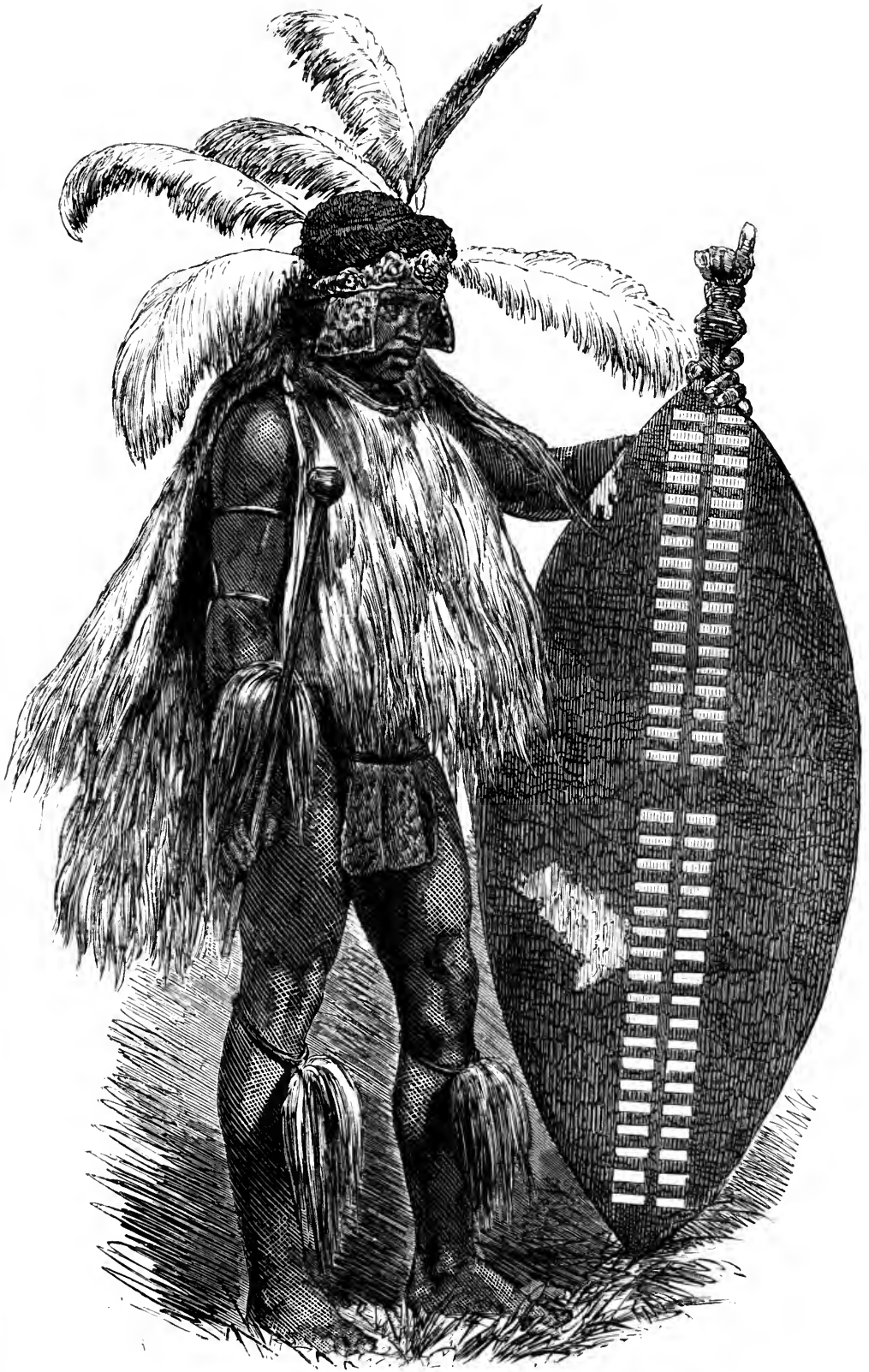
Before passing from this sketch of one of the Bechuana offshoots, let us remark that

* “Missionary Travels” (first edition), p. 51.

though styled a desert, the Kalahari is by no means one. In addition to affording a subsistence for multitudes of wild animals, the skins of which have a visible effect on the peltry markets of the world, and various *regular* inhabitants, it has at one time and another afforded refuge to many a fugitive tribe. First the Balakari, and after them the unfortunate Bechuana tribe, took shelter in it, as their lands were overturned by the Matebele, another Kaffir tribe. In their turn the Backwains, Bangwatkeze, and Bamangwato—all Kaffir tribes—fled hither, hotly pursued by the Matebele marauders, hundreds of whom met a thirsty grave in their attempts to follow through the desert paths. The Matebele had come from the well-watered north-east, and unable to endure thirst for long periods they perished in the arid track, into which a false guide, an emissary of one of the hunted chiefs, had led them for hundreds of miles. On one occasion a party of these marauders entered a Bushman village, and demanded water. They were calmly told that they had none, and never used any. Thinking to compel them to bring it forth, the robbers watched day and night for several days; until, tormented by thirst they could no longer endure, they cried out, “Yak! yak! these are not men; let us go!” and go they did.

Another of these branches from the great Bechuana tribe of Kaffirs are the Makololo, or Barôze. More fortunate, however, than their compatriots the Balakari, they inhabit a comparatively fertile country, but are nevertheless an example of the vicissitudes we illustrated in the case of the latter people. Originally a branch of the Bechuana, as we have already mentioned, they were conquered and organised by the celebrated Basuto chief, Sibituano, into a formidable people incorporated with the tribes whom he had conquered. During his lifetime, this Makololo kingdom survived in prosperity; but under the reign of his son it began to fall to pieces, and in 1864 entirely broke up into the varied tribes it was originally formed out of. To a great extent they differ from the other Kaffir tribes, in the fact that they are not nomadic, but, living on the banks of the Zambesi, are canoe-men and fishers. In *physique*, the Makololo are splendid, being of a light-brown colour, and speaking with a clear deliberate intonation, different from the quick musical jingle characteristic of the language of most of the other Kaffir tribes or nationalities. Their character is rather good, though they have never shown themselves particularly courageous, either in war or in the hunt.

The *Dammaras*—a corruption of *Damup*—“the people” is another, though remote connection of the great Kaffir race. By some writers, such as General Sir James Alexander, they are classed as negroes; but though they are rather negroid in appearance, their language shows that we must place them under the Kaffir wing. When they branched off from that people is unknown; their own rather modest account of their origin—viz., that they are descended from a Hottentot mother and a baboon father, though possibly agreeable to certain theorists—having to be dismissed as a primitive anthropological myth. Of the Dammaras, there are two divisions, widely different from each other. There are the Dammaras of the plains, who are rich in herds of cattle, which afford a great temptation to the Namaquas, a Hottentot tribe living to the southward of them, and between them and the Orange River. Accordingly, there are never-ending wars between these two people. The Hill Dammaras, on the contrary, own no cattle, and, like the Bushmen, subsist by the hunt and on roots. The Hill Dammaras are, from their inferior food, less robust than those of the plains, many of whom, nevertheless, live among the Namaquas as slaves. Sir James Alexander describes



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both divisions of Dammaras as black, with woolly hair, small round noses, and thick lips. Their huts are conical, and built of stakes driven into the ground covered with "wattle," *i.e.*, branches plastered over with clay. The Plain Dammaras are circumcised, and extract two front teeth of the lower jaw. With the exception of a piece of skin about the waist, reaching to the knees, men and women are almost naked, though in war-time the men wear a plume of ostrich feathers, and a leopard or lion skin thrown over their shoulders, with sandals of the Bechuana type, which are, however, never worn by women. Bows, arrows, and a short javelin (or *assegai*) are their weapons. It is probable that the Hill Dammaras are—as Prichard has pointed out—like most outcast races, a mixed people, and more or less intermingled with the Namaquas among whom they live.*

To describe all of these tribes, or national subdivisions in detail, would be a task which would occupy space far beyond our limits, even were it necessary. They are all subdivisions of the same race, and though, in course of time, they have taken up customs peculiar to each division, yet, on the whole, there is a broad similarity in many of their habits. Accordingly, we will sketch these out in general detail, adding, when necessary, a reference to the tribe or nationality of which a particular trait may be specially characteristic.

APPEARANCE AND GENERAL CHARACTER.

In complexion the Kaffirs are not black, but blackish-red; their hair is crisp, inclining to woolly, but the nose is not so flat, nor the complexion so dark, as a rule, as that of the negro. They have also shown far more aptitude for civilisation than the black man. Where they came from will ever remain a mystery. By some this region is believed to be the north of Africa, or even Asia, but there is no good ground for the belief that they are Arabians. Many of them are so negro-like that from whatever region they originally came, they seem not only to have driven out the aboriginal population, but to have, to some extent at least, commingled with them, or with some negroid people. In disposition they are cheerful, careless, and light-hearted. Their wardrobe costs them (as it consists of) next to nothing, and living under a despotic government, to which they have been accustomed from childhood to look up to as allowing them their lives under a most unstable tenure—their lease of existence being liable to be cut short at any moment, at the will or caprice of the king or chief—they became in time indifferent to it, and free from the harassing care about death with which those enjoying greater security of life are apt to be encumbered. That this is the reason I have little doubt, for when the Kaffirs come to live under the British Government, and become accustomed to look upon their lives as their own, they get just as anxious and careworn as the rest of us. Their intellect is good, and their mind subtle and keen at argument. Gil Blas never lay in wait with more zest for the unwary traveller with whom to enter into a logical discussion, than does Bishop Colenso's "intelligent Zulu." He is ever ready for an argument, and is skilful to the last degree at the barren work of chopping words and splitting hairs. Unlike some savages, the Kaffir is not only dignified in his bearing, but with a high sense of honour, and is far from revengeful or ready to take affront at trifles. He is, moreover, fond of his little joke, even though this savours of the practical, and is affectionate to his family, attached to his home and country,

* For an account of some tribes not described here, see Serpa Pinto: "How I Crossed Africa" (1881); Capello and Ivens: "From Benguela to Yacca," (1882); and Holub: "Seven Years in South Africa" (1881).

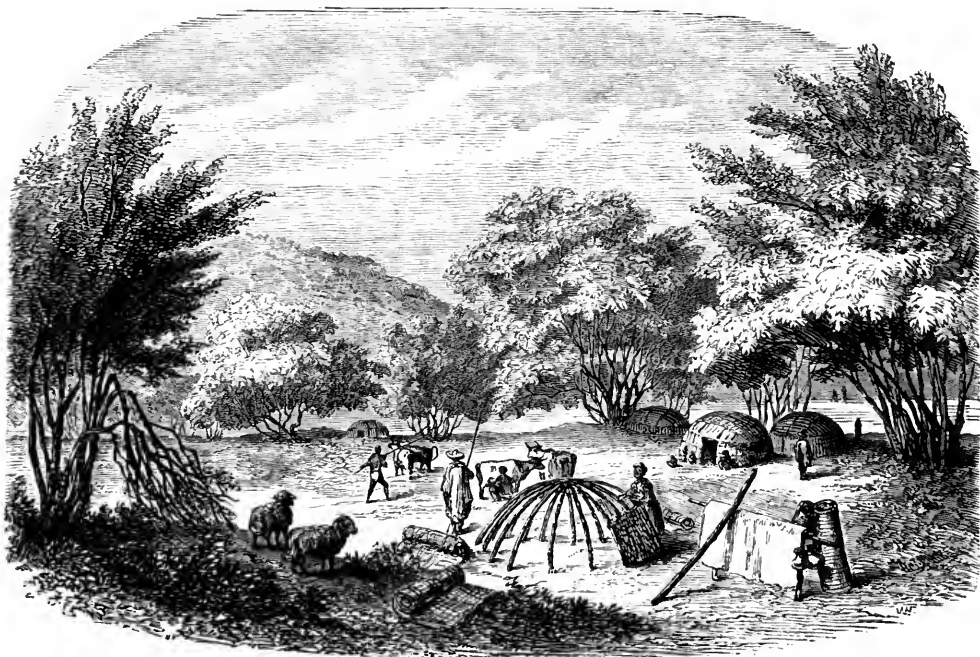
sociable in all the relations of life, and hospitable so far as means will admit of; so that the *tout ensemble* of the Kaffir character is not a very unpleasant one.

Speaking of the hospitality of one of the allied Kaffir nations, the Makololo, Livingstone writes:—"The people of every village treated us most liberally, presenting, beside oxen, butter-milk and meal, more than we could stow away in our canoes. The cows in this valley are now yielding, as they frequently do, more milk than the people can use, and both men and women present butter in such quantities, that I shall be able to refresh my men as we go along. Anointing the skin prevents the excessive evaporation of the fluids of the body, and acts as clothing in both sun and shade. They always make their presents gracefully. When an ox was given, the owner would say, 'Here is a bit of bread for you.' This was pleasing, for I had been accustomed to the Bechuanas presenting a miserable goat, with the pompous exclamation, 'Behold an ox!' The women persisted in giving me copious supplies of shrill praises, or 'lullilooing;' but although I frequently told them to modify their 'great lords' and 'great lions' to more humble expressions, they so evidently intended to do me honour, that I could not help being pleased with the poor creatures' wishes for our success."

When Livingstone left the Makololos' land for the Cape, they made a garden and planted maize for him, that he might, "as well as other people," have food to eat when he returned. It is the universal rule of the country that the chief should feed all strangers who come to him on special business; but though a present is usually given to him in return, nothing—unless the aboriginal custom has been much modified—is asked in return. Livingstone complains that Europeans—often with the best of intentions—by their conduct spoil the feeling that hospitality is the sacred duty of the chiefs. On the contrary, under other circumstances it would be laudable. No sooner do Europeans arrive in a village than they offer to purchase food; and, instead of waiting until a meal has been prepared for them in the evening, cook themselves, and ever afterwards decline to partake of what is made ready for their use. A present is also made, and before long the natives expect a gift without any equivalent having been offered. If a stranger has an acquaintance among the under chiefs, they turn aside to his establishment, and are treated quite as hospitably as among the higher civil dignitaries. Hospitality is so engrained in their social economy, that one of their most cogent arguments in favour of polygamy is, that a man with one wife is unable to entertain strangers in the manner he ought; and more especially is this a weighty reason, when the women are the chief cultivators, and have control over the corn and other stores. It must, however, be added, that, among the Kaffirs, as elsewhere, those who have no friends are very apt to suffer from hunger when travelling.

On the other hand, the honesty of the Makololo affords a brilliant but most exceptional contrast to the dishonesty of other tribes. Thus, for instance, the Bechuanas are notorious thieves. Dr. Moffat—the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, and little less celebrated as a missionary—who resided for many years among this tribe, and who would scarcely be inclined to underestimate what virtues they possess, declares himself most unreservedly on this point. "Some nights, or rather mornings," writes this eminent man, "we had to record thefts committed in the course of twenty-four hours, in our house, our smith-shop, our garden, and among our cattle in the fields. These they have more than once driven into a bog or mire, at a late hour informing us of the accident, as they termed it; and as it was then too dark to render assistance, one or more would fall a prey to hyænas or hungry natives. One night they entered our cattle-fold,

killed one of our best draught oxen, and carried the whole away, except one shoulder. We were compelled to use much meat, from the great scarcity of grain and vegetables; our sheep we had to purchase at a distance, and very thankful might we be if, out of twenty, we secured the largest half for ourselves. They would break their legs, cut off their tails, and more frequently carry off the whole carcase. Tools, such as saws, axes, and adzes, were losses severely felt, as we could not at that time replace them, when there was no intercourse with the colony. Some of our tools and utensils which they stole, on finding the metal not what they expected, they would bring back, beaten into all shapes, and offer them in exchange for some other articles of value. Knives were always eagerly coveted; our metal spoons they melted, and



HOTTENTOT "KRAAL."

when we were supplied with plated iron ones, which they found not pliable, they supposed them bewitched." Very often, when employed working at a distance from the house, if there was no one in whom he could confide, the missionary would be compelled to carry them all to the place where he went to seek a glass of water, well knowing that if they were left they would take wings before he could return. They would steal anything and everything—the pot that Dr. Moffat was cooking his food in, the meat out of the pot, the water out of the canals he was irrigating his garden with, the vegetables he raised, and would even rob the missionary's house while he was preaching. Unlike most savage people, they do not spare their own race, pilfering from other Bechuanas as readily as from the whites, and even the sacred person of the chief forms no ægis to their thieving propensities, his property being as freely pilfered as that of the meanest member of his tribe. Their mendacity, combined with a large amount of insolence and knavish impertinence, seems to have no bounds. The worst of it all is, that, like the Spartans,

they do not look upon theft as a crime, a trait of character they share with most savages, whose only idea of the turpitude of sin consists in the grievousness of being *found out*, and the punishment which ensues as a natural consequence. An idea of wrong, derived from innate moral consciousness, seems never to enter into their mental organisation. The common dress of the men—as well as the women—consists of the *kaross*, or cloak of the skins of wild animals, though of late years they have to a great extent discarded it in favour of the European blanket. Feathers as head-ornaments, a waistcloth, and an endless variety of bracelets, necklaces, leg-ornaments, &c.,



KAFFIR FAMILY.

of beads, teeth, ivory, and various tags, complete the male ornaments. The women's dress bears a considerable resemblance to that of the men. In early life neither boys nor girls wear any clothing—unless, indeed, a shining coat of oil and paint, if the parents can afford it, is to be looked upon in this light. After she has reached years of womanhood an apron is the girl's first and almost only garment until she marries. This apron consists mainly in a series of fringed cords suspended from a beaded belt, but varies in grandeur according to the wealth or rank of the lady's parents or husband. After she is betrothed a petticoat of soft leather is added to this apron, and her married costume is completed by the young wife shaving off her hair, leaving only an upright, well-greased and well-painted tuft on the top of her head. A piece of skin, beaded down the middle, and suspended from the chest as low as the knee, is also a frequent addition to Kaffir female wardrobe. Bracelets around the arms, wrists, legs, and

ankles are as equally popular among the women as among the men. For their heads a much-valued ornament is a circlet of beads, or a girdle of greased leather, worn gracefully around the waist. Finally, we may mention that porcupine quills worn in the woolly locks of the Kaffir belle on high occasions, such as dances, &c., are looked upon as diamonds and pearls are in more civilised(?) society. Earrings are worn by both sexes, and are usually of great size, being enlarged yearly by larger and larger ornaments being forced through the original hole made in the lobe until an ancient dandy is capable of wearing as an auricular ornament such elegancies as a snuffbox, an ivory door-knob, or some equally appropriate bit of jewellery.

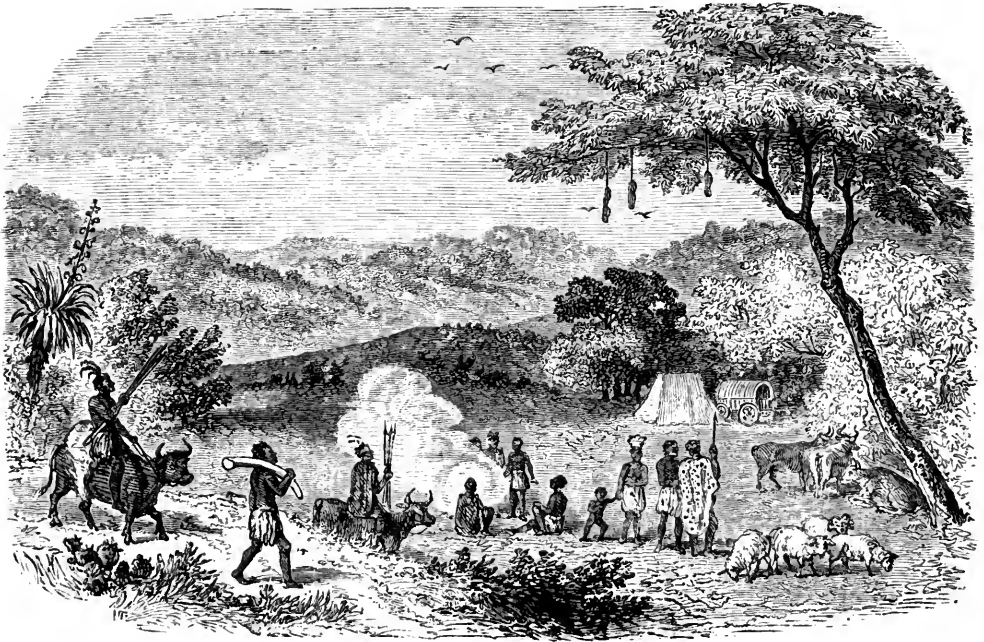
Their *huts*, like those of most African tribes, are circular erections thatched with reeds, and sometimes plastered interiorly with clay (p. 232). They have been likened most appropriately to a beehive, or to the winter snow-house erected by the Eskimo. Of all the Kaffir tribes, the Bechuanas are the most skilful architects, building really substantial and comfortable dwellings; the bulk of the labour in this, as in nearly everything else, falling to the lot of the women, the men simply looking on and suggesting improvements; this employment being one in which the Kaffir gentleman peculiarly excels. Hard work is hardly so much in his way. Outside of the huts are few ornaments of any description, with the exception of the skulls of departed cows slaughtered at feasts, and placed there to demonstrate to all passers-by the magnificence of the indwellers, who can afford and are liberal enough to have beef at their banquets. There is no chimney, the smoke escaping by holes in the roof as best it may.

Unwelcome guests are debarred entrance by a door of wicker-work. The interior is rude but comfortable. To the roof is suspended a bunch of maize, all blackened by the smoke, which hangs in the form of flakes of soot from the ears and leaves. Around are placed pots for holding milk and beer. The floor is cleanly swept, and will, in some of those of the better class, be made out of kneaded clay, taken from the white ant-hills or nests. No cooking is done in the hut. In villages, at least, this is performed in a special hut set apart for the purpose, and which, though common property, is a rather rude affair, being only built so as to protect the cooks from the wind, but from no other inclemencies of the weather. It not unfrequently happens that the pillars of the dwelling-hut are ornamented with beads, so thickly laced on that the post seems as if cased in them. The huts are placed in groups or hamlets, known to Europeans as *kraals*, surrounded by a general fence. Inside of this, and in the middle of the village, is a second enclosure for cattle, in addition to a smaller fenced-off place for the calves. The chief's house and harem are at the other side of the enclosure, opposite to the gate. This harem is guarded, not by eunuchs, but a troop of naked warriors, who are selected for one qualification, and one alone—viz., *their extreme ugliness*. For this office, as well as that of shutting the gates of the enclosure by night, the most deformed and ill-favoured of the tribesmen are selected; under the idea that they will be all the more inclined to perform their duties in a stern uncompromising way, when their sense of allegiance to the chief is not weakened by their being favoured in the eyes of the ladies of that dignitary's family. Into the inner enclosure (or *isa-baya* as it is called) the cows are driven and milked every night by the men, the women, curiously enough, not being allowed to enter the enclosure under pain of death. This work of milking the cows is about the only household labour the Kaffir male performs, but in this he takes great pride. While milking, he continually screams, speaks in a loud voice, and whistles, to encourage the cow to give up her milk, so that

Kaffir cows can only be milked by Kaffirs. Unless this whistling, shouting, &c., go on during the operation, the animal will refuse to yield her milk. Cows constitute the wealth of all the Kaffir tribes. Everything is valued according to its equivalent in cows, up to a wife, whose average value is well understood to be eight cows. Most of their wars are instigated by a desire to increase their bovine wealth; the consequence of every individual being in exact proportion to the number of cattle which he possesses. In their herds they take great pride and care. On certain days of the year they train their horns in peculiar fantastic forms. The very proverbs of the people are mixed up with allusions to their pastoral pursuits. Thus, while we say that "you cannot take the breeches off a Highlandman," the Kaffir, in allusion to a similar difficulty in getting payment where no assets exist, remarks regarding the difficulty of getting tossed by a hornless cow. Without cattle the Kaffir would be helpless. He eats its flesh, and consumes its milk mixed with maizemeal in the form of a porridge, or drinks it after it has soured and begun to ferment. After this fermentation has set in, the thick clotted substance which remains is eaten under the name of *amasi*. This constitutes a great portion of the Kaffir's food, for it is only on high occasions that he can afford to eat meat. Again, he uses his cattle as beasts of burden and for riding purposes, the place of a bridle being supplied by a cord attached to the two ends of a stick through the nostrils of this somewhat peculiar steed. He uses no saddle, and is far from a graceful rider; a seaman on horseback is an elegant object in comparison; while a tailor indulging in equitation is absolutely a pleasing sight when put alongside of the jolting, jerking, and rolling from side to side which constitute the "cowmanship" of the Kaffir. Horses are now, however, gradually superseding the ox as a riding animal, though some steady old conservative gentlemen stick with characteristic pertinacity to the original beast of burden of their ancestors.

We have spoken of the annual training of the horns of the cattle. An early traveller in South Africa—the celebrated French naturalist, Le Vaillant—has so graphically described the process that we cannot do better than quote him—"I had not yet," he writes, "taken a near view of the horned cattle which they brought with them, because at break of day they strayed to the thickets and pastures, and were not brought back by their keepers until the evening. One day, however, having repaired to their *kraal* very early, I was much surprised when I first beheld one of these animals. I scarcely knew them to be oxen and cows, not only on account of their being much smaller than ours, since I observed in them the same form and the same fundamental character, in which I could not be deceived, but on account of the multiplicity of their horns, and the variety of their different twistings. They had a great resemblance to the marine productions known by naturalists under the name of 'stags' horns.' Being at this time persuaded that these concretions, of which I had no idea, were a peculiar present of Nature, I considered the Kaffir oxen as a variety of the species; but I was undeceived by my guide, who informed me that this was only the effect of their invention and taste, and that by means of a process with which they were well acquainted, they could not only multiply these horns, but also give them any form that their imaginations might suggest. Having offered to exhibit their skill in my presence if I had any desire of learning their method, it appeared to me so new and uncommon that I was willing to secure an opportunity, and for several days I attended a regular course of lessons on this subject. They take the animal at as early an age as possible, and when the horns begin to appear they make a small vertical division in them

with a saw, or any other instrument that may be substituted for it, and divide them into two parts. This division makes the horns, yet tender, separate of themselves, so that in time the animal has four very distinct ones. If they want to have six, or even more, similar notches made with the saw produce as many as may be required. But if they are desirous of forcing one of these divisions in the whole horn to form, for example, a complete circle, they cut away from the point, which must not be hurt, a small portion of its thickness, and this amputation, often renewed, and with much patience, makes the horn bend in a contrary direction, and the point meeting the root, it exhibits the appearance of a perfect circle. As it is certain that incisions always cause a greater or less degree of bending, it may be readily conceived that every variation that caprice can imagine may be produced by this simple method. In short,

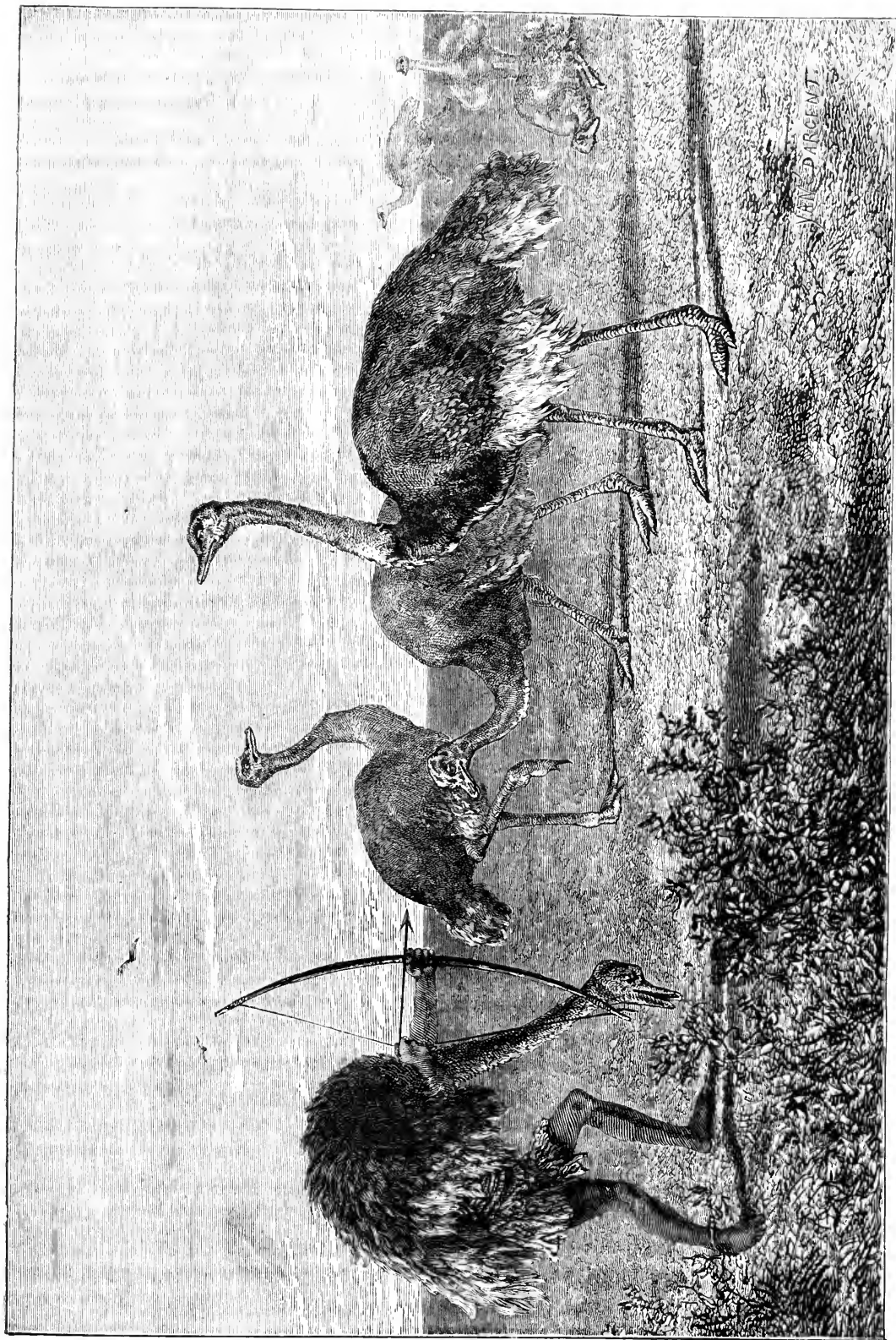


CAMP OF KAFFIRS.

one must be born a Kaffir, and have his taste and patience, to submit to that minute care and unwearied attention required for this operation, which in Kaffirland can only be useless, but in other climates would be hurtful," for cattle could not protect themselves from wild animals.*

Before concluding this sketch of one phase of Kaffir domestic economy, we may mention another peculiar custom connected with it, as found among the Backwains, a subdivision of the Bechuanas, namely, the custom of men of little consequence attaching themselves to the household of greater ones. Among the chiefs of this tribe it is customary, Livingstone tells us, as among other people, savage and civilised, to cement their power by marrying the daughters of sub-chiefs. The government is patriarchal, each man being, by virtue of paternity, the chief over his own family. His children accordingly, when they grow

* This custom of twisting the horns of cattle is a very ancient one, as it is represented on the Egyptian monuments as having been practised in that country, as well as in Ethiopia, in early times.



BUSHMAN HUNTING OSTRICHES.

up, build their huts around his, and thus it happens that the greater a man's family the more powerful he is. This is the reason why children are looked upon as great blessings, and, independently of any natural affection on the part of the parent, is also a cogent reason for treating them kindly. In the centre of each circle of huts there is a place called the *kolla*, with a fire, which is used as the central meeting-place for the family. Here they sit all day long, eating, working, or gossiping over the tribal or village news. "A poor man attaches himself to the *kolla* of a rich one, and is considered a child of the latter. An under-chief has a number of these circles around his, and the collection of *kollas* around the great one in the middle of the whole, namely, that of the principal chief, constitutes the town. The circle of huts immediately around the *kolla* of the chief is composed of the huts of his wives, and those of his blood relations. He attaches the under chiefs to himself and his government by marrying their daughters, or inducing his brothers to do so. They are fond of the relationship to great families. If you meet a party of strangers, and the head man's relationship to some uncle of a certain chief is not at once proclaimed by his attendants, you may hear him whispering 'Tell him who I am.' This usually involves a counting on the fingers of a part of his genealogical tree, and ends in the important announcement that the head of the party is half-cousin to some well-known ruler." In fact, so far as this pride of being related even to the fortieth cousinship to some "big chief" is concerned, we might have been discussing the custom of Kelt-land instead of Kaffirland. Both regions were at one time under a similar feudal system, and the result is much the same in the two regions—the Kaffir having the advantage, if anything, over the Scottish Highlander in this respect.

MARRIAGE.

The Kaffirs believe in marrying early—and often. Polygamy is an institution amongst them, a man's wives being only limited by his ability and willingness to buy them. The price of this article of domestic economy in the Kaffir ready reckoner we have already incidentally noted—viz., eight cows = one wife, though in the case of exceptionally ugly or useless damsels the price may be lowered to five; or when she is a lady of extraordinary beauty or rank the price set against her may be as high as fourteen.* Beyond that quotation there are no records of transactions having been effected in the matrimonial market of Kaffirland. Occasionally it will happen that a poor man, anxious to curry favour, or for the sake of the honour and influence which such a high connection may be expected to secure, will come humbly and proffer his daughter as a wife to the king or to some high chief, without payment; but these are exceptional cases, and cannot be looked upon as even a distant approximation to the universal rule of Kaffirland, which is, no cow, no wife. The wives do all the work, and bear all the blows and hard usage. It is the old, old story of savage married life over again. From her youth upward she knows no other lot than that of a household drudge. From building the house, to planting the seed and preparing the food, all the work falls to her lot. Accordingly, polygamy, if not popular with the women, is at least tolerated by them in so far that it divides the household duties among several, and so makes their life less

* Of course all this is very barbarous. But we must remember that cattle v. wives was an old method of commerce among the primitive inhabitants of Britain, and that among the same people, as well as in comparatively recent times in Brittany and Wales, "marriage by force" prevailed.

wearisome and irksome than it would otherwise be. The first wife, as is usual among all savages, has also a pre-eminence over the others, though it commonly happens that the youngest and strongest is the favourite of the husband. Each wife has a hut of her own; nevertheless, much jealousy and bickering prevail amongst them, and not unfrequently the husband has to call in the sharp arbitrator of the stick to settle disputes, or to protect the favourite wife from ill-usage by the other older and less-favoured ones. If you ask a native how he can treat his wife so hardly, he will, with the most unabashed countenance, inform you that he bought her and paid for her; therefore, is she not his own? When he pays for an ox he works it, does he not? what more is a wife? This is, perhaps, the extreme view, but it is absolutely the gist of a recorded conversation with a native. Still, in many cases the wife is a woman of some importance. The civilisation of the Kaffir is comparatively high; and accordingly, we might expect, that though woman has to suffer much, yet that the natural laws of society would extend some protection over her, if for nothing else than to protect the males of her family. Accordingly, when a man marries a wife for the first time, all the cows that he possesses are regarded as her property. The milk she uses for the support of herself and family, and after the birth of her first son, they are called his property. "Theoretically," writes Mr. Shooter—one of the best authorities on Kaffir customs—"the husband can neither sell nor dispose of them [the cattle] without the wife's consent. If he wish to take a second wife, and require any of these cattle for the purpose, he must obtain her concurrence. When I asked a native how this was to be procured, he said by flattery and coaxing, or if that did not succeed, by bothering her until she yielded, and told him not to do so to-morrow—*i.e.*, for the future. Sometimes she becomes angry, and tells him to take all, for they are not hers, but his. If she comply with her husband's polygamous desires, and furnish cattle to purchase a new wife, she will be entitled to her services, and will call her *my* wife. She will also be entitled to the cattle received for a new wife's eldest daughter. The cattle assigned to the second wife are subject to the same rules, and so on, while fresh wives are taken. Any wife may furnish the cattle necessary to add a new member to the harem, and with the same consequences as resulted to the first wife; but it seems that the queen, as the first is called, can claim the right of refusal." If a man dies, his property is equally divided among his children—*i.e.*, supposing the first or head wife had no son. But if she had, then he inherits all that his father has, though, if there be several wives and each has a son, then this eldest son of each house inherits the property belonging to that house, though the eldest son of the head wife exercises much authority over the others. If a man dies without sons, then the nearest of male kin inherits his property, and if he has no male relatives, the chief becomes (as amongst us) the *ultima hæres*. The women only in very exceptional cases inherit anything, being looked upon as so much property to be disposed of, and inherited like the cattle and other effects. A girl who, therefore, becomes an orphan, goes to the house of the man who inherits her father's property, and who acts to her, at least so far as disposing of her in marriage goes, exactly as her father—that is, he finds her a husband, and receives the bovine equivalent in exchange for her. Even should she have no male relatives, the chief is then bound to act *in loco parentis*. She may even go to another tribe (and the exigencies of war will sometimes compel an orphan to do so), and claim the protection of the chief or some other man. She is always received cordially, and for the simple reason that she can always be made useful, and

at the worst is good for eight cows. If, however, the girl's male relatives should turn up, then the temporary guardian is bound to hand her over to them; or if she has been married, to pay over the cows he had received for her, with, however, a deduction for her maintenance, and any other expenses incurred on her behalf. To sell a girl is no degradation in the parent's eye; to be sold is an honour; it is looked upon by the girl herself as a tribute of respect, and her purchaser is quite proud of what he has paid. The parents and the girl regard a high price as complimentary to the beauty or other merits of the damsel, and she sits by, an interested and proud listener, to the haggling going on in reference to the price put on her charms. A Kaffir



ZULU "DOCTOR."

suitors would, on the other hand, think himself demeaned did he accept a wife without paying for her. It would look like as if he was so poor that he could not afford to pay for the luxury.

Here again we will place ourselves under obligations to Mr. Shooter. Before giving this extract I may mention that payment, unless under very exceptional circumstances, is made in advance, "time bargains" not being in favour with gentlemen in Kaffraria having uxorial stock to dispose of. As soon as the payment is made she is delivered over to her husband, though usually she gets a few weeks' notice of her fate. "Barbarous as they are," writes Mr. Shooter, "the Kaffirs are aware that it is better to reason with a woman than to beat her; and I am inclined to think that moral means are usually employed to induce a girl to adopt her parents' choice before physical arguments are resorted to. Sometimes very elaborate efforts are made, as I have been told, to produce this effect. The first step is to speak well of the man in her presence; the

kraal conspire to praise him, her sisters praise him, all the admirers of his cattle praise him, he was never so praised before. Unless she is very resolute, the girl may now perhaps be prevailed on to see him, and a messenger is despatched to communicate the hopeful fact, and to summon him to the *kraal*. Without loss of time he prepares to show himself to the best advantage; he goes down to the river, and having carefully washed his dark person, he comes up again, dripping and shining like a dusky Triton; but the sun soon dries his skin, and now he shines again with grease. His dancing attire is put on, a vessel of water serving for a mirror, and thus clothed in his best, and carrying shield and *assegai*, he sets forth with beating heart and



KAFFIR SERVANTS IN EUROPEAN DRESS.

gallant step to do battle with the scornful belle. Having reached the *kraal*, he is received with a hearty welcome, and squatting down in the family 'circle' (which is here something more than a figure of speech), he waits the lady's appearance. Then having surveyed him sufficiently in his present attitude, she desires him, through her brother (for she will not speak to him), to stand up and exhibit his proportions. The modest man is embarrassed, but the mother encourages him, and while the young ones laugh and jeer, he rises before the damsel. She now scrutinises him in this position, and having balanced the merits and defects of a first view, desires him (through the same medium as before) to turn round and favour her with a different aspect. At length he receives permission to squat again, when she retires as mute as she came. The family troop rush after her, impatient to learn her decision; but she declines to be hasty—she has not seen him walk, and perhaps he limps. So, next morning, the unfortunate man

appears in the cattle-fold to exhibit his paces before a large assembly. A volley of praises is showered upon him by the interested spectators; and perhaps the girl has come to think as they think, and signifies her approval. In this case arrangements are made for the betrothal."

In most cases the acceptance or not of a man lies with the girl herself, and cases have occurred where the suitor has been so very ugly as to be unable to obtain a wife anywhere. In this respect the Kaffir ladies show better taste than their sisters in Europe, where this operates as no obstacle in a matrimonial adventure so long as the *cow* equivalent is possessed by the ill-favoured lover. Elopements are also not unknown, but the pride of a Kaffir in most cases rebels against this; he likes to have the credit of paying for his wife after the legitimate manner. That much affection is wasted, as a rule, by the Kaffir husband on his wife or wives can hardly be expected, but it is too sweeping an assertion to say, as Lichtenstein has in regard to the Koussa Kaffir, that in every case there is no feeling of love in marriage.*

Among the Makololo the wife occupies a higher rank than is usual among other tribes. True, she is purchased, but her purchase money is only looked upon as an equivalent to her father for the loss of her services, and as payment for any children which she may bear to her husband, and which by law belong not to the father but to the grandfather. The wife, even when purchased, is still not wholly her husband's, her father's right of property in her being so far secured that if she dies her husband must pay her parents an ox as compensation. Though polygamy prevails among the Makololo, yet, unlike most of the other Kaffir tribes, the men take their share of work, carving boxes, making wooden pots, bowls, jars, &c., while each wife cultivates a piece of land, and so adds to the family wealth. Here we see polygamy in its best form, and not altogether an unmitigated evil. The widely-spread savage custom of marriage by force prevails also among some of the Kaffir tribes. The Kambas (Wakamba Ukambia), &c., living 400 miles from the coast, and the special traders of South Africa, have still preserved this habit. The wealthy men amongst them marry ten or more wives, who attend to the husband's property—in fact, are simply so many slaves. These marriages are made at fifteen, and even twelve years of age, though it is not uncommon to find persons of twenty or twenty-five years old still unmarried. Dr. Krapf thinks that marriage is checked by the large sum required to be paid for a wife, and also by the fact that the bride must be married off by force after the preliminaries are completed. This is attempted by all the friends and relatives whom the bridegroom can muster up, while it is resisted by the friends and relatives of the woman. Now and then the unlucky husband is discomfited, in which case he is driven to seize his wife by stealth, when she is alone in the woods or fetching water from the spring. When she is brought home the price is paid, and the contest is at an end.

The *marriage ceremony* is rather an elaborate affair. Briefly described, the following are the main features of it. The girl, gaily arrayed in her bridal dress, her head shaved with an *assegai* (or javelin), and the shaving-brush-like tuft on her crown painted red, starts in joyous procession to her husband's house, escorted by all her female friends and male relatives, armed to the teeth, but otherwise in gala dress. Oxen are then presented to the bride's mother to cater for the marriage feast, and much by-play ensues, with not a little rough joking on either side. A feast then follows, accompanied with dancing, in which the

* "Travels in South Africa," vol. i., p. 261; also the works of Leslie, Jenkinson, Selous, Grout, Houlden, Fleming, Noble, Theal, and the numerous writers whom the Zulu war produced.

Kaffir youth exerts himself to an extent that threatens, in the eyes of the bystander unaccustomed to such scenes, to every moment dislocate one or more of his limbs. Then the women address the bride in speeches which are anything but complimentary, the substance being chiefly depreciative of herself, her beauty, and her housewifely abilities, accompanied with a hint that her husband must be classed among the individuals with more cows than brain, to have given so much for her. If the object of all this is to keep her pride at being elevated to matronhood in subjection, it seems to have little effect, for both this and the subsequent praises which she receives are well known to be only little pieces of empty Kaffir etiquette, which flow lightly from the glib tongues of the women, and are received for exactly what they are worth. In the intervals of the dance the bride's father gives the young couple many sage advices regarding their course in life—a course suggested by his experience of the wicked and deceitful world they are beginning to traverse in company. More especially does his fatherly regard for his daughter instigate him to suggest to his future son-in-law that the stick is not necessary to the proper government of a wife or any number of wives, provided the proprietors of these troublesome household goods know the exact way to rule them, and so on in the same strain.

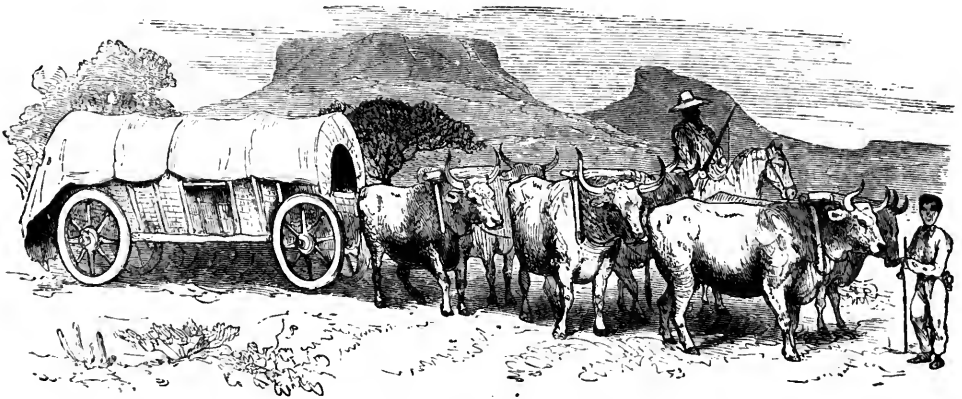
The bride then dances before her husband, taking an opportunity of doing what she will never have another chance of doing with impunity—viz., insulting him and using all sorts of opprobrious epithets towards him, to show that as yet he is not her master: the lady is just now making the most of the short hours of freedom which remain to her. Lastly, the bridegroom presents an ox to the girl. This ox is slaughtered, and now the marriage is complete, the last link of the rather elaborate ceremony having been forged. The girl is then taken home to her husband's house. But the ceremony, though now completed in all its essential forms, is not yet over. After they arrive home the bride's father sends an ox to the young couple, as a token that he is satisfied with the price paid, or that the wife must not be looked upon as property paid for by any number of oxen. The ceremony of which the above is an outline is practised among the Zulus of Natal, but many of the more civilised races are now beginning to abandon many of the old forms, and in any case their fear of being "laughed at" by the whites renders them exceedingly diffident about allowing a stranger to witness their marriage or other rites. Infidelity on a wife's part is punishable by dismissal or death, while the co-respondent is also liable to death, or to pay a fine to the injured husband. Divorce is allowable for various reasons, such as incurable idleness, disobedience to the husband's orders, childlessness, &c.

We have, in former pages of this work, noted with what respect that not universally popular lady, the mother-in-law, is looked upon by many barbarous or savage races, and how redeeming a feature it is in their otherwise not over-amiable character. We have also to observe the same among the Kaffirs. A man must not look upon his mother-in-law, or speak to her, except in the most formal manner possible. A wife, again, is not allowed to pronounce the name of her husband or of his brothers, though she can communicate with them by any of the various names which every Kaffir takes in addition to that which he receives at birth—these "birth-names" being given owing to the most trivial causes—such as that of a lion or hyæna, from the fact that this particular wild animal had been heard to roar on the night the child was born, and so on. A father-in-law is further prohibited from entering the hut in which the wives of any of his sons may be. If he happens to be in a hut, the daughters-in-law are, on the other hand, not allowed to enter until he has left. Like all pieces of

etiquette too strict, and therefore too troublesome in their application, this rule is not very rigidly carried out; and a father-in-law too lazy and too careless to be courtier-like in his manner, may buy from his sons the privilege of treating their wives in a manner savouring a little less of the aboriginal Lord Chesterfield.

In every other respect, however, the Kaffir women—whether maids or matrons—are treated as inferiors, and accordingly, owing to the continued ill-usage which they receive, and the hard work to which they are soon subjected, they are, except in early youth, by no means so good looking as the men, a rule pretty universal among all savage tribes among whom the same method of ordering the women prevails.

Before dismissing the marriage-customs of the Kaffirs, I may mention a curious law which prevails among the Makololos. Among this nation it is the custom for the son to inherit his father's wives with the rest of the paternal property, and to adopt them as his own if so it seems fit in his eyes. The children by these wives are, however, in these cases, termed



CAPE BULLOCK-WAGGON.

“brothers.” If an elder brother dies, the same method is adopted in disposing of his wives as among the ancient Jews—the brother next in age takes them, and the children that may be born of these wives are also styled his “brothers.” The chieftainship among the Makololos is inherited by the eldest son of the “queen,” or head-wife of the chief. If she dies, another wife is selected for the same position, and enjoys the same privileges, even though it happens that she may be a younger woman than the rest of the surviving wives. In some cases the wives of a dead chief are presented to influential sub-chiefs, as another means of strengthening the influence of the new ruler. Owing to the fact that the men among the Makololos are now fewer than formerly (many of them having been cut off by fevers), the women complain that on account of this disproportion of the sexes, they are not so highly valued as before. The women have generally escaped the fevers, but they are less fruitful than they were, and to their complaint of being undervalued on account of the disproportion of the sexes, they now add the scarcely less grievous one of the want of children, for whom, Livingstone tells us, their affection is excessive. Except in the way of beautifying their huts and courtyards, the Makololo women have the lightest labours of all the Kaffir sisterhood. “They drink,” writes the famous traveller and missionary quoted, “large quantities of *boyáloá*, or *o-álo*, the *búna* of the Arabs, which, being

made of the grain called *Holcus sorghum*, or *dursaiji*, in a minute state of subdivision, is very nutritious, and gives that plumpness of form which is considered beautiful. They dislike being seen at their potations by persons of the opposite sex. They cut their woolly hair quite short, and delight in having the whole person shining with butter. Their dress is a kilt reaching to the knees; its material is ox-hide, made as soft as cloth. It is not ungraceful. A soft skin mantle is thrown across the shoulders when the lady is unemployed, but when engaged in any



KAFFIR SEER ENGAGED IN DIVINATION.

sort of labour she throws this aside and works in the kilt alone. The ornaments most coveted are large brass anklets as thick as the little finger, and armlets of both brass and ivory, the latter often an inch broad. The rings are so heavy that the ankles are often blistered by the weight pressing on them; but it is the fashion, and is borne as magnanimously as tight-lacing and tight shoes among ourselves. Strings of beads are hung around the neck, and the fashionable colours being light green and pink, a trader could get almost anything he chose for beads of these colours. At our religious services in the *kotla*, the Makololo women always behaved with decorum from the first, except at the conclusion of the prayer. When all knelt

down, many of those who had children, in following the example of the rest, bent over the little ones; the children, in terror of being crushed to death, set up a simultaneous yell, which so tickled the whole assembly that there was often a subdued titter, to be turned into a hearty laugh as soon as they heard 'amen.' This was not so difficult to overcome in them as similar peccadilloes were in the case of the women farther south. Long after we had settled at Mabotsa, when preaching on the most solemn subjects, a woman might be observed to look round, and seeing a neighbour seated on her dress, give her a hunch with her elbow to make her move off; and the other would return it with interest, and perhaps the remark, 'Take the nasty thing away, will you?' Then three or four would begin to hustle the first offenders, and the men to swear at them all, by way of enforcing silence."

CUSTOMS CONNECTED WITH BIRTH.

As soon as a child is born incisions are made in its arms. Into these cuts the medicine-man rubs "medicine," an operation which, though it causes great pain to the children, is renewed for several days in succession, until it is believed that the end sought for—the prosperity of the child in its future life—is secured. The infant is then washed and dried in the smoke. It is then painted red, and if the somewhat strong vitality of the Kaffir child can bear it through this rather rough usage, it is slung in a piece of skin (often highly ornamented) and carried on its mother's back, whilst she is busy at her heavy tasks. Children are generally treated kindly, but if twins are born, then one is always destroyed. This custom is common among some tribes of Indians (Vol. I., p. 87) and other people, and is capable of receiving curious comment. It prevails in the island of Bali (one of the Malayan group) where twins are looked upon as an unlucky omen, "and immediately on its being known, the woman, with her husband and children, is obliged to go and live on the sea-shore, or among the tombs, for the space of a month, to purify themselves; after which, they may return into the village, upon a suitable sacrifice being made."* The superstition is, however, widespread, being found in Hindostan, among the Ainos of the islands north of Japan, New Guinea, &c. The reason for this prejudice against twins has been attempted to be explained in various ways, but the reason I have heard assigned for it by the North American tribes who practise it is, that twins reflect on the character of the woman, and moreover, lowers to the level of the inferior animals those who produce many young at a birth. A similar idea seems to be held by other tribes.

Boys are well treated, because they will become warriors, and therefore increase the power of the house. For a similar selfish reason—viz., that they can be sold as wives—girls are also treated well, and not too hard worked, in case it should spoil their good looks, and accordingly their market value, until they receive an offer of marriage. An excellent trait in the Kaffir domestic economy is, that with the exception of destroying one of the twins, infanticide is an unknown crime amongst them. When a boy arrives at the years of maturity, this event is accompanied with certain mysterious ceremonies, the exact nature of which is not clearly known, but the probability is that circumcision is then performed. He receives a three months' holiday, during which period he follows his own devices, before for ever abandoning boyhood and all its frivolous amusements, and entering into the cares of Kaffirdom. He then, by

* Moore, "Notices of the Indian Archipelago," p. 96.

special permission of the chief, assumes the head-ring, which is the distinctive feature of manhood. This badge, however, cannot be assumed until he has signalised himself in the chief's eyes by some great exploit in war or cattle-stealing. The young man may then marry as many wives as he has cows to purchase them with. The Kaffir young men are, as a rule, magnificent specimens of manhood, though rather high-shouldered. They possess a wonderful swiftness of foot, and great endurance, and their body is rubbed with grease until it shines as if polished. The little beauty which the woman may possess is, however, very transient. At thirty, when a "well-kept," healthy European woman is hardly at her prime, the Kaffir wife is getting old, and at forty or fifty she is a hideous, smoke-dried hag. Grey hairs are much dreaded among all the Kaffir tribes, and nothing—not even a medicine to make them shoot well, is in so much demand from travellers who go amongst them as—*hair dye*!

GOVERNMENT.

The general rule of the Kaffir tribes is an absolute monarchy, the villages and *kraals* being governed by chiefs equally absolute; while in others there is a patriarchal form of government, each man, as we have already mentioned (p. 236), being, by virtue of his fatherhood, the chief of his family. No doubt originally this system was the sole form of government, but every now and again there has arisen amongst them some powerful individual who, by dint of his genius, has consolidated into a kingdom the various isolated tribes. Hence the Kaffir "kings" who have so frequently caused wars among the aborigines, and have given much trouble to the colonists. Cetewayo, who figured so extensively in the Zulu war, was one of these, and a more perfect specimen of the aboriginal despot it would be difficult to select from the rather extensive assortment which in the course of our ethnological studies has been passed in review before us. Among the Bechuanas there are traces of "very ancient partitions and lordships of tribes." Thus the elder brother of Sechele, a chief very powerful at the time Livingstone resided amongst them, becoming blind, gave over the chieftainship to Sechele's father. At the time Livingstone wrote, the descendants of this man paid no tribute to Sechele, though he was their actual ruler, superior of the head of the family to which they belonged, and was recognised in every other respect as such. Other tribes, again, will not begin to eat the early pumpkins of a new crop until they hear that the Ba-rôze has "bitten it," and there is a public ceremony on the occasion, the son of the chief being the first to taste of the new harvest,* thus pointing out that in former times the one tribe owed a sort of allegiance to the other as their Suzerains. Among the Bechuanas, though the government is monarchical, yet it is not altogether an absolute despotism, the king being checked and guided by a *picho*, or parliament, in the midst of which the king sits, and after opening it with a short speech remains silent till all the members have spoken. He then replies, often working himself up into a state of wild, almost frantic excitement, heaping abuse on his opponents, and generally scattering the flowers of South African rhetoric upon the dusky circles of the assembly with reckless profusion.

The Makololo also govern by means of a parliament or council of a similar character. The punishment is awarded by this *picho*, which appoints two men to perform the execution by

* "Missionary Travels," p. 45.

leading the criminal outside the *kraal*, and then quietly spearing him to death. At other times death by drowning or throwing into a part of the river where crocodiles abound is the punishment meted out to the offender. Lesser charges are heard before the chief and expiated by a fine. No oaths are administered, and false witnessing and untruthfulness of any kind are exceedingly rare in the "courts of justice." And here it ought to be remarked that the Makololo, even in their present shattered condition, are by no means savages in the ordinary sense of the term, both Holub and Serpa Pinto describing the ceremony with which they were received by the king and chiefs as approaching what might be expected in a European court. The absence of the "poison ordeal" among them is one proof of this. This form of administering an oath is, according to Capello and Ivens, styled by the Bangala, *m'bambu*; by the Banbonda, *n'dua*; by the Balunda, *muaji*; by the Kaffirs, *muari*; and by the southern tribes, *n'gace*. But among the Makololos the plan pursued was as follows:—"The complainant asks the man against whom he means to lodge his complaint to come with him to



DR. MOFFAT'S KAFFIR ATTENDANTS.

the chief. This is never refused. When both are in the *kolla*, the complainant stands up and states the whole case before the chief and people usually assembled there. He stands a few seconds after he has done this to recollect if he has forgotten anything. The witnesses to whom he has referred then rise up and tell all that they themselves have seen or heard, but nothing that they have heard from others. The defendant, after allowing some minutes to elapse, so that he may not interrupt any of the opposite party, slowly rises, folds his cloak about him, and in the most quiet and deliberate way he can assume, yawning, blowing his nose, &c., begins to explain the affair, denying the charge, or admitting it, as the case may be. Sometimes, when galled by his remarks, the complainant utters a sentence of dissent. The accused turns quietly to him, and says, 'Be silent, I sat still while you were speaking; cannot you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?' And as the audience acquiesce in this bantering, and enforce silence, he goes on until he has finished all he wishes to say in his defence. If he has any witnesses to the truth of the facts of his defence, they give their evidence. No oath is administered, but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will say, 'By my father,' or 'by the chief, it is so.' Their truthfulness among each other is quite remarkable, but their system of government is such that Europeans are not in a position to realise it readily. A poor man will say in his defence against a rich one, 'I am astonished

to near a man so great as he make a false accusation,' as if the offence of falsehood were felt to be one against society which the individual referred to had the greatest interest in upholding." * All the ivory belongs of right to the king, so that whenever an elephant is killed the tusks are brought to him; but the king in reality only holds it in trust for the people, among whom he shares it. The chiefs are always looked up to with profound respect, though they often exercise their authority in a most despotic and arbitrary manner. When Livingstone first went among the Bechuanas, Sechele, the chief, said to him, "Do you imagine these people



A KAFFIR WARRIOR.

will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them, and, if you like, I shall call my head-man, and with our *litupa* (whips of rhinoceros-hide) we will soon make all believe together." The idea of using entreaty and argument seems never to have entered his head. His mode of converting his people to Christianity was of the nature of King Olaf's of Norway. At one period of Livingstone's stay the country was suffering from the effects of a drought, and nobody except Sechele's own family, whom he ordered to attend, came near the meeting. "In former times," said he, "when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs, and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink." They were, in a word, perfect courtiers, imitation being with them the most sincere form of flattery.

* "Missionary Travels," p. 183.

AMUSEMENTS.

They have many pastimes, but dancing surpasses all the others in popularity. Toys are rare among the children, but the young folk have, nevertheless, abundant games with which to while away their too many leisure hours. One of these games is described by Dr. Livingstone. "The children have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and stopping before each hut, sing pretty airs, some beating time on their little kilts of cow-skin, and others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this and the skipping-rope, the play of the girls consists in imitation of the serious work of their mothers, building little huts, making small pots and cooking, and pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens. The boys play with spears of reeds pointed with wood, and small shields, or bows and arrows; or amuse themselves in making little cattle-pens, or cattle in clay; they show great ingenuity in the imitation of the variously-shaped horns. Some too are said to use slings, but as soon as they can watch the goats or calves, they are sent to the field. We saw many boys riding on the calves they had in charge, but this is an innovation since the arrival of the English with their horses."

Livingstone's looking-glass was ever a source of amusement to them. "They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein, were amazingly ridiculous. 'Is that me?' 'What a big mouth I have!' 'My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!' 'I have no chin at all!' or 'I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones;' 'See how my head shoots up in the middle!' laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nick-names accordingly. One man came along to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep; after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, 'People say I am ugly, and how ugly I am, indeed!' Of the beauty of the whites they have no great opinion. A Makololo woman was good enough to remark that they were not so ugly after all, if they only had toes! She evidently laboured under the belief that the black box-like shoe in which the feet were encased was the foot itself, and she was only convinced of her error when the foot-gear was removed."

WAR.

This royal game the Kaffirs are very fond of, and have always an excuse ready for indulging in it. At one time they fought in the rude undisciplined way most savages do, but of late years the people of Zululand, until the system was broken up in the war of 1879, were organised into fighting bodies of much the same nature as our regiments; armed with the *assegaïs*, or spears, battle-axes, short clubs, and shields of ox-hide. The Nyambanas, one of these fighting tribes, are—according to Sir John Lubbock—characterised by a row of pimples or warts about the size of a pea, and extending from the upper part of the forehead to the tip of the nose. Among the Bachapin Kaffirs, those who have distinguished themselves in battle are allowed the privilege of marking one of their thighs with a long scar, which is "rendered indelibly of a

bluish colour, by rubbing ashes into the fresh wound." The chiefs in addressing the people before battle frequently speak of these "honourable scars." These scars are made by the priests, and the conferring of this "order" is celebrated by a dance, which is kept up all night, and is attended with the disgusting ceremony of each warrior who receives this distinction, exhibiting a little bit of the flesh of his dead enemy with the skin attached, and afterwards roasting and eating it; a custom no doubt due to the belief so universal among savage and barbarian people, that, by so doing, a part of the courage of the dead man passes *viâ* the stomach into the heart of the eater of his flesh.

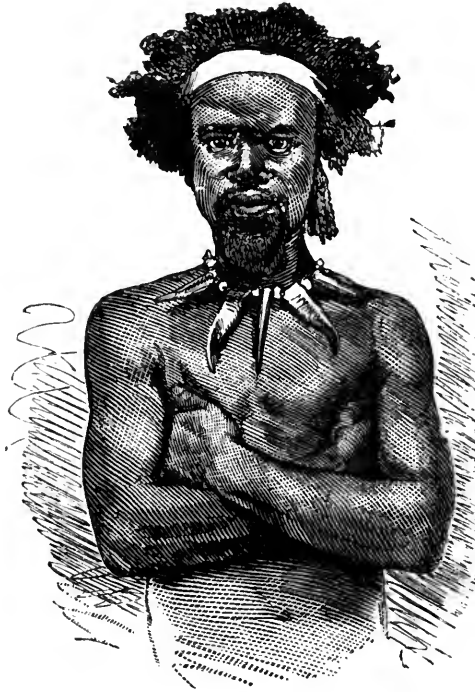
In war, the Kaffirs are cruel and merciless, making no distinction in their barbarous slaughter of age or sex. The Bachapins—a sub-tribe of the Bechuanas—do not eat the trophy referred to, but dry it and hang it about their necks as a sort of charm. These people, however, indulge in the scarcely less reprehensible custom of eating a portion of the liver of their fallen enemy.

HUNTING, AGRICULTURE, ETC.

Of the pursuit of wild animals—an occupation not so essential to their existence as is usual among non-pastoral people—the Kaffirs are very fond. The chief game hunted by them are zebras, ostriches, elephants, and rhinoceri, in killing and trapping which they are exceedingly skilful. The means they adopt to take these animals are pitfalls, spearing, and stunning them with short, heavy, round-headed clubs, which are thrown with great nicety and effect. Dances and rejoicings celebrate the termination of a successful hunt. In these great *battues* enormous quantities of game are taken, and the whole country around is gorged for days to come with a redundancy of meat. The most murderously successful method which they adopt to secure great quantities of game is the *hopo*, or V-shaped fence, for the description of which we may again borrow from Livingstone, though it has been long well known:—"Very great numbers of the large game—buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, tsessebes, kamas, or hartebeests, kogongs, or gnus, pallas, rhinoceri, &c.—congregated at some fountains near Kobelong, and the trap called *hopo* was constructed in the lands adjacent for their destruction. The *hopo* consists of two hedges in the form of the letter V, which are very high and thick near the angle. Instead of the hedges being joined there, they are made to form a lane of almost fifty yards in length, at the extremity of which a pit is formed, six or eight feet deep, and about twelve or fifteen in breadth and length. Trunks of trees are laid across the margin of the pit, and more especially over that nearest the lane where the animals are expected to leap in, and over that farthest from the lane where it is supposed they will attempt to escape after they are in. The trees form an overlapping border, and render escape almost impossible. The whole is carefully decked with short green rushes, making the pit like a concealed pitfall. As the hedges are frequently about a mile long, and about as much apart at their extremities, a tribe making a circle three or four miles round the country adjacent to the opening, and gradually closing up, are almost sure to enclose a large body of game. Driving it up with shouts to the narrow part of the *hopo*, men secreted there throw their javelins into the affrighted herds, and the animals rush to the opening at the converging hedges, and into the pit, till that is full of a living mass. Some escape by running over the others, as a Smithfield cattle-dog does over the sheeps' backs. It is a frightful scene. The men, wild with excitement, spear the lively animals with mad delight; others of the poor creatures, borne

down by the weight of their dead and dying companions, every now and then make the whole mass heave in their smoking agonies. The Backwains often killed between sixty and seventy head of large game at the different *hopos* in a single week; and as every one, both rich and poor, partook of the prey, the meat counteracted the bad effects of an exclusively vegetable diet. When the poor, who had no salt, were forced to live entirely on roots, they were often troubled with indigestion."

In agriculture, great proficiency can scarcely be looked for from the Kaffirs. What crops they rear they leave entirely to the care of the women, any pastoral or agricultural work,



ZULU "PROPHET."

beyond tending or milking the cattle, being thought beneath the dignity of one of these South African lords of creation. The women clear the ground by the axe, aided by fire, while the earth is scarcely trenched, being so fertile that though merely tickled by a hoe it blossoms with abundant crops of maize, pumpkins, and other vegetables. The country being, however, arid, the prosperity of the crops is greatly dependent on rain, and accordingly the profession of a "rain-maker" is among the Kaffirs, as elsewhere, a very prosperous one. In their gardens they grow not only maize and pumpkins, but millet and sweet-reed sugar-cane, and their chief food consists of a maize-porridge. In the centre of each garden is erected a watch-tower, in which a woman or girl stations herself and guards the unenclosed plots from the attacks of wild boars and other animals. To frighten birds off the corn-fields an ingenious apparatus is used. A number of long slender poles are set up over the field, and connected

with one another by bark strings, all of which terminate in the garden-tower. As soon as a flock of birds alight, the watcher in the tower pulls the string violently, setting all the poles in vibration, and so frightening the birds off the ground. A species of *Spoudias* forms a portion of the Kaffir food. It is a tuberous root, growing in sandy ground, and containing a large quantity of a mucilaginous or starchy fluid. To find these roots they employ a baboon—whose regular food they constitute—in the same manner as a pig is trained to search for truffles, only with this difference, that the wretched monkey is kept without water for a time until its instincts in search of the watery roots are sharpened greatly. It is then taken out, led by a string, and when it comes to a place where one grows under ground, it commences scraping, and thus enables its master to collect a considerable quantity in a short time. Not unfrequently a troop of hungry elephants will charge upon their garden-plots and fields at night, and speedily, what with eating and trampling, make short work of the Kaffir crops. As soon as the alarm of elephants is given, the whole *kraal* is out, and the men and women attempt to frighten them off by the most unearthly din and shouts; and to utilise the noise of the younger members of the village to the utmost extent, an ingenious method is adopted. *Every mother instantly administers a sound whipping to her family all round*, and the result in the way of yells is most satisfactory. This receipt is most respectfully dedicated to those philanthropists who are lost in vain endeavours to devise a method of making these youthful citizens of some use to the general community. The banana and other wild fruits are common in most portions of their territory, and abundance of pasture grasses—which are every now and again burnt over and spring up with renewed freshness—afford excellent grazing for their numerous cattle. The locust in some portions of the country is at uncertain intervals very destructive, but the insects are not an unmitigated evil, being used as food by the Kaffirs in much the same way as they are by the Arabs and other African nationalities.

FEASTS, EATING CUSTOMS, ETC.

The Kaffirs are far from being an unsociable people at any time, and at their meals, under the elevating influence of the good things then provided, are absolutely hilarious. Before any great feast singing is invariably indulged in, and in the intervals of eating and drinking the utmost good humour prevails. Their singing is usually in concert, and to the ear uneducated to the beauties of Kaffir music is deafening in the extreme. Many of their songs are naturally in praise of great warriors and doughty men generally. A couple of verses of one of these odes in honour of the celebrated Tehaka, who founded and despotically ruled the Zulu Kingdom, which refers to this exploit, may be quoted as an example:—

“Thou hast finished—finished the nations!
 When will you go out to battle now?
 Hey! when will you go out to battle now?
 Thou hast conquered kings!
 Where you going to battle now?
 Thou hast finished—finished the nations,
 Where are you going to battle now?
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Where are you going to battle now?” *

* The translation is by Mr. Shooter.

Unlike most savages they use a spoon, often elaborately carved and ornamented, in eating. Their food is varied. The locusts, which eat up every green thing, are, we have said, eaten by the Kaffirs in great number. They are gathered into sacks at night—when they cannot fly—and are generally ground and made into a sort of “porridge,” much relished by the people of all ranks. Monkey, hyæna, eland, zebra, hartebeest, and rhinoceros are rejected by all the Zulu tribes as articles of food, while the crocodile is looked upon with such horror that they will hesitate to eat food which has been cooked in a pot in which this reptile has been boiled or which it has in any way defiled. Fish, oddly enough, are looked upon with prejudice. Livingstone mentions that the Bechuanas, who had no scruple against eating the pig, would, in spite of their unconsciousness of any cause of disgust, after eating pork, vomit it again. These same people, in addition to the prejudice against eating fish, allege a disgust to eating anything like a serpent. This may arise, the celebrated traveller quoted thinks, from remnants of serpent-worship floating in their minds, as, in addition to this horror of eating snakes, or snake-like animals, “they sometimes render a sort of obeisance to living serpents by clapping their hands to them, and refusing to destroy the reptiles; but in the case of the hog they are conscious of no superstitious feeling.” Kidneys are not eaten by the young people among the Bechuanas, from a superstitious belief that if they do they will have no children. In feeding, like most barbarians, they are by no means cleanly, rubbing their fingers while cooking on their dirty bodies for the sake of the grease, and again applying them to the meat. They eat meat in much the same way as do the Eskimo, Chippewayans, and Abyssinians—viz., taking up a piece of meat, seizing it with the teeth, and then with a sweep of the sharp knife severing the piece to be chewed from the lump held in the hand. If food cannot be had, then, with stoical indifference, they draw a little tighter the belt which, with a view to such exigencies, they always wear about their waists. This seems to have the effect of easing the gnawing feeling they have at their stomachs. I have known backwoodsmen and hunters, when hard pressed for food, resorting to a similar method of supplying the place of a dinner. In addition to an ample indulgence in the necessities of life, the Kaffirs are not indifferent to its luxuries. Snuff-taking and smoking they have learned in comparatively modern times, but the art of brewing beer from barley, which they kept in very tightly-woven baskets, is of very ancient date amongst them. They are not, however, drunken, whey, buttermilk, or water forming their common drink. Wild honey is also sought for as an article of food, and fowls are kept and eaten. Another favourite article of diet among some of the Kaffir tribes is a huge frog, which the Bechuanas called *matlamétlo*,* and which even Dr. Livingstone’s children partook of with eagerness. When cooked, these huge frogs look like chickens. They also smoke themselves into a state of convulsive excitement with Indian hemp, either pure or mixed with tobacco, but as a rule the Kaffirs, as a nation, are not much addicted to the more common sensual gratifications of the neighbouring savage tribes, though no better than they should be.

Their *skill* in art is not great, though in this they are superior to the negro tribes. Their pipes and snuff-boxes often show considerable ingenuity in ornamentation, yet they find much difficulty in understanding the import of a drawing; but the same difficulty is common even in England; students in universities, I have more than once found, not clearly understanding

* *Ptychocephalus adpersus* of Sir Andrew Smith, who first described it in his “Zoology of South Africa.”

the nature of a scientific diagram, even when lucidly explaining to any one in the slightest degree trained in the first principles of drawing, the object represented. They are far from inferior musicians, and make baskets, pottery, &c., with great nicety, and no inconsiderable degree of ingenuity. The Bechuanas dress skins admirably, and in addition to this are skilful workers in metal, and carry on a considerable traffic with the neighbouring tribes. Some of the Bechuana knife handles and sheaths are very beautifully carved.

When *death* overtakes the Kaffir, he is buried in a sitting position in a circular hole, or in an empty ant-hill. The chief is honoured above the rest of his tribe by reposing in the cattle-enclosure. Beside the body are laid the spoon, mat, pillow, &c., of the deceased, and if he is buried on the outside of the *kraal* enclosure, then a fence of stones is placed around the grave to prevent its being disturbed by wild beasts or wizards. Criminals or other offenders killed by order of the king or chiefs receive no burial. All who have touched the body must endure a long fast before they are sufficiently purified to again enter upon their ordinary duties. The body of a child is washed before being buried, but otherwise, the ceremony is of the simplest character, the father himself digging the grave, while the mother, and perhaps another relative or two looks on. The burial of a chief or of his near relatives is celebrated with great pomp, and is accompanied by the slaughter of oxen and even of men. Very often a number of the best-looking young girls in the tribe are buried alive in the grave with the deceased magnate. In the case of Mnande, the mother of the Zulu King-Tchaka, a guard of 12,000 men were stationed over the grave for a whole year, and were maintained by the goodwill of the tribesmen. The orgies on this occasion were horrible; and so wild did the people become, that it was proposed, and even partially carried into execution, that all who had not been present at her funeral should be slaughtered, and that the earth should be compelled to join in the general mourning, by being allowed to lie waste for a whole year. All the children born within one year after her decease, and their parents as well, were executed. Mr. Francis Galton, so well known as a *savant* who in early life travelled extensively in South Africa, thus describes a more horrible form of death, of which he was a witness. "I saw a terrible sight on the way, which has often haunted me since. We had taken a short cut, and were a day and a half from our wagon, when I observed some smoke in front, and rode to see what it was. An immense blackthorn-tree was smouldering, and from the quantities of ash about, there was all the appearance of its having burnt for a long time. By it were tracks that we could make nothing of, no footmarks, and only an impression of a hand here and there. We followed them, and found a wretched woman, most horribly emaciated; both her feet were burnt quite off, and the wounds were open and unhealed. Her account was, that many days back, she and others were encamping there, and when she was asleep, a dry but standing tree, which they had set fire to, fell down, and entangled her among its branches; thus she was burnt before she could extricate herself, and her people left her. She had lived since on gum alone, of which there were vast quantities about; it oozes from the trees, and forms large cakes in the sand. There was water close by, for she was on the edge of a river-bed. I did not know what to do with her; I had no means of conveying her anywhere, or any place to convey her to. The Dammaras kill useless and worn-out people; even sons smother their sick fathers, and death was not far from her. I

had three sheep with me, so I off-packed and killed one. She seemed ravenous; and though I had purposely off-packed some two hundred yards from her, the poor wretch kept crawling and dragging herself up to me, and would not be withheld, for fear I should forget to give her the food I promised. When it was ready, and she had devoured what I gave her, the meat acted as it often does in such cases, and fairly intoxicated her; she attempted to stand, regardless of the pain, and sang, and tossed her lean arms about. It was perfectly sickening to witness the spectacle. I did the only thing I could; I cut the rest of the meat into strips, and hung it within her reach, and where the sun would jerk* it. It was many days' provisions



ZULU TAKING SHELTER FROM A HAILSTORM.

for her. I saw she had water, firewood, and gum in abundance, and then I left her to her fate." The sick are often, even among the Zulus, one of the best of Kaffir tribes, put to death by drowning, thrown to crocodiles, or carried to the bush and there left to die of slow starvation, unless a wild beast mercifully cuts their life short. The sick—especially if poor—have a slender chance for their lives, though, if they can pay for the love and attention that they require in such straits, they may obtain a little alleviation of their suffering, and with this, the possibility of survival.

The *religious and superstitious observances* of the Kaffirs are endless. Religion they have abundance of, but of religion, regarded as inseparable from a code of morals, they are ignorant.

* Dry and preserve.

It is mere superstition—a rude mystical set of observances, the strictest follower of which may be morally one of the vilest scoundrels it is possible to imagine. They have been said by unthinking, superficial travellers, like Vanderkemp, and even by men of a much higher type—viz., Dr. Moffat—to be destitute of a belief in a Supreme Being; but that is a mistake. They worship a Supreme Being, viz., Uhlunga (“the supreme”), or by the Hottentot name, Utika (“the beautiful”). They also hold to the immortality of the soul, but to no place of rewards and punishments. They believe in the efficacy of prayer, and in war and hunting offer up petitions for success to the Supreme Being. The souls of deceased relatives are, according to



THE “HOTTENTOT VENUS.”

their notions, never far away from them, and they will often invoke their aid. Thunder proceeds directly from the Deity, and lightning is the manifestation of his presence. To pay respect to the presence of Uhlunga, they will sometimes sacrifice an ox during a thunder-storm. If a person has been killed by an elephant, they will offer up a sacrifice to appease the demon which actuated the ferocious animal; and when they believe that some particular spirit inhabits a particular ox, they will offer up prayers to it when they go on their hunting expeditions.

When a person dies they sacrifice cattle, because they believe that by so doing the cattle will go to “the herds below”—in other words, will accompany the deceased to the land whither he has proceeded; a country where everything is much the same as it is here. This is also the reason why at the burial of a great chief a number of girls are buried with him—they are to be wives to him in the other world. Their idea of the creation is materialistic in the extreme;

it is evolution to an intensified degree. "Everything made itself, and the trees and herbage grew by their own will."

Diseases they attribute to one of three causes—to enchantment by an enemy, to the anger of evil spirits, whose abode is in rivers, to the power of evil spirits generally. They have no idea of a man dying, except from hunger, violence, or witchcraft. No matter at what age a man dies, if he did not die of hunger or violence, the Kaffir knows well that he was bewitched by somebody, whose offence must be expiated by the man's relatives with bloodshed. Storms are sent like thunder by the Deity, and they will sometimes shoot poisoned arrows into the air to drive them away. The Bechuanas, as the late Mr. Chapman tells us, will sometimes freely curse the Deity for sending thunder. When the Basuto Kaffirs are on a plundering expedition, they give vent to the cries and hisses which cattle-drivers indulge in when driving a herd before them, thinking merely to persuade the poor divinities of the country they are attacking, that the marauders are bringing cattle to them as worshippers, instead of coming to take it from them.* They have no idea of a Supreme Being whom they cannot touch and handle. When Moffat tried to explain to them the idea of the white man's God, a chief, whose judgment on other subjects would command attention, exclaimed, "Would that I could catch it! I would transfix it with my spear!"

To give a concise view of the religion of the Kaffirs as a whole would be no easy task; different tribes having different opinions, and the accounts even of those who have resided amongst them, being too contradictory to allow the opinion of all "the authorities" to be received with equal weight. The dead can again come back to the earth when it suits their convenience, and can do much mischief to those against whom they have an illwill, or who have in any way offended. Accordingly with the Kaffirs the policy of a wise man is, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, a piece of morality which probably originated amongst Europeans from a similar motive. Dead men, however, do not usually come to earth in their former guise, but enter into the bodies of various animals, chief among which are serpents and lizards. If a snake finds its way into a Kaffir's hut, it is not instantly destroyed, as among the whites it would be; on the contrary, the Kaffir has an utter dislike to killing these animals on any occasion, and especially so when it enters his house. He will touch the snake gently with a stick, and if it shows no sign of irritation, then he will conclude that it must be one of his forefathers in this disguise come on earth to warn him that if he is not treated with more respect, some grievous harm will befall the person who inhabits the *kraal* it has visited. To propitiate the irate progenitor a sacrifice will be immediately offered up. If a sheep, or most other animals, except a cow, calf, or a beast of prey, enters a dwelling, the Kaffir concludes in like manner that they have called for the same reason that the snake has—viz., to give warning of some evil about to befall the head of the house. To avert danger in battle sacrifices will also be offered up to their ancestors, or if they have been fortunate in war, in the hunt, or on any other occasion, as proofs of gratitude, either to the spirits who have assisted them, or to the departed guardians, who in this manner have shown their goodwill to those on earth. These sacrifices consist of cattle, generally bulls, and are tendered with an infinite amount of ceremony and form.

In *omens* the Kaffir believes implicitly. If a sheep bleat while it is being slaughtered, this

* Cassalis "Basutos," p. 253.

is a very evil omen; if a dog or a sheep were to leap on a hut—one of the most natural things in the world—no worse luck could befall the hapless inhabitants, and would be looked upon almost on a par with the ill-omen of a cow pushing the lid off a vessel of grain and eating it. Yet the result of all this is not morality. Morality, those who know the Kaffir best declare, depends so entirely upon social order, that all political “disorganisation is immediately followed by a state of degeneracy, which the re-establishment of order can alone rectify.” Their language contains words signifying most of the virtues and vices, but to these words no moral qualities are attached—at least, Mr. Cassalis seems to think so. The fact of the language containing such words, seems, however, to militate against this theory, because the Kutchin Indians in Alaska, who are a race not nearly so high in the social scale as the Kaffirs, and who treat their wives in the most cruel and brutal manner, have no words in their language for “love” or “beloved,” the feelings expressed by the words being unknown to them, and therefore entirely unnecessary to be preserved even in the fossil condition of phrases.

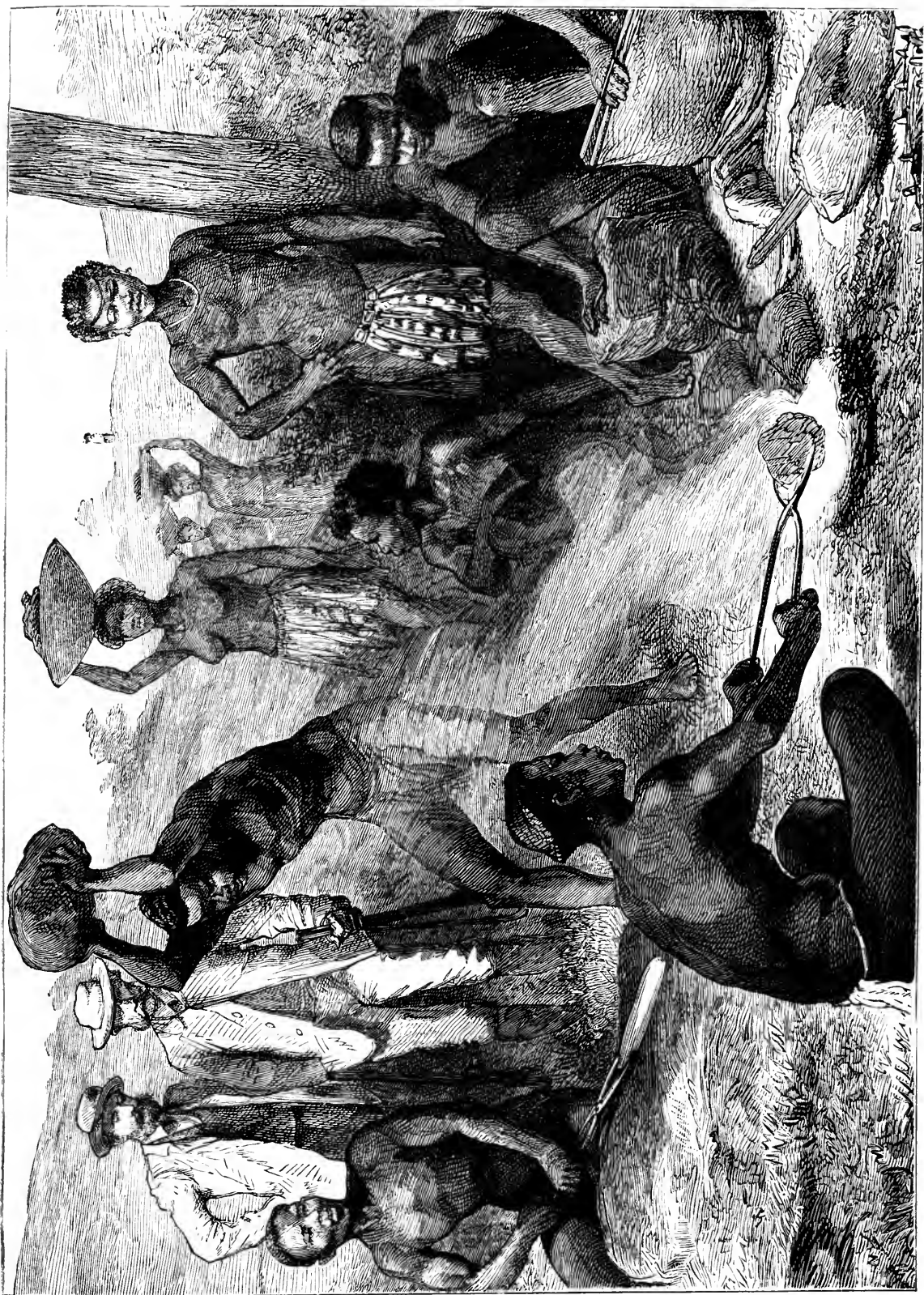
The superstitious rites of the Kaffirs are dispensed by prophets, who must in every case be descended from a seer, the prophetic afflatus being supposed to be hereditary, and even then one can only be admitted into the “faculty” after long preparations and rites made and provided for such occasions. Mr. Shooter mentions a case in which the grandson of a prophet by his mother’s side began to show signs of the hereditary prophetic spirit coming upon him. His father, unwilling to incur the expense, in the slaughter of cattle, which such an event in his family would have entailed, employed a noted seer, cunning at checking such signs in precocious youth, to nip the disease in the bud. All was, however, in vain, for when he grew to man’s estate the inspiration returned. He was for ever dreaming about lions, leopards, elephants, boa-constrictors, and all manner of wild beasts and creeping things; he dreamed about the Zulu country, from which he had been long an exile, and that he had a vehement desire to return to it. “After a while he became very sick; his wives, thinking he was dying, poured cold water over his prostrate person, and the priest whose *induna* (or subject) he was, sent a messenger to a prophet. The latter declared that the man was becoming inspired, and directed the chief to supply an ox for sacrifice. This was disagreeable, but that personage did not dare refuse, and the animal was sent; he contrived, however, to delay the sacrifice, and prudently ordered that if the patient died in the meantime the ox should be returned. Having begun to recover his strength, our growing prophet cried and raved like a delirious being, suffering no one to enter his hut except two of his younger children, a girl and a boy. Many of the tribe came to see him, but he did not permit them to approach his person, and motioned them away. In a few days he rushed out of his hut, tore away through the fence, ran like a maniac across the grass, and disappeared in the bush. The two children went after him, and the boy (his sister being tired) eventually discovered him on the sea-shore. Before the child could approach, the real or pretended madman disappeared again, and was seen no more for two other days. He then returned home, a strange and frightful spectacle; sickness and fasting had reduced him almost to a skeleton; his eyes glared and stood out from his shrunken face; the ring had been torn from his head, which he had covered with long shaggy grass, while, to complete the hideous picture, a living serpent was twisted round his neck. Having entered the *kraal*, where his wives were in tears, and all the inmates in sorrow, he saluted them with a wild howl to this effect—‘People call me mad, I know they say I am mad; that is nothing; the spirits are

influencing me—the spirits of Majolo, of Unhlovu, and of my father.’ After this a sort of dance took place, in which he sang or chanted, ‘I thought I was dreaming while asleep; to my surprise I was not asleep.’ The women (previously instructed) broke into a shrill chorus, referring to his departure from home, his visit to the sea, and to his wanderings from river to river; while the men did their part by singing two or three unmeaning syllables. The dance and the accompanying chants were several times repeated, the chief actor conducting himself consistently with his previous behaviour. His dreams continued, and the people were told that he had seen a boa-constrictor in a vision, and could point out the spot where it was to be found.



KAFFIR HUTS.

They accompanied him, and when he had indicated the place, they dug and discovered two of the reptiles. He endeavoured to seize one, but the people held him back, and his son struck the animal with sufficient force to disable but not to kill it. He was then allowed to take the serpent, which he placed round his neck, and the party returned home. Subsequently, having (as he alleged) dreamed about a leopard, the people accompanied him, and found it. The beast was slain, and carried in triumph to the *kraal*. When our growing prophet returned home after his absence at the sea, he began to slaughter his cattle, according to custom, and continued to do so at intervals until the whole were consumed. Some of them were offered in sacrifice. As the general rule, when there is beef at a *kraal*, the neighbours assemble to eat it; but when an embryo-seer slays his cattle, those who wish to eat must previously give him something. If, however, the chief were to give him a cow, the people of the tribe would be free to go.



ZULU BLACKSMITH FORGING AN ASSEGAI.

In this case the chief had not done so, and the visitors were obliged to buy their entertainment, one man giving a knife, another a shilling. An individual who was unable or unwilling to pay, having ventured to present himself with empty hands, our neophyte was exceedingly wroth, and seeing a stick, gave the intruder a significant hint, which the latter was not slow to comprehend. During the consumption of his cattle, the neophyte disappeared again for two days. When it was finished he went to a prophet, with whom he resided two moons, his children taking him food; and afterwards, to receive further instruction, visited another seer. He was then considered qualified for practice," though usually some time must elapse between the novitiate and the admission of the neophyte into the prophetic order. Sometimes the prophet will precipitate himself into the water, thinking (or pretending to think) that the spirits may, in that situation, reveal to him what they will otherwise conceal from mortal ken. Among other peculiar ceremonies and abominations indulged in, while undergoing his training, he hangs about his person the bladders and gall-bags of the oxen which he has slaughtered, in addition to the snakes, which we have seen are commonly worn by these individuals. "He enters pools of water," writes Mr. Grant, "abounding in serpents and alligators. And now, if he catches a snake, he has power over that; or if he catches a leopard, he has power over the leopard; or if he catches a deadly poisonous serpent, he has power over the most poisonous serpent. And thus he takes his degree: the degree of leopard, that he may catch leopards, and of serpents, that he may catch serpents." Finally, he commences medical and prophetic practice, and best of all, exacts fees—a power, which, until he has been "registered" in the manner described, he has no power to do (pp. 240, 245, 252).

With such a fear of being bewitched, and credence in the power of witchcraft, it might be expected that the prophets would be in full employment, especially as with so very difficult a curriculum to pursue before being qualified to practise, their number must be always select. A man has fallen sick, or has got bewitched in some other way, which necessitates the service of the prophet. His friends go to consult him, without, however, informing him what is the special object of their visit. He is supposed to know their thoughts, and not to be required to be informed upon such a trifle. As a preliminary, if he decides to proceed to business just then, he demands his *assegai* (or spear), a figurative mode of asking for his fees. His clients plead poverty—that they have nothing just now—but will pay him by-and-by. But with them, it is no pay, no advice, and no credit on any condition. Finding that it is utterly impossible to get his advice without the fee in advance, it is paid, not without an abundance of grumbling on the part of the wizard, that it is too little. The clients sit around him, he shouts, "Beat and hear, my people;" each of the persons present having snapped his fingers, replies, "I hear." The seer now pretends to have a vision, indistinct at first, but becoming more distinct gradually, until he sees the actual thing which has occurred. As the vision breaks on his view, he keeps up a running commentary in a loud voice on what he sees; all the time his clients abstaining from enlightening him in any way whether he is right or wrong in regard to his vision—until at last he strikes upon the right one. Mr. Shooter, whom we have already repeatedly referred to as an excellent authority in Kaffir customs, considers that the prophet's simulated vision is not a series of guesswork, in which he may possibly tell the truth, but "a systematic enumeration of particulars, in which he can scarcely miss it. Thus, he may begin by saying,

that the thing which the applicants wish to know relates to some animal with hair, and going through each division of that class, suggests whatever may be likely to occur to a cow, a calf, or a dog. If he finds no indication that the matter relates to one of this class, he takes another, such as human beings, and proceeds through it in the same manner. It is obvious that a tolerably clever practitioner may, in this way, discover from the applicants whatever may have happened to them, and send them away with a deep impression of his prophetic abilities, especially if he have any previous knowledge of their circumstances. The following sketch will give the reader a general idea of the prophet's manner of proceeding. A few particulars only as being sufficient for illustration are given :—

“‘Beat and hear, my people.’ They snap their fingers and say, ‘I hear.’ ‘Attend, my people.’ They beat and say, ‘I hear.’ ‘I don’t know what you want; you want to know something about an animal with hair. A cow is sick; what’s the matter with her? I see a wound on her side—no; I’m wrong. A cow is lost; I see a cow in the bush. Nay, don’t beat, my people; I’m wrong. It’s a dog; a dog has ascended a hut. Nay, that’s not it. I see now, beat vigorously; the thing relates to people. Somebody is ill—a man is ill—he is an old man. No, I see a woman—she has been married a year; where is she? I’m wrong; I don’t see her yet.’ Perhaps he takes snuff and rests awhile. ‘Beat and hear, my people. I see now; it’s a boy—beat vigorously. He is sick, where is he sick? Let me see—there’ (placing his hand on some part of his person). ‘No, beat and attend, my people. I see now. *There*’ (indicating the actual place). ‘Where is he? Not at his *kraal*; he is working with a white man. How has he been hurt? I see him going to the bush—he has gone to fetch wood; a piece of wood has fallen on him; he is fainting; he is very ill. The spirits are angry with him—his father is angry; he wants beef. The boy receives a cow for his wages; it is a black cow. No, I see white. Where is the white? A little on the side. The spirits want that cow; kill it, and the boy will recover.’”

“Prevention is better than cure.” Accordingly, the Kaffir resorts to the use of an infinite variety of charms, such as bits of bone, scraps of skin, claws, teeth—in fact, anything, which he wears about his person with a view to warding off the “evil eye,” and the hundred other efforts of witchcraft. In battle, in the hunt, and in the daily walk of life, there are always ills to be guarded against, and for each and all of these there are charms potent enough to protect the all-believing Kaffir. The reader will already have seen traces of animal-worship among the Kaffirs. If further proof were wanting of the prevalence—at least at one period in their history—of this, one of the widest-spread forms of religious superstition, it is afforded by the fact, related by Livingstone, that the Bechuana tribes are named after certain animals. Thus, the names of the various tribes signify, “they of the monkey,” “they of the alligator,” “they of the fish,” each tribe holding in superstitious dread the animal after which it is named. They also use the word *vena* (to dance) in reference to this custom of naming them, so that in order to ascertain what tribe they belong to, all you have to do is to ask, “What do you dance?” A tribe never eats the animal which it is named after, which may be regarded as a type of “totism” (Vol I. pp. 86, 134). Lastly, in reference to this subject of prophets and seers, we may mention that women may attain this rank. Indeed, some of the most noted of the order have been women. Rain-makers are a profession by themselves, and though paid large fees if successful, yet are often killed if they fail to get what it is the *raison d’être* of their calling to

secure for their employers. To obtain rain, even without the aid of the prophets as regular practitioners, there are a number of empirical preparations in great favour with the population who choose to try their hands at what is the work of professional people proper. For instance, the Backwains use charcoal made from the bones of bats, inspissated renal deposits of the mountain cony, the internal parts of different animals—such as the livers of jackals and baboons,



ZULU FOP—SHOWING MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

the hearts of lions, hairy calculi from the bowels of old cows—serpents' skin and vertebræ, and every kind of tuber, root, and plant to be found in the country. If these prophets—no matter what branch of the profession they follow—are ordinarily successful or lucky, they soon accumulate considerable wealth, and are held in high honour. The following description, by the Rev. Dr. Moffat, of the proceedings of one of these weather-prophets, is so graphic that I may be excused quoting it in its entirety. The rain-maker in this instance had gone to another part of the country, and found the clouds much more difficult to control than in the one he had left. He considered that there was some secret machination at work against him. "When urged to make repeated trials, he would reply, 'You can only give me sheep and goats to kill, therefore I

can only make goat-rain : give me for slaughter oxen, and I shall let you see ox-rain.' One day, as he was taking a sound sleep, a shower fell, on which one of the principal men entered his house to congratulate him, but to his utter astonishment found him totally insensible to what was transpiring. 'Hélaka rare !' (Hallo, my father !) 'I thought you were making rain,' said the intruder ; when, arising from his slumber, and seeing his wife sitting on the floor shaking a milk-sack in order to obtain a little butter to anoint her hair, he replied, pointing to the operation of churning, 'Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can ?' His reply gave entire satisfaction, and it presently spread through the length and breadth of the town that the



ZULU WOMEN AT THEIR TOILETTE.

rain-maker had churned the shower out of a milk-sack. The moisture caused by the shower was dried up by a scorching sun, and many long weeks followed without a single cloud, and when it did appear, they might sometimes be seen, to the great mortification of the conjurer, to discharge their watery treasures at an immense distance. This disappointment was increased when a heavy cloud would pass over with tremendous thunder, but not one drop of rain. There had been several successive years of drought, during which water had not been seen to flow upon the ground ; and in that climate, if rain does not fall continuously and in considerable quantities, it is all exhaled in a couple of hours. In digging graves, we have found the earth as dry as dust at four or five feet, when the surface was saturated with rain. The women had cultivated extensive fields, but the seed was lying in the soil as it had been thrown from the hand ; the cattle were dying for want of pasture, and hundreds of living skeletons were going

to the fields in quest of unwholesome roots and reptiles, while many were dying with hunger. Our sheep were soon likely to be devoured, and finding their numbers daily diminish, we slaughtered the remainder, and put the meat in salt, which of course was far from being agreeable in such a climate, and when vegetables were so scarce. All these circumstances irritated the rain-maker very much; but he was often puzzled to find something on which to lay the blame, for he had exhausted his skill. One night a small cloud passed over, and the only flash of lightning from which a heavy peal of thunder burst, struck a tree in the town. Next day the rain-maker and a number of people met to perform the usual ceremony in such an event. It was ascended, and ropes of grass and grass roots were bound round different parts of the trunk, which in the *Acacia giraffa* is seldom much injured. A limb may be torn off, but of numerous trees of that species which I have seen struck by lightning, the trunk appears to resist its power, as the fluid only produces a stripe or groove along the bark to the ground. When these bandages were made he deposited some of his nostrums, and got quantities of water handed up, which he poured with great solemnity on the wounded tree, while the assembled multitude shouted, '*Pùla pùla.*' This done, the tree was hewn down, dragged out of the town, and burnt to ashes. Soon after this unmeaning ceremony, he got large bowls of water, with which was mingled an infusion of bulbs. All the men of the town then came together, and passed in succession before him, when he sprinkled each with a zebra's tail, which he had dipped in the water. As all this and much more did not succeed, he had recourse to another stratagem. He knew well that baboons were not very easily caught among the rocky glens and shelving precipices; therefore, in order to gain time, he informed the men that to make rain he must have a baboon; that the animal must be without blemish, not a hair wanting on its body. One would have thought that a simpleton would have seen through his tricks, as their being able to present him with a baboon in that condition was impossible, even though they caught him asleep. Forth sallied a band of chosen runners, who ascended the neighbouring mountain. The baboons from their lofty domiciles had been in the habit of looking down on the plain beneath at the natives encircling and pursuing the quaggas and antelopes, little dreaming that one day they would themselves be the objects of pursuit. They hobbled off in consternation, grunting and screaming, and leaping from rock to rock, occasionally looking down on their pursuers, grinning and gnashing their teeth. After a long pursuit, with wounded limbs, scratched bodies, and broken toes, a young one was secured and brought to the town, the captors exulting as if they had obtained a great spoil. The wily rogue, on seeing the animal, put on a countenance exhibiting the most intense sorrow, exclaiming, 'My heart is rent in pieces; I am dumb with grief;' and pointing to the ear of the baboon, which was scratched, and the tail, which had lost some hairs, added, 'Did I not tell you I could not make rain if there was one hair wanting?' After some days another was obtained; but there was still some imperfection, real or alleged. He had often said that if they could procure him the heart of a lion he would show them that he could make rain so abundant that a man might think himself well off to be under shelter, as when it fell it might sweep whole towns away. He had discovered that the clouds required strong medicine, and a lion's heart would do the business. To obtain this the rain-maker well knew was no joke. One day it was announced that a lion had attacked one of the cattle outposts not far from the town, and a party set off for the two-fold purpose of getting a key to the clouds and disposing of a dangerous enemy. The orders were imperative,

whatever the consequences might be, which, in this instance, might have been very serious, had not one of our men shot the terrific animal dead with a gun. This was no sooner done than it was cut up for roasting and boiling; no matter if it had previously eaten some of their relatives, they ate it in its turn. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm when they returned to the town bearing the lion's heart, and singing the conqueror's song in full chorus; the rain-maker prepared his medicines, kindled his fires, and might be seen upon the top of the hill, stretching forth his puny hands, and beckoning the clouds to draw near; or even shaking his spear, and threatening that if they disobeyed they should feel his ire. The deluded population believed all this, and wondered the rains would not fall." The end of it all was, that to account for the "hardheartedness of the clouds," the blame was laid on the missionaries for bringing a bag of salt in their wagon from another place to their station. And here it may be noted that the blame of ill-success on the prophet's part is often laid on the white men who may happen to be in the country. It would, however, be injustice to these medicine-men to think that they are in every case rank impostors. Futile as, of course, their work always is, and always must be, they are firmly believed in, and, what is more extraordinary, they firmly believe in their own powers. So rooted is this belief that not unfrequently they will order certain things to be done, though, if unsuccessful, they know that they will forfeit their lives.

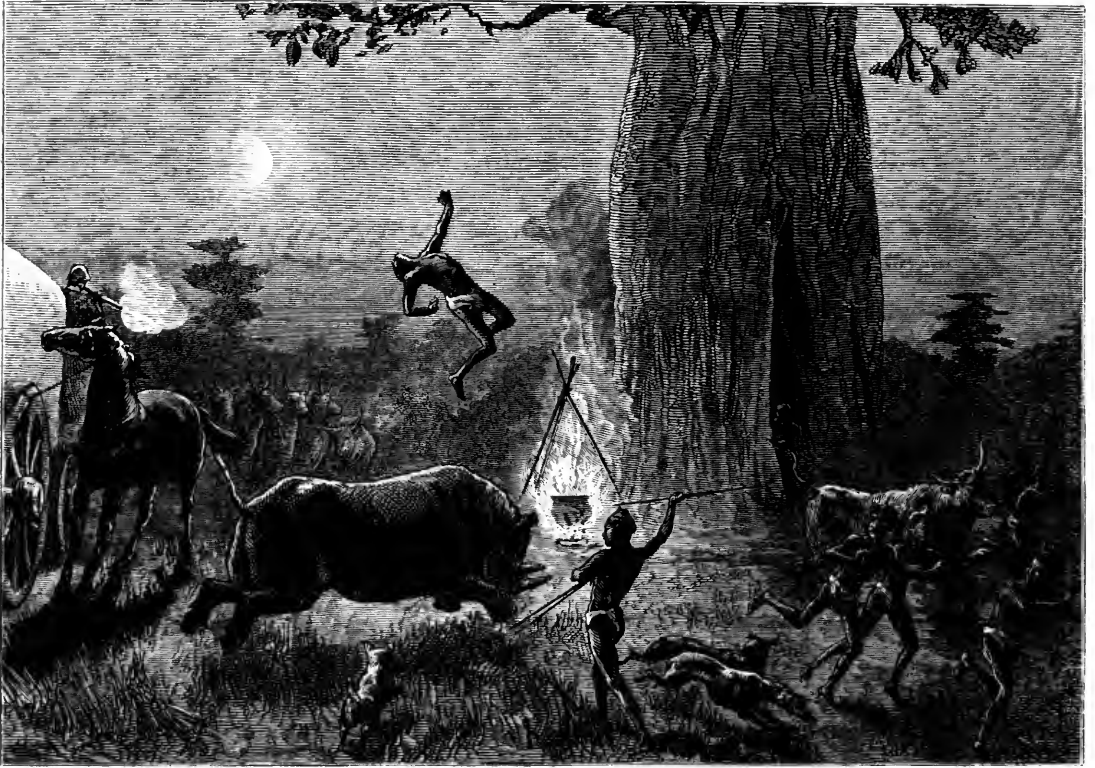
Like all their order among different nations, they are great adepts at sleight of hand, and in this manner perform certain feats which are sufficiently extraordinary to Europeans accustomed to such tricks, and viewing them with no superstitious awe, far more to rude savages, who look both on the person and the acts of the "conjuror" with a dread amounting to veneration, as a person having direct power over the elements, and holding intercourse at will with the unseen spirits who lord it over lower mortals. In general they are by no means thoughtful. There are, however, exceptions, as the following remarks, made by Sekeso, a very respectable Kaffir, to M. Arbrousset, prove:—"Your tidings," he said, "are what I want; and I was seeking before I knew you, as you shall hear and judge for yourselves. Twelve years ago I went to feed my flocks. The weather was hazy. I sat down upon a rock and asked myself sorrowful questions; yes, sorrowful, because I was unable to answer them. Who has touched the stars with his hands? On what pillars do they rest? I asked myself. The waters are never weary; they know no other law than to flow, without ceasing, from morning till night, and from night till morning; but when do they stop? and who makes them flow thus? The clouds also come and go, and burst in water over the earth: whence come they? who sends them? The diviners certainly do not give us rain, for how could they do it? and why do I not see them with my own eyes when they go up to heaven to fetch it? I cannot see the wind, but what is it? who brings it, and makes it blow, and roar, and terrify us? Do I know how the corn sprouts? Yesterday there was not a blade in my field; to-day I returned to the field, and found some: who can have given to the earth the wisdom and power to produce it? Then I buried my face in both my hands." * Among the Ama-Kosas Lichtenstein declared that "there is no appearance of any religious worship whatever." Such a statement, however, though frequently made regarding different savage people †—among others, some tribes of Eskimo, some Canadian Indians, the Californian tribes, many of the Brazilians, some of the Polynesians, Andamaners, and certain tribes of Hindostan

* Cussalis, "Basutos," p. 239.

† Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times," p. 564.

and East Africa, &c.—cannot be received with too great caution. I have already shown that some of the so-called godless tribes are not in reality so. No portion of the habits of wild races is so difficult to get at, even by travellers intimately acquainted with their languages, and living long amongst them, as their religious or superstitious beliefs—for they are synonymous. The hearsay ideas picked up by travellers are almost valueless on such a difficult point.

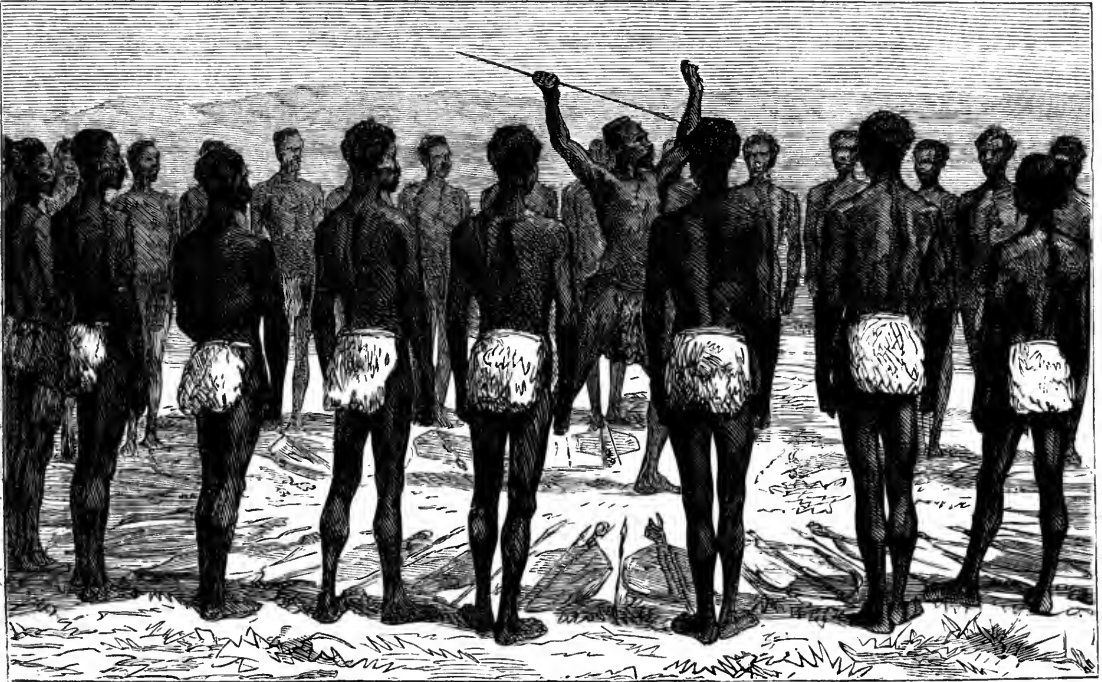
Among the Ama-Kosas—another Kaffir tribe—before a party goes out hunting, one of them takes a handful of grass in his mouth and crawls on all-fours, so as to represent some kind



A NIGHT SURPRISE IN THE KALAHARI DESERT.

of wild animal. The rest then run after him, just as if they were pursuing some kind of game, threatening him with their spears, and all the time shouting the hunting-cry. The pantomimic business continues for some time, until the hunted man pretends to fall down dead. If this man, however, afterwards kills a head of game, he hangs the claws on his arm as a trophy, but the skin and flesh of the animal must be shared with the rest. The same traveller who relates this trait of Kaffir life—Dr. Lichtenstein—also relates how, when a Kaffir kills an elephant, it may be after a long and wearisome chase, he will apologise humbly to the slain animal, exculpating himself on the plea that the affair was an entire mistake, and not done by design, but owing to a misunderstanding on the hunter's part. The trunk of the elephant is then cut off and buried, with many flattering words, the humble apology being then supposed to be complete. A similar idea prevails among many other savage people. For instance, the wild Eskimo in

Smith's Sound (Vol. I., p. 32) are very careful in hunting the walrus, not to offend, by any infractions of the laws made and provided by tradition for the hunting of that huge pachyderm, the majesty of the great guardian walrus, who lives far away beyond the icy hills, and whose *awuk*, *awuk-like* bellowing may be heard echoing through the stillness of the long Arctic night. Again, the Chippewayan and Dogrib Indian women will not touch or even step over a bear-skin, so that one laid at the door of a tent is an effectual barrier against intruders of the female sex. When these Indians kill a bear, Mr. Alex. Henry, a well-known traveller and trader among these people, informs us that they take its head in their hands, stroking and



THE ZULU CEREMONY OF "UKUNCINSA," IN WHICH THE CHIEF EXHORTS HIS MEN BEFORE BATTLE.

kissing it several times, begging a thousand pardons for taking away its life, calling it their relation and grandmother, and requesting it not to lay the fault upon them, since it was, in truth, not they who killed it but an Englishman. When the bear is being eaten tobacco-smoke is blown into the nostrils of the animal. Again, the Laplanders term the bear the "dog of God," and say that it has the strength of ten men and the sense of twelve. They never presume to call it by its proper name of *guonzhga*, lest it should revenge the insult upon their flocks, but style it *mædda aigia*, or the "old man in the fur cloak." Their females are not allowed to eat its rump, nor will they deliver to them the meat through the door of the hut, but through a hole in another part of the wall. Some of the American Indians observe a similar custom in regard to the moose-deer. Among the Kamschatkans, the bear is looked upon as a great authority in medicine, surgery, and all the polite arts. When they are ill they resort to him for a cure, and acknowledge that as a dancing-master he has no superior. In Siberia, also,

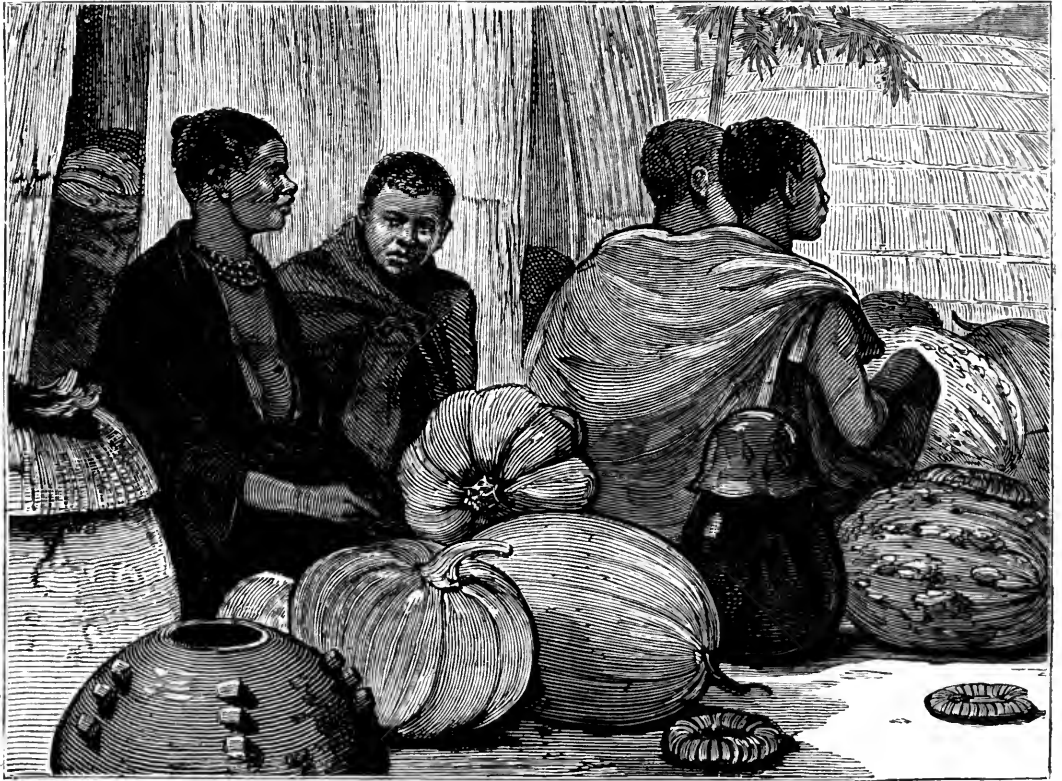
when the Voguls kill a bear, they address it in a formal manner, and maintain that the blame is to be laid on the arrows and iron which were forged by the Russians. Lastly, not to multiply other instances, the Indians on the northern coast of British Columbia (Tsimseans, &c.), when the fishing season commences in the rivers, propitiate the fish by speaking and paying court to them in such flattery as, "You fish, you fish; you are all chiefs, you are; you are all chiefs." These facts may be mentioned to show how similar ideas permeate through savage races, and how widespread is the religious respect paid to animals.

Unlike the Polynesians, the Kaffirs are poor arithmeticians, and make but little use of numbers. It is affirmed that few of the Ama-Kosas can reckon beyond ten. They have no word for eight, and many of them did not know the names of any numerals. Yet they will immediately notice if a single animal is missing out of a herd of several hundred, but simply because they miss a familiar face. The Zulu *talitisupa* means six, though literally the translation is "take the thumb"—*e.g.*, having counted as far as five on the fingers of one hand, take the thumb of the next. Lichtenstein mentions that among the Bechuana tribe "the numbers are commonly expressed by fingers held up, so that the word is rarely spoken; many are even unacquainted with these numerals, and never employ anything but the sign. It therefore occasioned me no small trouble to learn the numerals, and I could by no means arrive at any denomination for the numbers five and nine. Beyond ten even the most learned could not reckon, nor could I make out by what signs they even designated these higher numbers." Livingstone, however, ridicules the idea of the Bechuanas not being able to count more than ten—a story which arose about the very time when the father of the chief Sechele counted out one thousand cattle as the beginning of his son's stock! He considers that the origin of this impression regarding their inability to count more than a low number originated in the fact that every member of the tribe is bound to tell his chief everything which comes to his knowledge, and when questioned by strangers either gives answers which exhibit the utmost stupidity, or such as he knows will be agreeable to the chief. I may fittingly conclude this part of our subject by a description of the curious rites attending the initiation of boys into the ranks of men and of girls into the ranks of women. The first is known as *boguera* (or circumcision), and is practised by all the Kaffir tribes—including the Bechuana—south of the Zambesi, but the rites are carefully concealed. None but the initiated know anything of the first portion of the ceremony, but of the second part, or *secho*, Livingstone had an opportunity of being a spectator in the village of one of the Bechuana tribes. "Just at the dawn of day, a row of boys, nearly fourteen years of age, stood naked in the *kotlo*, each having a pair of sandals as a shield on his hands. Facing them stood the men of the town in a similar state of nudity, all armed with long, thin wands, of a tough, strong, supple bush called *moretloa* (*Grewia flava*), and engaged in a dance named *koha*, in which questions are put to the boys, as—'Will you guard the chief well?' 'Will you herd the cattle well?' And while the latter give an affirmative response, the men rush forward to them, and each aims a full-weight blow at the back of one of the boys, who shields himself with the sandals. But the former causes the supple wand to descend and bend into his back, and every stroke thus inflicted makes the blood squirt out of a wound a foot or eighteen inches long. At the end of the dance, the boys' backs are seamed with wounds and weals, the scars of which remain through life. This is intended to harden the young soldiers, and prepare them for the rank of men. After this ceremony,

and after killing a rhinoceros, they may marry a wife. In the *koha*, the same respect is shown to age as in many other of their customs. A younger man rushing from the ranks to exercise his wand on the backs of the youths, may be himself the object of chastisement by the older, and on the occasion referred to Sekomi (the chief) received a severe cut on the leg from one of his grey-haired people. On my joking with some of the young men on their want of courage, notwithstanding all the beatings of which they bore marks, and hinting that our soldiers were brave without suffering so much, one rose up and said, 'Ask him if, when he and I were compelled by a lion to stop and make a fire, if I did not lie down and sleep as well as himself.' In other parts, a challenge to try a race would have been given, and you may frequently see grown-up men adopting that means of testing superiority, like so many children.

"The *secho* is practised by three tribes only. *Boguera* is observed by all the Bechuanas and Kaffirs, but not by the negro tribes beyond 20° south. The *boguera* is a civil rather than a religious rite. All the boys of an age between ten and fourteen or fifteen are selected to be the companions for life of one of the sons of the chief. They are taken out to some retired spot in the forest, and huts are erected for their accommodation; the old men go out and teach them to dance, initiating them at the same time into all the mysteries of African politics or government. Each one is expected to compose an oration in praise of himself, calling a *leisia* or name, and to be able to repeat it with sufficient fluency. A good deal of beating is required to bring them up to the required excellency in different matters, so that they have generally a number of scars to show on their backs. These bands or regiments—named *mepato* in the plural, and *mopato* in the singular—receive particular appellations; as, the *Matsatsi*, the suns; the *Mabusa*, the rulers; equivalent to our Coldstreams or Enniskillens; and though living in different parts of the town, they turn out at the call, and act under the chief's son as their commander. They recognise a sort of equality and partial communism ever afterwards, and address each other by the title of *mokelane* (or comrade). In cases of offence against their rulers, as eating alone when any of their comrades are within call, or in cases of cowardice or dereliction of duty, they may strike one another, or any member of a younger *mopato*, but never any one of an older band; and when three or four companies have been made, the oldest no longer takes the field in time of war, but remains as a guard over the women and children. When a fugitive comes to a tribe, he is directed to the *mopato* analogous to that to which in his own tribe he belongs, and does duty as a member. No one of the natives knows how old he is. If asked his age, he answers by putting another question: 'Does a man remember when he was born?' Age is reckoned by the number of *mepato* they have seen pass through the formula of admission. When they see four or five *mepato* younger than themselves, they are no longer obliged to bear arms. The oldest individual I ever met boasted he had seen eleven sets of boys submitted to the *boguera*. Supposing him to have been fifteen when he saw his own, and fresh bands were added every six or seven years, he must have been about forty when he saw the fifth, and may have attained seventy-five or eighty years, which is no great age; but it seemed so to them, for he had now doubled the age for superannuation among them. It is an ingenious plan for attaching the members of the tribe to the chief's family, and for imparting a discipline which renders the tribe easy of command. On their return to the town from attendance on the ceremonies of initiation, a pipe is given to the lad who can run fastest, the article being placed where all may see the winner run up to snatch it. They

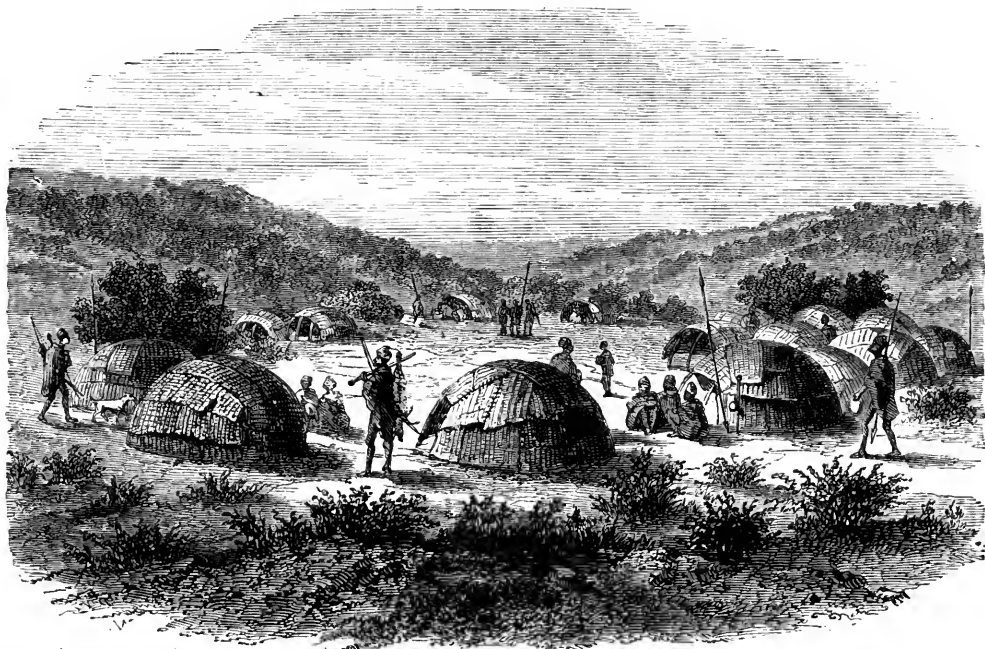
are then considered men (*banona*), and can sit among the elders in the *kolla*. Formerly they were only boys (*basimane*). The first missionaries set their faces against the *boguera*, on account of its connection with heathenism, and the fact that the youths learned much evil and became disobedient to their parents. From the general success of these men, it is perhaps better that younger missionaries should tread in their footsteps; for so much evil may result from breaking down the authority on which, to those who cannot read, the whole system of such influence appears to rest, that the innovation ought to be made of proposing measures as the Loerians did new laws—with ropes round their necks. Probably the *boguera* was only a



ZULU WOMEN SELLING PUMPKINS.

sanitary and political privilege; and there being no continuous chain of tribes practising the rite between the Arabs and the Bechuanas, or Kaffirs, and as it is not a religious ceremony, it can scarcely be traced, as is often done, to a Mohammedan source." A somewhat similar ceremony (the *boyale*) takes place for the young women, who, under the surveillance of an old lady, are drilled to the carrying of water. During the whole time they are engaged in this useful but by no means dignified occupation, they are clad in a dress made of ropes of alternate pumpkin-seeds and bits of reed, strung together and wound round the body in a figure of eight fashion. This "fatigue drill" is gone through, I suppose, in order to inure them to hardship, and probably under a similar idea bits of burning charcoal are applied to their arms, in order to accustom them to bear pain, or to test their power of enduring it.

The Kaffirs, except in some cases where their fears of witchcraft render them half insane, are, unlike some African races, by no means either cruel or vindictive as a people. The Bechuanas are probably the least amiable of all the Kaffir tribes, being arrant thieves, boastful, and inclined to cherish vengeance against any one who has wronged them, or whom they believe to have done so. Unlike most Kaffir tribes, they are cruel and heartless to their aged relatives, showing no affection, or even natural feelings of regard toward their wife or wives, such as an ordinary human being would have towards his horse or dog. Yet he is not quarrelsome, and is persevering and industrious—virtues which go a long way in savage life to make



CAMP OF BUSHMEN.

up for what are looked upon in civilised society as gross offences, but which are, from a savage point of view, very venial indeed.

Rude, cruel, and heartless, however, would the Kaffir be, did he show a tithe of the heartlessness, cruelty, and injustice towards his fellow-tribesmen, or towards the tribe, which the whites have shown to him. We Britons are not blameless in this respect, and among our inglorious "little wars" those known by the name of "the Kaffir" do not shine first on our bead-roll of glory. But our colonists (it was Livingstone's opinion) become absolutely virtuous in this relation compared with the Boer Dutchmen of South Africa, and the Governments of the Free, or Orange State, and the Transvaal Republic, in former days at least.

The word "boer" means simply a "farmer"—and doubtless the original meaning of our word "boer" was the same, though now used in an offensive sense. In the Cape Colony the term is applied to the Dutch farmers, who are an industrious, honest, and excessively prosaic race of people, clinging, even beyond Batavian tenacity, to the language and customs of the mud-begotten home of their ancestors in dear old Holland. From this people—no more than from

the mass of English colonists—the unfortunate aborigines had little to fear, so long as they kept their “lifting” propensities *in re* cattle within reputable grounds. But with the dissatisfied Boers, who fled beyond the Cashan, or Magaliesberg Mountains, and where (according to Livingstone), aided by English deserters and other bad characters of every sort, they established the wished for Republic, the case is different. The great objection which these gentlemen already had to the English law—viz., that, theoretically at least, it made no difference between white and black—they were determined should not exist either in a passive or active state in their new home beyond the reach of any law except of their own making. In the republic, aggrieved by the emancipation of their Hottentot slaves—a wrong to which the farmers had to submit soon after the Cape Colony passed into the hands of the English Government—they determined, Livingstone tells us, to pursue the course which he proceeds to describe.

In the land to which they had fled, and where “the king’s writ goeth not,” they were welcomed with joy by the Bechuanas, a tribe who looked upon them as deliverers from the sway of the cruel Zulu chief Mosilikatze. But they soon found out their mistake, as the true character of their Dutch visitors began to show itself. “Mosilikatze,” the poor wretches soon began to cry out, “was cruel to his enemies and kind to those he conquered; but the Boers destroy their enemies and make slaves of their friends.” The tribes who still maintained a semblance of independence were forced to perform all labours of the fields, such as manuring, weeding, reaping, making dams and canals, and at the same time to support themselves. Nor were they ashamed of their meanness in thus making use of unpaid labour. On the contrary, the heathen being thus “given them for an inheritance,” they were, like Clive, “astonished at their own moderation,” and were never weary in praising the equity of the regulations they had enforced on the duped natives. “We make the people work for us on consideration of allowing them to live in our country,” was the placid *précis* of the aboriginal policy of the African descendants of a nation never remarkable for too delicate a conscience in dealing with the aboriginal population of the countries in which they settle, and at no period of their history distinguished for loftiness of soul when guilders or copper bars were in view.

This species of slavery served only to supply field labour. To obtain domestic servants recourse was had to forays on the neighbouring tribes which had abundant flocks of cattle. The Bechuanas have never been engaged in the slave trade, and accordingly have never sold man, woman, or child, far less sold themselves, as some of the negroes of other tribes, degraded by strong drink, have done. Consequently, in these forays by the Dutch Boers children were seized, even by the more humane farmers, who were tempted by the hope of a division of the captured cattle, or impelled by a well-devised story of an “uprising” of the devoted tribe. In order that they might not be so liable to escape, the long-headed burghers generally contrived to take the youthful at an age so early that they soon forgot their parents and their native language. Yet the Dutch in this region are extremely pious—as piety goes in South Africa—talking of themselves as “Christians,” while all the coloured race are “black property” or “creatures,” to whom, like the Jews of old in reference to the neighbouring people, they are the chosen people who are to be a rod of Divine vengeance for their backslidings. Living in the midst of a much more numerous native population, they were continually in dread of the blacks whom they had treated so cruelly, taking dire vengeance on them. Accordingly, at the first symptom of alarm, the innocent natives were ruthlessly fallen on, and no matter how brutal the

massacre which ensued, it was always excused on the plea of "state necessity"—a soothing balm for any qualms of conscience which might linger in the minds of these degenerate sons of Holland. The Bechuanas are a comparatively effeminate race, little inclined to quarrel with the whites, against whom they have, unlike the Kaffirs proper, never been the aggressors, otherwise their Boer enemies would have another tale to tell—if, indeed, they were left to tell any tale whatever. The Dutch have always avoided Kaffirland proper, and when they have embroiled themselves with the war-like savages of that region, have left their quarrels to be settled, as Livingstone puts it, "by the English, and their wars to be paid for by English gold." Such is the account which the celebrated traveller gives us as the result of his own observation.

The circumstances, however, under which the Transvaal Republic was first annexed by Great Britain, and subsequently receded under certain conditions, have imported into the discussion of slavery among the Boers an amount of political rancour which now makes it difficult to consider the facts calmly. But after carefully sifting the voluminous literature to which the recent petty wars in South Africa have given rise, it may be stated as the writer's belief that the slave hunts which Livingstone describes in the preceding paragraphs have not been practised of late years, and that President Burgers, in pleading that these black spots related to an early period of Transvaal history, was stating the simple truth. The system of "apprenticeship," which was only slavery in disguise, continued up to a later date, and possibly is not even yet quite extinct. But apart from the higher moral tone which prevails among the emigrant Boers, and the pride which a jealousy for the national honour inspires, the vigilance of the British resident and their not always friendly neighbours renders any such proceedings as those on which Livingstone so bitterly animadverts all but impossible. The disagreements between them and the Kaffirs, however, are likely to still continue: indeed, soon after the cession of the State, the burghers and some of the contiguous tribes were engaged in the kind of guerilla hostility which is unhappily so common in South Africa.*

CHAPTER XI.

HOTTENTOTS, BUSHMEN, AND ALLIED TRIBES: THEIR ORIGIN AND RANGE.

AFRICA is such a wide ethnographical region that were we to attempt to describe in even the most abstract manner the various tribes inhabiting it, and were there as many volumes at our disposal for doing so as there are chapters, our space would speedily be filled, without, at the same time, exhausting the subject. Remembering how many interesting African tribes we have still to touch upon, and how broad is the world outside of Africa, the numerous nationalities of which we must describe in some detail, it is only possible to take the more important peoples, and content ourselves with simply naming the less important ones. For this reason we must pass lightly over the Ovambos, Damaras, and some other races more closely

* "Missionary Travels," p. 33; Theal's "Kaffir Folk Lore" (1882); Callaway's "Religious System of the Amazulu and Nursery Tales of the Zulu" (1868); *South African Folk Lore Journal*, 1879 *et seq.*, &c.

allied to the true negro races than the Kaffirs, and who seem in some cases to be now only the broken remnants of what were once, if not great nations, at least tribal organisations hardly inferior in power to the Kaffirs themselves. The works of the late Carl Andersson,



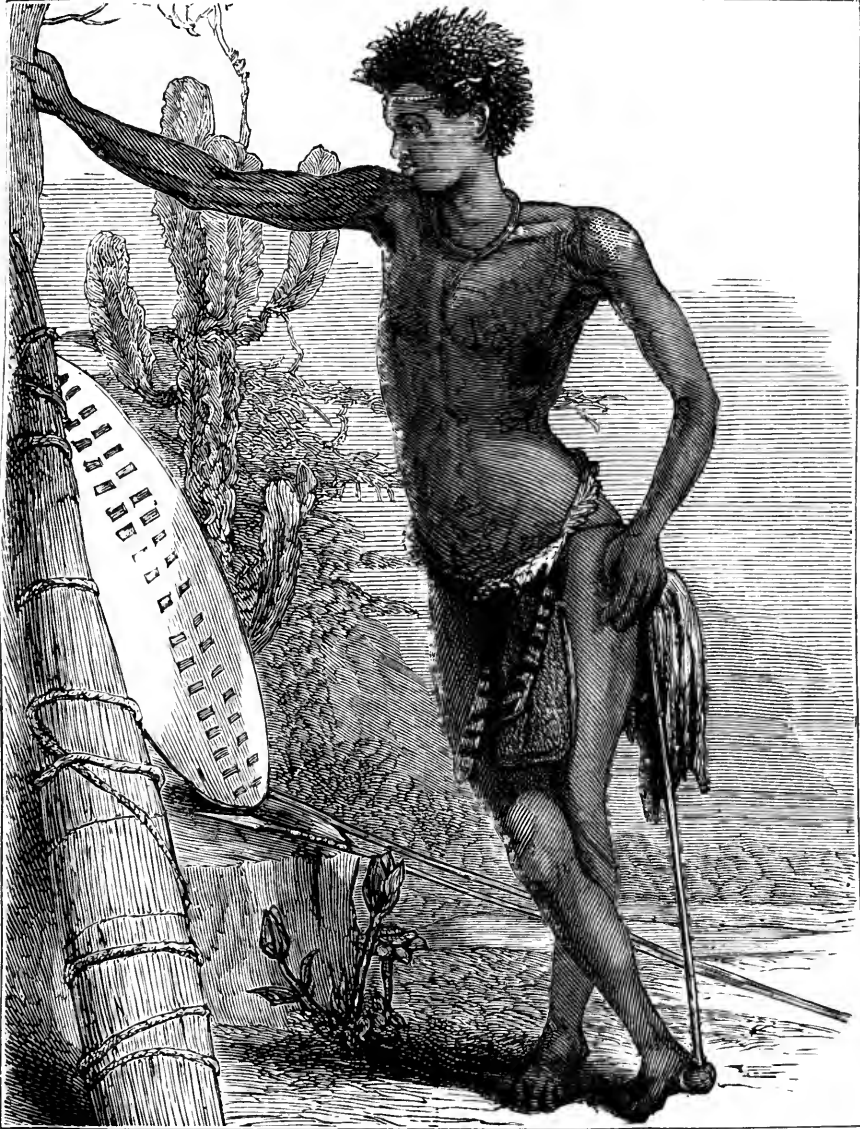
ZULU GIRLS IN DANCING DRESS.

Francis Galton, and my lamented friend, Thomas Baines, will supply almost all that is known in regard to the habits of these dissevered members of the "Bantu" family.

The richer ones have cattle, while the poorer, who are treated like inferior beings, and enslaved by the richer, are content to live by hunting and root-digging. Some of the young

girls and warriors are rather handsome, though black and negro-like, but in their character and customs are not more amiable than the very *iy-noble* savage generally.

The *Ovambos* (or *Ovampos*) inhabit the country in or about latitude 17° or 18° south,



A ZULU LAD.

and 15° east longitude. The term by which they designate themselves means "the merry people." It may require an African education to appreciate their mirth, but the fact is undeniable that they are humane to their sick and aged, industrious cultivators, and skilful and rich herdsmen, possessing large droves of cattle and flocks of goats, and, above all, bear the reputation of being the noblest but at the same time *rarest* work of God—honest African

savages! They are good hunters, and, unlike the Kaffirs, also keen and skilful fishermen. They have an excellent opinion of themselves, and a low one of the white men, hesitating, as Mr. Galton tells us, to believe there existed a land on the earth where he lived or reigned as lord, preferring to regard him rather as a migratory animal of considerable intelligence.

The *Damaras* (p. 228) inhabit the country around Walfisch Bay, north of the Namaquas and inland by Lake N'gami, and ethnologically are allied more to the negro races of the Congo than to the Kaffirs.

HOTTENTOTS.

What the origin of this name is it is now all but impossible to discover. It has been applied to the South African people we are about to describe from the very earliest period, and in all likelihood is the name of some particular Hottentot tribe now extinct. At all events, the Hottentots do appear to have been an aboriginal population of South Africa, though they may possibly have driven out some earlier race, just as they in their turn were ousted by the Kaffirs, and the Kaffirs, in the whirligig of events, had to make room for the Europeans. At one time they seem to have been a more widely spread race than at present, for people of Hottentot origin are said to be found scattered at unknown distances, to the very heart of Africa. According to the testimony of Owen, Morrell, and other trustworthy travellers, little communities of Hottentots, in some instances still unchanged by contact with Europeans, are found scattered along the West African coast as far north as lat. 70° south, broken fragments of a once wide-spread and homogeneous nationality. The Kaffirs, who are still their untiring persecutors, and who were the first cause of their national ruin, they hate with an undying hatred to which the history of tribal malignity shows no parallel. Silently and patiently they will track their foes, singly or in small bodies, until, in the darkness of the night and safely they can glut their dire vengeance. In a pitched battle, undisciplined and unaccustomed to fight under leaders in bodies, they have no chance with the more warlike Kaffirs, but in cunning and insidiousness they make up for what they lose in military skill. When Hottentot sights Kaffir, then comes the tug of war. This hatred of their conquerors is intuitive, for the civilised Hottentots have the same lively feeling towards them as the most savage, whose ferocity is continually stimulated by the sight of acts of cruelty and oppression heaped upon their devoted race by the Kaffirs in their vicinity. The result of this hatred was utilised by the British in the last Kaffir war, by the employment of the Hottentots as scouts and guides, and to this day the "Totties," with a quick eye for a Kaffir cow-stealing thief, make the best herdsmen in the colony, just as the London pickpockets, with their senses acutely trained in early life by unlawful predatory pursuit in quest of snuff-boxes and pocket-handkerchiefs, were found, when in an evil day their ill-fortune landed them at the Antipodes, to be able to turn their quick ears and sharp eyes to good purpose as shepherds, in which calling their reputation for skill stood high among the Australian squatters.

In *colour* the Hottentots, unlike the other African natives, are not dark, but yellowish—like the more pronounced form of Chinese: the face shows high cheek-bones and a long narrow chin, features also seen in Griquas and Korranas, who are of the Hottentot race.

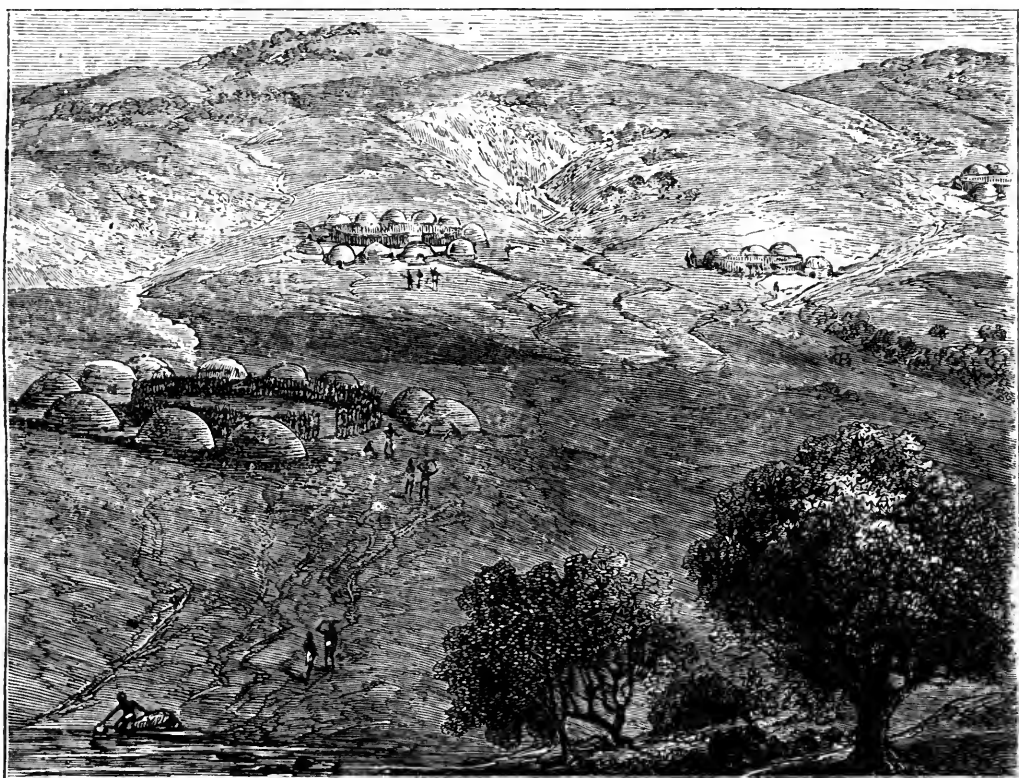
Having long mingled with Europeans they have now in almost every instance adopted European clothing and habits, so that it would be simply a waste of time to describe what their

dress was in former times. In Le Vaillant's Travels it is fully described, though the pictures of their dresses, as depicted in supposed likeness of them, are as often founded on fancy as on fact. In the heyday of youth some of them are rather handsome in figure, though their faces are generally rather ugly, but when they pass middle life they get prematurely old and wrinkled, and the aged people are absolutely hideous. The most peculiar physical feature, however, in Hottentots is the extraordinary development of fat posteriority, which in the women serves all the purpose of the "dress improver" among their more civilised sisters. On this remarkable foot-board, which shakes in walking, the child stands, and it is so firm that it can support a full-grown person, though the possession is said to in no way inconvenience the bearer. The head is generally covered with a coat of grease and paint composed of some powdered ore of iron with shining bangles of mica in it, almost concealing the woolly hair which, unlike that of the true negro, does not cover the whole head, but is scattered in isolated tufts—not over an inch in length when straightened—over the bare scalp. The salient features of their physique may be summed up in the words of Sir John Barrow, who first described this people with anything like accuracy. They "are well-proportioned, erect, of delicate and effeminate make, not muscular; their joints and extremities small; their faces generally ugly, but different in different families, some having the nose remarkably flat, others considerably raised. Their eyes are of a deep chestnut colour, long and narrow, distinct from each other, the inner angle being rounded, as in the Chinese, to whom the Hottentots bear a striking resemblance. The cheek-bones are high and prominent, and, with the narrow-pointed chin, form nearly a triangle. Their teeth are very white." Our impressions of Hottentot physique are, in Europe, to a great extent derived from the description of a woman of that tribe who was exhibited under the name of the "Hottentot Venus," and died in Paris in 1821. Her features are shown in our figure (p. 257) taken from a cast in the Paris Museum of Natural History.

Their *moral character* is not bad. They are somewhat humorous—a good trait in itself, and invariably the sign and precursor of many others—but impatient of restraint, and unable to bear the irksomeness of any regular employment. They are excellent hunters, and accordingly make admirable irregular soldiers, which are invaluable in our "little wars" with the Kaffirs. They have, however, no idea of discipline, and that intangible entity called "honour" finds no place in the aboriginal bosom. They are by no means unwilling to enlist as scouts and irregular skirmishers, but at the same time with the passive understanding that they may not only fight when it so seems good to them as well as to their commander, but also run away when it seems that the "continuity of tissue" can be best preserved by this summary process. To seek plunder and vengeance, rather than the "bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," is the aim of the Hottentot "guerilla." Callous to pain, stolid, and unexcitable, like most savages, he is very tenacious of life, injuries which would be fatal to a white having apparently no other effect upon him than to act as a stimulus, and cause a little passing inconvenience. Yet his constitution is more susceptible to poison than that of the whites, probably for the reason that his nervous system, being little acute, is apt to get sooner depressed under the action of poisons than that of the more excitable denizen of civilisation.

Marriage ceremony they are said to have none. Marriage with them means simply to pay for the wife and take her home to her husband's abode, though in an earlier stage of society the wife was, according to Mr. Noble, not bought, while a priest besprinkled the happy pair.

When ill, the patient removes, or is removed by his or her friends, to a little hut at a distance from the *kraal*, with the denizens of which he will not mix until he is again convalescent. The Hottentot patient has thus a great advantage over the sick man among savages generally, and notably over his Kaffir neighbours: he lies quiet, undisturbed by the noise and discordant din of the village, or the shouts and dances of the witch-doctors. Professional advisers of this sort the Hottentots are unblest with, what little medicine their simple philosophy places credence in being possessed as a necessary knowledge by almost any of the tribesmen. Small-pox is their most dreaded disease. With it the most skilful of their

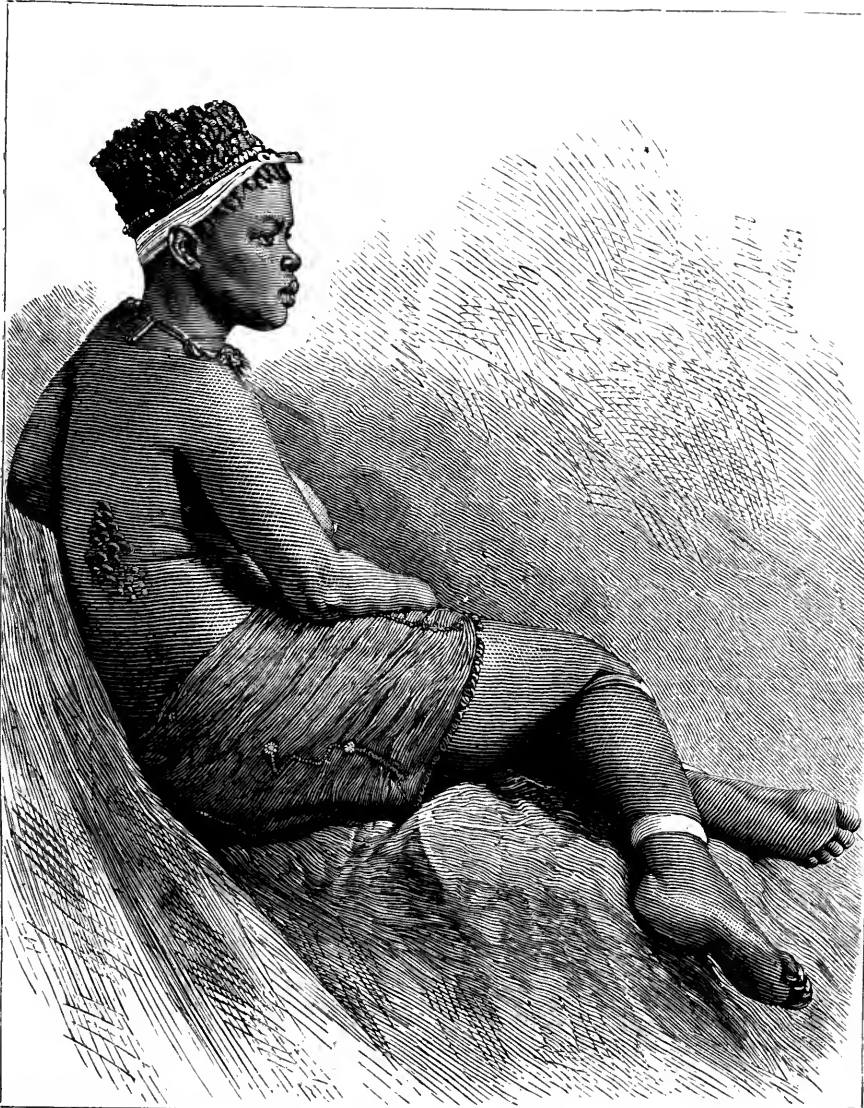


ZULU KRAALS UNDER ZWART KOP, NEAR PIETERMARITZBURG.

medicine-men cannot cope. When a family is seized with it the other members of the tribe, including the nearest relatives of the sick person, instantly remove their encampment, and flee to the desert, leaving the smitten one to his fate, the relatives often not looking near the plague-stricken hut for months and even years afterwards.

When a person dies the body is doubled up and wrapped in a *kaross* (or fur cloak), the arms and legs being previously tightly bound to the body, and is buried in a shallow grave, the kinsmen being generally too lazy to dig one deep enough to prevent the corpse being disinterred by wild beasts. As a slight protection against this outrage they usually heap a few stones on the body, but even they are in most cases so few that the jackals, scenting the carrion from afar, collect round the grave after nightfall, and soon disinter the body, and tear and devour

it with hideous howls, within earshot of the stolid relatives. Over the grave there is little mourning. The plaintive wailing, which is so characteristic and general a feature of savage lamentation over the place of burial, is, among the more prosaic Hottentots, reserved for their



A ZULU BELLE.

head-men. *Religion* they are said to ignore. At all events, they no more confide the exercise of the holy rites to professional priests than they do the cure of their sick to professional doctors. They are wonderfully free from superstition, though, if this is so, I doubt whether we are to look upon this mental characteristic as expressing a high or low moral organisation. Superstition is the first anxious gropings in the dark of the rude mind searching after a God—the wanderings which, after weary and devious paths, land the anxious seekers at that culmi-

nating point where a belief in a supreme, all-wise all-merciful Being regulates the conduct, tempers the sorrows, and controls the lawless passions of men. In all religion there must be, therefore, much superstition which has failed to get eliminated in the wondrous crucible of thought. In a word—in the purifying alembic of the human mind, superstitions go in one side and come out at the other—it may be after long ages—it may be that the process is too long for the life of the nation—in an elevating and ennobling theology. Where there is not the first rough materials to work upon there cannot, therefore, be a religion. The Hottentots are in this lamentable condition, but I question exceedingly the truth of the statement as to the religionless condition of this nation. They are also said not to believe in the immortality of the soul—a more likely statement—though Kolben,* a poor authority at the best, declares that the assertion is unfounded. The fact that they are “free from superstition”—if fact it is—must, of course, be received only as expressing that, compared with the Kaffirs and other savage tribes, they have wonderfully little of it, for Thunberg—a famous scientific traveller—tells us that in his day they believed in an evil spirit which occasioned sickness, death, and every other calamity, and Hahn has described their supreme being as “Tsun-Ggoam.”

Their *language* is plentifully intermixed with four peculiar kinds of clicks, very difficult for a European to imitate, and which give inflexions and often an entirely different meaning to particular words, which would otherwise sound the same. For a foreigner to speak it is exceedingly difficult, and no two people can write it, so that if the words so written were pronounced they could not be understood. The early Dutch compared it to the “gobbling of a turkey-cock.”

Yet, paradoxical though it may seem, the people speaking this sputtering, choking, “jaw-breaking” language are rather musical, and have many national melodies—suited to words which celebrate some personal adventure, which they will sing all through the cool night, continually—negro-like—repeating the same words over and over again. “When they are desirous,” writes Le Vaillant—a pleasant French traveller of last century, “of indulging in this amusement, they join hands and form a circle of greater or less extent, in proportion to the number of male and female dancers, who are always mixed with a kind of symmetry. When the chain is made, they turn round from one side to another, separating at certain intervals to mark the measure, and from time to time to clap their hands, without interrupting the cadence, while with their voices they accompany the sound of the instruments, and continually chant ‘Hoo! hoo!’ This is the general burden of their songs. Sometimes one of the dancers quits the circle, and going to the centre, performs there, alone, a few steps, after the English manner, all the merit and beauty of which consist in performing them with equal quickness and precision, without stirring from the spot where he stands. After this they all quit each other’s hands, follow one another carelessly, with an air of terror and melancholy, their heads leaning to one shoulder, and their eyes cast down towards the ground, which they look at with attention, and in a moment after they break forth into the liveliest demonstrations of joy and the most extravagant merriment. They are highly delighted with this contrast when it is well performed. All this is at bottom but an alternate assemblage of very droll and amusing pantomime. It must be observed that the dancers make a hollow, monotonous kind of

* “Cape of Good Hope,” vol. i., p. 314; Fritsch: “Die Eingebornen Sud-Afrikas” (1873); and an admirable *résumé* by Mr. Noble in “Encyclopædia Britannica,” vol. xii., pp. 309—313; Hahn: “Tsun-Ggoam” (1881), &c.

humming, which never ceases, except when they join the spectators, and sing the wonderful chorus 'Hoo! hoo!' which appears to be the life and soul of their magnificent music. They usually conclude with a ball—the ring is broken, and they all dance in confusion as each chooses, and upon this occasion they display all their strength and agility. The most expert dancers repeat, by way of defiance to each other, those dangerous leaps and musical quavers of our grand academies, which excite laughter as deservedly as the 'Hoo! hoo!' of Africa." Dr. Bleek describes the grammatical construction of the Hottentot language as beautiful and regular.

Dancing is a never-failing amusement after the desultory labours of the day are over, but numerous other games, as well as a prodigious amount of sleep, fill up the leisure which hangs so heavy and in such a quantity on the hands of the *Khoi-Khoi*, as they call themselves.

In intellect they are not bright, and it is with great difficulty that any information involving resource to arithmetical calculations or figures can be extracted from them. The new moon is their unit, and on it all their calculations regarding time are based.

Unlike the Kaffirs, who live in stationary towns, the Hottentots are especially nomads roving about from place to place, living a few days here and a few years in another place, but never certain where to be found at any particular time. Their huts are round cage-like frames covered with reed-mats or skins, and which can be taken down or put up with marvellous rapidity. They are warm and tolerably water-tight, but these very qualities, which render them impervious to wind and water, also render them impervious to the smoke of their fires, the result of which is that nobody but a Hottentot can exist for long in a Hottentot hut. The atmosphere is suffocating, and redolent with stench indescribable, while the floor, and every article into which these disagreeable members of the insect world can insinuate themselves, are swarming with fleas, which sit nestling in wait for some skin more pervious to their bites than the tanned dirt-and-grease-covered hides of the Hottentots. If even a white man—not altogether a savage—could endure the atmosphere of the hut, those disagreeable bedfellows, with which his South African travel makes him acquainted, effectually drive from his eyelids any inclination for sleep. Even to the Hottentot they sometimes become so troublesome that he will be forced to remove his dwelling to another place, a remarkable instance of removing a house rather than removing the fleas (p. 232).

Among their *occupations* may be mentioned the tanning of cattle hides, an art, however, which, though now improved by some aboriginal inventions, has probably been originally learnt from the early Dutch settlers. Making hide-ropes, much used in picketing cattle, and well suited to the climate, forms also a branch of industry greatly cultivated among these rude people. They also do a little in carving bowls and other utensils, but show little artistic taste, the chief value of these carved works being, not in the skill displayed, but in the untiring patience with which the artists, to whom time is no object—an article, indeed, made for slaves, not for them—have worked out the designs. It is an ingenious piece of trifling. Agriculture is as yet an almost unknown art to them, notwithstanding the long period they have resided among or in the vicinity of Europeans, and witnessed the very process of tilling the soil, and the advantages of reserve stores of food. Doubtless the Hottentot women have made a rude attempt with little sharp-pointed sticks, weighted in the middle, to scratch up a bit of soil, but the attempt only shows the

crudeness of their ideas on the subject. Hence they are obliged to wander about in search of subsistence, or wherever they can obtain grass and water for their cattle, many of which, and of rather good quality, they possess. It is said that at one time they had a peculiar breed of cattle, which they trained up to guard their *kraals*. These bovine sentries would allow no stranger, unless accompanied by a person whose face was familiar to them, to enter the enclosure, and accordingly we can understand that such a watch-cow would be a rather formidable *conciierge*, *if*—the tale is true. The training of such oxen is at all events now a “lost art.”

They show a wonderful skill in knowing all their cattle by sight. If an ox is missing in the herd they will know, because a familiar face is missing. If they see the stolen ox, even after several months, they will immediately detect it among a herd, and cases are on record in which a Hottentot has detected a stolen ox by the *spoor* (or track) alone, and—which seems almost incredible—the fact of a particular stolen one being in a herd, because he knew a calf running about by its likeness to its mother.

Their weapons are the bow and arrows, and the *assegai* (or spear), which they do not, however, care much about, instead of carrying, as most of the African tribes do, a sheaf of them. They are rather unskilful in their use, and do not depend much on them in actual warfare or in the hunt. For killing small animals they use the short, round-headed club (Kerrie), the use of which probably the Kaffirs learned from them (pp. 229, 261).

When food can be got the Hottentots are enormous eaters. Suppose an elephant or any other large animal is killed, the *kraal*, as soon as the news reaches it, strike their tents, and remove to the vicinity of the carcase, finding it easier to remove their houses to the game than to bring the game to their houses. Then ensues a scene of gorging. The meat is roughly boiled, and men, women, and children—supposing there is enough and to spare for all—commence to gorge themselves until, full to repletion, they throw themselves back and sleep for a few hours in a torpid condition, only to wake up and again attack the provender, until the picked bones attest the trencher powers of the assembled village. In a hot climate meat must be soon eaten, but semi-putrefaction is no barrier to a Hottentot; if anything, he rather likes his game “high.” We have hinted that sleep is one of the blessings of life which the Hottentot makes use of in no stinted measure. He can sleep at any time. If he has taken a full meal, he takes his sleep; if he is gorged after an eating bout, he is forced to sleep; and if he is hungry, he simply tightens his belt and drops off to sleep as a relief to his hungry thoughts and the pain of gnawing hunger. Like Sancho Panza he says, if not in words at least in sentiment, “God bless the man that first invented sleep. It covers a man all over, longings and all, as with a garment; it is food for the hungry and drink for the thirsty; heat for the cold and cold for the hot; God bless the man that first invented sleep.” In the Cape Colony about 98,000 people are returned as “Hottentots,” but many are of mixed blood. It is only, we are told by Mr. Noble, at the mission stations or their vicinity that the original stock is to be found. Hahn considers that in Great Namaqualand and Damaraland there are still about 17,000 Hottentots or their near allies.

BUSHMEN.

The Bushmen, or Bosjesmen of the Boers (p. 226), the former name being simply a transla-

tion of the latter, are called by themselves *Sagua* or *Saubs*, and, in common with the Hottentots, the term *Khoi-Khoi* is also used to designate them. They inhabit the outskirts and desert places of the same country as do the Hottentots, and if forced to choose between the rival theories as to whether they are the aboriginal race which the Hottentots displaced, an entirely distinct people, or only degenerate Hottentots, I should choose the latter view. The reasons in favour of it are cogent. In appearance they do not differ widely from the Hottentots, and many of their habits are the same. Again, many other facts support the theory that they are degraded members of the same race, who, driven to the desert by persecution, and, living for ages under adverse circumstances of shelter, food, and other agencies, have gradually deteriorated. We must not, however, suppose that this deterioration is of modern date, or caused, as some have supposed, by the Dutch settlers having driven their ancestors, plundered of their cattle, into the desert. The late Sir Andrew Smith, well known as the Director-General of the Army Medical Department during the period of the Crimean War, and in earlier life distinguished by his travels and researches in South Africa, conclusively proved that the Kaffirs and Hottentots were of one stock, and had originally spoken the same language, and that in all probability they existed as separate bands long before the first denizens of the flat shores of the Zuyder Zee ever set foot in the Cape of Good Hope, though augmented from time to time by outcasts from other tribes joining them. Almost every South African nationality which has adopted the first forms of civilisation—in so far as conforming to well-understood or fixed laws, and arranging themselves into communities under recognised heads, is civilisation—is surrounded by wandering hordes of outcasts and vagabonds, veritable Caves of Adullam, to which resort all who are in trouble, whom the terrors of the law induce to seek a refuge among the lawless, or where the avenger of blood cannot find them. To use the language of Mr. Galton, "Two African tribes never live close up to a common frontier; they are always fighting and robbing, and therefore a broad frontier-land is essential, and in these border-lands, so far as I have seen, the Bushmen and other tribes live." There are, therefore, Kaffir Bushmen, though the people so known to the Cape colonists are outcast Hottentots. In like manner the Balalas are outcasts of the Bechuanas, while the Balakahari are the refuse population of the different nationalities in their immediate neighbourhood. The Fingoes were a servile tribe of this kind at one time under the dominion of the Ama-Kosa Kaffirs, but were, in 1835, emancipated, to the number of 17,000, by the English, and settled on lands given to them between the Lower Keiskamma and the Great Fish River. And there are various mixed tribes, such as the "bastard Griquas."

In appearance, and in their mode of speaking, they resemble the Hottentots, though the vocabulary of their language greatly differs from that of the nationality mentioned. As the structure and other cardinal characteristics are the same, the mere difference in the vocabulary matters very little. We have already seen how rapidly an unwritten, vacillating language will change in a short time. The Bushmen having apparently been a separate people for centuries, and being continually recruited from alien tribes, could scarcely be expected to have long retained the Hottentot language in its purity, though *purity* is hardly the strict term to apply to a rude speech ever changing according to the humours and tastes of the speakers. The Bushman language is, however, so imperfect and bald that the words require to be eked out by signs, and accordingly, like a party of prairie Indians (Vol. I., p. 159), they require the aid of daylight or a fire before they can properly express themselves, the mere

words being insufficient without signs to render their meaning intelligible. Some of the Bushmen tribes affect a peculiar mode of utterance, and adopt new words, with the design of rendering their language unintelligible to all except the members of their own community.* This singular custom they designate as *cuse cal*. Though this dialect is more or less understood by the various Bushmen tribes, it is an unknown language to the Hottentots, and accordingly it is considered as very useful in concealing their designs and plots from their enemies. Their language has been described as a "mixture of chattering, hissing, and nasal grunts," but the peculiar mode of utterance can be so modified by them when they have lived long in the vicinity of the white or Hottentot settlements as to render their language intelligible to their more civilised neighbours. They are admirable mimics, and soon ape the customs as well as the language of their neighbours, so that they are not so low in the intellectual scale as has been sometimes asserted. They are small in stature, the men not being on an average over five feet in height, and the women less. Their skin is not black or brown, but yellowish, though it is always so filthy and smeared with grease that it looks much darker than it really is. In his appearance there is certainly nothing intellectual. On the contrary, in his *tout ensemble* there is something disagreeably animal-looking. This idea seems to have forcibly impressed Lichtenstein, who describes a Bushman in the following graphic terms:—"One of our present guests, who appeared about fifty years of age, who had grey hair and a bristly beard, whose forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin were all smeared over with black grease—having only a white circle round the eye washed clean with the tears occasioned by smoking, this man had the true physiognomy of the small blue ape of Kaffraria. What gives the more verity to such a comparison was the vivacity of his eyes and the flexibility of his eyebrows, which he worked up and down with every change of countenance. Even his nostrils and the corners of his mouth, nay, his very ears, moved involuntarily, expressing his hasty transition from eager desire to watchful distrust. There was not, on the contrary, a single feature in his countenance that evinced a consciousness of mental powers, or anything that denoted emotions of the mind of a milder species than what belong to man in his mere animal nature. When a piece of meat was given him, and half-rising he stretched out a distrustful arm to take it, he snatched it hastily, and stuck it immediately into the fire, peering around with his little keen eyes, as if fearing lest some one should take it away again; all this was done with such looks and gestures, that any one must have been ready to swear he had taken example of them entirely from an ape. He soon took the meat from the embers, wiped it hastily with his right hand upon his left arm, and tore out half-raw bits with his teeth, which I could see going entire down his meagre throat."†

If this description seems exaggerated—though there is no ground for supposing it is so; on the contrary, it bears internal evidence of truthfulness—perhaps the words of the missionary, Adolphe Bonatz, who attempted, but attempted in vain, to introduce Christianity amongst them, may be substituted. The following are his words:—"These people are of small stature and dirty yellow colour; their countenance is repulsive—a prominent forehead, small, deeply-seated and roguish eyes, a much-depressed nose, and thick projecting lips are their characteristic features. Their constitution is so much injured by their dissolute habits and the constant

* Smith: "Report of the Expedition," &c. (1836).

† "Travels," &c., Vol. II., p. 224.

smoking of *durtia*, that both old and young look wrinkled and decrepit; nevertheless, they are fond of ornament, and decorate their ears, arms, and legs with beads, iron, copper or brass rings. The women also stain their faces red, or paint them wholly or in part. Their only clothing, by day or night, is a mantle of sheep-skin thrown over their bodies, which they term a *kaross*. The dwelling of the Bushman is a low hut, or a circular cavity, on the open plain, into which he creeps at night with his wife and children, and which, though it shelters him from the wind, leaves him exposed to the rain. They had formerly their habitation among the rocks, in which are still seen rude figures of horses, oxen, and serpents. Many of them still live, like wild beasts, in their rocky retreats, to which they return with joy after escaping from the service of the colonists. I have never seen these fugitives otherwise occupied than with their bows and arrows; the bows are small; the arrows are barbed, and steeped in a potent poison, of a resinous appearance, distilled from the leaves of an indigenous tree. These they prefer to fire-arms: as weapons that make no report. On their return from the chase they feast till they become drowsy, and hunger only rouses them to renewed exertion. In seasons of scarcity they devour wild roots, ants' eggs, locusts, and snakes. As enemies, the Bushmen are not to be despised. Their languages seem to consist of snapping, hissing, grunting sounds, all of them nasal." In a word, the Bushmen are to the South African tribes what the "Diggers" are to the North American ones. A few words in expansion of this concise account of the old German missionary may suffice as a sketch of Bushman life and manners.

Government, in the strict meaning of the term, they have none. They have no head or distinctions of rank. The strongest man is the head-man, until some stronger one can dispossess him, or take possession of whatever plunder or privileges attach to the office.

The *marriage-tie* is dissoluble at the will of the husband, and the men show little jealousy of the women, whose conduct, indeed, will scarcely bear too close criticism. The strange custom of a man not looking at the face of his newly-married wife for long after marriage, but being compelled to visit after dark, prevails among this rude race as well as among some of the more polished ones, of whom we have already had occasion to speak (Vol. I., p. 197). Again, the custom that if a man take a fancy to another man's wife, he can challenge the husband to compete for her, prevails, just as it does (or did) among some of the Hudson's Bay Indians. If the challenger win her, she meekly follows him to his den, and is his until a stronger disputes his right to the uxorial possession. It is said that there is no word amongst them to express the distinction between a married and an unmarried woman, which, if true, appears to indicate a strange state of affairs, to designate it by no stronger term.

Unlike the Hottentots, the Bushmen have never altered by contact with the surrounding civilisation. They are Bushmen, as they were centuries ago, and in their habits are not materially different from what they were when the first pioneer set his foot on their arid land. Civilisation has had no other effect on them than simply driving them further into the desert. Christianity has been attempted to be introduced amongst them, but the attempt has been an utter failure. They are not without superstition, and believe, if not in a future state, at least in the person not being annihilated by death. Thus Lichtenstein tells us that a Bushman magician, having put a woman to death, dashed her head to pieces with large stones, buried the corpse, and made a large fire over the grave, lest she should rise again and "trouble him." So perfectly untamable and unintelligent are they, that they are of little use as servants,

and even after being tolerably well "licked into shape" (and here the phrase must be taken almost literally) by the rude discipline of the colonist, the ungrateful young vagabond will take the first opportunity of escaping into the bush. The Dutch held them in slavery, and the Kaffirs also treated them in much the same manner, but they made little of them. Almost their only use to the colonist is as a "fore louter," or lad to walk ahead of the great bullock-teams in use at the Cape, and pick out a path for the oxen (p. 244).

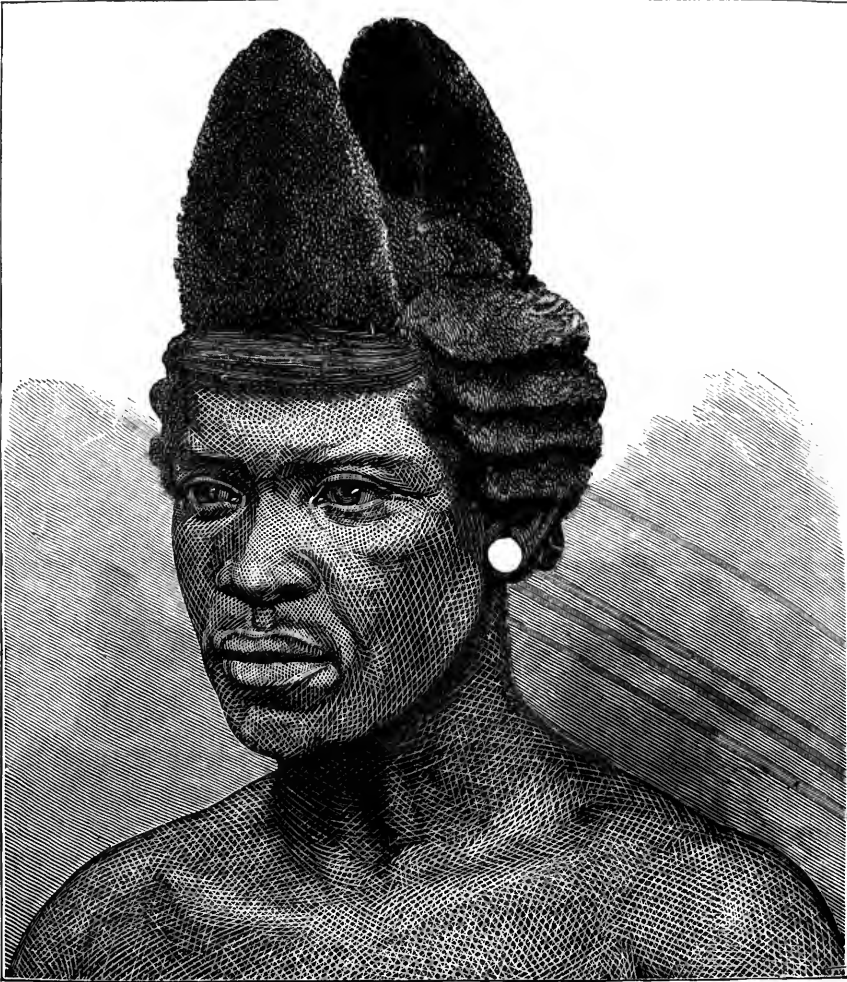
Dress he troubles himself little about; he has not even the universal savage desire for the cast-off clothing of the white man, but prefers his *kaross* as a covering, and a triangular apron subserves the purposes of modesty—so far as this is possessed by the little yellow man. The women wear the apron in front, like the Hottentot. A few ornaments of the money cowry, so extensively in use among some of the African tribes as a medium of exchange, &c., serve to gratify what feelings of vanity the stern struggle for existence allows to remain in the Bushman's bosom. Their wool is clotted with red ochre and grease, and adorned(?) with fragments of ostrich-shells, bits of metal, birds' heads, &c.

The hands of both sexes are small and delicate, though when we state this we have almost exhausted the points of beauty in the male or female Bushman. Like the Hottentots, the women soon get wrinkled and excessively ugly, thirty or even younger being about the limits during which even the very small modicum of good looks which, under the most favourable circumstances, falls to the lot of the Bushman, remains. He leads an animal existence, and we have seen how terribly animal are all his traits of character. Like them, also, his senses are preternaturally acute. His eyesight is keen as a hawk's, or his native vulture's, while his ears are open to every sound, and his nose to every odour, though seemingly his olfactory nerves are dead to the stench which pervades every corner of the wild beast-like lair in which he shelters himself.

Their *houses* are, as the old missionary described them, mere holes in the rocks, or bushes bent into the form of rude shelter, where the Bushman and his family can lie concealed when travelling. If there are no caverns, and the family is stationary for a little while, then he erects a cage-like wicker tent, under which the brood ensconce themselves (p. 273).

Their food consists of every creeping, running, and flying thing which they can lay hands on. Not that their ambition never soars beyond snakes, roots, and slugs. On the contrary, they are bold and not unskilful hunters of the ostrich, the lion, and the leopard, in the pursuit of which, what they lack in strength, the want of horses, and firearms, is amply compensated by the little deadly poisoned arrows with which they are provided. In hunting the ostrich they show great ingenuity. To pursue this bird on foot would be a hopeless task. Horses they never had. Accordingly, before they can send their arrow into the swift-footed bird they must contrive to get within range. In the open, flat, treeless, sandy country frequented by the ostrich this is no easy matter. The little hunter, however, manages to effect this by mounting the skin of an ostrich on his back, the whole being skilfully arranged so as to delude the birds into the belief that it is only another ostrich feeding in their vicinity, while the legs of the hunter look like bird's legs, and are coloured yellow, the better to keep up the deception. Approaching in this manner within shooting distance, the poisoned arrow soon does its work, and the yellow-legged hunter despoils the bird of its tail-feathers, destined in time to figure in the head-dresses of lady courtiers all over the civilised world (p. 237).

In addition to his skill as a hunter, the Bushman also excels in an art quite as useful to him, but on the whole hardly so popular among his neighbours on whom it is practised. He is an adroit cattle-thief. The result of this is, that he is hated alike by Kaffir and Hottentot, who will even for a time forget their own never-dying feud to unite in taking vengeance on the common enemy. If he cannot carry off the cattle, he will take to the inaccessible places



ZULU DANDY, SHOWING A MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

where he can conceal himself, and leave the cattle to his pursuers; but not before a poisoned arrow has been left in each of the herd. If pursued, he will poison the watering-places on the way, and invariably endeavours to escape with his herd through places where horsemen or pedestrians less hardy than himself cannot follow. To follow the Bushman into his haunts among the mountains or inaccessible places is, however, not a pleasant task. Lurking behind stones, under bushes, or among the long grass, the first intimation the unsuspecting traveller has of the vicinity of the enemy is one of these fearful little arrows entering his flesh. To

escape with life after this is rare. Accordingly the Bushman is hunted down whenever a chance occurs, though he is everywhere feared, and is never, unless under very favourable circumstances, openly attacked, as we have already hinted. These arrows, which render him such an object of dread, he keeps in a quiver on his back, though those for immediate use are carried in his hair, from which they can be instantly removed and strung on the bow. They are about eighteen inches long, and unfeathered, so that they are only effective at short distances. The poison with which they are tipped is derived from the milky juice of various *Euphorbia* (or spurges), and the juice of the bulb of *Amaryllis toxicaria*, mixed with poison taken from the poison-gland of various venomous serpents, the mixture rendering an effectual antidote to it difficult to discover. The mixed juice is boiled down to a thick consistency, and spread over the barbs of the arrows. So deadly is this poison, that even the lion can be successfully attacked by the Bushmen armed only with the bow and arrows. Dr. Livingstone remarks that these animals—which, contrary to the usual story-book myth, evince no trait which can by the widest licence be called “noble,”—seem to have a wholesome dread of the Bushmen, “who, when they observe evidence of a lion’s having made a full meal, follow up his *spoor* (trail) so quietly that his slumbers are not disturbed. One discharges a poisoned arrow from a distance of only a few feet, while his companion simultaneously throws his skin-cloak over the beast’s head. The sudden surprise makes the lion lose his presence of mind, and he bounds away in the greatest confusion and terror. Our friends here showed me the poison which they use on these occasions. It is the entrails of a caterpillar called *n’gwa*, half an inch long. They squeeze out these, and place them all around the bottom of the barb, and allow the poison to dry in the sun. They are very careful in cleaning their nails after working with it, as a small portion introduced into a scratch acts like morbid poison in dissection wounds. The agony is so great that the person cuts himself, calls for his mother’s breast as if he were returned in idea to his childhood again, or flies from human habitations a raging maniac. The effects on the lion are equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, biting the trees and ground in rage. As the Bushmen have the reputation of curing the wounds of this poison, I asked how this was effected. They said that they administer the caterpillar itself in combination with fat; they also rub fat into the wounds, saying that ‘the *n’gwa* wants fat, and when it does not find it in the body, kills the man; we give it what it wants, and it is content;’—a reason which will commend itself to the enlightened among ourselves. The poison more generally used is the milky juice of the tree *Euphorbia* (*E. arborescens*). This is particularly obnoxious to the equine race. When a quantity is mixed with the water of a pond, a whole herd of zebras will fall dead from the effects of the poison before they have moved away two miles. It does not, however, kill oxen or men. On them it acts as a drastic purgative only. This substance is used all over the country, though in some places the venom of serpents and a certain bulb (*Amaryllis toxicaria*) are” (as we have already mentioned) “added, in order to increase their virulence. Father Pedro, a Jesuit, who lived at Zumbo, made a balsam containing a number of plants and castor-oil, as a remedy for the poisoned arrow-wounds. It is probable that he derived his knowledge from the natives, as I did, and that the reputed efficacy of the balsam is owing to its fatty constituents.” It is well for the hunted Bushman that he has these deadly arrows, as they are his only defence. Had he not this protection, he would be soon exterminated by his ruthless enemies, who are only kept at arm’s length by the

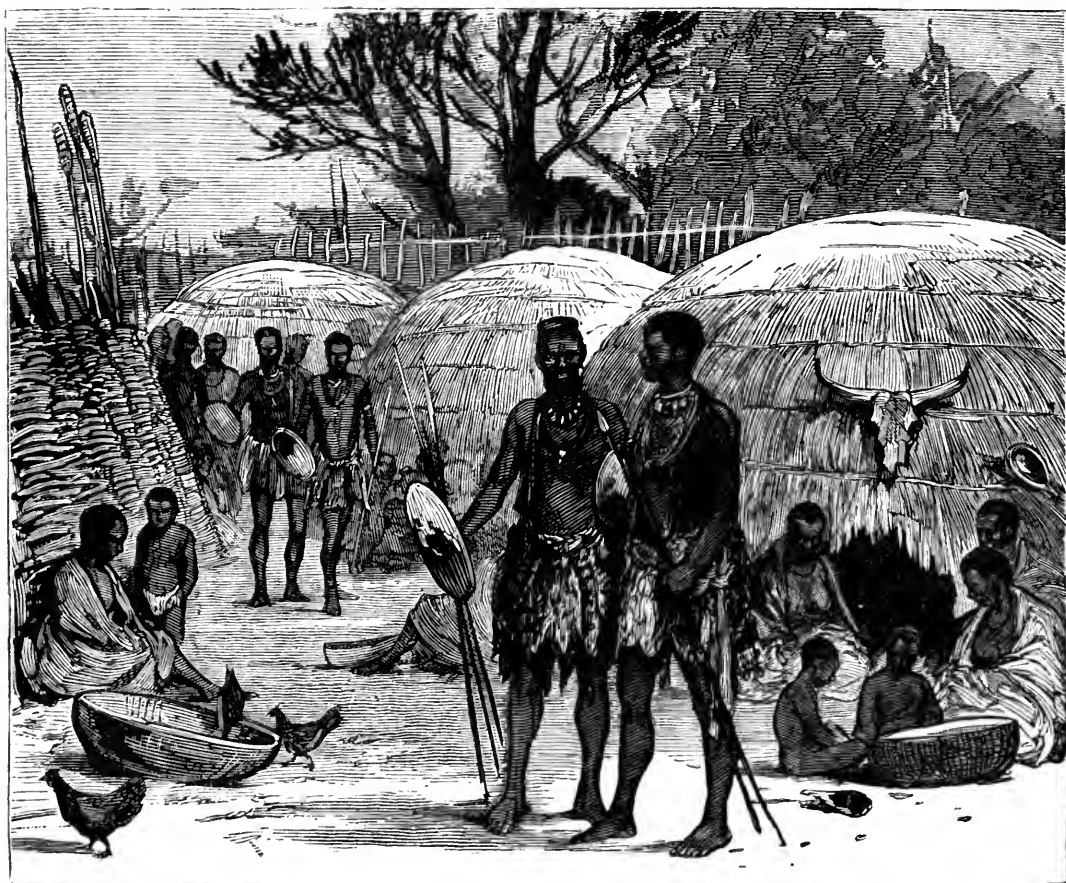
knowledge of the effect of this little weapon. A single Bushman lurking in the neighbourhood will keep a settlement in terror.

Dancing, singing, and playing on rude musical instruments, are the Bushman's chief amusements. The chief of these musical instruments is the *goura* (or wind-bow), the description of which we may borrow from Le Vaillant:—"The *goura* is shaped like the bow of a savage Hottentot. It is of the same size, and a string made of intestines fixed to one of its extremities, is retained at the other by a knot in the barrel of a quill, which is flattened and cleft. The quill being opened, forms a very long isosceles triangle, about two inches in length; and at the base of this triangle the hole is made that keeps the string fast, the end of which, drawn back, is tied at the other end of the bow with a very thin thong of leather. The cord may be stretched so as to have a greater or less degree of tension according to the pleasure of the musician, but when several *gouras* play together they are never in unison. Such is the instrument of a Hottentot, which one would not suppose to be a wind instrument, though it is undoubtedly of that kind. It is held almost in the same manner as a huntsman's horn, with that end where the quill is fixed towards the performer's mouth, which he applies to it, and, either by aspiration or inspiration, draws from it very melodious tones. The savages, however, who succeed best on this instrument cannot play any regular tune, they only emit certain twangs, like those drawn in a particular manner from a violin or violoncello. I took great pleasure in seeing one of my attendants, called John, who was accounted an adept, regale himself with it, while his companions, transported and ravished, interrupted him every now and then by exclaiming, 'Ah! how charming it is; begin that again.' John began again, but his second performance had no resemblance to the first, for, as I have said, these people cannot play any regular tune upon this instrument, the tunes of which are only the effect of chance and of the quality of the quill. The best quills are those which are taken from the wings of a certain species of bustard, and whenever I happened to kill one of these birds I was always solicited to make a small sacrifice for the support of our orchestra." Of art they have little knowledge, though they can understand drawings, and, indeed, have executed rude paintings in caves, and some primitive chisellings of men, animals, and other natural objects.

Probably the worst quality in the Bushman is his implacable love of vengeance. To gratify this savage passion they will commit the most frightful outrages. So keen are they to glut their vengeance that it is immaterial on whom it is wreaked, so long as a victim can be found. In this manner not unfrequently the innocent suffer for the guilty. Sir Andrew Smith says he has known them, when under the influence of this semi-madness, exercise their vengeance with as much rancour and cruelty on their own relatives as on strangers. Instances are known in which parents destroyed their own children, and even boasted afterwards of their abominable deeds.

The *Korannas* and *Namaquas* are two of the few surviving offshoots of the Hottentots, and are, like them, wild nomads. The *Korannas* are entirely uncivilised, and in culture are even inferior to the Bushmen; they are, moreover, lazier, dirtier, and less trustworthy. The same description applies to the *Namaquas*. Coward and without martial spirit, they are a poor, down-trodden, and hopelessly ignorant race. They are fond of wearing European costumes, and are said to be so rude that they have no names, and "cannot count beyond ten." Even in the absurd

statements with which the books of superficial ill-trained travellers abound—"sutores" who, when generalising on the religion of savage tribes after a few weeks' acquaintance with them, and without knowing a single word of their language, are decidedly going "*ultra crepidam*"—this statement is eminently incredible. They have, however, but faint traces of a religion, unless we are to look upon this as represented by the abundant stock of superstition, of the usual South African type, with which their mythology abounds. They are clever conjurers,

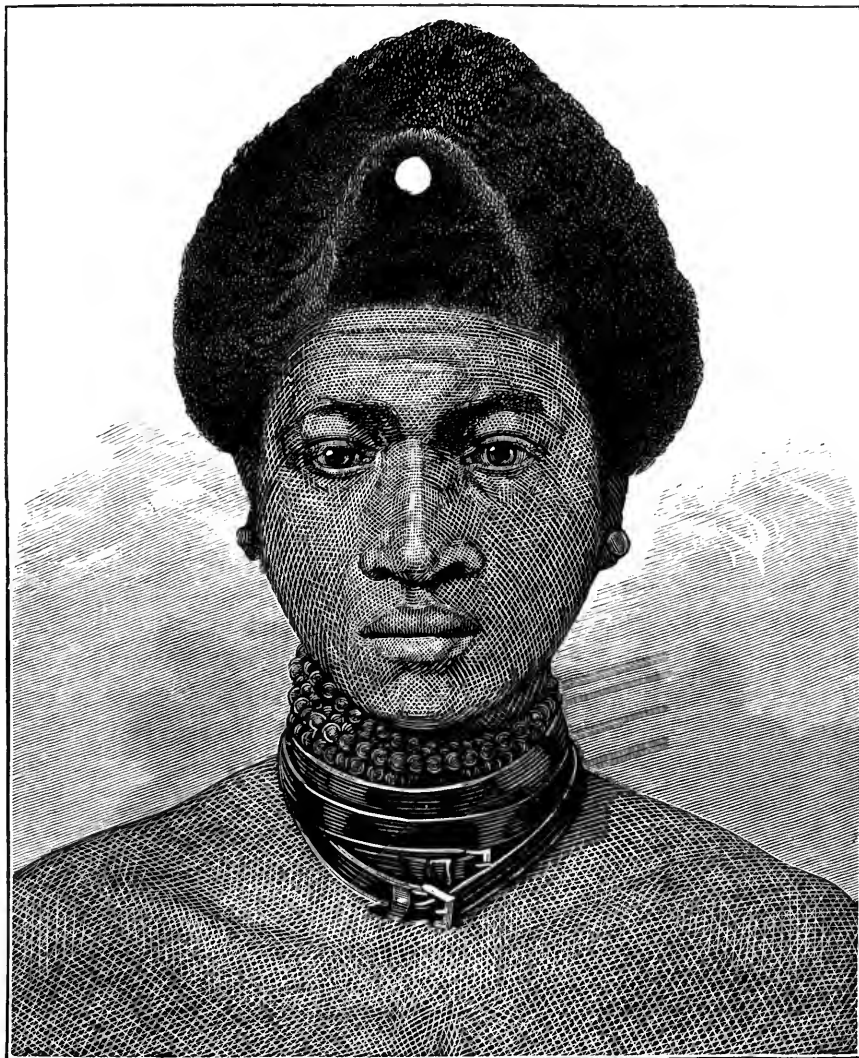


INTERIOR OF A ZULU KRAAL ON THE TUGELA RIVER.

but believe that the Bushmen are sorcerers; and their "folk-lore" abounds with stories of Bushmen and Bushwomen turning themselves into various animals, and of the pranks they played when in this guise. Rain-makers are in great repute among them, as well as those who have skill to allay storms by shooting arrows at the clouds. Among other superstitions is that of passers-by flinging each a stone on the graves of chiefs, a practice equivalent to that referred to in the Scottish proverb about "flinging a stone on his cairn."

The children are in the habit of sucking goats; but of this practice, and of that of eating the hare (which, with them as with the seafaring population in Europe, is the object of many superstitions), credulity deprives them when they grow up.

Marriage ceremony there is little of, and divorce is consummated without any, the woman being simply packed off to her friends when the fickle husband tires of her, fancying herself well content if this summary dismissal is not accompanied with a sound beating. Polygamy



ZULU CHIEF, SHOWING HEAD-DRESS.

prevails, and every man prefers to have as many wives as he is able to provide for. When the parents become old they are considered to be a burden upon their children, and they are "necessarily" abandoned. They are enclosed within a fence, and quietly left to die of starvation. Altogether the Namaquas are not a more amiable tribe than the race from which they, in common with the Korannas and Griquas, are offshoots.*

* Bleek: "A Brief Account of Bushman Folk Lore, and other Texts" (1875); Holub: "South Africa," vol. i., pp. 84, 96.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEGRO AND NEGROID RACES; GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

WHEN Africa is mentioned ninety-nine out of a hundred people instantly associate it with the Negro race; and if forced to give an idea regarding the population of this vast continent, would doubtless assign to it the black-skinned, woolly-haired, high-cheek-boned, thick-lipped, and prognathous or projecting-jawed people known as Negro. In reality, however, this popular idea is erroneous. We have seen that Africa holds within its wide borders a vast population, comprising many nationalities differing widely from each other, and in many cases as apart from the true typical Negro as they are from the Europeans. The preceding sketch of the African populations has left us to describe, in the pages which follow, merely the area bounded by the southern frontier of the Sahara on the north, by the region of the equator on the south, by the Atlantic on the west, and by the water system of the Nile (there or thereabouts) on the east. In this limited but still wide region most Negroes are to be found. The eminent philologist whose classification we have, for the sake of convenience, followed, looks, however, upon the term "Negro" as expressing a peculiar physiognomy, which is a mere matter of degree, "a simple question of *more or less*." He points out that every African division of people has a Negro section, or a section approaching the Negro, no matter how much its other members may be other than Negro; while, on the other hand, the most Negro divisions on the whole continent of Africa present instances of lighter-coloured varieties, departing more or less in other respects also from the Negro type. Thus the Wadseags are a darker coloured or Negro variety of the Berbers. Among the Kaffirs, the change from black to brown sets in between Benguela and the Damara country. Again, the Sennaar people, and those living on the eastern feeders of Lake Tshad, are the Negroes of the Nilotic group. Abyssinia comprises a Negro division in the Shankali districts. "In fact," writes Dr. Latham—and I give his opinion as that of one of our ablest ethnographers, without, however, expressing any opinion in regard to the correctness of his views—"if we take the whole continent of Africa we may go so far as to say that the Negro physiognomy is the exception rather than the rule. To verify this we may ask, What are the true Negro districts of Africa? what those other than Negro? To the former belong the valleys of the Senegal, the Gambia, the Niger, and the intermediate rivers of the coast, parts of Soudania, and parts about Sennaar, Kordofan, and Darfur; to the latter the whole coast of the Mediterranean, the Desert, the whole of the Kaffir and Hottentot area south of the line, Abyssinia, and the Middle and Lower Nile. Truly this leaves but little room for the typical Negro. *All the intertropical groups of Africa give us Negroes, but every Negro group gives us some brown rather than black divisions.* Thus, there is the great division of the Fulahs; all its members are more brown than black; *some* have been designated by the epithet *red*. There are the Nufi of the old Red Sandstone district to the back of the delta of the Niger; these, also, are brown rather than black. There are the Ediya of Fernando Po, which, being one of the few African isles of any size, will be noticed more in detail. Within four degrees of the equator, and more than twenty miles from the parts about the Cameroons River

on the mainland, the island of Fernando Po rises boldly and abruptly from the sea, primitive and volcanic in respect to its geological structure, and with one portion of it which rises to the height of 11,000 feet; this is Clarence Peak, the highest part of its chief mountain range. Of these ranges there are two, and they run in a north-easterly direction, breaking the island up into precipices and ravines. From these there is a good supply of fresh water, but in *no part of the island* (and this is the expressive statement of Mr. Thomson) *has there been discovered any alluvial deposits*. Fog and forest equally contribute to give it an insular climate. The hills are thickly wooded, even to the highest ranges; while the rainy season lasts from May to December. Then comes what is called 'the smokes,' a thick fog enveloping the island, and covering a portion of the sea around it.

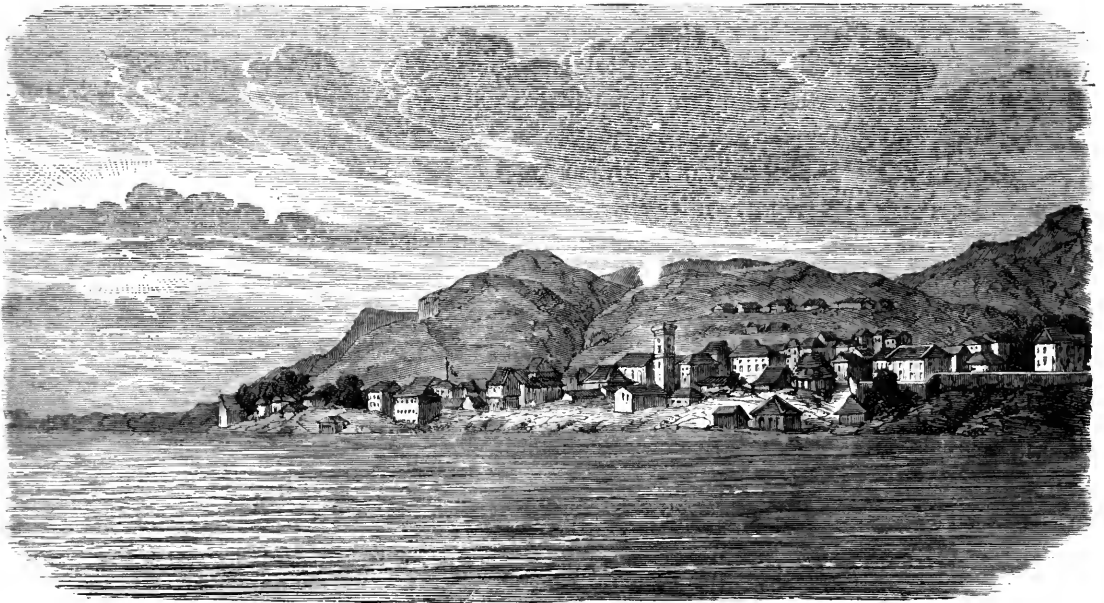
"The flora of Fernando Po exhibits marked *differentia* to that of the mainland; the fauna does so still more. The human occupants, though referable from the evidence of their language to a continental origin, are, nevertheless, members of a separate division of the family to which they belong. Divided into about fifteen villages, and amounting to perhaps as high a number as 15,000 for the whole island, the mutually unintelligible languages are at least two. One of these is the Ediya, of which we have a sufficient vocabulary. The other is wholly unrepresented. We are informed, however, that when the people from Clarence Cove visit one of the villages on the south-east, for the sake of purchasing pottery, the trade is carried on by signs. Again, in certain villages about West Bay, the language is also unintelligible to an Ediya, though whether it be so because it is identical with the form of speech just noticed, or because it contributes by itself a third variety, is uncertain. On the other hand, the physical appearance of the natives is the same throughout the island. The face is rounder, the nose less expanded, the cheek-bones less high, and the lips thinner, than in the typical Negro. The skin, too, is *lighter, and the hair longer and softer*; still the general physiognomy is African. The lower extremities are disproportionately stout, and this makes them appear stouter than they really are. Exercise on foot, and the habit of sitting with their legs doubled up to the chin, are the accredited causes of this. The hands and feet are small. *Copper and olive* are the terms which have been used to denote the colour of the Ediya; and as a proof that they have not been applied over-hastily, Captain Botelar checks himself from assuming an intermixture of white blood to account for it, inasmuch as 'the features were all of the same cast.'

"Without insisting upon the degree of these olive or copper tints, as opposed to black, I draw attention to the fact of their occurrence in what we call a *high* island of equatorial Africa. Does this suggest the rule for the distribution of the Negro population of Africa? If not, let the reader remember Captain Beechy's observations regarding the darker and lighter Polynesians. The latter occurs on the *high*, the former on the *low* island. *A Negro is an intertropical African in a humid locality*. Hence no class named *Negro* can be strictly ethnological, since the term denotes elements other than those of affiliation and descent. Thus, in respect to descent, the Negro of Sennaar has his closest relations in the way of language, manners, and blood with the Africans of Nubia, Abyssinia, and the parts about his own country; not so, however, his physical conformation; these are with the Africans of Senegambia and Guinea—a fact brought about by the common conditions of heat, moisture, and low sea level." This may or may not be, and for our purpose it is not very material either

way. Accordingly, in the pages which follow, we will first describe the principal tribes of Central Africa of Negro or Negroid character not yet touched on, and afterwards the "Africans of the northern tropics," that is, the West African Negroes, like the Fanti and Ashanti, the Krumen, the Senegal Negroes, &c., who have much in common. First, however, a few general remarks regarding the Negro races in general, their character and condition, may be useful.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NEGRO.

In *physique* the Negro is a marked type, even when his skin is not of the usual sooty black colour. His lips are thick and protruding, his forehead low, while the arches in which

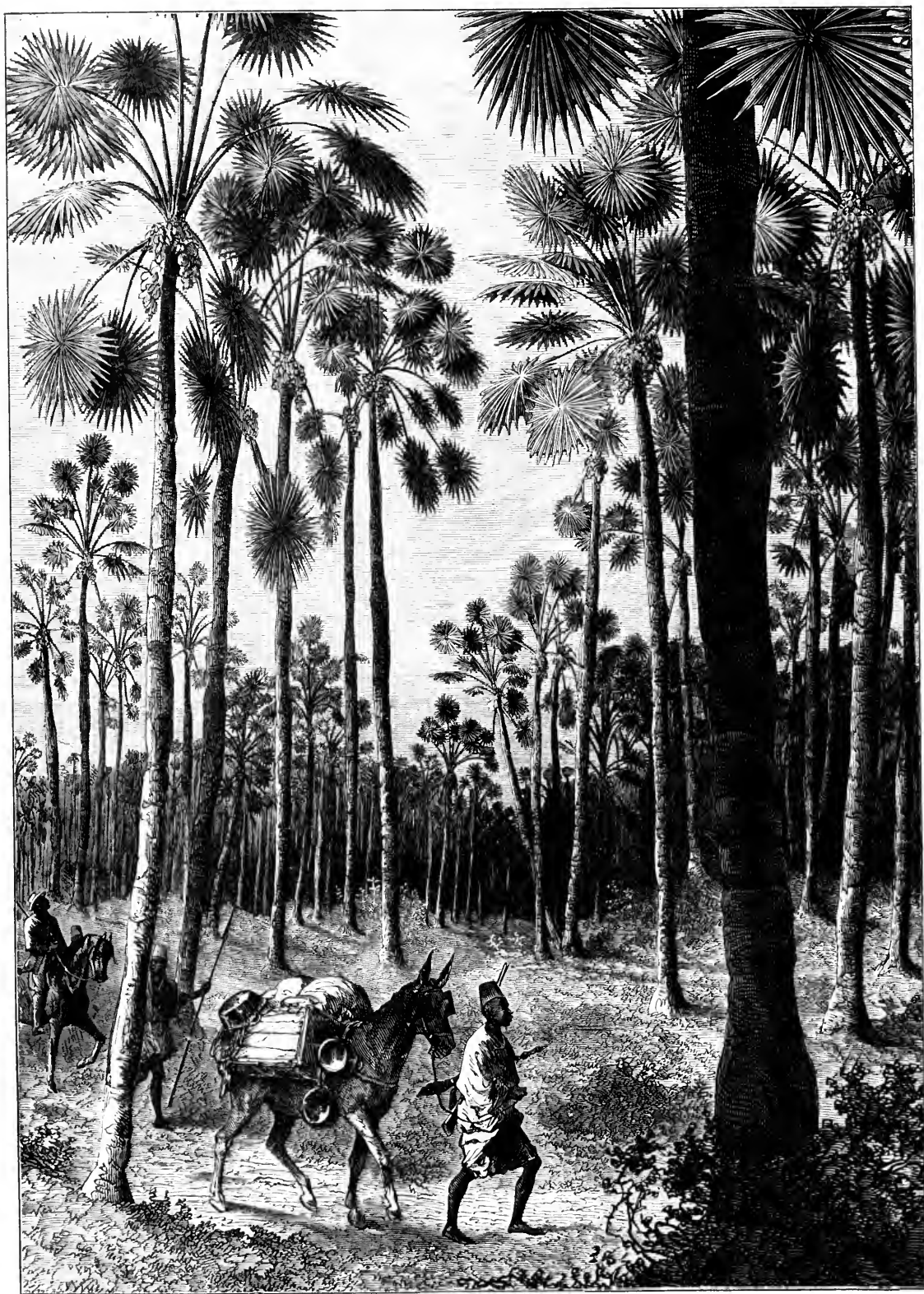


FREE TOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

his teeth—usually very white—are inserted project, giving the "prognathous" appearance characteristic of his race. The hair is frizzled and "woolly," his beard thin, and the nose usually so broad and flat that it seems, to use the simile of a recent traveller—Mr. Skertchly—as if it had been put on in a liquid state and "allowed to run." His chin is retreating, and his eyes round, with the sclerotica or white of a yellowish tint. Sometimes he is "bow-legged," though often tall and muscular, though in general he has little calf to his leg, and in walking has a "stooping, tired gait."

The masticating muscles of his jaws are powerful and animal-looking, on account of the greater length of the jaw. In addition, he possesses various other anatomical peculiarities, which need not be noticed further than cursorily. For instance, his hips are less prominent than in the white, and his arms rather longer. The bones of his skull are very thick, so that a blow over the head which will fracture the skull of most white men inconveniences the Negro only slightly. His feet are large and flat, so that in walking on soft ground the print

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left behind is simply a *hole*; it is easy to distinguish a Negro footprint after a little practice. In addition to the excessive flatness of the sole, there are wide divisions between his toes, and in some low-grade tribes the heel-bone projects after the monkey type.

His *colour* is in general jet or sooty black, and is owing, not to the sun primarily, but to a black pigment which exists in the mucous tissue under the cuticle or scarf-skin, and which is even present in the membranes which envelop the brain.

A Negro has, notwithstanding his black colour—which one soon gets reconciled to, and after living long amongst without seeing white faces scarcely notices—often a pleasant face, and travellers in Africa, albeit in no way prejudiced in their favour, frequently speak of both handsome men and pretty women. The feel of the skin is often very satiny and soft to the



NATIVE TYPES OF FUTA-JALLON, NEAR THE HEAD WATERS OF THE SENEGAL AND GAMBIA RIVERS.

touch, though as a rule very porous and emitting a nauseous odour when heated, this odour being a peculiar characteristic of the Negro race (pp. 319, 320).

The iris of the eye is so dark as to be confounded with the black of the pupil, while this part is in Europeans usually red in black, blue, or grey eyes.

The Negro *character* is lethargic, dull, and "flabby." The strongest stimulants have little effect on his brain or palate, and even under their excitement he shows a marked contrast to, for instance, the North American Indian, who, when intoxicated, is an uncontrollable madman. Accordingly, corporeal punishments do not give his dull insensitive body the same torture as they would a man whose nervous system was more delicately strung. Whatever may be said of individual instances—and they are sufficiently few—no unprejudiced observer can deny that his intellectual abilities are not high; while the average "facial angle," or angle at which the forehead retreats from a line drawn perpendicular to it, is about $76\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, in the Negro it is $61\frac{1}{4}$ to 63° , and in the orang-outang 45° . The brain is small, and has few convolutions, and is

especially small in front, where the intellectual—in contradistinction to the animal—faculties are usually believed to have their seat.

In disposition he is childish and fickle, affectionate, and easily affected by kindness or ill-treatment. Like many savages, his powers of mimicry soon enable him to attain a certain degree of superficial civilisation by aping the manners and conversation of those around him, but if left to himself, like a wild plant brought into cultivation, he is apt again to relapse into barbarism, in the same way as the Bush Negroes of Guinea (Vol I., p. 266). They are very prolific, otherwise their continual wars amongst each other, and the drain of the population which centuries of the slave trade have caused, would soon have annihilated the race. Yet, so far from doing so, there is, I believe, no instance of a Negro nation being entirely extirpated. It is, I believe, a mistake to say that the Negro is as a whole a cruel race. Doubtless they are guilty of brutalities, in, for instance, their “customs,” which I will have occasion to notice more fully; but these cruelties are not exercised simply for the gratification of revenge or of their passions, but as religious rites to propitiate the wrath of their gods or of the being whose ire it is necessary to assuage or avert. The torture of prisoners—so common among the North American Indians—is practically unknown among the African races. Prisoners are frequently slaughtered, but then it is in connection with their religious “customs” or fetish rites of some kind or other. In summing up this brief preliminary sketch of the Negro character I cannot forbear giving the reader the benefit of the opinion of one, than whom no traveller is capable of giving a more unbiassed opinion, based on extensive and intimate acquaintance with the race; I refer to Sir Samuel Baker. “The black man,” writes this celebrated explorer, “is a curious anomaly, the good and bad points of human nature bursting forth without any arrangement, like the flowers and thorns of his own wilderness. A creature of impulse, seldom actuated by reflection, the black man astounds by his complete obtuseness, and as suddenly confounds you by an unexpected exhibition of sympathy. From a long experience with African savages I think it is as absurd to condemn the Negro *in toto*, as it is preposterous to compare his intellectual capacity with that of the white man. It is, unfortunately, the fashion for one party to uphold the Negro as a superior being, while the other denies him the common powers of reason. So great a difference of opinion has even existed upon the intrinsic value of the Negro, that the very perplexity of the question is a proof that he is altogether a distinct variety. So long as it is generally considered that the Negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws and guided by the same management, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every community to which he may unhappily belong. When the horse and the ass shall be found to match in double harness, the white man and the African will pull together under the same régime. It is the grand error of equalising that which is unequal that has lowered the Negro character and made the black man a reproach.

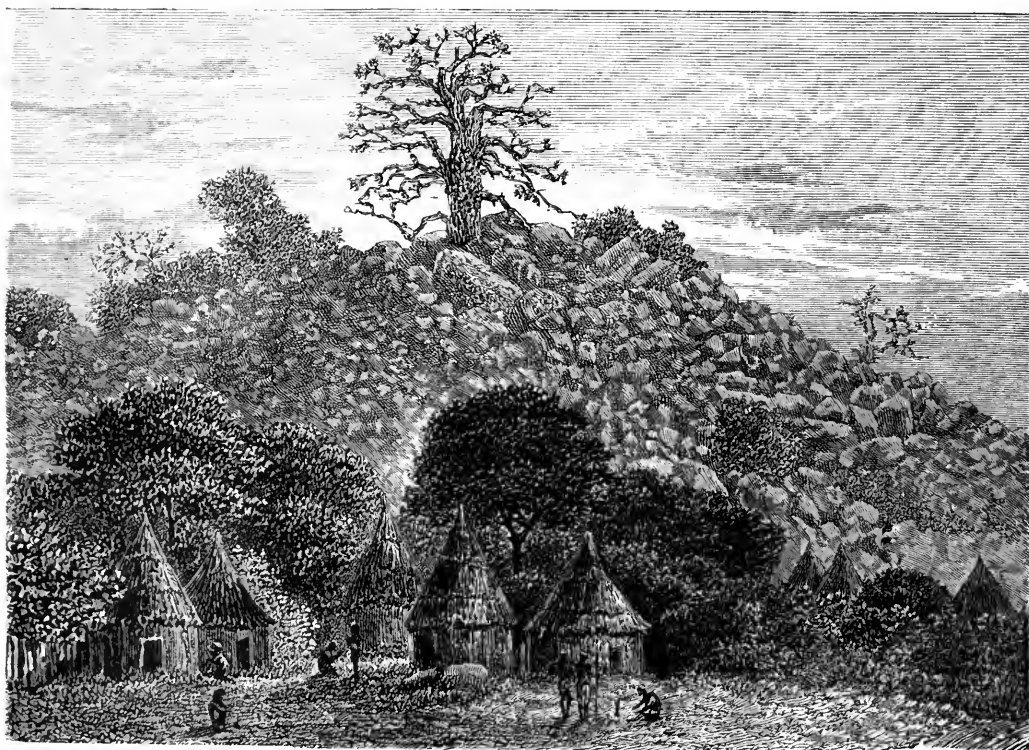
“In his savage home, what is the African? Certainly bad; but not so bad as white men would (I believe) be under similar circumstances. He is acted upon by the bad passions inherent in human nature, but there is no exaggerated vice, such as is found in civilised countries. The strong takes from the weak; one tribe fights the other—do not perhaps we in Europe? They are the legitimate acts of independent tribes, authorised by their chiefs. They mutually enslave each other—how long is it since America, and *we ourselves*, ceased to be slaveholders? He is callous and ungrateful—in Europe is there no ingratitude? He is

cunning, and a liar by nature—in Europe is all truth and sincerity? Why should the black man not be equal to the white? He is as powerful in frame, why should he not be as exalted in mind? In childhood, I believe the Negro to be in advance in intellectual quickness of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand; it promises fruit, but does not ripen; and while the Negro man grows in body, he does not advance in intellect. The puppy of three months old is superior in intelligence to a child of the same age; but the mind of the child expands, while that of the dog has arrived at its limit. The chicken of the common fowl has sufficient power and instinct to run in search of food the moment that it leaves the egg, while the young of the eagle lies helpless in its nest; but the young eagle outstrips the chicken in the course of time. The earth presents a wonderful example of variety in all classes of the human race, the animal and vegetable kingdoms. People, beasts, and plants, belonging to distinct classes exhibit special qualities and peculiarities. The existence of many hundred varieties of dogs cannot interfere with the fact that they belong to one genus. The greyhound, pug, bloodhound, pointer, poodle, mastiff, and toy-terrier, are all as entirely different in their peculiar instincts as are the varieties of the human race. The different fruits and flowers continue the example; the wild grapes of the forest are grapes, but although they belong to the same class, they are distinct from the luscious ‘muscatel;’ and the wild dog-rose of the hedge, although of the same class, is inferior to the moss-rose of the garden.

“The national character of these races will alter with a change of locality, but the instincts of each race will be developed in any country where they may be located. Thus, the English are as English in Australia, India, and America, as they are in England; and in every locality they exhibit the industry and energy of their native land. Even so the African will remain Negro in all his natural instincts, although transplanted to other soils; and his natural instincts being a love of idleness and savagedom, he will assuredly relapse into an idle and savage state, unless specially governed and forced to industry. The history of the Negro has proved the correctness of this theory. In no instance has he evinced other than a retrogression, when once freed from restraint. Like a horse without harness, he runs wild, but, if harnessed, no animal is more useful. Unfortunately, this is contrary to public opinion in England, where the *vox populi* assumes the right of dictation upon matters and men in which it has had no experience. The English insist upon their own weights and measures as the scales for human excellence, and it has been decreed by the multitude, inexperienced in the Negro personally, that he has been a badly-treated brother; that he is a worthy member of the human family, placed in an inferior position through the prejudice and ignorance of the white man, with whom he should be upon equality. The Negro has been, and still is, thoroughly misunderstood. However severely we may condemn the horrible system of slavery, the results of emancipation have proved that the Negro does not appreciate the blessings of freedom, nor does he show the slightest feeling of gratitude to the hand that broke the rivets of his fetters. His narrow mind cannot embrace that feeling of pure philanthropy that first prompted England to declare herself against slavery, and he only regards the anti-slavery movement as a proof of his own importance. In his limited horizon he is himself the important object; and as a sequence to his self-conceit, he imagines that the whole world is at issue concerning the *black man*; the Negro, therefore, being the important question, must be an important person, and he conducts himself accordingly. He is far too great a man to work. Upon this point his natural

character exhibits itself most determinedly. Accordingly, he resists any attempt at coercion; being free, his first impulse is to claim an equality with those whom he has lately served, and to usurp a dignity, with absurd pretensions, that must inevitably ensure the disgust of the white community. Ill-will thus engendered, a hatred and jealousy is not abolished between the two races, combined with the errors that in such conditions must arise upon both sides.

“The final question remains, why was the Negro first introduced into our colonies and to America? The *sun* is the great arbitrator between the white and the black man. There are productions necessary to civilised countries that can alone be cultivated in tropical climates, where



NATIVE NEGRO HUTS AND BAOBAB TREE AT KOUROUNDINGKOTO, WESTERN SOUDAN.

the white man cannot live if exposed to labour in the sun. Thus, such fertile countries as the West Indies and portions of America being without a native population, the Negro was originally imported as a slave to fulfil the conditions of a labourer. In his own country he was a wild savage, and enslaved his brother man; he thus became a victim to his system—to the institution of slavery that is indigenous to the soil of Africa, and that has *not been taught to the African by the white man*, as is currently reported, but that has ever been the peculiar characteristic of African tribes. In his state of slavery the Negro was compelled to work, and, through his labour, every country prospered where he had been introduced. He was suddenly freed, and from that moment he refused to work; and instead of being a useful member of society, he not only became a useless burden to the community, but a plotter and intriguer, imbued with a

deadly hatred to the white man who had generously declared him free. Now as the Negro was originally imported as a labourer, but now refuses to work, it is self-evident that he is a



KRUMEN OF WEST AFRICA.

lamentable failure. Either he must be compelled to work by some stringent law against vagrancy, or those beautiful countries that prospered under the conditions of Negro forced industry must yield to ruin under Negro freedom and independence. For an example of the results, look to St. Domingo. Under peculiar guidance, and subject to a certain restraint, the

Negro may be an important and most useful being; but if treated as an Englishman, he will affect the vices but none of the virtues of civilisation, and his natural good qualities will be lost in his attempt to become a white man." So much for Sir Samuel's opinion. That I agree with all the conclusions of the "Pasha" would be overstating the truth. Yet I have considered the space occupied by this extract well spent, since in it there is much truth, however much this truth may gall the prejudices of certain well-meaning and kindly people. Somehow the question of the Negro character—a purely ethnological matter—has got mixed up with the arguments for and against slavery, and accordingly has brought into the arena the disturbing elements of social and even theological acrimony. With these questions we, as ethnologists, have nothing to do. I dare say most of us have an utter hatred for slavery in every form, and look upon its principles with undisguised contempt. Still, what Negro slavery and the Negro character have to do with each other I fail to perceive, any more than what slavery as it exists among the Turks has to do with Circassian or Georgian character, or Roman slavery with the history of the races they enslaved.

Turning from these disputed grounds of strife, we may note that the Negro is not deficient in humour, though it is hardly necessary to say that the "Jack-puddingism," which goes by the name of "Negro humour" and "Negro melodies" is as like the Negro humour and songs as the personifiers of them are like Haydn and Mozart.

Music and musical instruments they possess in considerable variety, but they are rude affairs, consisting chiefly of stringed instruments and drums, on which a never-ending wearying series of monotonous are beaten, rendering the still African night more horrible than even the winged terrors that haunt it would make it. Art, he has none. His houses and temples, if his "fetish house" can be so called, are poor, shapeless or conical huts, displaying no trace of even the rudest architectural skill or taste. The Negro is, however, a good linguist, quickly acquiring the languages of the countries in which he lives.

Woman among the Negroes, as among most of the African races, is held in subjection, all the hard work falling to her lot. She is not the companion of her lord, but his slave for the gratification of his pleasure and love of idleness.

The Negro's *religion* is as rude as the temple he erects for the shelter of the object of his veneration or dread. A supreme being he knows nothing of. His only thoughts are to propitiate the anger of evil beings by "fetishes"* or charms, combined with a belief in destiny, "fatality, astrology, necromancy, charms, spells, omens, lucky and unlucky days, fortune, and the good and evil genius of individuals," in a word, superstition of the lowest type.

This preliminary review being dismissed, we shall now illustrate our subject more fully by a sketch of some of the more marked customs of the chief Negro and Negroid nationalities.

NEGROID TRIBES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

We have already indicated the excessive difficulty the descriptive ethnologist labours under in drawing the line between the purely Nilotic people and the Negroes proper. Again, scattered through the wide regions of Central Africa, and in and about the lake basins that feed the Nile,

* From the Portuguese word "fetisso," a charm or spell. It is now naturalised in the language of the West Coast Negroes.

is a teeming population of wild tribes—black, woolly-haired, and Negro-like, but which yet are no more Negroes than many of the tribes we have already enumerated. They are only *negroid* (or Negro-like), and in many salient points differ widely from the thick-lipped worshippers of Mumbo-Jumbo as found on the west coast. These Central African tribes differ from each other in language and, in many respects, in customs. We prefer, however, treating of them as a whole, the reader being, however, warned in advance that the classification adopted is only one of expediency, and is neither founded on anatomical nor philological grounds. Indeed, did we care to introduce our readers into such a tangled path as that which the wrangling of philologists presents, the materials do not exist, or where we possess linguistic fragments, they are of too vague a character to enable any one possessed of the caution which befits a writer in our field of research to generalise on the subject. Again, where do the Kaffir and Hottentot tribes end? further complicates the question. There seems, indeed, to be a regular gradation from the South African family up to those people of whom we speak in the following chapters.

The Bazeye and Makoba tribes, whose country is in the vicinity of Lake Ngami, seem to be more allied to the Hottentots than to any other race, while the Batoka of the low-lying lands of the Zambesi are more negro than negro-like in appearance. We can only mention them by name, referring the reader to the works of Livingstone, Pinto, Elton, and others, for a fuller account. With these prefatory remarks we may at once enter upon an account of the Central African peoples, whose home is chiefly in the Lake basins, or near the head waters of the rivers flowing out of these lakes.

To give a *general characteristic* of so many people is not an easy task. Their dispositions vary; some are good, others bad, none, however, of super-excellent disposition. Perhaps hospitality is the pleasantest virtue we have to record to the credit of the Central African. Among the Manganja tribe, who live on the banks of the Shire, a northern tributary of the Zambesi, one of the chief ethnic boundaries of Africa, kindness to strangers is a national trait, and among their otherwise rude unlettered laws there exists a well-understood code of etiquette and ceremony for the reception and treatment of strangers. Let a stray stranger, black or white, enter one of their villages, and he is immediately conducted to the *boola* or open space in the middle of the village, where, shaded by spreading trees, the basket-makers cheerfully pursue their work, and which is used as a place of resort by others engaged in similar out-of-door occupations, or by the village gossips, who look upon dancing, smoking, singing, and beer-drinking as the legitimate relaxation after a day's labour; in fact, it is something of the nature of an open-air café. Into this pleasant place the stranger is conducted, and seated on mats, while the chief or head-man of the village is sent for. The arrival of the great man is hailed by loud clapping of hands, and this method of salutation is continued until he and the accompanying councillors have taken their seats. The scene is described by Livingstone: "Our guides," writes this famous traveller, "then sit down in front of the chief and his councillors, and both parties lean forward and look earnestly at each other. The chief repeats a word, such as 'Ambuiata' (our father, or master), or 'Moio' (life), and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, a third by still more clapping, when each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise and lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, until the last

dies away, or is brought to an end by a smart loud clap from the chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette," which, it may be remarked, is carefully valued amongst them, and taught with great care to the young people, just as the "art of walking backwards"



A GRIOT, OR "HOLY MAN" OF SENEGAMBIA.

forms an indispensable part of the education of a prospective courtier in certain kingdoms which we have all read of, but which are *not* situated in the centre of Africa. The hand-clapping ceremonial over, the chief man among the strangers—supposing they are Africans, or that Africans are the spokesmen, as they perforce must generally be—addresses the chief. In rudely-improvised blank verse he narrates the style and quality of the visitors, who they are,

where they come from, and where they are going to, and their business so far as he knows, and if he does not know, what he supposes it to be. This art of improvising is also highly valued among the common people; indeed, the Manganja may be said to be a nation of poets or



TALIBE IN WAR DRESS (SENEGAMBIA).

troubadours. The most common affairs of life have poetry enlisted in their aid. Let a traveller ask his way to a hut in a village, and he addresses his prosaic interrogation in blank verse, and is answered in the same.

Intemperance, both in eating and drinking, forms, however, a feature of not so pleasant a nature in Central African character; not that their indulgence in strong waters presents

features of such brutality as is usually seen in other countries, for African grog is of the mildest of its kind. Beer made out of plantains or other vegetable forms the universal drink, and even when of the best quality, it requires a large quantity before intoxication can be the result from the use of it. This liquor is the famous "pombe wine" or beer of Africa. As made by the Manganja it is very un-vinous or un-beer-like; for in appearance it is thick and opaque, looking like badly-made gruel—"fermented mud" one African traveller most ungratefully designates it. It is manufactured by crushing maize with water, and then boiling it, and allowing it to ferment. In flavour it is sweetish acid, and is refreshing to the weary traveller, on whom these kindly people press it. I am told by Zambesi travellers that they have in time learned to prefer it to English beer; perhaps so, but the taste is surely an acquired one. The beer is drunk when two days old, and as it begins to spoil in a few days, the brewers are forced to consume the whole amount made within that time. Hence, a bout of drinking is almost a necessity among such a people. When a rich man, like the hero of Burns's poem, "brews a peck o' maut," he issues an invitation to his friends, and the assembled company sing, dance, and drink, drink, sing, and dance (but especially drink), and get drunk, until the whole is finished, after which they go back to their houses not much, if anything, the worse of their beery debauch. Of course, it may be slow death, but death must be *very* slow to the African drunkard, for in every tribe venerable toppers who have swilled enormous quantities of beer can be pointed out. Nor is this taste for malt liquor confined to the men, for the ladies, whenever they can obtain it, indulge in it equally with their lords. For this reason they are rarely allowed to obtain as much as they would desire; and hence, a superficial observer, seeing fewer intoxicated women, might come to the conclusion that either they were more temperate than the men, or else were able to carry their liquor better. Neither conclusion is, however, true. Sir Samuel Baker tells of one noted bibulous chief who never went on a journey without a good supply of the native beer to refresh himself on the way—taverns being unknown luxuries in Obbo land. Horses were animals equally absent; accordingly, when Katchiba, the magnate in question, travelled from one place to another, he rode upon the back of a strong and very loyal subject, precisely as children ride, "pick-a-back." Two or three "loose" men always accompanied him as escorts, guides, and spare ponies, while one of his wives, like a dusky Hebe, ran alongside of her lord, bearing a huge jar of beer, to which he ever and anon applied himself, so frequently, indeed, that unless Obbo scandal belied him, towards the end of the journey he had to be carried not by one but by two men.

Plantain wine is a rather superior liquor to the muddy beer aforesaid. This fruit is extensively cultivated throughout Africa, and, indeed, forms a great portion of the vegetable food of numerous tribes. The "wine" is made in the following primitive manner. The ripe plantains are placed in a tub made out of a hollow log, and placed in a sloping position by tilting up one side. Across the middle is placed a strainer or barrier of dry grass, through which the juices, pressed by the women's hands and feet, from the fruit placed in the upper or raised part of the tub, strain. The straining process is repeated several times, until a sufficient quantity of clear liquid is collected. This is then placed into a clean tub, and allowed to ferment, some burnt sorghum being added to aid the process. The liquid is supposed to be ready for use in three or four days, according to the state of temperature, &c., to which it has been subjected. It is then "bottled off" into calabashes made of hollowed gourds, with which

an African cellar is rarely long crowded. Every one, from the scarcely-weaned child to the "oldest inhabitant" of the village, swigs this wine freely at all seasons, and on the smallest provocation, more frequently without any provocation at all. The open calabashes are quite good enough for its preservation. To put it into bottles, if even they possessed them, would be simply an unnecessary labour, as three or four days suffice to finish the largest brew ever made.

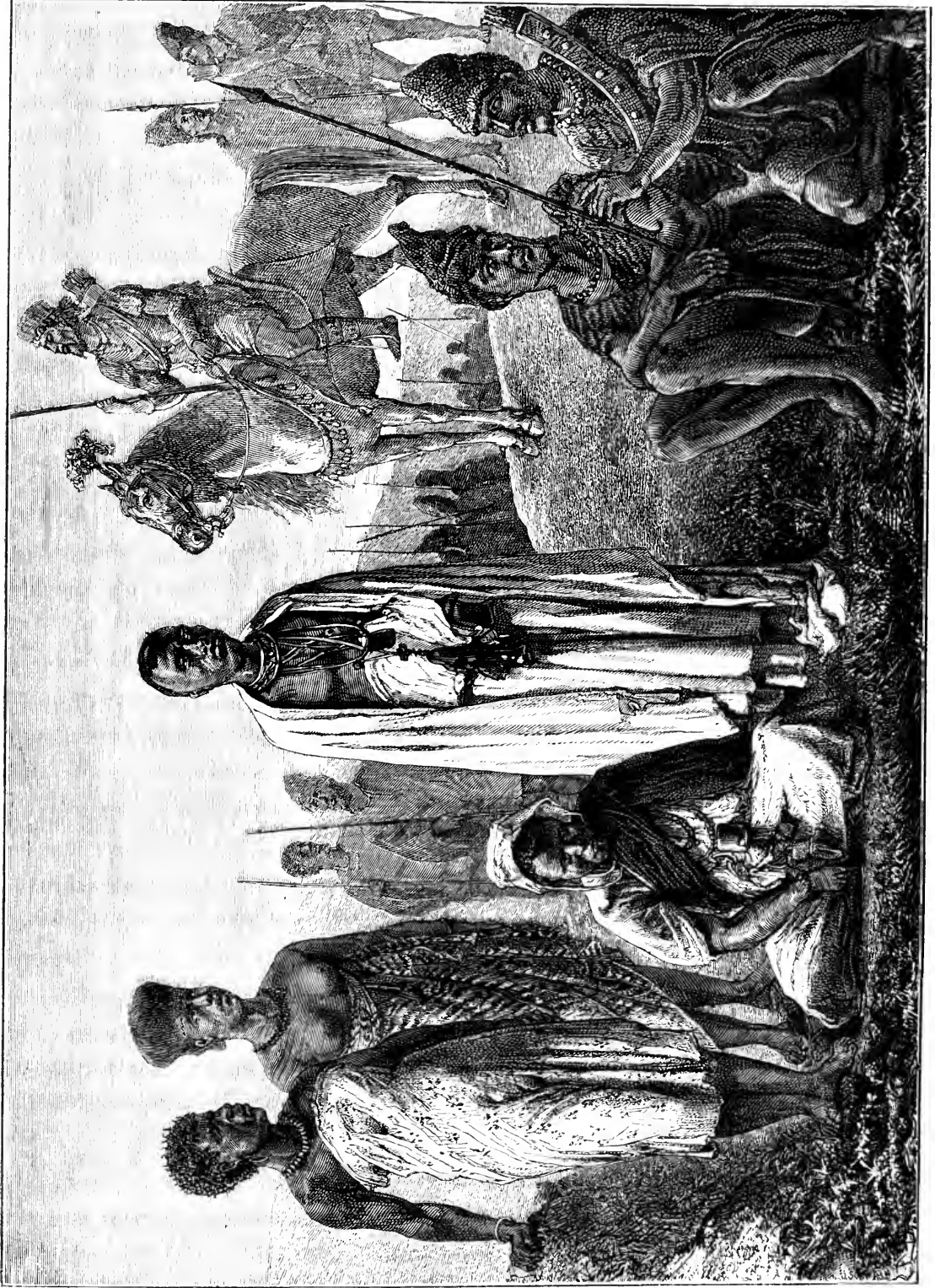
The Wanyamuezi, or Weezé, as for brevity's sake they are called, bear the reputation of being the greatest pombe-drinkers in all Africa. This superlative rank among such a wine-bibbing generation bespeaks powers of suction at which even the bibulous Teutonic "bürsch" must stand aghast with diminished glory. The Weezé is fond of eating, but, unlike the fat boy in "Pickwick," he prefers drinking—these two not very exalted occupations forming the sum-total of the amusements—it might almost be said of the occupations—of the male portion of the population. Some of the natives look upon pombe as both meat and drink, and almost subsist on it without taking any solid nutriment at all. One of these inordinate tipplers was the "Sultan" Ukulima. He commenced the day with a huge bowl of beer, and then continued in the way he had begun the whole day, until he was in a state of stupidity. Yet, when the reader remembers the impotency of the liquor, and how much perseverance it requires before a sufficient quantity can be drunk to produce intoxication, no surprise need be excited when Colonel Grant tells us that, notwithstanding his devotion to Bacchus, the Sultan was a hale sturdy old man, of pleasant manners, and, when thoroughly sober, rather amusing than otherwise. These were, however, as might be expected, rather rare occasions. In these festive moments he would beg quinine from the traveller, mix it with pombe, and then proffer it to some courtier, whose wry faces when imbibing the bitter draught the black monarch enjoyed amazingly. His majesty was in the habit not only of drinking at home, but of paying visits to his subjects on liquor intent, timing his visits nicely, as he knew of a good pombe brewing being on the tapis, and rarely leaving until he had tried the quality of the tap. The Weezé women are, equally with the men, devoted to the beer calabash. They do not, however, drink in the men's company, but assemble for indulgence in potation under the presidency of the Sultana, or chief's head wife. The drinking propensities of the Weezé seem to interfere with everything in the shape of domestic regularity or order. The women do take their meals at something like stated periods, but the men live in each other's houses, taking a plantain here, a small potato there, a trifle of beef at another, and a bowl of pombe everywhere.

Lastly, it may be mentioned that among the Bolondo and other tribes a much more potent liquor, a kind of mead, is made, though beer is still the staple drink.

The native of the interior is of a lively pleasant disposition, his cheery careless laugh making him quite another being from the heavy sullen Negro of the West Coast. Beer does not seem to stupefy even the Weezé; they are characterised by the few travellers who have ever visited them as a lively race, ever singing the jolliest of songs, and form the most amusing of companions upon a journey, that is if they are properly humoured and have all their own way, even to an indulgence in their not over cleanly habits and other little infirmities; otherwise they are apt to get stubborn and sulky. Good travellers, they can manage to be happy anywhere, and, unlike most savages, and African ones especially, they are not apt to get home-sick, and accordingly to become correspondingly useless or unwilling to stir from

home. Indeed, they are noted travellers, always ready to move if a reasonable wage is offered, and light-hearted under all hardships.

The women, like the majority of their barbarous sisterhood all the world over, are especially good-natured, and some are even pretty, while handsome men—apart from their colour—are by no means uncommonly seen amongst the Central African tribes. Some travellers get even enthusiastic on the subject of the dusky negro belles, though whether this is owing to their taste having been dulled by the long want of higher beauty to compare with I will not presume to say. At all events, it is but right to let Colonel Grant speak for himself. He is among the Watusi, a race of herdsmen living on either side of the equator, and not unlike the Somaulis (p. 218) in appearance. What is most remarkable is that the women are equally good-looking with the men, a rarity among savage women, whose early ill-usage and hard work soon spoil the good looks or handsome figure they might have possessed in girlhood. "One morning," he writes, "to my surprise, in a wild jungle, we came upon cattle, then upon a 'bomah,' or ring fence, concealed by beautiful umbrageousness, quite the place for a gipsy camp. At the entry two strapping fellows met me, and invited my approach. I mingled with the people, got water from them, and was asked 'would I prefer some milk?' This sounded to me more civilised than I expected from Africans, so I followed the men, who led me up to a beautiful lady-like creature, a Watusi woman, sitting alone under a tree. She received me, without any expression of surprise, in the most dignified manner, and, after talking with the men, rose smiling, showing great gentleness in her manner, and led me to the hut. I had time to scrutinise the interesting stranger. She wore the usual Watusi costume of a cow's skin reversed, teased into a fringe with a needle, coloured brown, and wrapped round her body from below the chest to the ankles. Lappets showing zebra-like stripes of many colours she wore as a 'turn-over' round her waist, and, except where ornamented on one arm with a highly-polished coil of thick brass wire, two bright and massy rings on the right wrist, and neck-pendant of brass wire; except these, and her becoming wrapper, she was *au naturel*. I was struck with her peculiarly formed head and graceful long neck; the beauty of her fine eyes, mouth, and nose; the smallness of her hands and naked feet—all were faultless; the only bad feature, which is considered one of beauty with them, was her large ears. The arms and elbows were rounded off like an egg, the shoulders were sloping, and her small breasts were those of a crouching Venus—a perfect beauty, though darker than a brunette. Her temporary residence was peculiar; it was formed of grass, was flat roofed, and so low, that I could not stand upright in it. The fireplace consisted of three stones. Milk vessels of wood, shining white from scouring, were ranged on one side of the abode. A good-looking woman sat rocking a gourd between her knees, in the process of churning butter. After the fair one had examined my skin and my clothes, I expressed great regret that I had no beads to present to her. 'They are not wanted,' she said, 'sit down, drink this butter-milk, and here is also some butter for you!' It was placed on a clean leaf. I shook hands, patted her cheek, and took my leave; but some beads were sent her, and she paid me a visit, bringing butter and butter-milk, and asking for more presents, which she of course got, and I had the gratification to see her eyes sparkle at the sight of them. This was one of the few women I met during our whole journey that I admired. None of the belles in Usui could approach her; but they were of a different caste, though dressing much in the same style. When cows' skins



Timany Women.

Mandingo Marabouts.

Mandingo Warriors.

TYPICAL TRIBES OF THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

were not worn, these Usui women dressed very tidily in bark cloth, and had no markings or cuts observable in their bodies. Circles of hair were often shaved off the crowns of their heads; and their neck-ornaments showed considerable taste in the selection of the beads. The most becoming were a string of the M'Zizama spheres of marble-sized white porcelain, and triangular pieces of shell rounded at the corners. An erect fair girl, daughter of a chief, paid us a visit, accompanied by six maids, and sat silently for half an hour. She had a spiral circle of wool shaved off the crown of her head; her only ornament was a necklace of green beads; she wore the usual wrapper, and across her shoulders a strip of scarlet cloth was thrown; her other fineries were probably left at home. The women of the district generally had grace and gentleness in their manner."

Perhaps scarcely so elegant in manners or amiable in disposition was the female chieftain who attached herself to Dr. Livingstone's cavalcade in the early years of his missionary explorations. She was a Maneko—niece of Shinti, a Bolondo chief—married, but an Amazon, though a kindly one withal. Though a little in advance of her age in Africa, yet she may be taken as the type of the "strong-minded female," to be developed in future ages on that benighted continent. In torrents of rain she marched on ahead of Livingstone's party, clad in a light and closely-fitting garb, consisting of a coat of red grease and a charmed necklace! She considered it beneath the dignity of a lady of her exalted rank to consult the conventionalities of society in the matter of such trifles as dress. In this style she unweariedly tramped on, until the men of the party, exhausted with the toil of the journey, would beg her to halt. Yet, when the camp was formed in the evening, the good-natured chieftainess would, woman-like, go from hut to hut and beg a little maize for the white man's supper, which she would grind and cook with her own hands, like any African woman of lowly rank. Maneko was most punctilious as to all the respect and courtesies due to her rank, and if they were once infringed on she speedily let her displeasure be known in the most decided manner. Careful as to the etiquette of the country—the trifle of a wardrobe being excepted—she as carefully inculcated politeness on others—how a village should be approached, a chief addressed and received, and all other such affairs pertaining to the art of polite behaviour.

After this description of the strong-minded chieftain of Bolondo, it may be unnecessary to say that her husband—Sambanza—was the meekest of men, and quite knew his position in the world.

Covetousness and *extortionateness* are failings in the savage character everywhere, and nowhere more than in Africa, where the system of levying "black mail" from the traveller in the savage chief's power has been reduced to a system. If the traveller is not robbed of everything, he runs a chance of having his goods turned over and pilfered, and his patience worn out with their greedy demands for everything which he has, or which they imagine he may be enabled to obtain. No traveller need approach a village without sending a present in advance, unless, indeed, he is entrapped into the village in order the better to "squeeze" him at their leisure. This black-mail is known as a *hongo*, and though no Central African tribe is anything but tainted with the utmost greed and covetousness, the Wagogo bear the unenviable reputation of excelling all their black brothers in these respects. In addition to the usual bribe for being allowed to pass through his country, which was paid to the chief, the veriest slave in the tribe

is on the look-out for an excuse to rob the sorely-bleed traveller. Let the merest trifle be injured, and a bribe ten times its value is instantly demanded. Let a present be forced on the traveller, and they immediately clamour for one in return of fifty times its value. When residing among this amiable people, Colonel Grant was accused by the chief of having shot a sacred lizard, or one which at least it pleased him to call sacred for the purpose of extorting goods from the offender. If the most ordinary question was asked of a native, he would refuse to answer unless paid for it. Not content with this, they persuaded Captain Speke's porters to run off with his goods, and then divide the plunder with them. No provisions could be bought from them, except at rates extortionate beyond the experience of even an African traveller; though, if the traveller killed any game, they flocked round the carcase from far and near, and it was good luck if the rightful owner reached it before their greedy neighbours had disappeared with the bulk of the meat. Captain Speke had killed a rhinoceros, and, to use his words, "We had all now to hurry back to the carcase before the Wagogo could find it; but this precaution was quickly taken; still, before the tough skin of the beast could be cut through, the Wagogo began assembling like vultures, and fighting with my men. A more savage, filthy, disgusting, and at the same time grotesque scene than that which followed cannot be described. All fell to work with swords, spears, knives, and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, fighting, and tearing, up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcase. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stronger neighbour would seize and bear off the prize in triumph. All right was now a matter of pure might, and lucky it was that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might afterwards have been seen, covered with blood, scampering home, each with his spoil—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with."* Everywhere it is the same story—everywhere extortion. The traveller is robbed at one village, a *hongo* is extorted from him at a second, his goods are pilfered from him at a third, he is made to pay very heavily for his food at a fourth, and at every one a tax is exacted from him for the privilege of passing through the country, or for treading the desert waste which is supposed to own the sway of some dirty scoundrel, who soon presents himself, with an enormous amount of pseudo-dignity, to beg something in addition to what he had only an hour or two ago demanded through his ambassador. This never-ending extortion is the pest of an African explorer's life, and wears him out more than fever, hunger, or any of the hundred ills to which his life is subjected while boring into that mysterious continent. A couple of examples will suffice to expose this side of the African character. Captain Speke comes to the country of Uzinza, more than half-way from the coast to the Victoria N'Yanza. After the usual piece of flattering, the object of which is all too transparent, he is visited by the chief, who inspects the traveller's guns, clothes, and everything else he can lay his hands on, finishing by begging for them in the most importunate manner; examines the picture-books and stuffed specimens (which he does his best to destroy by pushing his long finger-nails† under the feathers). He covets the bull's-eye lantern, and begs for the lucifers, and is not to be persuaded that they cannot be

* "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," p. 61.

† The finger-nails among the chiefs of these people are worn long, to show that they have the privilege to live on meat.

parted with. He is offered a knife instead, but he begs for the matches—"they would be so valuable for his magical observances." At last, the storm waxing high, he is put off with a pair of Speke's slippers, into which he had stuck his dirty feet without leave. He will not "beat the drum" (the signal for the party to proceed) until he has been paid another lot of cloth equal in amount to what he ought to have had. Next day he comes back again in great good humour; he will have the drums beat, but really he must have a gun and a box of lucifers; and so the begging goes on, until, as Speke says, the "perpetual worry had given Baraka fever, and had made me quite sick."

A similar scene might be taken out of the narrative of any Central African traveller; but



YOUNG GIRL OF SONINKÉ.

one from Sir Samuel Baker's experience may be given. He hears that Kamrasi, chief of the Wanyoro, a noted beggar, who had robbed Speke and Grant of everything they had before he would allow them to proceed on their journey, is going to honour him with a visit. "Although I had but little remaining from my stock of luggage, except the guns, ammunition, and astronomical instruments, I was obliged to hide everything underneath the beds, lest the avaricious eyes of Kamrasi should detect a 'want.' True to his appointment, he appeared with numerous attendants, and was ushered into my little hut. I had a very rude but serviceable arm-chair that one of my men had constructed; in this the king was invited to sit. Hardly was he seated, when he leant back, stretched out his legs, and making some remarks to his attendants concerning his personal comfort, he asked for the chair as a present. I promised to have one made for him immediately. This being arranged, he surveyed the barren little hut, vainly endeavouring to fix his eyes on something that he could demand, but so fruitless was

his search, that he laughingly turned to his people, and said, 'How was it that they wanted so many porters if they had nothing to carry?' My interpreter explained that many things had been spoiled during the storms on the lake, and had been left behind; that our provisions had long since been consumed, that our clothes were worn out, that we had nothing left but a few beads. 'New varieties, no doubt,' he replied. 'Give me all you have of the small blue and the large red!' We had carefully hidden the main stock, and a few had been arranged in bags, to be produced as the occasion might require; these were now unpacked by the boy Saal,



CHIEF OF THE SOMONOS OF YAMINA.

and laid before the king. I told him to make his choice, which he did precisely as I had anticipated, by making presents to his surrounding friends out of my stock, and monopolising the remainder for his share. The division of the portions among his people was a modest way of taking the whole, as he would immediately demand their return upon quitting my hut. No sooner were the beads secured than he repeated the original demand for my watch, and then the No. 24 double rifle; these I resolutely refused (they had been repeatedly begged and as repeatedly refused before). He then requested permission to see the contents of a few of the baskets and bags that formed our worn-out luggage. There was nothing that took his fancy except needles, thread, lancets, medicines, and a small tooth-comb; the latter interested him

exceedingly, as I had explained that the object of the Turks in collecting ivory was to sell it to the Europeans, who manufactured it into many articles, among which were small tooth-combs, such as he examined. He could not understand how the teeth could be so finely cut. Upon the use of the comb being explained, he immediately attempted to practise upon his woolly head; failing in this operation, he adapted the instrument to a different purpose, and commenced scratching beneath the wool most vigorously; the effect being satisfactory, he at once demanded the comb, which was handed to each of the surrounding chiefs, all of whom had a trial of its properties; and every head having been scratched, it was returned to the king, who handed it to Quanga, the head man that received his presents. So complete was the success of the comb, that he proposed to send me one of the largest elephant's tusks, which I was to take to England and cut into as many small tooth-combs as it would produce, for himself and his chiefs. The lancets were next admired, and were declared to be admirably adapted for paring his nails; these were therefore presented to him. Then came the investigation of the medicine-chest, and every bottle was applied to his nose, and a small quantity of the contents was requested. On the properties of tartar-emetic being explained, he proposed to swallow a dose immediately, as he had been suffering from headache, but as he was some distance from home, I advised him to postpone the dose until his return. I accordingly made up about a dozen powders, one of which (three grains) he was to take that evening. [It is satisfactory to learn that they made him so ill that he thought he was dying.] The concave mirror, our last looking-glass, was then discovered; the distortion of face it produced was a great amusement, and after it had been repeatedly handed round it was added to his presents. More gunpowder was demanded, and a pound canister and a box of caps were presented to him, but I positively refused the desired bullets.* This royal but most pertinacious mendicant is not yet done. A few days afterwards, during which time Baker had signally assisted him in an invasion of his territories, he makes another call, in no way ashamed of the arrant cowardice he had displayed on the occasion of the threatened attack. This time it was to beg the British flag, and "if you cannot give me the flag, give me at least that little double-barrelled rifle that you do not require, as you are going home; then I can defend myself should the Turks attack me!" This was the same rifle which he had been refused on more than twenty previous occasions; he had the satisfaction of being denied it one time more. From high to low it is just the same. There seems no delicacy in asking for anything, and if any feeling is displayed at being refused, it is not chagrin at the affront, only vexation that the begging has not been attended with the desired success. If two travellers are in company, two very ceremonious "presents" will be made to each separately. Let not the simple-minded men (if such there be among travellers who have ever got *out* of Africa) be deceived. The only object is to demand two *hongos*, in return, on the plea that the two represent two entirely different parties!

From what we have said it will be apparent that *etiquette* is highly valued in Central Africa. Probably among no people in the world are there more ceremonies in every transaction of life than amongst these otherwise rude Africans, who in civilisation, however, are far above the American and other savages, though in ability, and in most cases personal appearance, so much their inferiors. Take the kingdom of Bolondo, for example. It is against the laws of

* "Albert N'Yanza" (new edition), p. 366.

good manners in this tribe to take food cooked by strangers, nor, unlike the old kings of France, will they eat in public. A Bolondo, no matter how humble he be, when travelling in a caravan with other natives, must have his own fire and hut or tent to eat in, if he has no opportunity of retiring aside to perform this function so dear to the African. Even with Livingstone they would not eat; and one of the offshoots of the Bolondo tribe is remarkable in so far that they will eat no meat, alleging that it is a sort of cannibalism to do so, as the cow lives at home in a domesticated manner just like themselves, though they will readily eat the flesh of wild animals. Most of the Bolondo tribes are, however, like the rest of the African natives, excessively fond of meat—the idea that because certain tropical natives eat little or no meat because their system feels no want of it being absurd both in fact and theory. Other African tribes, though glad enough to eat beef when they can get it, object to keep oxen, alleging, with great political wisdom, that the possession of riches in the shape of cattle, though very useful in some respects, yet is a source of misery to the tribe, in so far that, by incurring the avarice of their neighbours, war and all sorts of misery are brought on the devoted tribe.

When Speke was in Uzinza he noted that all the attendants of the chief fawned on him and snapped their fingers whenever he sneezed. Here I may note how remarkably connected with superstition—or etiquette, if you will—are the customs in relation to sneezing. Scarcely a people, no matter how polished or how rude, but has some custom in relation to this titillation of the Schneiderian membrane, harmless as one would think it is. Mr. Haliburton has, indeed, devoted a certain memoir to an illustration of the rites and superstitions attached to it. “God bless you!” or some such equivalent, is an almost universal expression when a person sneezes. This seemingly arbitrary custom, odd as it is, is anciently and widely extended. It is mentioned by Homer, Aristotle, Apuleius, Pliny, and the Jewish Rabbis, and has been observed in Koordistan, in Florida, in Otaheite, and in the Tonga Islands. Sir John Lubbock seems to think that the universal custom of invoking the blessing of God on a person sneezing would seem to show that the same idea possesses the mind of men throughout, viz., that sneezing is caused by the cantrips of some evil-disposed spirit, and the aid of the Deity is necessary to avert evil consequences to the sneezer.

The Zulus, according to Bishop Calloway, are firmly persuaded that good or evil spirits of the dead are always hovering around them, to do them either good or harm, and will often enter into them and cause disease.* Now, when a Zulu sneezes, he says “I am blessed. The Idhlozi (ancestral spirit) is with me; it has come to me. Let me hasten and praise it, for it is it which causes me to sneeze!” Accordingly he praises the manes of his family around, and asks them for an increase of his cattle, wives, and all other goods and chattels, and of blessings all round. Among them sneezing is a sign that a person will be restored to health, so, after sneezing, he returns thanks. If a man does not sneeze when he is ill, then this is looked upon as a sign that the disease is severe. If a child sneezes, its well-wishers will say “Good!” it being a sign of health. In old times, when the King of Monomotapa sneezed, as well as drank or coughed, Sir Thomas Browne tells us, on the authority of Godigno, that acclamations of blessings passed from mouth to mouth through the city. In Guinea, in the last century, when a principal personage sneezed, all present fell on their knees, kissed the earth, clapped their

* “Religion of Amazulu,” pp. 64, 222-5, 263.

hands, and wished him all happiness. At Old Calabar on the West African coast, when a child sneezes all will exclaim, "Far from you!" with an appropriate gesture, as if throwing off some evil. And so we might go on for page after page,* but enough has been given to show the general ideas connected with the curious superstition of men both savage and civilised.

Every custom of these savage tribes is indeed tinged with what we call superstition. In subsequent chapters their rites will be more fully described. Meanwhile, in the preliminary



JOLOFF MARABOUT, OR PRIEST FROM SENEGAL.

observations with which the more special account of Central African and Negro habits has been prefaced, it is well to observe the amount of ceremony and etiquette which accompanies so many of their daily actions. Take, for example, the nominal king of what was at one time the great empire of Congo, but who in our times is only chief of San Salvador, and a few other small towns, and possesses not the smallest power in the land over which he once ruled. Even the natives of Angola, who respect him as the possessor of the

* For a most interesting account of superstitions connected with sneezing, see Dr. Tylor's "Primitive Culture," vol. i., 88—94, and the works and papers there quoted; to these add Burton's "Zanzibar," vol. i., pp. 388—9.

greatest "fetish" of all the kings and tribes, do not pay him tribute, yet the "Marquis of Catende," as the Portuguese have dubbed him, insists on being treated with the utmost ceremonial. During one of his visits to Bembe, the chief of the neighbouring village came to pay him homage. These dignitaries, either to show their humility or from a fear of exciting his Majesty's avarice, arrived clad in rags. When they dropped on their knees and bowed their heads to him, "the Marquis" replied by merely moving the forefinger of his right hand. His secretary next took a scarlet cloak, and permitting it to drag on the ground behind him, like a long red tail, commenced a number of the most extraordinary antics,



GIRL OF MAKHANA, UPPER SENEGAL.

dancing about, "brandishing his sword, and pretending to cut off the heads of his sovereign's supposititious enemies." After a series of variations in this performance, the suffragan monarchs all approached the king's feet, and rubbed their foreheads and fingers in the dust, while the secretary knelt and placed the sword across his knees, the entire proceedings being ended, *more Africano*, as they had been interrupted, by a great blowing of horns and beating of drums. The Kings of Congo, like some other savage potentates, are not permitted to eat in public, and a story is told of one of them killing his son, who had been so unfortunate as to witness this breach of etiquette on his father's part. It is also forbidden for the Kings of Dahomey to drink in public; and Mr. Thomson mentions that among the Ughas it is a gross infringement of custom for the chief to drink "pombe" before his people, and especially before women. Another singular habit of the Congoese sovereigns—

as it was of the Peruvian Incas (Vol. I., p. 302)—is that of never expectorating on the ground in sight of the people, it being “fetish” to do so, and likely to precipitate some calamity. When they wish to clear their throats, they must do so in a bit of rag, which is presented on bended knees by an attendant, and then, after being carefully doubled up, and kissed, is replaced in the pouch from which it has been taken.

The eating habits of some of the Congo tribes are also curious. They are, like all the negro races, enormous feeders, as many as 300 oxen having been known to be killed and eaten when a “soba” or chief of the Mundombes, dies, the feast lasting for several days, the gluttons often rolling on the ground in the agonies of indigestion, but only to rise again and resume eating, abstaining meanwhile from drink, lest it should prevent them from finding room for the solids. Among the natives of Novo Redondo a singular custom prevails. It consists in offering a visitor a dish of “infundi,” or “pirão,” and should there not be a bit of meat in the larder, they send out to a neighbour for “lent rat,” as it is called. This Mr. Monteiro describes as a field rat roasted on a skewer, and which is presented to the guest, who, holding the skewer in his left hand, dabs bits of “infundi” on the rat before he swallows them, as if to give them a flavour, but he is very careful not to eat the rat, or even the smallest portion of it, as that would be considered a great crime and offence, and would be severely punished by their laws. It is supposed that the host has by this barmecidal hospitality duly preserved the dignity of his house and position, the entire sham being a curious instance of elaborate politeness without sincerity existing among a race which might reasonably be supposed unsophisticated.* The subject of salutations would afford a theme for many chapters. For example, when two Monbuttoos of the far Nile tributaries meet they join the right hands, and say, “Gassigy,” at the same time cracking the joints of the middle fingers,† while in Uguha, on the western side of Lake Tanganika, Mr. Stanley describes the people saluting each other as follows:—A man appears before a party seated; he bends, takes up a bundle of earth or sand with his right hand, and throws a little into his left. The left hand rubs the sand or earth over the right elbow and the right side of the stomach, while the right hand performs the same operation for the left part of the body, words of salutation being rapidly uttered in the meanwhile. To his inferiors, however, the new-comer slaps his hand several times, and after each slap lightly taps the region of the heart.‡ In like manner, as we shall see by-and-by, the modes of taking an oath are so very extensive that a large space could very profitably be devoted to this interesting phase of African life. In many tribes on the West Coast the common way among blacks to affirm the truth of a statement is, according to Monteiro, to go on their knees, and rub the forefinger of each hand on the ground, and then touch their tongues and forehead with the dusty tips. About Loanda, they make the sign of the cross on the ground with a finger, for the same purpose; but this is evidently a remnant of old missionary teaching.

Titles—the love for them, and the endless variety of designations intended to express

* Monteiro: “Angola and the River Congo” (1875), vol. i., p. 220, vol. ii., p. 100

† Schweinfurth: “The Heart of Africa” (1878), vol. i., p. 41.

‡ “Through the Dark Continent,” vol. ii., pp. 53, 54.

dignity—might equally be enlarged on, without the subject being at all exhausted, while the multiplicity of fashions adopted in dressing their woolly hair, filing their teeth, splitting their ears, or generally improving upon nature, will be touched, as far as so extensive a theme admits of, in the chapters which follow. We may, however, note in this place a few singular customs, which give a better idea of African characteristics than more laboured analyses of their mental traits. One custom said to be universal in Oriental Africa is that of a woman tying a knot in any one's turban, thereby placing herself under his protection in order to be revenged upon her husband, who may have beaten her for some offence. In due time, when the husband comes to claim her, he is compelled to pay a ransom, and to promise, in the presence of his chief, never again to maltreat her. In nearly every village in Unyamwesi there are two or three public-houses, or perhaps they might be called clubs. One is appropriated to the women, and another to the men, though at the one frequented by the men all travellers of distinction are welcomed by the chiefs and elders. As soon as a boy attains the age of seven or eight years, he throws off the authority of his mother, and passes most of his time at the club, usually eating and often sleeping there. On the death of a Wagogo chief, the son is supposed to look upon his father's eldest surviving brother as his new and adopted father, but only in private and not in public affairs.*

There are two other points connected with the black races of Africa to which a few prefatory lines may be devoted. These are their hair and the peculiar odour which is exhaled by their skin. The hair of most Africans—and universally of the Negro and Negroid tribes—is short, inclined to split longitudinally, and much crimped. In South Africa the Hottentot's hair is more matted into tufts than that of the Kaffir, while it is not uncommon to find long hair, and even considerable beards, among some of the tribes inhabiting the central plateau of the continent. Black is the almost universal colour of their hair. In old age it becomes white; but according to Walker there are cases among the Negroes of the Gaboon in which red hair, red eyebrows and eyes are not uncommon, and Schweinfurth speaks of Monbuttoos with ashy fair hair, and skin much fairer than that of their fellow-tribesmen. It may also be mentioned that individuals with reddish hair are by no means rarely seen among the mountaineers of the Atlas: indeed, during my brief acquaintance, in the autumn of 1882, with some tribes from this portion of Morocco, I noticed several men with decidedly red hair, though otherwise of pure Berber race, which is an entirely different stock from the Negro family. Whiskers are rare, though not unknown, and long beards are said to be found among the Niam-niam to the south of the Welle, and among the papers left by Miani, the unfortunate Italian traveller, there is a notice of a man with a beard half as long as his own, which, Dr. Schweinfurth remarks, was of "a remarkable length." The colour of the Negro's skin passes through every gradation from ebony black to the copper colour which Barth describes as existing among the Margi tribes,† and at Ebo in the Niger country Burdo mentions seeing many copper-coloured Negroes with blue eyes. There is, however, an unquestionable odour exhaled from the Negro's skin, and which, so far

* Cameron: "Across Africa" vol. i. (1877), pp. 79, 85, 101, 120, 181

† "Nord und Central Afrika," vol. ii., p. 465.

as we know, is peculiar to his race. This odour is powerful when the skin perspires, and travellers who have been forced to scent it all day long as they lay in a hammock borne by Negroes through the still hot thickets of Africa, describe it as well-nigh overpowering. Mr. Monteiro can only compare it "to a mixture of putrid onions and rancid butter well rubbed on an old billy-goat." It is worse in some than in others, but as it is a natural secretion of the skin, no individual is altogether without it, and of course no amount of washing or cleanliness will remove it. In the Anglo-American States, where the blacks live like whites, no diminution of it has been remarked. Among the Angola mulattoes it is not so pronounced as in the pure black, in their case reminding one strongly of the caprylic and similar acids, though the very contrary has been noticed elsewhere. The natives themselves do not notice it, and even Europeans, after a long residence in the country, become comparatively insensible to the smell, which was at first so offensive to them; but some individuals never get over their antipathy, even the late Sultan of Zanzibar, we are informed by Captain Burton, being all his life unable to eat or drink for hours after he had been exposed to the infliction. The Portuguese know this Negro odour as "Catinga," and declare that freshly imported dogs and mules—and even old residents—share in their master's dislike to the prevailing odour around them. Yet it is very singular that wild animals in Africa will scent a white sooner than a black hunter, and, indeed, some savage tribes have affected to discover in our skins an odour quite as disagreeable to them as their "Catinga" is to us.





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